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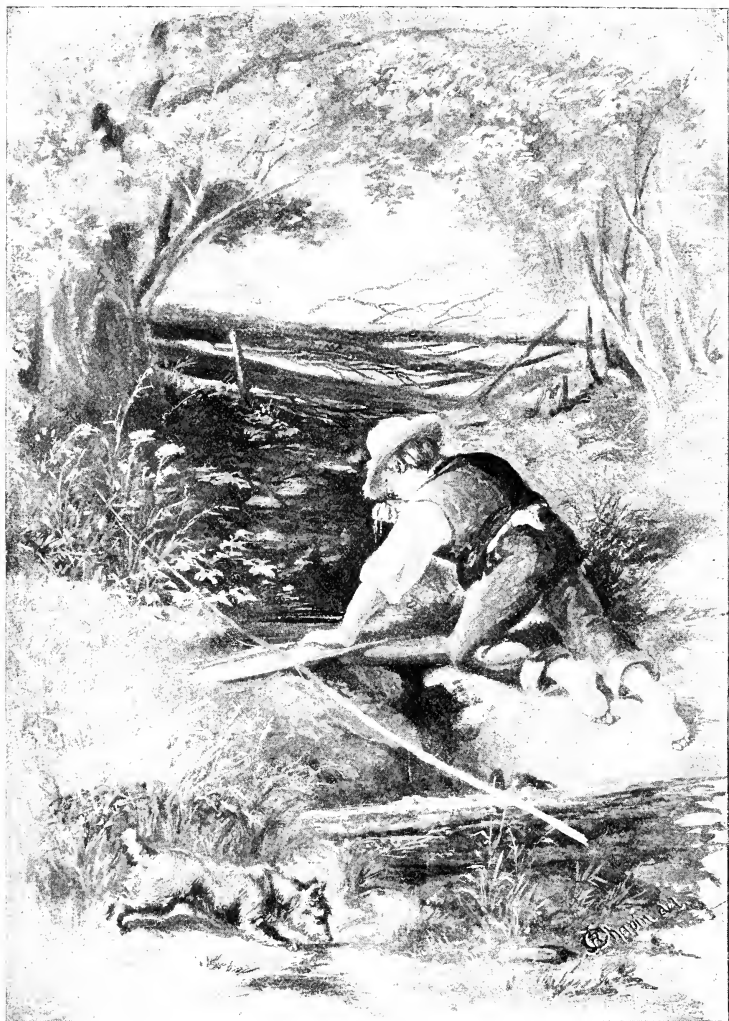
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THE FARMER BOY.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

VOL. III. NO. 1.

MARK HOPKINS.

By Rev. Frank H. Kasson.

THERE have been few Americans worthier of praise than Mark Hopkins. He built himself into the mental fabric of two generations of men. They hold him in gentle, loving, and grateful remembrance. He erected in their hearts the "monument more enduring than brass." For many such it is unnecessary to speak of his exalted character, his majestic intellectual powers, and his commanding personality. For the general public it is not unnecessary, and the word cannot be spoken too often. Many great eulogiums will yet be pronounced upon the work and character of President Hopkins: touching pictures will be drawn of his person, his manner, and his inspiring companionship: historians will dwell upon his gentle but mighty influence in helping forward and upward the intellectual activities of the nineteenth century. Our aim is simply to scatter a few more flowers upon his grave before the enduring bronze of literature rises above it.

Mark Hopkins was born in the town of Stockbridge, on February 4, 1802, and died at Williamstown on the 17th of June, 1887. Like a shock of corn fully ripe he came to the end, and met death as the tired child meets and embraces sleep. God gave him his birth and appointed him to live in the midst of some of the finest scenery of our land. Stockbridge nestles between the mountains, and the little boy looked up reverently and heard the hills calling each other to praise and worship. Do we wonder that this mountain farmer boy in after years should exclaim: "I, too, am a mystic"? So great and luminous a soul, with the mountains about him and the stars

above, could not even in early years be otherwise than a mystic. An ardent lover of nature, he instinctively turned from the study of nature to the joyful contemplation of the God of nature.

Mark Hopkins had an ancestry of which a man might be justly proud. He was the grandson of a soldier, and bore his name. Colonel Mark Hopkins graduated at Yale in 1758, and became the first lawyer in Great Barrington. But when the sound of war was heard, he sprang to arms, and died defending his country, at White Plains, October 26, 1776. He was but thirty-seven years of age when he fell. His wife, Electa Williams, was a half-sister of Ephraim Williams, who founded Williams College. The college was formally opened in 1793. An older brother of Colonel Hopkins was the famous theologian of Great Barrington, Dr. Samuel Hopkins, whose system of divinity is still held in honor in the theological world, and whose great purpose seems to have reappeared in his great-nephew. The father of Mark Hopkins, Archibald Hopkins, was a farmer in Stockbridge,—we may be sure one of the sterling kind. He lived to see his son at the head of Williams College, and died in January, 1839, at the age of seventy-three. His wife was Mary Curtis of Stockbridge, a woman of "uncommon strength and excellence of character." When in her youth she attended the first commencement of the college, in 1795, she little realized that half a century later a son of hers would be its honored president. Mary Curtis bore to Archibald Hopkins three sons, but no daughters. One of these sons gave prom-



Mark Hopkins.

ise of becoming a noted artist, but died too early for the realization of the promise. The other two, Albert and Mark, were long and intimately related to Williams College, and its success was largely due to their self-sacrificing, enthusiastic, and unwearied labors. Professor Albert Hopkins was a worthy collaborer of his older and greater brother.

We may be sure that such parents would look well to the education of their sons. The farmer saw in his oldest boy the promise of greater things than a quiet farmer's life would satisfy. He saw the boy developing a strong, healthy body, in the pure mountain air. But he was developing something else. A great thirst for knowledge dominated him. The boy who as a man was to lead hundreds of young men into the higher and broader realms of thought was already beginning to feel his growing powers, and to long for entrance into those realms himself.

In his address delivered a year after Dr. Hopkins's death, his life-long friend, the venerable and revered jurist, David Dudley Field, recalls the days of their common boyhood. Through his reminiscient eyes we see the three friends — young Field, and Morgan (later the distinguished Oberlin professor), and Mark Hopkins — students together at Stockbridge. The latter was at this time (1819) a lad of seventeen years, and certainly they were all, as Mr. Field phrases it, "lovers of knowledge and untiring in its pursuit." Besides studying here, he spent some time at Clinton, New York, and at Lenox Academy. In the fall of 1821 he entered Williams as a sophomore, and three years later graduated, the valedictorian of his class. This was under the presidency of Dr. Griffin.

The question of a profession being now before the young valedictorian, he began to think seriously of a medical career.

With this view he attended medical lectures in Pittsfield during the ensuing year, while teaching a part of the time in his native town. The two following years, 1825-27, we find him a tutor in Williams College, and at the close of this period delivering a master's oration on *Mystery*, which must have marked an epoch in his career. It was a clear, scholarly, and, for so young a man, remarkable oration.

At the time of his tutorship, in the year 1826, he united with the church in Stockbridge. In 1827 he resumed his medical studies, partly at Pittsfield and partly in New York City, and two years later received his degree of M.D. at Pittsfield. He was now a full-fledged doctor, and the question naturally arose, where to begin practice. He seems to have been in no haste to settle this important matter. In the summer of 1830 he had about decided to go to New York to practice, when, most unexpectedly to himself, he was elected to fill the professorship of rhetoric and moral philosophy in Williams College, just made vacant by the death of Professor William A. Porter. The young tutor who had given so keen and striking an analysis of *Mystery* three years before had not been forgotten.

The mind of the young professor now turned into a wholly different channel. Medicine gave place to the consideration of philosophical and spiritual themes. He here found a fitting field for his noblest powers. As his mind dwelt upon these themes, and as he discussed them in the classroom and in private, his religious life deepened. He was led to think seriously of using his gifts as a preacher. We find him appearing before the Berkshire Association, at Dalton, in May, 1833, and receiving their approbation to preach. Seldom was a young licentiate so thoroughly equipped for the presentation of the gospel of Christ. On the preceding Christmas day, December 25, 1832, he had married Mary Hubbell of Williamstown. For more than half a century they walked together in happiness, and to her his last words on earth were spoken.

The years now passed pleasantly. He was full of physical and intellectual vigor. His home and college surroundings were pleasant; his mental powers were expanding, and all saw in him one of the coming great men. Those who have been the

leaders of thought in this century were then young men with him, or even boys. Emerson was one year younger; Longfellow, five; Holmes, Lincoln, Winthrop, Tennyson, and Gladstone, seven; Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner, nine; Henry Ward Beecher, eleven. The great works in our American literature were almost all unwritten in the year 1833; the movement for the abolition of slavery had hardly begun. Professor Hopkins went on quietly but with earnest enthusiasm in his work. During this year, 1833, he published *A Review of the Argument from Nature for the Divine Existence*. In 1834 he published an address on *Human Happiness*, which was followed the next year by an oration on *Originality*. The man was now fitted for the graver duties and weightier responsibilities about to be placed upon him.

Dr. Griffin having resigned the presidency of the college at commencement in the summer of 1836, it did not take the trustees long to decide upon the proper man to succeed him. They proceeded with great unanimity to elect Professor Hopkins to the presidency of the college and to the professorship of moral and intellectual philosophy. On the fifteenth day of September, 1836, he was formally inducted into the office, and also ordained to the pastorate of the college church. His inaugural address was a calm, broad, and powerful production. "I enter upon the duties of the office to which I am called," he said in closing, "with no excitement of novelty, with no accession of influence to the college from abroad, and with no expectation of pleasing everybody. I have no ambition to build up here what would be called a great institution; the wants of the country do not require it. But I do desire and shall labor that this may be a *safe* college; that its reputation may be sustained and raised still higher; that the plan of institution I have indicated may be carried out more fully; that here there may be health and cheerful study and kind feelings and pure morals; and that in the memory of future students college life may be made a still more verdant spot. . . . This college has for a long time been regarded, and not without reason, with interest and affection by the churches. Of its whole number of graduates as many as one-third have devoted themselves to the

Christian ministry, and recently a larger proportion. It is on this ground that American missions had their origin. It was here that Mills and Hall prayed, and their mantle has so descended on the institution that now we can hardly turn our eyes to a missionary station where one or more of its sons are not to be found." He desired that his students should find study "nerved to its highest efforts by Christian benevolence, and young men shall grow up at the same time into the light of science and the beauty of holiness."

He was the fourth president of Williams College. Dr. Fitch, the first incumbent, had assumed the position in 1793. During his administration, which lasted twenty-two years, 460 young men were graduated. Dr. Moore filled the position for the next six years, in which time only 90 were graduated. The third president, Dr. Griffin, entered upon the duties of the position in 1821, the same year that Mark Hopkins entered Williams as a sophomore, and continued in it fifteen years, during which period 311 names were added to the list of graduates. The new president found larger classes; for of those then in college, 111 were added to the list of graduates, and 896 in the first twenty-three years of his administration. During all these years the percentage of those entering the ministry (one-third) was still maintained.

The new president was very popular with the students. They realized the strength of his noble manhood and his deep interest in their welfare. They felt that he stood near to them, and yet, because of his exalted character and enthusiasm in duty, no one was likely to be over-familiar with him. There was that about him which placed a proper barrier and warned the student that the kindly instructor was not to be trifled with. That divinity which hedged him about shielded him from all disrespect and caused every student to honor, to love, and in a measure to fear him. He had a high ideal before his own mind, and he placed high ideals before theirs. But, best of all, they saw him before their very eyes going on from strength to strength, from height to height. And this living example served as a constant and mighty incentive to noble exertion. The Williams College man must be a hard student; for his president not only

pointed the way to the heights, but walked that way himself.

President Hopkins was a very busy man. During the first years of his administration there was a great deal to be done. He instructed the seniors in anatomy, — for this his medical training had specially fitted him, — in rhetoric, ethics, and metaphysics. He preached a large part of the time on Sunday. He prepared and delivered important public addresses. During the year 1837, for example, he delivered an address at Andover, a lecture on *State and Morals*, and a sermon in commemoration of Dr. Griffin, all of which were published. But there was much else to be done, for the college was poor and its existence a struggle. He had to devote no little time, thought, and energy to obtain the necessary funds both for running expenses and endowments, and for the enlarging of the college's field of work by the erection of new buildings and the securing of new apparatus. His position was no sinecure. Mark Hopkins did not wish to occupy any sinecure position.

Honors began to flow in upon him. Dartmouth honored itself by bestowing the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him in 1837; and Harvard College did the same in 1841. In 1857 he was made a Doctor of Laws by the Board of Regents of New York. The same year (1857) he was elected to the presidency of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at its annual meeting at Providence, Rhode Island, a position which he filled with consummate ability for thirty years. He proved himself a worthy successor to the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen; and his mantle has fallen on an admirable successor in the person of Dr. Storrs. In these thirty years of his connection with the American Board, hundreds of thousands of people looked on his imposing presence, and listened to his clear, comprehensive, luminous addresses.

President Hopkins was an exceptionally tall man, and rather thin, but he was wiry and quick in motion. His shoulders were broad, but slightly bent, and his forehead ample, rising above a pair of mild hazel eyes. He spoke with reasonable deliberation, in clear, full tones, which commanded instant respect; every one felt at once that some word of wisdom which he would not willingly lose was about to fall from those

eloquent lips. He did not gesticulate much ; it was unnecessary to the expression of his thought. He did not grow excited. Each thought carried its own weight. Gently but powerfully his own mind was working, and well he knew it would leave an indelible impression upon the mind of each hearer.

In raising funds for Williams College Dr. Hopkins did not resort to such measures as the trustees of the Free School, out of which it grew, had done half a century earlier. According to the records, that body voted on August 19, 1788, to build a brick house for school purposes, seventy-two by forty feet, and three stories high ; and in order to secure the necessary funds therefor, they petitioned the General Court to grant them the privilege of a lottery. Their request was granted, and the lottery netted them, not the full £1200 expected, but £1037 18s. 2d. Times had changed in the fifty years. For a time the longed-for funds came in very slowly, and it was especially vexatious to the new president, for he had plans of enlargement which called for a large outlay of money. At one time he speaks of this, not complainingly, but in sorrow. Being so far away from Boston, it was hard to interest her citizens deeply in the college among the distant hills. We must remember that in those days Williams College was as far away from Boston comparatively as Chicago is to-day. But it was not long before the fame of President Hopkins attracted both many more students and influential friends who were ready to contribute liberally to its support. One of the foremost of these was Amos Lawrence, who gave nearly forty thousand dollars to Williams College at different times.

Year by year, under President Hopkins's quiet, thoughtful, earnest leadership, the college went steadily forward. As Mr. Field well says : " He was a prince among teachers. He made his pupils think and ask questions, as well as listen." He could be both kind and firm. The number of students rose to about two hundred. Inspired by his example, the students showed courage, energy, and power to think and act for themselves ; for he continually "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." He was simple and direct in his manner of thinking, and he taught his pupils to hate all equivocation and all sham.

All these years he was publishing more or less. Thus, in 1838, appeared his ad-

dress before the American Educational Society, and the next year his Election Sermon, delivered in May. In 1840 three addresses were published : one before the American Bible Society, another at South Hadley to the students of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and the third at Pittsfield. In the decade 1841-50, he published three addresses : at Williston Seminary, at the semi-centennial of Williams College, and a temperance address ; also nine sermons, including one before the American Board at Brooklyn, in 1845, another at Plymouth, December 22, 1846, and a baccalaureate on *Faith, Philosophy, and Reason*. In 1846 appeared the *Lowell Institute Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity*, a book which met with the warmest reception. The year following, a book made up of twenty-two discourses and addresses of his was published under the title, *Miscellaneous Essays and Discourses*. These excellent volumes increased his reputation the country over.

From 1851 to 1859 he preached seven baccalaureate sermons, which were published under these titles : *Strength and Beauty, Receiving and Giving, Perfect Love, Self-Denial, Higher and Lower Good, Eagles' Wings, The Manifolddness of Man* ; also a sermon on *Amos Lawrence* (1853), on *Science and Religion* (Albany, New York, 1856), on *The Promise to Abraham* (Bangor, Maine, 1857), on *Religious Teaching and Worship*. This last discourse was preached at the dedication of the college chapel in 1859. To these we must add four addresses, delivered before the Williams College Society, Boston (1852) ; the Congregational Library Association (1855) ; at a Missionary Jubilee (1856) ; and at Havana, New York (1858). He also delivered an oration on *The Central Principle*, New York, December 22, 1853 ; published an article in the *American Theological Review* for 1859, on "The Atonement as related to Sin and to a Divine Law-Giver." Since then a great number of his sermons, addresses, and more extended writings have been given to the public. Many of them were addresses at commencements, courses of lectures at other colleges, and addresses at the annual meetings of the American Board.

Among his more extended works the most important is *The Law of Love and*

Love as a Law, which was published in 1869. This book grew out of a course of Lowell Institute lectures, delivered in Boston during the winter of 1867-68. It is "an exposition of the cardinal principles of Christian philosophy, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'" This law requires love, which carried out, gives "love as a law." The end of love is the good of the person loved. Six years before this, in 1863, President Hopkins published *Lectures on Moral Science*. These lectures met with much favor and formed a text-book in various colleges. In 1873 appeared *An Outline Study of Man*, which also grew out of a course of twelve Lowell Institute lectures in which, by the aid of a blackboard, he had succeeded in popularizing metaphysics. In this the gifted lecturer set forth the law of the universe, a law of conduct for man, and how to carry this law into the details of life. In 1874 *Prayer and the Prayer Gauge* was published. In these forty-four pages we find an able and lucid discussion of the subject then so much striven over. In the *Boston Monday Lectures* for 1880-81 is printed a lecture which he delivered that winter in Tremont Temple, on "The Place of Conscience." In 1883 a thin volume entitled *The Scriptural Idea of Man* was published, containing six lectures which President Hopkins had delivered at the New Haven Theological Seminary in 1875, and repeated afterwards at Chicago and at Oberlin. In March, 1883, after having been revised and somewhat rewritten, they were given to the students at Princeton, and in that form printed.

After serving as president of Williams College for thirty-six years, he resigned his position in 1872. But he continued to give the benefit of his great name and services as a lecturer on metaphysics to the college for the next fifteen years, until his death. He never missed a meeting of the American Board during the thirty years that he was its revered president. He was active in many forms of philanthropic and religious work. He stood in the midst of heated and partisan discussion, preserving a calm and dignified demeanor and meting out even-handed justice to all. Furious attacks on the board or hot arguments in its defence did not ruffle his calm, or drive him from his

moorings. His was a kindly, generous, broad, tolerant nature. He had no desire to push an antagonist to the wall. His whole desire was to harmonize opposing factions and with all his great powers to build up the interests of his Master's kingdom.

His life extended to above eighty-five years, during sixty-two of which he ably and faithfully served his alma mater. In the beautiful month of June, 1887, his long, symmetrical, beautiful life drew to a close. Very touchingly his life-long friend, David Dudley Field, describes its sunset. On the day preceding his death, he drove out at twilight, stopped to drink at a familiar spring, spoke of feeling quite well, and came home to rest well. The next day, his last day on earth, he remained indoors, being a little restless. After retiring at night he became more restless, and finally, rising, took two or three turns about the room, and then sitting down in a chair by the bed, said to his aged and dearly loved wife, "This is a new sensation; I think it must be death." It was indeed death, and it came at once. "Without lying down or saying another word, he fell gently into the sleep of death." No pain, no sense of suffering, no agonizing delay. In a moment the aged philosopher and saint had slipped off the worn-out tenement, and his freed spirit was rejoicing amid the immortal glories.

With his bereaved wife and sorrowing children mourned the whole college community, the townspeople, the widely scattered alumni of Williams, and a great company in all lands, who looked upon him as one of the ablest and staunchest defenders of true religion. Men forgot their differences over his grave. He was their friend. They recalled the gentle, noble qualities of that luminous intellect and loving heart. His great soul is with God. His body rests under the waving trees of Williamstown.

If one examines the oration on *Mystery*, which was delivered when he was twenty-five years of age, the great qualities which shone so conspicuously in after life are seen just bursting into bloom. He vividly pictures the creation bursting upon the consciousness of the first man, then deals with the mystery of facts and of known laws. There may be ignorance without mystery. Events are mysterious if con-

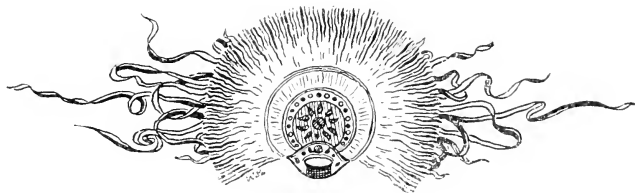
flucting with some known law or theory. The solution is the "discovery of the manner in which the mysterious fact conforms to the general law." The highest pleasure is found in the discovery of a law to account for mysterious facts. All events are really equally mysterious, said the young tutor, but our senses are deadened to some. Intelligence and experience help us to partial solutions, yet all that is in our power is to reduce physical facts to general laws and general laws to the volition of the Almighty.

Nearly twenty years later (December 22, 1846), President Hopkins preached a sermon at old Plymouth, from the words: "And all ye are brethren." He said that the Pilgrims had in view religious freedom, the right education of their children, and the extension of true religion among the savages. "Thank God, their blood runs in our veins." Equality and affection form the basis of a perfect society. Equality means the largest liberty to the individual compatible with the good of the whole. Government is not an end but a means. It should secure personal liberty and equality, the diffusion of knowledge, security, the prompt administration of justice and religious freedom. The government must appeal to the higher principles of man's nature. Its rule should be not by fear but by affection; then it will call forth sacrifices and quicken the intellectual powers. The government is a great school for the discussion of questions relating to the interests, rights, and duties of social man. The English and American character is what it is because it has been trained in such a school. Christ had struck down the old systems of religion, the systems of Greece and India. What was needed was not blind submission and superstition, but reverence for God. In this spirit were wrought the institutions of our fathers. Let men judge this gov-

ernment by its fruits. The star of hope is a universal Christian brotherhood. The vessel the fathers launched is yet upon the deep. Let every man be at his post, hearing the voice of duty and of God.

What a long and rare career of usefulness was this of Mark Hopkins! He did not expect to live so long. At the semi-centennial, in 1843, he said: "When another half-century is past and the call shall go forth for the centennial gathering, we shall not hear it. Long before that time the most of us will have done what we have to do for the weal or the woe of man. The impressions which we choose to make in the yielding material of time will before that have been made, and have become set in the eternal adamant of the past. . . . Let us then throw ourselves upon the tide of this great movement—the advancing tide of Christian progress, which we trust is to rise and swell and flow over the earth." He lived on forty-four of these fifty years, and did more than any other to round out and fulfil his own prediction of "a high career of usefulness for the half-century to come" at Williams College.

"But for Williams College," he once said, "I have no reason to suppose I should myself have been liberally educated." Few men have ever so grandly paid back their debt to an alma mater. He kindled fires which will burn as long as human intellects respond to great thoughts. He lives on in the nobler lives of his students. Thousands respond to the lamented Garfield's hearty acknowledgment of mental indebtedness to him; and millions of men who never saw Williams College have felt their souls kindle under the glow of his splendid intellect. As the centennial of Williams College draws near, her sons will prepare to sing again the praises of her greatest alumnus and renowned president. The passing years make more evident how great a place he filled.



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FARMER.

By Edward B. Williams.



IN a country so large and populous as the United States, with industries so various, the changes from year to year in the aggregate of income and production are so slight, that the tendency toward gain or loss is difficult to detect. Gains are offset by losses; and still production shows a steady increase; it corresponds to the increase of population, and outstrips this gain by a large percentage in the interval between the census years. Barring out the effects of commercial crises and of war as temporary, we know that the growth of wealth in the last twenty-five years has been immense. The shortage in some crops, the depressions in some kinds of manufacturing, and the crises in business, are only the ebb in the tide of prosperity, soon to rise higher than before.

Agriculture is considered the foundation of all industry. It is so in most countries, and much more extensively so in a low and primitive civilization. "The king himself is served by the field." If the farmers are few in any state, the people must largely import their food. According to Giffen, one-third of the population of England live on imported food. In the eastern manufacturing states in America there is a like dependence upon cheap western crops. Only nine per cent of the people of Massachusetts and Rhode Island are engaged in farming. As long as there is peace between a mercantile or manufacturing community and its base of supplies, or while trade continues profitable to both sections, both will prosper. When war arose between the North and South, commercial distress in the North, the South, and in England immediately followed. The consequences were felt in all Europe, in Egypt, and in India.

No great disability can fall upon a great division of industry in this country, without affecting other industries here, and to a serious extent abroad. A convulsion or disaster has a quick effect, sometimes but

transient. It is understood, because forced upon observation. But a gradual decline in agriculture might continue so slowly and deceptively that it would escape general notice. If commerce and manufactures could prosper, while the farmer's land was losing value, his crops bringing low prices, his debts increasing, and his income decreasing, neither capitalists nor workingmen would concern themselves. The farmer himself would sell out and invest in city property, while his son would become a mechanic or clerk. Meanwhile there would be an abundance of bread, meat, fruit and vegetables, clothing and furniture, cheap, and all products of city industry declining in value. This would seem a golden era for the workingman and all who buy goods.

Is this a true description of the present situation? Then can the farmer stand the pressure — or, if he gives way, will it injure the mechanic, the operative, the laborer, or the merchant? These classes are supposed to know their own interest and provide for themselves. If the farmer grumbles, he is supposed to be getting along, and to be envious of the rapid gains of the business class. We have no "agricultural distress," no agrarian laws, no peasant class, no slaves. Most American farmers own their land. How can they suffer and become poorer, except by their own bad management and laziness? The possession of land is proclaimed to be the basis of freedom and power by the industrial reformers. The discontent of the farmer arises from his burning desire to make money faster than he can do on the farm! Has he any idea that the great fortunes made in business may put the small landholder at a disadvantage by his marked inferiority in capital, and run him out in competition? The farmers have been complaining and combining for twenty years. The grangers had a great wave of popularity and public notice. They controlled legislation in some of the western states for a time. Their measures were not always wise or successful. Now they seem to be out-generalled and abashed. We

shall watch with interest the new movement in the South. It was right that the farmers should control legislation when they were in the majority. If they made mistakes, they could learn better. Being in the majority, they would not strive to oppress or rob themselves. But they lacked ready money, while furnishing the means of making it to railroads and other corporations. The first man in the West is the speculator, with or without money; after him the farmer.

The farmer is at the mercy of the business class. He knows it. The business man knows it. Though most of the business men fail, their money remains in their class and increases in its main volume. Many men are killed in war; the armies are much diminished; but the survivors conquer, live, and divide the spoils. So in business. The money-power concentrates and fixes values at pleasure. This power to fix values by speculation, cornering, pools, trusts, and corporations makes all outsiders dependents.

The farmer is not identified with the "workingman"; neither is his interest identical with that of the capitalist. He belongs to a conservative middle class, always valuable as an assurance against oppression from above and disorder from below. If we are in danger from a moneyed aristocracy, we may well be anxious to preserve the financial and social freedom of the farmer. If there is no one between the millionaire and the soil, those who till it will be in the direct employ of the millionaire. Machinery is now applied to the soil, as it is to its products. When our railroads do not pay well, when our manufacturing is overdone, when our foreign trade is small comparatively, and by foreign vessels, when there is no more desirable government land to buy or to grant, our great landholders will become great landlords, or bonanza farmers. Who can compete with them in great staple products? The large farms can undersell the small ones, until the small farmer is obliged to sell out and work for the capitalist, run hopelessly in debt, or become a tenant. He can no longer have a homestead. Perhaps the rich man would rather be a landlord than a farmer, as in England. In that case, the rent would be as much as the tenant could bear, and still keep the land in good condition.

The peasant and tenant farmers throughout great parts of Europe are unable to improve their condition without the consent and assistance of their landlords or their governments. The crops are sold cheap, the working-classes are unable to buy freely, are poorly fed and underfed, and production is restrained by the poverty and physical weakness of the workingman. Only actual distress appeals to the helpful sympathy of the better classes. They are satisfied, because they are not in want or obliged to toil. This is the natural result of our Christian (?) civilization and natural selection in beautiful harmony. In bleak and sterile lands like Switzerland, there is more practical equality and diffused income. We might anticipate that northern New England and the mountainous tracts of the Alleghanies and Rockies will always be the seat of freedom and endurable poverty; and perhaps, centuries hence, when the people of the Mississippi basin are degraded by effeminacy in the upper classes and slavery, shall we say, among the multitudes, the poor and hardy races from the mountains may become their rulers by right of conquest,—Christianity aside, as usual. But we hope history will not repeat itself. We do not expect that the nation which abolished black slavery will submit to white serfdom.

Before evils are assumed to exist, or to be approaching, it is sensible to examine the signs or proofs of them. The American disposition to self-confidence and boasting has long since sobered down, among most of the people, to a thoughtful and apprehensive mood. There is no question that the wage-working classes are generally uneasy and disposed to combine for self-protection. They are not profiting by the cheapness of farm products. What they gain by low prices for goods is more than lost often by low wages, high rents, and scarcity of employment. The disparity between their poverty, preventing saving and obliging debt, and the immense growth of national wealth, is enough in itself to give them alarm, and it is in vain to try to hoodwink them by optimistic parade of their advantages over European labor by writers who are in the interest and sometimes in the direct employ of those who want to keep the sheep still while they are sheared. It is for the farmer to choose whether he will curry

favor, as a landowner and infant capitalist, with the corporation which nurses him for a profit, or depend upon the welfare of the rest of the population, which furnishes him a market for nearly all he raises. If the poverty of the majority is the poverty of the farmer, here is one place where we must watch for evil to the farmer.

It is easy to take figures and statistics prepared by men self-interested, or even disinterested, and, by ignoring certain great factors of fundamental import, make a fair showing for the farmer, to overawe the ignorant and timid, and silence the doubter. To find out whether the farmer is losing or gaining, his condition in the present and the past must be compared. To show how much better off he is than the European peasant may have a soothing effect upon some spirits. To show that his condition is worse now than it was ten, twenty, and thirty years ago, would have a rousing effect upon most men.

Personal recollections of personal experience in a few localities are not conclusive data. The census heretofore has not given much or thorough attention to those facts and figures which would throw a satisfactory light upon the question of agricultural prosperity from decade to decade. In America it is a rather new subject of investigation. The labor question, closely allied to the agricultural problem, is new. Before the war our general and rapid progress was so apparent and so generally shared, that the knowledge of its existence was enough to satisfy, and the census returns and business reports were not scrutinized by experts and publicists as they now are for even minute indications of industrial movements and tendencies.

If we compare the years 1850, 1860, and 1880, we escape irregular prices and the inflation during and after the war. By the census returns, the specific figures for each point in each census year are not always presented. Among all the working population, including every class of occupation, in 1850, the farmers and farm hands were 7 per cent; in 1870, 47; in 1880, 44 per cent. Diversified industry—a better market for the farmer, great increase in manufactured products. All this is very good. But if the rural vote is diminished 33 per cent, and the farmer must turn to town work for a living, like the English

hind, where is your “honest yeomanry, a country's pride”?

For the year 1850 the average income of the farming population was \$349. In 1880 it was \$288. This is based on returns of farm-product, includes the income of farm-hands, and makes no deduction for interest, taxes, and loss and shrinkage. In 1850 the number to each farm of farming population was 2.56; in 1880, it was 1.89. Here again machinery has sent the superfluous farm-hand to the town. The farmer's expense is lessened and his power of production increased, perhaps twofold, by using the mower, reaper, thresher, hay-tedder, sulky-plough, and grain-drill. Is the farm-hand he sends to town able to buy the increased production without a lowered price? In the comparison of prices at different periods there is risk of great error, because prices vary so much, according to the season and during the same year. But if prices are low in the city for farm-products, the farming business will not offer so hopeful a prospect. The continual transfer of population to cities increases the capital invested there, and lowers the price of farms. Also, the low price of farm-produce argues that the farmer can feed an increasing city population without making money in the same proportion. And if the income of the whole farming-class was lowered \$61 per man in thirty years, while the farm-hands diminished considerably, it points to the presumption that the average farmer cannot afford to pay so much for help. Even as long ago as 1861 a writer in Appleton's *Cyclopaedia* said, “15 years ago (1846) the writer required 20 men to cultivate properly a garden of thirty acres; now, by the use of a few judiciously chosen horse-tools, he cultivates many times that area, with but 8 farm-hands, 4 of whom are boys.” But in 1887 the statistician of the Agricultural Department said, “Low prices of farm-produce have caused a reduced demand for human labor—in some cases farmers of the poorer class have abandoned cultivation of their own land and accepted employment from others.” The farm-hand at this day obtains higher, monthly wages than before the war, but he is less in demand, while the product is so increased that the prices are not remunerative to the small farmer.

Tables of wages have been compiled

and discussed very freely and frequently, but the facts concerning the farmers' income are harder to obtain with exactness, and the precise attempt has, perhaps, never been made officially. A man carrying on a private business is reluctant to publish the financial details. The amount of product per head, or per farm, is only a rough approximate to the average net income. Quite often crops do not pay the cost of production, and one bad season may blast the farmer's prosperity.

The increase in manufactures does not relieve the farmer by increasing the relative number of employes and lessening the competition in food production. The proportion of the four great working classes hardly varied from 1870 to 1880. It was, in proportion to all workers, in

| | Agriculture. | Manufactures. | Prof. & Personal. | Trade & Trans. |
|------------------|--------------|---------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1870, percentage | 47.35 | 21.65 | 21.47 | 9.53 |
| 1880, " " | 44.1 | 23.04 | 22.1 | 10.4 |

Or agriculture lost $6\frac{1}{2}$ in 100 hands, while manufactures gained $6\frac{1}{2}$ in 100. Taking these two classes apart from the others, however, we have a difference of 13 per cent in favor of manufactures. The sure inference is that we are becoming a manufacturing people and that farming is on the decline. A reaction is possible: but people are pretty certain to forsake a pursuit which does not pay, if they have power to choose, for one which does pay. The other classes also gained a small percentage. In a hundred years these proportions would show a change, if unchecked in their tendency, amounting to a total revolution in our social system. Nearly all the population, including the farmers, would be working for wages. We should assimilate to the present condition of English working people, and classes would be fixed and well-defined. If we can rely upon the enlightened humanity of the employer, very well. Where there is the densest population and the greatest wealth per caput in the United States, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, only 9 per cent of the people are engaged in farming; in Indiana, 52; in Illinois, 44; in Arkansas, 83 (the highest); in Mississippi, 82 per cent.

In states where 18 per cent are farmers, their average income is \$457. In states where 77 per cent are farmers, their average income is \$160. This includes the

farm-hand. In the first instance, land is worth \$38.65, in the second, \$5.18 per acre. Yet in the manufacturing states farm-land is falling in value. The above figures are from the *United States Agricultural Reports*. In *Hudson's Railways and the Republic* it is stated that while the acreages of improved land increased in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Vermont, and Maine 5,166,000 acres, farm-land lost in value \$408,000,000. Even in Illinois, the first agricultural state in the union, the rural population is decreasing, and lands can be bought as low, or lower, than twenty years ago. The complaint in the East is that farming don't pay; in the Central states, that the railroads rob the producer; in the New West, that the land-grabber dictates terms to the settler and the great ranches absorb the best tracts with the available water.

The future of farming is in the Mississippi valley, if anywhere, and the prospect of the great grain states of the West, where agriculture will always be the first interest, is of serious importance to every one who eats bread and meat. If tenant-farming increases until the greater portion of the land pays rent, the assessed value may rise, while the increase in taxes is added to the rent. The high price of land, while rent is also high, will hold the farmer in his dependent position. This state of things is already realized in California, where great proprietors absorb the proceeds of the crops. The number of tenant farmers in the country was first ascertained by the census of 1880. Their number, as returned in 1890, will be a strong circumstance in showing the tendency to capitalistic investment in land. The increase in the number of large farms will also be good evidence of the establishment of landed estates. The power to buy and hold great tracts of fertile land is the power to enslave those who live upon it, whether the bondage is nominal or real, mild or severe.

The low price of new land, with the decline in value of the old, is a most favorable chance for investment for those who have the money.

The average number of acres to each farm in the country was in

| 1850 | 1860 | 1870 | 1880 |
|------|------|------|------|
| 202 | 199 | 153 | 199 |

Little change appears in thirty years. In 1850 it was roughly estimated that 1 in

every 3.19 of the male population over 21 was a landholder. By the census of 1880 there was a farm to every 3.19 of this class of the population, to say nothing of other real estate. "In eastern Nebraska and Kansas and western Iowa and Missouri there were more large farms twenty years ago than there are to-day." (James Willis Gleed, *Forum*, March, 1890.) Here is proof that the average size of farms has decreased. It is an established fact that small farms well worked pay better than large farms poorly worked. The market-gardener makes more than the grain farmer. If large tracts are held to sell in quantities to suit, there is little danger of land monopoly. But if these great areas in private hands—whole counties, duchies and principalities—are held to aggrandize private individuals, titles of rank add a mere nothing to the power of their owners.

Between 1870 and 1880 farms of 50 to 100 acres have increased in number 37 per cent; those of 100 to 500 acres have trebled; between 500 and 1000 acres quintupled their increase; and those of over 1000 acres are eight times as numerous. In 1883 eight men owned over 18,000,000 acres, or each of them, on an average, owned a state three times the size of Rhode Island. The railroads have received whole kingdoms of the best land in the country. All of the government land is now disposed of, which was considered fit for farming. Great land-grants are nothing new in our history. They have been sold in small lots, and settled by a numerous population. If this process goes on as heretofore, the farmer may remain a freeholder. But if our money-lords desire to enclose great parks and hunting-grounds, and then put a high price on the land they are willing to sell, they can gradually raise the artificial value of all land; or if they wish to purchase, they can depreciate the value by railroad discrimination in a certain district, compelling the sale of any kind of product at ruinous rates, till producers must cease and sell their plant.

Land-hunger has not yet become an American trait. Land is easy to acquire. Owners sell freely. Land is not sought, but the profit on it. Where population grows but slowly, no one cares to invest, unless their means and plans are such that they are confident of drawing population. Between 1850 and 1860 Iowa land in-

creased over 900 per cent in value, while Pennsylvania gained 96 per cent. From 1875 to 1885 farm-land in Massachusetts decreased in value 14.12 per cent on woodland, 12.53 on unimproved, but gained 4.95 per cent on cultivated land. But the gross income of the farmer in that state was \$1061, far above the average of the whole country.

In 1886 state district agents reported to the Agricultural Department at Washington concerning the financial condition of the farmers. They declared that eastern farmers were not much burdened; that many of the more prosperous had western mortgages, and the greatest amount of debt was west of the Mississippi. In New York three-tenths of the farms were mortgaged, 1 in 20 hopelessly, and land had depreciated fully 33 per cent in ten years. A large proportion of farm-mortgages were held by other farmers. Twenty per cent of the farmers had other investments, but only 5 per cent had money in anything but farm property. In Pennsylvania one-fourth of the farmers were in debt. The same in Ohio. In Kentucky only 8 per cent; in Michigan, one-third; in Illinois, the same; in Wisconsin, 20 or 25 per cent; in Kansas, one-half, but less debt than ten years ago; and in Nebraska but little debt. In the New West the rapid rise in land-values, with low and easy terms of purchase, make mortgages at high interest a safe thing in very many cases, but poverty and lost crops make the settler's lot a hard one just as often. The census is expected to ascertain the extent of farm-mortgages this year. The eastern farmer has capital and owns his farm, and has a better market close at hand. He is in a small minority of all the farmers. Many western farmers are as rich, some of them much richer, than the owner of rugged New England soil; but the average western producer, though he may load a small freight-train with his crops in a good season, has a market and soil alike so unreliable, that he is often at the mercy of the speculator and mortgage company. It does not insure his success that the soil is rich and the market great, because the seasons are uncertain and he has never been able to control the market.

The farmer cannot now go further west with advantage. The railroads and the ranches have the start of him. In the South 8,000,000 negroes till the soil.

The farmer must study the situation and make every move with care. The fight for a free life and a true home must be fought out where he is. Monopolies and corporations must be controlled by the farmer and laboring-man, or in a few years it may be called treason for a man to express such a conviction. If the government is in the hands of a moneyed aristocracy and the newspapers are in the same interest, the people will be deceived and

plundered, without getting any help from those sworn to do their will. But the case is not yet so bad as this. The American people are patient, but they know what is going on, and they are themselves at fault for the prevalence of hasty greed, and carelessness in public affairs; and, after all, there is much more integrity and faithfulness among our statesmen and public men than they are credited with in many quarters.

SEA-PICTURES.

By Richard E. Burton.

FAR NIENTE.

SOFT languors on the bosom of the deep,
 A blissful swoon that takes the sense in thrall;
 My hopes are dead, my memory is asleep,
 I only lie and watch the waters fall
 And lift, and let my tired spirit steep
 In sun and sea, as happy as a hound
 That lazes on a plot of grassy ground;
 Until the dim night shadows come and creep
 Between the day and me, and end it all.

NIGHT NOISES.

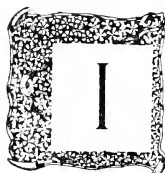
No voice of crickets wearing thro' the night
 From skeins of dew in scented summer fields;
 No sleep-time chirp of birds, no tree that yields
 A solemn sigh when touched by breezes light.
 Instead, a throb of engines in their might,
 The scurrying seamen with their weird *Yo-ho!*
 The creak of ropes, the lapping of sad waves,
 That seem to grieve above forgotten graves
 And gossip on lost ships of long ago.

OFF THE HAVEN.

Up stole a fog, a chill and ghastly thing,
 That gloomed the sea and hid her face from me;
 My soul was like a bird with broken wing;
 A dismal bell warned homing barks away.
 Then shot a sun-shaft; like a phantom host,
 Born of the night and mailed in sullen white,
 The riven mists drew off, and lo! the coast
 Lay green and glad beyond the waters gray.

LITERATURE IN FRENCH CANADA.

By George Stewart, LL. D., D.C.L.



IN his suggestive work on American literature, Mr. Charles F. Richardson emphasizes the point, that in a measure, American literature is an offshoot of English literature; and the idea is further advanced that no language and literature except the English have ever put forth an offshoot in another country: that is, a new literary development, having the form and characteristics of the parent stem, yet growing under essentially different conditions. This interesting statement seems, to my mind, somewhat open to modification. In a corner of the North American continent, in the province of Quebec, we have precisely the same condition of things, only the language is French and not English. Up to half a century ago, French Canada had no literature at all. With the rebellion of 1837, the literary spirit began its career. A vigorous newspaper press was patriotically maintained long before that date. Printed books in plenty were to be had, of course: but though they treated of Lower Canada, and dwelt on her splendid historical past, her sacrifices for Church and State, her missionary progress and mental development, these studies were not the work of native authors. Most if not all of the books were written by priests and travellers from old France; and though these works are copious enough, very few of them are trustworthy. The contests of the periods which they describe developed antagonisms, and prejudice and partisanship tinge deeply the various narratives. Still, the early printed books are not devoid of value, though as true chronicles they hardly claim our respect. Of unity and sympathy there is little, but as expressions of current partisan feeling on the different movements of the time, the books often throw light, which the investigator will not fail to prize. With the aid of official documents, now easy of access, he will find little difficulty in satisfying his mind as regards facts. Le Clercq, as is

well known, wrote his remarkable volume, now a rare treasure in the storehouse of the bibliophile,—for I believe less than half a dozen copies exist,—*Premier établissement de la foi dans la Nouvelle France*, as a protest in behalf of the Recollet Fathers (so warmly favored by Count Frontenac) and to offset the encroachments of the Jesuits, at that time very powerful in the new country. Charlevoix, on the other hand, espouses the cause of the Society of Jesus, and presents the excellent Recollets in a light which robs them of much color. Ferland wrote his history from the severely ecclesiastical side, and from Garneau we have the national view, though the reader is to be warned against the wretched translation of the work by Bell, which takes extraordinary liberties with the text, and constantly misrepresents the author. Of course, as has been said, these works have their value, but they must be read with caution, and only after due allowance is made for the conditions under which they were composed and the purpose which they were intended to serve.

The literary spirit in Quebec has been derived from France, and Hugo, Lamartine, and Beranger have exercised a marvellous influence on the pens of the French-Canadian authors. Statecraft, however, the French Canadian has worked out from the English model, that form of government offering him the greater number of advantages, and being eminently suited to his requirements. The strongest name in his list of patriots is that of Sir George Etienne Cartier,—a father of the present confederation, and whose speeches to-day afford inspiration to the budding orator. It was for many years that statesman's boast that he was an Englishman who spoke French, and yet at heart, in sentiment and in practice, Cartier was thoroughly French, and the prime upholder of the French Canadian's chief articles of faith, "our laws, our language, and our institutions."

There is not much originality in the French-Canadian pen. It betrays con-

stantly its true origin, and echoes the maternal voice always. A French academican, however, once fancied that in the poetry of Frechette he detected signs of something with which he was unfamiliar. He described it as something French, and yet not wholly French. The poet partially relieved him of his doubt by suggesting that the unknown quantity in his work might be Canadian. But there are very few French-Canadian writers who are so distinctively French-Canadian as Frechette. We must not forget, however, that French Canada has practically only begun her literary career. The influence of the model is still strong, and originality may come in time.

Mr. Richardson's task was to discover wherein American literature really differs from English literature, and wherein it is but a branch bearing the same fruit in a different corner of the enclosure. We may not follow him in his investigation. English literature may be said to have two branches on this continent, the contribution from the United States, and the contribution from Canada; the latter, it must be confessed, is not yet extensive nor very valuable, though it is creditable. But England's French Canadians are also adding to a parent stem; the stem, however, is French. The French Canadians are exceedingly loyal to Britain. A distinguished son of the soil once said that the last shot for the maintenance of British connection in Canada would be fired by a French Canadian. His queen rewarded his patriotism and his services by creating him a knight and conferring upon him the coveted title of aide-de-camp on her personal staff. But though the devotion of the French Canadians to Britain is strong, and a plebiscite would establish it beyond peradventure to-morrow, yet for all that, the poets love to sing the praises of the patriots of 1837, and Papineau is still their idol, though fifty years and more have rolled away since he raised the flag of revolt, and the old wrongs have long ago been redressed. This, perhaps, is only natural; but with all their admiration of British institutions it is surprising how little in the way of praise the Quebec poets and essayists find to say about them. Many writers are ready to admit at once that on no account would they change their allegiance to that of France, with her conscription

and infidelity; but for all that, British valor and the British throne find little, if any, expression in the heroic verse of the province. And yet no one would think of questioning the fealty of the French Canadians. Their loyalty is particularly effusive, and at all banquets and public dinners the health of the queen is drank with enthusiasm, and the national anthem invariably closes the entertainment at all places of amusement, the people standing with uncovered heads. But, notwithstanding all this, the only heroes who are immortalized in French-Canadian poems are men of the blood who fought Englishmen, and the only battlefields which find place in their songs are those on which the common enemy appeared. One exception there is, the generous-hearted De Salaberry, who fought under the British flag against the Americans at Chateauguay. Pæans in his honor are sung, but they are dedicated to his personal renown alone, and not to the general cause.

A few years ago Frechette's drama of *Papineau* was produced on the stage, in Quebec, before an audience of a thousand persons. The heroic and patriotic passages, with which the play abounds, were applauded to the echo. The English military officers, however, and the sentiments which they uttered, were roundly hissed by three hundred young fellows in their teens, who inherited the feeling, doubtless, in their cradles. And yet those half-grown men would fight willingly to maintain British connection to-morrow, were it in danger of being severed, even though they oppose, with all their might, the policy of imperial federation.

French Canada, notwithstanding its limited opportunities, and the ever-watchful eye of the extreme wing of the church, which exercises censorship over the pens of the faithful, has done very well in letters. Poetry, history, and the *Chronique* — the latter borrowed from France — are prosecuted with industry, and not a little ability. Two or three respectable magazines are maintained, and their circulation is on a paying basis. Fifty years ago, the mental activity of the people of Lower Canada found expression principally in the stormy arena of politics. The great problem of responsible or constitutional government occupied the attention of her public men, the Papineaus, Lafontaines, and

Nelsons never dreaming of the ample liberties which their descendants enjoy to-day. The newspaper and the pamphlet, and occasionally the ballad, formed the literature of the period. There was no great variety in the subject-matter of this letter-press, which reached the reader, in one form and another, almost every day. It continually told of the struggle for political life which was going on among the politicians and the people, and romance, poetry, history, and philosophy stood aside for statesmanship and party warfare. Since those times, French-Canadian authorship has made rapid progress, and the friendly aid of a paternal government has always protected the printer from material loss. Hardly a branch of literature has remained untouched. In poetry, perhaps, the highest merit has been attained, though there are no successors to Cremazie, Frechette, and LeMay. The latter is better known by his translation of Longfellow's *Evangeline*, which has passed into two or three editions, and which won the high approval of the author himself, when first published.

Cremazie is the strongest poet French Canada has produced, and his name and memory are much revered. Of minor singers of various grades there is a long train. The French-Canadian ear is keen for melody, and all poets of the race are musicians in the truest sense of the word. The best among them, however, has failed to produce a really great poem, such as Heavyside's *Saul*, faulty as that production is; but in the way of light and fanciful love songs, sonnets to womanly virtue, and addresses to patriotic sentiment, the French certainly hold ground on which few of the English-Canadian poets may enter; none, perhaps, save Roberts, Carman, Lampman, Campbell, and John Reade. Of purely classical poetry the French have given us but few examples; while of poems which breathe the teachings of Christianity to a superlative degree, the verses of Judge Routhier and Chauveau are the most notable examples.

In fiction, Lower Canada, like English Canada, is notoriously weak. She has produced no novelist or short-story writer of any mark. The best novel is Dr. Chauveau's *Charles Guerin*, a tale of habitant life and character, good in its descriptions of the manners and customs of French Canada, but in the way of character-

drawing and incident taking hardly any rank at all. *Jacques et Marie*, by Napoleon Boueassa, artist and litterateur, is a story of a much broader and higher type. It deals with war, sacrifice, patriotism, and banishment, and in part is fairly well done, though the author lacks style. As it treats of the expulsion of the Acadians, from the Abbé Raynal point of view, the reader must be prepared to accept a good deal on trust. Joseph Marmette's early novels lack spontaneity and knowledge of the social life with which the author attempted to deal. He took up historical subjects, such as the Intendant Bigot's career in Quebec, and the fortunes of Count Frontenac. It is not always easy to invest an historical novel with the sort of interest which commends fiction to the lover of high-spiced romance. Mr. Marmette had many difficulties to overcome. He was a student, and he learned of men and women in society through books and memoirs. He had travelled little. The outer world was to him a sealed book, and the *salon* of high-born dames, and the intrigues of a peculiarly vicious court, though not lacking in attractiveness as studies, proved beyond his strength or skill to depict. His stories of fifteen years or so ago are deficient in grace and form, and though dramatic enough in a way, for the incidents march, they fail entirely to interest and entertain. *François de Bienville*, which furnishes a romantic picture of Frontenac's time, is, perhaps, Marmette's most successful novel, and is freer from objectionable mannerisms than the others from his pen. LeMay's stories are even less vigorous than Marmette's, and are much overdrawn. His range, too, has been more limited.

In historical writing, French Canada is not badly off. The Abbé Faillon cannot be claimed as a French Canadian. He was a Sulpician priest of very great ability, and his really remarkable work, the *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, though a monument to the labors and trials of his order in Montreal, is a book of powerful interest and value. On three separate occasions the Abbé visited Canada, living in the country several years, and consulting materials wherever he found them. The archives of the Propaganda at Rome and the various departments in Paris readily yielded their treasures to him also. But though Faillon cannot be claimed

by the French Canadians, they can point with pride to three of their sons, the Abbé Ferland, who furnishes the best ecclesiastical history of the country, François Xavier Garneau, the distinctively national historian of Quebec, and the Abbé Casgrain, the chief questioner in Canada of the brilliant writings of Francis Parkman. Michael Bibaud, Louis P. Turcotte, and Benjamin Sulte have also contributed liberally to the historical literature of Lower Canada. Garneau and Ferland and Bibaud are, from their training, thoroughly partisan, but the English reader, expecting this, will spare his strictures. Sulte and Casgrain are more liberal in feeling and in execution. The Abbé Bois sent historical studies to the press several years ago, and only ceased to write when paralysis and disease interposed. After his death a trunkful of his manuscripts was found. His heirs promise to make use of the more valuable of these papers. The Abbé Tanguay's principal work is a genealogical dictionary, in six enormous volumes, of French-Canadian families who trace their origin to old France. The work occupied the annalist a quarter of a century of time. There are some who say that it must be rewritten. The Abbé Laverdière, one of the ripest scholars in the Canadian priesthood, and a real ornament to the letters of his age, completed Ferland's history, when that able divine laid down his pen in death, and also edited, with valuable notes, the admirable edition of Champlain, which the University of Laval published for a limited circle of readers and students. The English reader is invited, in this connection, to examine the excellent translation of this work, by Dr. Otis, in the Prince Society's Collection.

Altogether, the showing is notable and strong, and in this department of literature, certainly, French Canada occupies no contemptible position. There are many writers who have written essays and papers on various periods of local and provincial history, and the story of the rebellion of 1837 has been treated in single volumes by Carrier, David, and Globensky.

Few books of travel have been written by French Canadians, but those which we have are clever enough. M. Faucher de St. Maurice, soldier and member of parliament, has dealt with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Mexico, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Africa,

and Europe. Judge Routhier has spent various long vacations in foreign travel, and his keen observation has found expression in half a dozen volumes. M. Joseph Tassé has supplied a remarkable account of the Northwest, in two parts; and some small books, relating experiences in different sections of the country, owe their paternity to Lower Canadian authors. To this collection may be added contributions by Abbé Casgrain, DeGaspe, and Sulte, each more or less full.

The drama has found exponents in Frechette, Marchand, and LeMay. Their plays have been represented on the stage, and attracted large audiences. Mr. Frechette's *Papineau* and *Les Exilés*, and Mr. LeMay's *Rouge et Bleu*, being especially well received, and creating much enthusiasm.

To science, Charles Baillairgè, the Abbés Hamel, Cuoq, and Laflamme, E. Deville, and St. Cyr have made extensive contributions; while in philology we have the studies of Arthur Buies, Paul de Cazes, Oscar Dunn, Napoleon Legendre and DeBoucherville.

In this brief survey of the mental outfit and output of French Canada, mention, of course, should not be omitted of the department of thought in which her sons have made, perhaps, their most conspicuous mark. Oratory has systematically been cultivated in the lower Canadian province, and rare indeed is it to find a young French Canadian who cannot express himself always in graceful or powerful phrase. He is naturally quick at repartee, witty always, and strong in invective. He is full of gesture, and manages well the form and substance of his speech. Chapleau, Laurier, and Mercier stand to-day as the best exponents of the oratory of the country. English comes to them as naturally as their mother tongue, but it is in the French language that they appear to the greater advantage, and their eloquence would do credit to any nation.

Literature in Canada owes much to the various literary and historical societies, which exist in nearly all the chief towns of the Dominion. The parent of them all is the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, which was founded in 1824 by the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General. This institution owns many rare manuscripts and printed books, mostly in French,

relating to the early history of the country, and every year its treasures are explored and investigated by historians and inquirers from all parts of the continent. The society has published some valuable memoirs, transactions, and manuscripts in French and in English, and these are held in repute by scholars everywhere. To stimulate art, science, and letters in Canada, Lord Lorne, during his reign, established two societies. The Academy of Arts at once became successful. The Royal Society, which combines, perhaps, the best features of the French Academy and the British and American Associations, was not so well received at first, and in certain quarters it aroused some hostile criticism. The membership is limited to eighty Fellows. The first two sections, of twenty Fellows each, concern themselves with history, archaeology, ethnology, and general literature. The first section is composed of Frenchmen, and the second of Englishmen; the remaining two sections are devoted to science in all its branches, nearly every department being represented. The latter, it may be said at once, make by far the better exhibit, but the literary sections show yearly signs of great vitality. This is especially noticeable in the French section, which admits into its part of the *Transactions and Proceedings*, poetry, stories, dramas, and fragments of comedies, though, of course, more solid papers on philology, history, and archaeology are not excluded. The English are more conservative, and though poems are sometimes read at the meetings, they are rigorously excluded by the committee of editors from the pages of the published volume. The contrast between the work of the two sections is very great. The French conduct their share of the book, for which parliament grants five thousand dollars a year, as if it were a popular review of light and entertaining literature. The English contributors furnish papers of stronger matter, which deal principally with abstract science, political economy, history, archaeology, and ethnology. At the last meeting, in May, 1890, at Ottawa, this contrast was noted by one of the newspapers, which commented on what the editor described as French

vitality as compared to English solidity. He fancied that he saw in the French section exhibitions of greater mental activity, because one member had four poems to read and another member had two lyrics, not knowing that the procedure of the two sections is as wide apart as the poles, and that while one section confined itself almost entirely to belles lettres, the other treated general literature very sparingly, indeed, the other features of the section claiming the more earnest attention of its members.

It may be asked, are the people of French Canada influenced deeply by the literary work of her authors? To find an answer to this query is not difficult. No man or woman in Quebec has succeeded in making his or her living by writing books. Literature is prosecuted mainly as an amusement. The writers, for the most part, hold offices in the civil service of the country. Others there are who write for the newspapers, and in their leisure hours they make books. Were it not for the government, few of the works, so prepared, would ever see the light. How influential the writings of French Canadian authors, produced under such disadvantageous circumstances, may be on the people of the province, is an easy task to determine. The mind is not impressed by them, and they exercise little, if any, effect on the life and movement of the populace. At best, about five hundred French volumes have been published since 1837. The successful ones may be counted on one's fingers and thumbs. Their weight on the events of the time has, in nearly every instance, been *nil*. In another half century, however, the order of things may be changed. Meanwhile, the independent observer, looking carefully about him, will find much in the letters of lower Canada to admire, but little to grow enthusiastic about. He will be amused, but not enthralled, and he will sigh in vain for one volume of substantial criticism. Indeed, in the way of critical writing, even the English Canadian is as badly off, that department being practically untouched, though the field offers inducements of the most tempting description.



Professor Goldwin Smith.

SOME CANADIAN WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

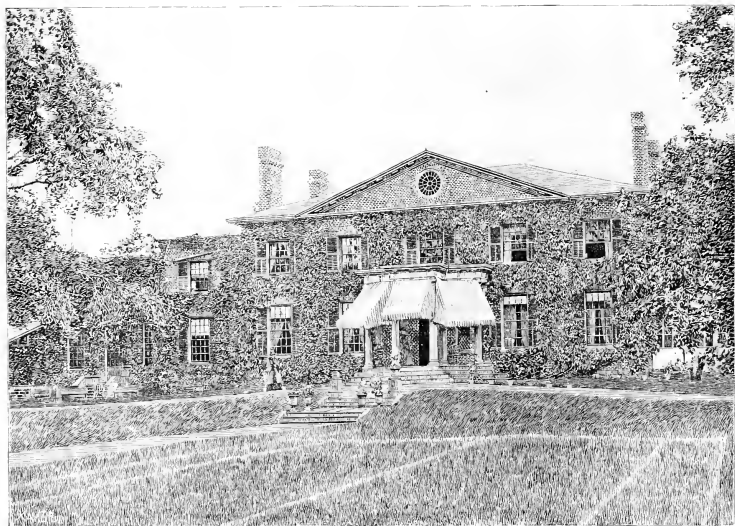
By W. Blackburn Harte.

IN a recent number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE I endeavored to describe to American readers the causes that have hitherto hindered the intellectual development of the Canadian people ; and in portraying the present phase of the intellectual life of the country, in its relation to literature, I incidentally mentioned the names of one or two Canadian writers, whose eminence in the world of letters was a sufficient refutation of the careless assertion so frequently heard that this northern half of the American continent

does not possess a single writer of any consequence. As most of the works of our prominent authors are published by either American or English publishing houses, it is not surprising that many Americans should be ignorant of their Canadian origin. The peculiar obliquity of literary vision, which enables some English critics confidently to deny that *America* has yet produced a single great writer, can also be easily forgiven, because the magnitude of their ignorance is more than they can be morally responsible for. It is simply a result of the tra-

ditions and prejudices upon which they have been nurtured from childhood. But one's patience is put to a severe test when one hears native-born Canadians of good education and attainments insist that Canada is to-day absolutely devoid of literary feeling and talent. These are the folk who make a ridiculous attempt to imitate the Queen's English of Mayfair, ape English fashions and customs, and wish to be thought "just out" from the Old Country. There are many such Canadians of ultra-loyal tendencies who are the victims of a delusion that homage to the Crown of Great Britain is only consistent with intense disparagement of the actual conditions that surround them, and a denial of all capacity in their fellow-countrymen. The sentiments of this section of the community—fortunately a not very important one, in the rapid changes of the popular pulse within recent years—is voiced in the servile laudation of imperial institutions and precedents, which is

ing out their own destiny, and that destiny will certainly involve the annihilation of the last relics of the Old World fetishisms which have been engrafted upon our national life under the British domination. Human nature is essentially democratic. In both Europe and the New World the trend of modern literature is distinctly democratic—the surest indication of the truth of Victor Hugo's words: "The third gate of Barbarism, the Monarchical gate, is closing at this moment. The nineteenth century hears it rolling on its hinges." The loyalty of the Canadian people to the hereditary system is only an abstract sentiment; at heart they are republican. As the independence of the Canadian people increases, a literature is developing which promises some day to be worthy of the inspiration of our Canadian forests, lakes, rivers, and mountains, and of that full measure of manhood which God intended as a free gift to all men.



"The Grange," the Home of Professor Goldwin Smith at Toronto.

the continual theme of the Tory press. But party journalism is becoming an anachronism in Canada, and partyism is doomed. The innate democracy of the masses is asserting itself. The people are slowly work-

It is an indisputable fact that we are on the eve of a great national crisis in Canada; and an intellectual revolution, which will mark an epoch in our literary history, is already at hand. As is usual in the initial



Sir Daniel Wilson.

stages of every literature, there are more poets and clever versifiers than writers of good prose in Canada ; but the contemporary poets of Canada have placed a wide gulf between them and the preceding generation. Their work has more technical finish ; it shows more signs of culture, and is above all imbued, as the London *Athenæum* said recently in a critique of an anthology of Canadian song, with "the exhilaration that comes in a brilliant climate to men who are day by day possessing them-

selves of nature's secrets and her wealth." The preponderance of poetry in Canadian literature is very significant. The poets are the sure precursors of a national upheaval. In the history of all countries and races the preaching of the gospel of freedom has been performed by the singers of the race. The surest way to offend the rising generation of Canada to-day, — the sturdy farmers' and merchants' sons, — is to remind them that their country is still a British colony. They are tired of accept-

ing their learning and their art from England, and are awakening to the fact that the love of the beautiful and the capability of expressing beautiful thought is not the heritage of one race, one country, or one hemisphere. Art, in the widest possible acceptance of the term, is the world's

infallible and may unwittingly have done injustice to many who deserve mention. I have also not made the least attempt to introduce the writers named in this article according to the relative position they occupy in the literary firmament. That would involve a critical analysis into which I should be loath to enter; but it would be absurd in writing of Canadian authors, not to award the first place to a man, who is not alone the foremost writer in Canada, but is one of the greatest personalities of his generation. I refer to Professor Goldwin Smith.

It is incomprehensible to many that a man of Professor Goldwin Smith's refined tastes, culture, and brilliant accomplishments should voluntarily consign himself to the virtual expatriation, which residence in a commercial centre, like Toronto, a city of but recent development and without any rich historical associations, implies. "The Grange" is certainly a charming home. An aroma of the Old World hangs about it; with its ivy-covered gables and well-kept lawns, it is like one of those pleasant English mansions which line the banks of the Thames. But Toronto is



Archibald Lampman.

mother-tongue, and not the *patois* of a clique.

I purpose in this article telling American readers something about the most prominent Canadian writers. If I were to attempt to do even partial justice to those who have passed away, and left a growing fame behind them, I should exceed the space at my command; so I must perforce confine myself to contemporary writers. It is also impossible for me to treat of the long list of French-Canadian *litterateurs*, as an endeavor to do so would necessitate condensation on a scale that would reduce the scope of this article to a barren enumeration of names and dates. I must warn the reader that in my selection of the most representative Canadian writers, I am not

utterly destitute of that literary atmosphere which is of so buoyant a quality and has such a great influence for good in literary production. The lack of this electrical sympathy in Canadian society forces our scattered writers into an isolation that in the multitude of instances is most pernicious in its effects. It is only men of great intellectual stamina who can escape deterioration under such disadvantages. Professor Smith has one of those well-balanced intellects which are impervious to the influences of environment. He has certainly, however, been drawn into the current of national life, and become pre-eminent in the sphere of Dominion politics as the one combatant in the strife for whom the possibilities of office and

power have no temptations, and as a man who will upon all occasions give expression to his honest convictions without truckling to party exigencies or the popular sentiment of the moment. But his fame will rest upon a more substantial basis than that of a political mandarin. Professor Smith, like Dean Swift, has often concentrated upon the discussion of some political or social abuse which, of vital moment in its day, frequently loses its importance when in the evolution of national events the question and the bitter memories it evoked have passed away, that acute critical faculty and marvellous command of language, which have ranked him among the most brilliant political controversialists of the century. He has fought hard and well, and his reward must be the knowledge that the prejudices he sought to dissipate will rapidly disappear as the lessons he has inculcated take root in the hearts of the Canadian people, and they learn to appreciate the divine gift of true manhood and shake off their subservience to tradition and partyism. He has been wilfully misunderstood by a generation of self-seeking machine politicians and sub-



William Wilfred Campbell.

sidized government organs, which the more general diffusion of intelligence is beginning to relegate to their proper position in the scheme of things. The young men of Canada to-day, in whose hands the country's future lies, are learning to appreciate Professor Smith's services at their true worth, and the reforms he has been vilified for advocating are gradually becoming freed from the obscurity in which party emergencies had involved them, and popular sentiment will ultimately force their adoption. But it is upon his contributions to critical and historical literature that Goldwin Smith's claims to the remembrance of posterity must rest. The clear directness of his style, the wonderful imagery and the aptness and richness of allusion, which are characteristic of his writings, have caused him to be compared to Lord Macaulay, and made his name famous on both sides of the Atlantic. In addition to his books he has been a frequent contributor to current literature, and possesses the open sesame to all the leading American and English reviews. All his life he has been identified with what was enlightened, progressive, and democratic—using the last word in its largest and best significance—in modern thought. In this latter part of the nineteenth century he is the chief exponent of that elevated and universal spirit



Professor Charles G. L. Roberts

of democracy which inspired the lives and deeds that have given such names as John Hampden, Lafayette, Mazzini, and Castelar to history. His advent in Canada inaugu-

of some of his contemporaries to honest emulation, and quickened the intellectual pulse of the country. His name will ever be associated with the destinies of Canada,



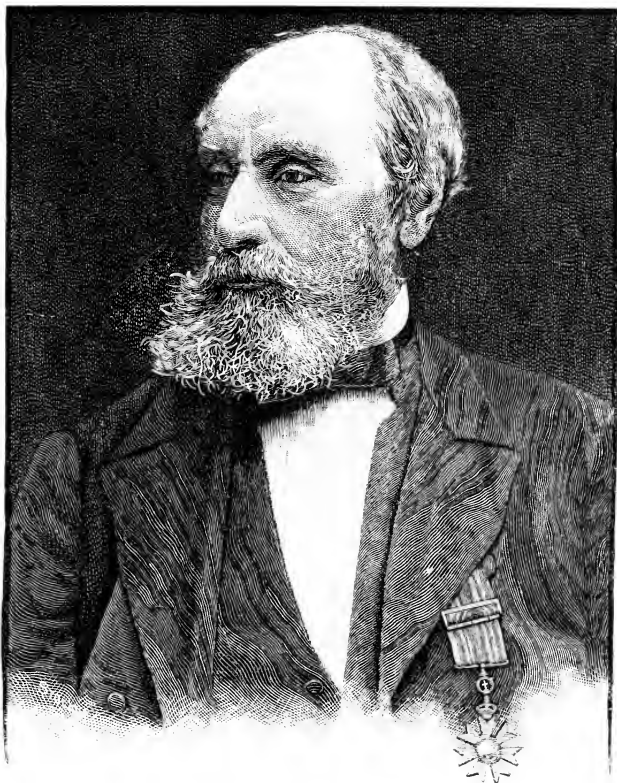
Grant Allen.

rated a new era in Canadian journalism, which only a decade ago was generally regarded as the *dernier ressort* of the destitute and dishonored in all other professions. His independence, unblemished reputation, and great achievements in the more alluring spheres of literature, stirred the ambition

whatever they may be, and his noble, disinterested sacrifices for the commonwealth will entitle him to an honored place in its history. During the Civil War he took a prominent position as a champion of the federal government, and wrote a number of pamphlets on the slavery question. In

1864 he visited the United States, and finally settled on this side of the Atlantic in 1868. His principal works are *A Short History of England down to the Reformation* (1869); *The Political History of England* (1867); *The Experience of the American Commonwealth* (1867); and

haps done more to promote the interests of higher education and a wider culture among Canadians than any of his contemporaries. He is a very marked personality in Toronto society. He is of about the average height, and has that spareness of figure that seems characteristic of men of



Sir William Dawson.

A Life of William Cowper, the English Poet (1880).

Canada is not distinguished for the number of great men it has produced, but it has been exceedingly fortunate in securing a few great men who have become Canadians by adoption. Sir Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, is one of the intellectual brotherhood, and has per-

haps done more to promote the interests of higher education and a wider culture among Canadians than any of his contemporaries. Although he has fulfilled the three score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist, except for the fact of his venerable beard and the gentle stoop of his shoulders one would scarcely believe it. His step is as elastic as that of many men in the prime of their manhood; his eyes are as keen and as full

of vitality, and his voice as robust, as those of a stripling of twenty. The learned doctor passed his youth in Edinburgh, graduating at the University of that city, and gaining a great many academical titles and distinctions. He devoted himself particu-

ously identified with Canadian thought and aspiration, but he still retains a warm love for the modern Athens in which his earliest years were spent, and around which so many of his happiest memories naturally cluster. His wonderfully successful and

tranquil life is due not only to his generous mental equipment, but to his early years of patient preparation, his love of hard work for its own sake, and his tenacity of purpose. Few men have more fully realized the career they marked out for themselves than he has succeeded in doing; but few men are capable of the same ungrudging, unremitting toil, which he has voluntarily undergone. He is enrolled as an honorary member of half the leading scientific societies and learned institutions of the Old World, and possesses royal diplomas from the crowned heads of Europe almost innumerable. His life-study has been archaeology, but he has also contributed largely to current general literature. The most important works that have been given to the world from his pen are:

Memorials of Edin-



James Macdonald Oxley.

larly to the study of archaeological and ethnological science, and obtained a European reputation before his thirty-seventh year. It was in the zenith of his prosperity, when Edinburgh prophesied all manner of great things for his future, that he was induced to relinquish the position he then held as Secretary to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, and accept the offer of a chair in Toronto University as Professor of History and English Literature. He has since that important occasion become thor-

oughly identified with Canadian thought and aspiration, but he still retains a warm love for the modern Athens in which his earliest years were spent, and around which so many of his happiest memories naturally cluster. His wonderfully successful and tranquil life is due not only to his generous mental equipment, but to his early years of patient preparation, his love of hard work for its own sake, and his tenacity of purpose. Few men have more fully realized the career they marked out for themselves than he has succeeded in doing; but few men are capable of the same ungrudging, unremitting toil, which he has voluntarily undergone. He is enrolled as an honorary member of half the leading scientific societies and learned institutions of the Old World, and possesses royal diplomas from the crowned heads of Europe almost innumerable. His life-study has been archaeology, but he has also contributed largely to current general literature. The most important works that have been given to the world from his pen are:

Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time (1847); *The Archaeological and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland* (1851),—a work which Hallam, the famous historian, pronounced to be the most scientific treatment of the archaeological evidences of primitive history which had ever been written. A second edition of the same book, carefully revised, and with many important additions, appeared in 1863, under the abbreviated title of *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, and in the same year was also published the

author's *magnum opus*, *Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World*. This work, the result of years of labor and research in archaeology and ethnology in both hemispheres, has deservedly become a standard work upon a subject which must always be more or less involved in a distracting series of hypotheses. *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh* (1878) is of a more purely literary character, and is a mine of delightful reading to the student of history and literature, and to the antiquarian. A more distinctively literary effort is his biography of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, who perished in his pride," written in a loving strain of appreciation and pity for this unhappy genius lost to the world too soon. His *Caliban, the Missing Link*, is a Shakesperian study, combined with a fanciful disquisition on evolution; and *Spring Wild Flowers* is a sheaf of graceful verse, written in the occasional leisure of his early years. Sir Daniel is responsible for many of the articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* which deal with Canadian and Scottish themes, and perhaps some of the most valuable work of his life is scattered throughout the "proceedings" of the different learned societies of which he is an active member.

There is a new school of poetry being formed in Canada, which I believe is destined to have many followers in all parts of the world, and work a revolution in ideals and methods. The chief exponents of the new creed are Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and William P. McKenzie, and they are beginning already to attract the attention of the world through the medium of the great American magazines. Their methods are wholly dissimilar from those generally accepted in either England or the United States. The popular poets of both the Old and New Worlds to-day occupy themselves almost exclusively with the study of individual phases of society, and of their own psychological experiences. The younger American verse-writers have forsaken Longfellow and Whittier for Andrew Lang, Frederick Locker, Gautier, and Austin Dobson. The Canadians, on the contrary, at least those who are now coming to the front, have returned to nature for their inspiration. They have discovered that her eternal story is well worth

the telling, in spite of the popular preference for ballads of blue china and insipid rondeaux. There is a new note in all their work, although they usually treat of common themes. The novelty consists, strange to say, in a minute fidelity to nature, and a loving appreciation of the multitude of God's daily blessings. These Canadians religiously avoid the epic and narrative form of verse, and have discarded the personal introspection, characteristic of so much of modern English and American verse. They are the apostles of scientific poetry. Let not the reader imagine from this apparent contradiction of terms that they employ hard scientific words, or endeavor to combine poetry and popular expositions of evolution. On the contrary, their work is



J. M. Le Moine.

something of a return to the grand old Pantheism. They observe natural phenomena with the careful eyes of a botanist, the knowledge of a woodsman, and the love and awe of a pagan. The late Professor Sharp said that "to write on the universal ideas of science, through the emotions which they excite, will be part of

the work of future poets of nature." It is just this which Mr. Lampman and Mr. Campbell are doing, and in this I believe they occupy a unique position in the world of letters.

The sweetest and strongest of this little group of singers is Mr. Archibald Lampman, who a short time since received such generous recognition at the hands of Mr. W. D. Howells in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Lampman is a native of the province of

desolation of the Canadian autumn woods, and the sensuous languor of the long mid-summer noontides. There is no suggestion of the scientist and magnifying glass or camera in his accuracy to facts; it is the accuracy of a man who writes of that which has become a part of his life. He has by sheer force of his genius, like Millet, the artist, lifted the veil that obscured from most men the poetry inherent in the simplest and most monotonous landscape. All

he utters is truth; but it is ideal truth, which sets one thinking. He does not preach, but underlying all his work is that spirituality which pervades the lowliest of lives. There is no straining after effect in the delivery of his message, but in the every-day, unpretentious language in which it is conveyed there is that quality of sympathetic humanity that appeals to the divinity in every man. Although, like all the poets, he reflects his environment, which must to some extent be incomprehensible to English readers, he by no means appeals to a local audience. His brilliant pictures satisfy the most artistic requirements of the Old World, while at the same time they reveal a new chamber in literature, hitherto unsuspected in this "polar region." Lampman teaches the lesson, the same in all lands,

"That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet.

And dreams are real, and life is only sweet."



View at Miss Machar's Home on the St. Lawrence.

Ontario, and he has made the country and life of the woods entirely his own. His work is distinctive in its marvellous grasp of facts, its sincerity, vigor, vivid realism, complete absence of artificiality, either of language or thought, and in its inspiring interpretation of the common sweet realities of every-day life. He has faithfully reproduced in the simplest and most impressive language the life he has lived. He has caught the spirit of the storm, the bleak

He is still a very young man, and the promise of his first book, *Among the Millet*, is more than fulfilled in his frequent contributions to the magazines since its publication. Mr. Howells ranked him among the strongest singers of America. I venture to assert that there is no living poet in either hemisphere who can present such pictures of natural scenery and natural phenomena as Lampman. In England since Wordsworth there has been no poet

to equal him in painting the common life of the country.

Mr. William Wilfred Campbell is a more unequal writer than Mr. Lampman, but his name is almost as familiar to readers of American periodical literature. He passed his boyhood in the Great Lake region, and in those impressionable years he eagerly drank in the spirit of the lakes and laid up a store of observation which has colored his best poetry. The title of the "Poet of the Lakes," bestowed upon him by a New York critic, is well earned. He evidently *feels* the solitary grandeur and beauty of these vast inland waters, for the very atmosphere of the lakes is preserved in his verse. He is at his best in descriptions of autumn or winter scenery, and his power consists rather in suggestion than in minute portraiture. In reading his poems one feels a sense of loneliness press upon one's heart: one hears the mystic swell of the waves as they beat upon the shore with its lights and shadows; and one sees the landscape gradually blotted out in the descending darkness, as night settles on the bosom of the waters. Mr. Campbell has published two volumes, *Snowflakes* and *Lake Lyrics*.

Mr. William P. McKenzie's *Voices and Undertones*, recently published in New York, has much of the delicacy of feeling quoted in the two preceding writers, but his personality does not impress itself so strongly upon the reader. Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott is also a promising member of this new school, and his work appears frequently in the magazines. He has not yet indulged in the luxury of collecting his verses, but they are honestly worthy of preservation in a permanent shape. There is a striking *vraisemblance* in essentials running through the work of all these writers, but each has his own peculiarities of style.

In Mr. John Reade, Canada possesses a poet who is fully the equal of E. C. Stedman, Aldrich, Holland, or Bayard Taylor; but the best part of his life has been wasted in the ungrateful work of journalism. In 1870 he published *The Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems*, and the book achieved a *succes d'estime*; but if it had been published in New York or London, as it should have been, it would have proved a source of emolument as well. All Mr. Reade's work is pervaded with a sweetness, which

reminds one somewhat of Tennyson, but is yet distinctively original.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts is a disciple of Swinburne and Tennyson, and his work is chastened by the influence of Longfellow. He is the senior of Lampman and Campbell, and has a talent for word-painting,

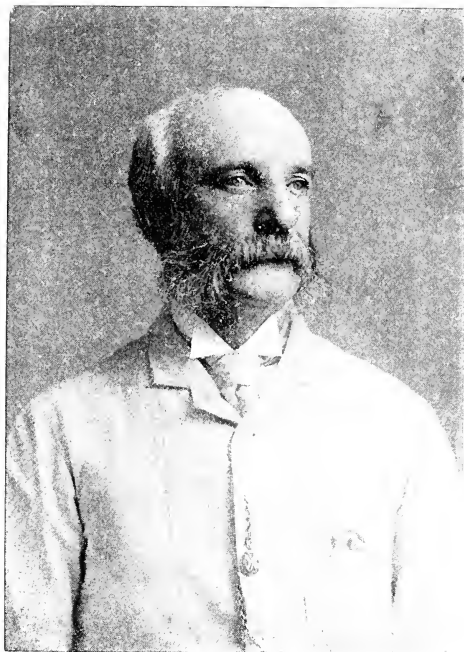


Miss Agnes Maule Machar.

but his colors are too lavishly employed. He has contributed to *Scribner's*, the *Century*, and other magazines. His books are *Orion and Other Poems*, published by Lipincott, and *In Divers Tones* (Lotthrop & Co.). He also edited *Poems of Wild Life*, which appeared in London in 1888.

Sir William Dawson, who has obtained a world-wide reputation through the published results of his years of original scientific inquiry, is a Canadian, hailing, as many of the most eminent Canadians have done, from the province of Nova Scotia. He was educated in the college of his native town and at Edinburgh University, and early devoted himself to geological research. For a number of years he has been principal of McGill University, the wealthiest and most famous university in

the dominion, which, situated in Montreal, draws its students from all parts of the country. In the midst of the multifarious duties appertaining to his responsible position as head of this seat of learning, he has by dint of his indefatigable zeal managed to pursue his favorite studies and contribute to all the leading scientific



G. Mercer Adam.

periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1855 he published *Acadian Geology*, a complete account of the geology of the maritime provinces up to that date. In 1859 his *Archæia: or, Studies of Creation in Genesis*, appeared, a work which showed his complete knowledge of natural history and mastery of Hebrew and Biblical literature. In 1863 was issued his *Air Breathers of the Coal Period*, an account of the fossil reptiles of the coal of Nova Scotia; and in 1864 he made one of the most important of his discoveries—that of *Eozoon Canadense*. Scientists previous

to this regarded the rocks of the Laurentian age as destitute of animal remains, and called them *azoic*. Sir William substituted the term *eozoic*. The second edition of *Acadian Geology* appeared in 1868, and has since remained the standard work on the geology of that locality; it also treats of many of the difficult problems of general geology. A handbook of Canadian zoölogy from his pen appeared in 1870, and in 1873 he published *Notes on the Post-pliocene of Canada*, in which he showed that he had by his own labors raised the number of known species from thirty to over two hundred. In this work, also, he steadfastly opposed the general land glaciation theory. A number of papers contributed to the *Leisure Hour* in 1871 and 1872 were published in book form in 1873, under the title of *The Story of the Earth and Man*. This work presents in a series of word pictures a popular view of the whole of the geological ages, and discusses in a simple, intelligible manner the theories as to the origin of mountains, the introduction and succession of life, the glacial period, and other controverted topics. In the winter of 1874-75 Professor Dawson delivered a course of lectures in New York, which were afterwards largely circulated in America and England, under the title of *Science and the Bible*. His other important works are, *The Origin of the World*, *Fossil Men*, *The Dawn of Life*, *Facts and Fancies in Science*, and *Modern Science in Bible Lands*. Sir William has obtained honorary degrees from numerous English universities, and was first president of the Royal Society of Canada, which he organized at the request of the Marquis of Lorne, who occupied the position of Governor-General of Canada in 1882. Although his work must necessarily be caviare to the multitude of readers, still he has the gift of robbing even the most abstruse questions of the dust and dry rot which are generally associated with them in the public mind.

A name of which Canadians are justly proud is that of Grant Allen. Mr. Allen is one of those Canadians for whom the call to literature outweighed all the counsels of prudence. He felt that literature was his true vocation, and he determined to enter the lists, and gain his livelihood with his pen. He has had no reason to regret that determination, as his literary career has been a most successful one. In carrying out his project, however, he has naturally become severed from Canada and its national life and people, and his writings contain no suggestion or coloring of his early environment. He appeals to a larger audience, and his literary methods are distinctively those of the British school; but his fellow-countrymen follow his career with the deepest interest. He was born in the old Government House at Kingston, Ontario, then and now the residence of his father, a Church of England minister. At fourteen years of age he left Canada and entered a French college in connection with the Sorbonne, and subsequently studied at Merton College, Oxford, and graduated with honors. He then received an appointment to a professorial chair in a West-Indian university, and was shortly afterwards made principal. This lucrative post he abandoned to return to England

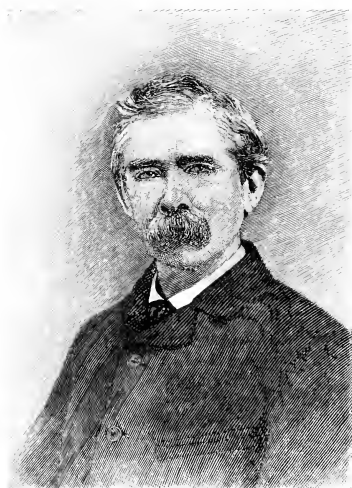


Miss Etnelwyn Wetherald.

and devote himself entirely to literature. He soon obtained recognition and a large clientele among the editorial fraternity of the great metropolis. He is a rapid worker, and under pressure can produce a lengthy scientific article full of facts, quotations, and statistics, without once stopping to refer to authorities, in an almost unprecedented short time. Some of his brightest and most successful novels have been written in the intervals allowed by other more urgent work. He has contributed innumerable articles on every subject under the sun to both American and English magazines. His versatility and the vast range of science and philosophy which is laid under contribution in his work, considered as a whole, is amazing. He has, as it were, established two reputations. There is Grant Allen, the eminent disciple of Darwin and brilliant expositor of scientific theories; and there is Grant Allen, the clever and popular novelist. Besides a multitude of contributions to current literature, he has written, *Physiological Esthetics* (1877), *The Color Sense* (1879), *The Evolutionist at Large* (1881), *Anglo-Saxon Britain* (1881), *Vignettes from Nature* (1881), *Colors of Flowers* (1882), *Colin Clou's Calendar* (1883), *Flowers and their Pedigrees*



Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan.



J. Hunter Duvar

(1884), and a most appreciative life of Charles Darwin, which appeared in the *English Worthies* series. His best known works of fiction are *Babylon, For Maimie's Sake, The Devil's Die,* and *The Tents of Shem*. Perhaps the two most popular of his scientific works, *Vignettes from Nature* and *The Evolutionist at Large*, will outlive anything else that has yet come from his pen: but as he is still comparatively a young man with many years of work before him, it is scarcely possible to form any accurate estimate of the extent or quality of his legacy to posterity.

Mr. James Macdonald Oxley is one of the most industrious of all Canadian writers. There is scarcely a periodical of any importance on this continent to which he has not contributed, notwithstanding the fact that his position as an official in the Civil Service at Ottawa allows him but scant leisure for the cultivation of literature. Among the leading magazines in whose pages his name frequently occurs are the *North American Review, Our Day, Macmillan's, Lippincott's, Popular Science Monthly, Cosmopolitan, Forum, Scribner's, Wide Awake, Magazine of American History, Outing, American Law Review,* and *Harper's Young People and Bazaar*. This list will enable the reader, to whom the

characteristics and requirements of these magazines are well known, to form some idea of his versatility and acquirements. It is a unique record for a Canadian *litterateur*, and is significant of better times for Canadians of ability, as Mr. Oxley attributes his success to his having confined himself almost exclusively to Canadian subjects. He has also written a book, *Bert Lloyd's Boyhood*, published about six months ago in Philadelphia, which has proved so successful that the publishers have requested him to repeat the experiment. A serial from his pen has been one of the recent leading attractions of *Our Youth*, and he contributed a recent serial to *Santa Claus* of Philadelphia. He is always up to his eyes and ears in the preparation of miscellaneous articles. It is probable that ere long Mr. Oxley will betake himself to the country where he is most appreciated, and devote his talents to literature altogether.

I include the name of Mr. J. M. Le Moine among those of Anglo-Canadian writers, because the genial historian and antiquarian of Quebec is, as his middle name of Macpherson indicates, of Scotch-French descent, and because all his most enduring works have been written in English. Mr. Le Moine writes in French and



Gerald E. Hart.

English with equal facility, but he prefers to enshrine his best thought in the language which is destined to become the neutral ground of the world. Since 1860 he has written on an average one book a year. He has retired from active life, and enjoys the blessed privilege of only writing when he feels in the mood, and only on his favorite subjects. As I have said elsewhere, Quebec is the most delightful corner on this continent, and of the army of writers who have treated of it none are more familiar with the rich mine of historical and legendary lore to be found in almost every village in this eastern latitude than Mr. Le Moine. His first book, *Legendary Lore of the Lower St. Lawrence*, at once brought him into prominence, and his *Maple Leaves* and *Quebec Past and Present* established his reputation beyond the borders of his native land and over the sea. The last-named work is especially valuable, as the author has preserved within its pages many of the interesting landmarks of Quebec, which recent improvements have ruthlessly demolished. Mr. Le Moine is a most delightful and learned literary cicerone. He has a considerable fund of delicate humor, and his pages teem with happy allusions and illuminating gossip. The traveller who wishes to see Quebec intelligently must read Le Moine, and the sportsman and the antiquarian will find an equal relish in his works. The most notable of his productions, besides those already named, are *Explorations in Eastern Latitudes*, *Picturesque Quebec*, and *Historical Notes on Quebec and its Environs*.

Mr. William Kirby is one of the tribe of brilliant "one-book men." Many years ago, when he published a novel called *Le Chien D'Or*, fragrant with the atmosphere of the St. Lawrence, and containing a most vivid portraiture of the life of Quebec, it seemed safe to predict anything for his future. But, beyond a little fugitive verse published in the newspapers, he has since preserved an unbroken silence. Nevertheless, his book seems likely to find its way to the shelves of students of Canadian legendary lore for many generations to come. Messrs. Besant and Rice thought it sufficiently good to appropriate plot,

characters, local coloring, and all, and hash up for English readers, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent visit to Quebec, picked up a copy of the book at an old bookstore, and gave it high praise in *Harper's Magazine*.

Miss Agnes Maule Machar has been



Nicholas Flood Davin.

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blessed with more ample means and leisure than most of the literary guild in Canada possess. She passes the greater part of the year amid the restful and yet invigorating solitudes of the Thousand Islands. Her home is situated on a bold, wooded bluff, overlooking the river and islands through the pine and oak branches, and it is the prodigality of nature with which she is surrounded on all sides that has inspired her best work. She only engages in literary composition in the forenoon, and her strongest and most characteristic poems are sentient with the odors of the woods and the murmurous music of the waters, as she has inhaled them in the early mornings. A great deal of her poetry has appeared in the *Century* and the *New*



Dr. W. George Beers.

York *Christian Union*, and a great deal more has been enshrined in the unfortunate *Canadian Monthly*, in whose pages so many Canadian writers first found an audience. She intends to make a collection of her poems, and have them published in a more enduring form shortly. A volume of *Stories of New France* is also going through the press, and she is hard at work upon a novel for publication the present year. In addition to these works she has written a baker's dozen of stories for boys and girls, which have been published by Ogilvie & Co. of Edinburgh.

Mr. J. Hunter Duvar has made some clever translations of the old drinking songs of the *Vaux de Vire* in Normandy, with running commentaries. He is also the author of *The Enamorado* and *De Roberval*—a Canadian drama, which contains many brilliant passages and considerable humor of Elizabethan flavor. He has written, too, some lyrics full of exquisite feeling and alluring imagery.

Dr. W. George Beers is best known to Canadians as the father of lacrosse; but he has, also, in the limited leisure allowed by a large practice, established a reputation as a charming writer upon outdoor life and pastimes. At seventeen years of age he

was an ardent athlete, and taking lacrosse from the Iroquois Indians, he gave it laws and systematized it into its present shape. He wrote in the Canadian and American press and organized local clubs, until he succeeded in having lacrosse recognized as the Canadian national game. The crack teams that visited Great Britain in 1876 and 1883 were organized and captained by him, and he seized the opportunity presented by the occasion of telling Englishmen something about Canada, in a delightful series of lectures, afterwards published in book form. The success of this work is best appreciated when it is known that there are ten thousand lacrosse players in Canada to-day. Dr. Beers had the honor of being the first Canadian contributor to the old *Scribner's* and *Century* magazines, writing historical and descriptive articles full of wit and keen observation. He has since written several books on kindred subjects.

Mr. Gerald E. Hart, although laboring under the disadvantage of coming before the public after Francis Parkman, who in the opinion of some critics has pre-empted the whole of French Canada, has yet succeeded, in his *Fall of New France*, in presenting this strange and eventful story in a new light, and has won high praise for the manner in which he has executed his task from the most competent critics in England and America. Mr. Hart is a



Charles Marr.

descendant of one of the staff officers of Amherst's invading army and belongs to one of the oldest English families in Canada. His patriotism and love for all that pertains to the history of our past are naturally inherited. Being actively engaged in commercial life, literature is with him merely the relaxation of his occasional leisure, but the flattering reception of his first book has tempted him to make another venture. His next book will tell the story of the rebellion in Canada, and will be published in a few months. He also contemplates the preparation of other works, treating of different phases of our national life and history.

Of all Canadian writers perhaps the name of Mr. G. Mercer Adam is most familiar to the Canadian reading public. Mr. Adam has performed a feat which no other writer in Canada has yet been able to accomplish. He has, with but slight interruption, devoted himself exclusively to literature, without accepting emigration, for the last twenty years. The price he has paid for his temerity has been a long and bitter struggle, but he has remained steadfast to his purpose in spite of the apathy and Philistinism which reigned supreme in Canada in the last decade. He has been in succession critic, book reviewer, educationist, historian, and novelist. It is probable that in much of his work he has not followed the bent of his inclination, but been compelled to address a special audience; but it can never be said that he bartered his independence. He has a clear, forcible style, a keen, critical faculty, and a subtle control of the purest and most classical English. A great deal of his work is of necessity ephemeral, but nevertheless he has put forth some things which are of great intrinsic merit, and will prove of far greater importance to future historians of Canada. For some years he was editor of the *Canadian Monthly*, which in connection with Professor Goldwin Smith he was instrumental in founding in 1872. The magazine lived longer than any of its pre-

decessors or successors in Canada, but it eventually succumbed to neglect. Mr. Adam's most characteristic books are a history of the Northwest and *Canada from Sea to Sea*, both of which abound in fascinating descriptions of scenery and are permeated with a strong and attractive individuality.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald has confessed that her ambition is to be a good editorial



Principal Grant of Queen's University.

writer, as she believes that an editor wields more influence than a poet or a writer of fiction, and "life is a search after power." She has good reason to feel satisfied with her progress, as during the last few years her clear, finely wrought articles signed "Bel Thistlewaite," in the *Toronto Globe*, have gained for her a large circle of admirers and sometimes combatants; but nevertheless she is a literary woman and not a journalist. Her themes are those which only suggest themselves to an artistic mind, and all her work is permeated with that literary feeling one seldom discovers in the editorial columns of a newspaper. She has always something definite to say, and avoids that pitfall of many woman



Dr. J. G. Bourinot.

writers — facile verbiage about nothing in particular and interminable digressions. She contributed regularly to the defunct *Canadian Monthly*, when it was under the control of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, and her name frequently appears signed to sketches of travel, or articles on social and domestic topics, in the journals of the Western States. She collaborated with Mr. G. Mercer Adam in the production of *An Algonquin Maiden*, a novel published in Canada and England, which achieved a great success.

There are many other writers of whom I would fain treat at some length, but I am obliged to strangle the inclination in order to bring this article within a reasonable compass. In summing up, however, simple justice compels me to mention a few more names. Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan is perhaps the most finished female Canadian writer. She came prominently before the public a short time ago by travelling leisurely through Japan, China, and India, in company with a lady friend, and is now in London writing accounts of her experiences in the metropolitan journals. Her papers in the *Lady's Pictorial*, under the title of "A Social Departure," were fresh and sparkling, and have since appeared in book form. Miss Duncan is an old hand at

journalism, and makes a charming travelling companion, being gifted with a vivid imagination and keen, but unobtrusive, observation. Mrs. S. Frances Harrison has written some exceedingly clever sketches, full of a subtle appreciation of the more attractive side of French-Canadian life and character. Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, who is well known in the Dominion as "the poet, journalist, and orator," is a witty, voluble Irishman, brilliant in his writings and positively dazzling on the floor of the House of Commons. His *Eos: An Epic of the Dawn* is well worthy of the inspiration of the great Northwest, in which he has made his home. The most ambitious of his prose undertakings is *The Irishman in Canada*, which is made up of a series of brilliant pen portraits, through whose medium Mr. Davin relates the important parts played by his co-patriots in the history of this country. Mr. Phillips Thompson's *Politics of Labor*, published by a New York firm, is the result of a life's devotion to the cause, and is one of the most notable contributions to the literature of the labor question that has appeared in recent years. Dr. George Bryce and Dr. W. H. Withrow are both painstaking, conscientious historians; but, excepting the



William Douw Lighthall.

work of the late Mr. John Macmullen, which is now scarce and in some particulars inaccurate, nothing has yet appeared in Canada worthy of the name of history. Up to the present, all the so-called histories have reflected partyism in almost every chapter, and an impartial history of Canada yet remains to be written. Mr. Charles Lindsey's *Rome in Canada* is a useful book of reference and will repay perusal, but it is not particularly distinguished for the literary skill it displays. Mr. Charles Mair is the author of *Tecumseh*, a drama in blank verse, and *Dreamland and Other Poems*, both of which books breathe the spirit of the lakes and woodlands among which Mr. Mair has lived and worked, and are peculiar (that is, in their inspiration) to the Canadian Northwest. Principal Grant of Queen's University is a man who, like Coleridge or Laurence Oliphant, has all his life promised great things and performed very little. The sum total of his work is insignificant in quantity, but what there is of it is good. His *Ocean to Ocean*,—a record of a journey across the continent before the days of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is full of graphic pictures of the shifting population and queer civilization of the Northwest at the time of the "boom," and is essentially readable. Mr. Grant also writes for the *Century* and other magazines occasionally. Mr. William McLellan's *Songs of Old Canada* deserves a wider audience than it has yet received; and Mr. Arthur Wier, having made a reputation in Canada, has sought a wider field in the States, where a reputation is more worth having.

Mr. E. W. Thomson is perhaps the only writer in Canada who perfectly understands the technique of the ideal short story. Dr. J. G. Bourinot, the Clerk of the House of Commons, has contributed largely to the ponderous English quarterlies and has written several works on Parliamentary procedure, which have made him authority on such questions in all parts of the British Empire. Mr. John Talon Lesperance is the author of three successful novels, and much good verse. Mr. William Douw Lighthall is a man with a future before him in literature, if he does not allow his ambitions in this direction to be swamped by his occupations as a hard-working lawyer. He is the author of a *Sketch of a New Utilitarianism*, which gained him the

notice of many of the psychological leaders in England and the States; *Thoughts, Moods, and Ideals*, a collection of verse with a good ring about them; *The Young Seigneur*, a novel dealing with French-Canadian life; and he has lately edited an anthology of Canadian verse, *Songs of the Great Dominion*, which awakened a lot of



Dr. George Stewart, Jr.

curiosity in England in regard to this country. Dr. George Stewart, Jr., has written a great deal for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a member of the International Literary Congress, and contributes on historical subjects to a number of magazines in both England and America. Mr. W. D. Le Sueur is a man who would have made a distinct mark in literature had he had the courage to make the attempt to live solely by his pen, but the enervation of the civil service has handicapped him. He has, however, become identified with progressive thought and is a valued contributor on scientific and semi-literary subjects to the *Popular Science Monthly* and other leading reviews. Mr. William Kingsford is the author of a monumental *History of Canada*, the third and fourth volumes of which are still in preparation. The two volumes already published were warmly received in England and the United States.

We noticed in the early part of this article the remarkable present development of poetry in Canada. Entirely different from Lampman and Campbell and Reade in his method and style is Bliss Carman, one of the most promising of the bright band of intellectual workers hailing from Nova

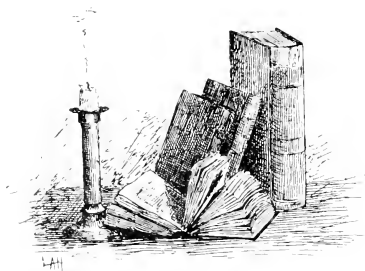


William Kingsford.

Scotia. One of the first things which attracts the attention of the critical reader is the wonderful phrasing which runs through all his work. He possesses a faculty of immediately kindling the imagination of his reader and calling up with a few striking words a whole series of pictures — vivid or shadowy and mystic, according to the dominant mood. His style is quite peculiar to himself. There is no evidence of the influence of any other writer in a line of his poetry. His work is more purely lyrical

than that of any other American poet; indeed, the London *Academy* in a recent review places him in the first rank of contemporary lyrical writers. He never forgets the high character of his calling, and his work is saturated with an ideality which necessarily removes it largely out of the sympathies of the masses. He believes with Poe in the beauty of the weird, and there is an element of delicate weirdness in nearly all his productions; but it never degenerates into the merely horrible. The spiritual touch is always there. His language is invariably melodious, but it contains no suggestion of effeminacy or a straining after effect. A rugged strength underlies it all. Mr. Carman is a well-known figure in the literary circles of Boston, where he spent some years and has many cherished associations; but in his native land he is less widely known than many of his contemporaries, for the reason that much of his best work has been too lengthy for publication in the magazines. A volume of poems from his pen will be issued by a Boston firm this fall. He is an occasional contributor to the *Century* and other leading American and English magazines, and is literary editor of the *New York Independent*.

It will be seen that Canada takes a high position in the realm of science, and even in *belles lettres* is doing remarkably well, when her position as a colony and not a nation is duly considered. The United States had no such list as I have enumerated in the old colonial days; and removing the artificial barrier between the two countries to-day, it is easily seen that Canada has practically shared in the development of American literature, in no small degree.



TO LAKE HURON.

By William Wilfred Campbell.

FROM east to west, from north to south, where heaven's dreams are furled,
You shine and shake and pulse and beat about the summer world.
Past river mouth and lonely crag your sinuous outlines run,
Where half a hundred miles of beach lies lapping in the sun ;
Where half a hundred miles of blue sways glistening to and fro,
Between the heaven's blue above and earth's great breast below.
Could I but steal a day of life, one free, unfettered day,
From out the human cark and care that wear the heart away,
I'd spend it by your reaches bright and watch your glories shine,
While spills from heaven's azure cup the summer's flaming wine.
I'd lie and let you lap my feet through all the golden hours,
Until the even came and strewed the heaven with stars like flowers.
I'd lie so close to Nature's heart beneath the sunny air,
I'd learn the songs of love and hope that she keeps crooning there.
I'd quaff your cup of air and sun and let it drench my soul,
Rinse out the curse of feebleness and make me clean and whole ;
And make me whole and clean and glad, like to those mighty ones,
Whom in the years of earth's strong youth God loved to call his sons.

O Huron glad, O Huron strong, O limpid, laughing, free,
Upon your broad, blue, burnished breast one summer's day to be !
Of all God's gifts, God's glad, sweet gifts, I ask but only one, —
To lie beside your breast or drift beneath your air and sun,
And watch through fleecy vapor fires your shore-lines fade and die,
To north, to south, in luminous lines behind the azure sky,
And drink the greatness brooding down close over wave and shore,
As when the Mighty spake with men in earth's old days of yore.

AN INVOCATION.

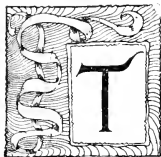
By Archibald Lampman.

SPIRIT of joy and that enchanted air
That feeds the poet's parted lips like wine,
I dreamed and wandered hand in hand of thine,
How many a blissful day ; but doubt and care,
The ghostly masters of this world, did come
With torturous malady and hid the day,
A gnawing flame that robbed my songs away,
And bound mine ears, and made me blind and dumb.

Master of mine, and Lord of light and ease,
Return, return, and take me by the hand ;
Lead me again into that pleasant land,
Whose charmed eyes and griefless lips adore
No lord but beauty ; let us see once more
The light upon her golden palaces.

THE ABNAKIS.

By James P. Baxter.



THE origin and history of the Pre-Columbian inhabitants of America possess for the student of anthropology an ever increasing interest. Not only is his attention attracted at every turn by constantly accumulating collections of the archaic belongings of the peoples who once occupied this vast continent, but the facilities presented for exploration are such that he may with a minimum expenditure of physical and pecuniary capital personally study the most interesting remains, which a decade ago could be reached only by exhausting and dangerous adventure.

When Europeans, the Spaniard and Englishman, first set foot upon this continent, the one upon its southern, the other upon its northern shores, they found it peopled with men unlike themselves in complexion, language, and modes of life. If they travelled in any direction, they found that these people themselves differed in language and appearance, as well as in those arts which minister to man's comfort and promote his civilization. Without regard to these differences, they applied to them all the common, and perhaps not wholly inappropriate title of Indians, which for convenience we may properly adopt. There was, however, a wide difference between the men who occupied the southern and those who occupied the northern portion of the continent, between the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Abnakis of Maine. The former had attained a degree of civilization which we hardly yet appreciate, but of which we are learning much through study of their architectural, sculptural, and textual remains, which almost rival some of the admired achievements of old world art; while the latter lived in rude booths or tents of bark and wandered from place to place, half naked, or, at best clothed with the skins of savage beasts, to which they seemed akin. Indeed, had one traversed the continent northward from the Gulf of Mexico, while

these peoples flourished, he would soon have experienced a loss of most of the conditions which make for civilization, and long before reaching the North Atlantic seaboard he would have found himself face to face with an almost hopeless barbarism. The questions which would persistently have presented themselves to him are the same which present themselves to the student who to-day, in thought, takes the same journey: questions which relate to origin and antiquity, and to which answers must largely be derived from archaeological remains, though we may learn something from early explorers, and may not altogether overlook tradition.

An early theory of the origin of the Indians of America was that they were emigrants from the Asiatic coast, probably by way of Behring Strait; but this theory was in time overshadowed by that advanced by Morton, based upon that illustrious scientist's study of the crania of tribes inhabiting widely separated parts of the continent. This theory briefly stated was, that the Indians of America were indigenous to the continent; that they differed from all other races in essential particulars, not excepting the Mongolian race; that the analogies of language, of civil and religious institutions, and the arts, were derived from a possible communication with Asian peoples or, perhaps, from mere coincidences "arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes"; that the Indian inhabitants of America, excepting the polar tribes, were of one race and species, "but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character"; and finally, that all the crania which he had studied belonged to "the same race, and probably to the Toltec family." To this theory Agassiz lent the weight of his great name, as it so well accorded with his own theory, that "men must have originated in nations, as the bees have originated in swarms, and as the different social plants have covered the extensive tracts over which they have naturally spread."

It is, however, evident that the autochthonic theory, which for a time passed almost unquestioned, is fast losing ground; indeed, it has become evident that, in accepting it, Agassiz did not submit it to the test to which he was wont to subject questions within his own special field of investigation, but welcomed it as favoring a scheme to which he had become wedded. This change in opinion finds its warrant in Morton's own field of cranial investigation, which has been widely cultivated since his day, disclosing faults in some of his most important deductions. Besides, a comparative study of the handiwork and lingual characteristics of the Indian peoples has been entered upon, which has already disclosed a vein that promises to furnish a wealth of archaeological knowledge. Again is our attention drawn to the high tablelands of Asia, which we now know to be geologically the earliest portion of the globe suited to man's abode. Of course, we at once face here the question of man's origin, certainly a pertinent one, but altogether beyond the scope of the present inquiry. It may, however, be said in passing, that if the theory of evolution as applied to man be true, the American ape could not have been the progenitor of the American man. This is the opinion of evolutionists upon the subject, including Darwin, who declares that "man unquestionably belongs in his dentition, in the structure of his nostrils, and in some other respects, to the Catarrhine, or old world division," and that "it would be against all probability to suppose that some ancient *new* world species had varied, and had thus produced a man-like creature with all the distinctive characters proper to the old world division, losing at the same time all its own distinctive characters. He concludes that "there can, consequently, hardly be a doubt, that man is an offshoot from the old world Simian stem, and that under a genealogical point of view he must be classed with the Catarrhine division."

As the theory that the American man is indigenous to the American soil has lost ground, the theory of the unity of the human family has again come to the front, and considerable testimony has been adduced in its support. The old belief, too, that human life dawned upon Asian soil has been revived, and fresh arguments

have sprung up in its support. A remarkable correspondence between the peoples of the two continents is found to exist; indeed, a comparison of the people living upon opposite sides of Behring Strait shows them to scarcely differ from each other. On the Asiatic side the Chuckchis well know that the two continents are connected by submarine banks, and the tradition is still current that they were once joined by an isthmus which mysteriously subsided. A marked resemblance between some of the Chuckchis and the Dakotas has been observed. At the same time, it is obvious the Chuckchis represent one and the same type of ancient men with the Eskimos on the American side, a view which is strengthened by a study of their customs, and particularly of their implements, which are analogous to those of the stone age in Europe and America.

If from this point we proceed to study the tribes of the old continent, we shall find still more remarkable resemblances between them and the Indian tribes of America. Much has been written about the remarkable mounds of the western portion of the continent, and enthusiasts have declared that they were the remains of an ancient civilization, which once extended over a considerable portion of the continent. But there is nothing to warrant such a conclusion. These mounds are of varied character, some being strictly sepulchral, others defensive, and still others, in the form of elevated plateaus of remarkable extent, most probably constructed for building sites, a purpose to which they were admirably adapted, since from these elevated situations the inhabitants could more readily perceive the approach of an enemy and more easily resist his attack. This custom of mound building is not peculiar to this continent. Extensive mounds exist among the Turcomans and other Asiatic peoples. One of these, on the banks of the Turgai, is upwards of a hundred feet in height and nearly a thousand feet in circumference. Nor is mound building yet obsolete, for such structures are still reared above noted chiefs by their friends, who each contribute a certain number of baskets of earth to their erection. Other customs, too, of the nomadic tribes of the old continent are remarkably similar to those of some of the American tribes. Among these are the

adoption of animal names, the artificial flattening of the skull, the burial of the dead upon the branches of trees, the ideographic method of recording thought, various religious observances, and a contempt of labor, which is left to be performed by women. Space will not permit a comparison of the art and especially the architecture of the Mayas and Aztecs with those of the more civilized peoples of the old continent; but here are to be found the strongest proofs of relationship, if we except lingual affinities, from a more thorough study of which we may expect still stronger proofs.

When the tide of emigration to America first began we cannot learn. It is not impossible that at this period, which antedated the glacial epoch, the northern portions of the two continents were united. In that remote time a temperate climate prevailed in regions now locked in eternal ice and swept at all seasons by devastating storms. When we view these regions now so sterile and forbidding, impenetrable even to the most daring adventure, we can hardly realize that this was the ancestral home of most of those plants and animals with which we are now so familiar in New England and other portions of the North Temperate Zone, and that here man flourished amid conditions not unfavorable to his growth and comfort; yet we have sufficient evidence to warrant such belief. A time came, however, when a change took place, a change ascribed with much force to well-known astronomical facts, the combined effect of the progress of the equinoxes and of the changing eccentricity of the earth's orbit, a change when winter increased in severity, and the glaciers from the farther north began to move southward. The ice age had set in. As the glacial streams slowly advanced and united, they formed in time a vast ice belt, stretching across the continent, and year by year continued moving toward the south. In its general form it was bow-shaped, and when its southern limit was reached its most advanced portion rested on the southern line of Illinois, its western arm curving sharply toward the northwest, leaving uninhabited the territory occupied by Nebraska and a portion of Dakota and Montana, and its eastern arm extending northeastward until it met the sea-coast. New England was buried under a moving

mass of ice, which found in the Atlantic an obstacle to its farther progress.

Before the ever-advancing ice flood, animals and men retreated. The men who occupied the extreme northern territory, rendered uninhabitable by the irresistible power which blighted everything in its course, were forced upon the tribes occupying more southern regions, which must have resulted in continual warfare. How long the northern portion of the continent was enveloped in ice cannot be accurately determined; but in time this dreary scene of Arctic sterility began to change. Attacked by a power which it could not resist, the deadly ice began its retreat northwards, which it continued until it reached its present limit. The men who dwelt upon its border slowly followed, forced back probably in many cases by foes. In their long wanderings, many of the rude belongings of these people, whom many archæologists believe to be the ancestors of the present Eskimos, must have been lost, and those of an imperishable nature we should expect to find among the *débris* left behind by the glaciers. In this we are not disappointed. Numerous rudely chipped implements of stone, similar in form to the stone implements found in more recent deposits, but as unlike them as early Saxon implements are unlike the finished productions of the English people of the nineteenth century, are found in deposits indisputably belonging to the glacial period. These paleolithic or ancient stone implements, so called to distinguish them from neolithic or new stone implements, are known by their rudely chipped surfaces, unfinished cutting edges and irregularity of form; while neolithic implements are often finely finished, with cutting edges smoothly and sharply ground, and symmetrical in form, showing considerable skill in their manufacture.

Although we have attempted to briefly outline the theory believed to be most in accord with present archaeological knowledge respecting the origin of the Indian tribes of America, it has not been our purpose to consider the more civilized peoples of the extreme South. In outlining the broader theory, we have hoped to attain a point of view from which we could more intelligently consider a branch of a great family of Indians, who occupied the north-

ern and eastern portion of the continent, south of the Arctic tribes.

As the glaciers disappeared from the lake country of the north and the New England seaboard, a region especially favorable to the sustentation of man was rendered accessible, and was gradually taken possession of by advancing tribes. These tribes probably came from the West, and if we follow westward the lines most available to sustain a migratory people in their wanderings, we shall reach a vast region on the Pacific coast, embracing the valley of the Columbia and adjoining territory, possessing all the requisites for sustaining a large population; indeed, when we study this region, where coast and stream still yield fish in marvellous abundance, and where thick forests stretching east still shelter vast numbers of fur-bearing animals, we may reasonably entertain the belief that here, for a long period, was the initial point, the nursery, so to speak, from which migration south and east set out.

We are not to suppose that these migrations were the result of caprice. On the contrary, they were movements inspired by purpose and guided by natural law, and would continue under the influence of physical causes alone, until the confines of the continent were reached. We should expect the advancing tribes to follow those lines most accessible to the regions which would furnish them with game and fish, upon which, especially the latter, they depended for subsistence. Hence we should expect to find them following the more fertile valleys and gathering about the lakes, along the streams, and upon the seaboard, especially in the neighborhood of extensive forests, which would afford a haunt for game; and as these movements would occupy long periods of time, and tribes of the same original stock would become so widely separated as to have no intercourse together, we should expect changes to take place between them, which would constitute noticeable differences in customs, habits of life, and especially in language; and in this we shall not be disappointed. When the early European colonists began to occupy the eastern shores of the continent, they found it in the possession of various tribes of people, having similar physical characteristics, manners, and customs. Their complexion was uniformly of a coppery brown hue; their hair,

black, straight and lank, differing, as is now known, from the hair of the European in structure, having its coloring matter in the cortex instead of a central duct. Their eyes were black and piercing; their noses aquiline; their mouths large and their faces beardless, owing to a custom prevalent among them of plucking the hair from their faces, whenever it appeared. Physically they were tall, muscular, lithe and active, and could endure severe hardship without apparent inconvenience. Further study of these tribes revealed the fact that they belonged to one great family, though their speech had so changed that tribes living remote from one another could not hold converse together. Moreover, they were in continual strife, frequently engaging in wars which caused the destruction of whole tribes.

This great family, to which the French gave the title *Algonkin*, stretched along the Atlantic seaboard from Labrador to South Carolina, and westward to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, occupying very nearly the country which had been covered by the glacial flood, except where into its territorial domain another powerful family had thrust itself like an immense wedge, the head of which rested on Southern Canada, between Lake Champlain and Lake Huron, while its point penetrated Virginia, separating the tribes on the Atlantic seaboard from the western tribes, and harassing them with destructive wars. These intruders, to whom the French gave the title of *Iroquois*, were fiercer than the Algonkins, whom they most bitterly hated, being feared and as bitterly hated in return. By tradition they held that they once occupied the region along the St. Lawrence as far east as Gaspé Bay, but had been driven westward by the Algonkins, who had invaded their territory from the east. This tradition will be noticed later. When discovered by Europeans, the Algonkin tribes on the Atlantic seaboard had become stationary within limited areas, while the tribes to the west were still in movement. Observation has shown that the nomadic condition is unfavorable to the cultivation of the arts which tend to the development of man's higher faculties; hence in settled communities agriculture thrives and competition stimulates the people to improvement in manners, as well as in handiwork.

This settled condition had but partially obtained among the Algonkins of the Atlantic seaboard. They had, it is true, their settled villages and cultivated lands, but these villages were of an unstable character and were not unfrequently abandoned for localities supposed to possess greater advantages. In spite of this, the semi-settled condition of these Atlantic tribes conduced to more gentle manners, and stimulated them in some degree to imitate their European neighbors. This was especially noticeable in the Narragansetts, a tribe which had advanced beyond all the others in the manufacture of those implements which were necessary to savage life, and whose productions were eagerly sought by even remote tribes. Upon the introduction of the more elegant products of English workmanship, these people at once began to improve their own work, and in some cases succeeded in producing articles of considerable elegance, which found a ready market in the shops of London.

The Algonkin tribes possessed certain useful arts. They understood the fashioning of domestic utensils of clay, rudely ornamented and hardened by fire, the manufacture of a great variety of implements in wood, stone, and bone, of rope and twine for nets from filaments of bark, of hand weaving from the same material into various articles of ornament and use, and from reeds and osiers into baskets, the making of boats, the canoe of birch bark and the dug-out of wood, and the construction of musical instruments, the primitive pipe and drum. Moreover, they employed the ideographic method of recording thought. These arts were possessed by all the Algonkin tribes in greater or less perfection, but the more stationary tribes, like the Narragansetts, excelled the others in their practice.

Having thus briefly given a general description of the Algonkin family, we may properly examine one of its most interesting branches, the Abnakis of New England, whose chief seat was within the limits of the present state of Maine. While possessing the general physical characteristics of the great family to which they belonged, the Abnakis were more gentle in manners and more docile than their western congeners—the result, perhaps, of more settled modes of life. They were hunters, fishermen, and agriculturists,

if their rude methods of cultivating the maize, the squash, the bean, and a few other esculents entitle them to the latter term. At all times they appear to have depended largely upon fish for subsistence, though maize furnished them with an important winter diet; indeed, we are told that they undertook long journeys through the snow, with nothing to sustain them but parched maize pounded to a powder, three spoonfuls of which sufficed for a meal. In their agriculture they used fish, of which there was a wonderful abundance, to fertilize their crops, one or two fish being placed near the roots of the plant. Their dwellings were not constructed with a view to permanence, but frequently exhibited considerable taste in arrangement and decoration. They were usually of bark, fastened to poles in a pyramidal form and covered with woven mats, which rendered them impervious to wet, and when furnished with abundance of skins were comfortable for habitation. Their villages were enclosed for protection with palings set upright in the earth. Each village had its council lodge of considerable size, oblong in form and roofed with bark, and similar structures were made use of by male members of the village, who preferred to club together in social fellowship. They were hospitable to a fault, and delighted to entertain strangers in their rude fashion, generously sharing with them their food, even when the supply was scanty. They possessed no articles of furniture, using skins to sit upon as well as for beds, and mother earth served for a table upon which to spread their simple viands. Their costume was of the simplest kind. In summer they went naked, with the exception of a breech cloth fastened about the waist and hanging down before and behind like a double apron; but in winter they wore leggins of dressed buckskin reaching to their feet, which were shod with moccasins, usually of moose hide, which they skilfully tanned, the upper part of their bodies being protected by loose mantles made of the skins of wild beasts. Like all untutored people, they delighted in ornaments, and decked themselves gayly with bracelets, ear pendants, and curiously wrought chains, or belts, all of which were usually formed of carved shells, bones, and stones. They also painted their faces and, according to

Wood, imprinted figures with a scarring iron upon their bodies, perhaps, as he suggests, "to blazon their antique Gentility"; for, he says, "a sagamore with a Humberd in his care for a pendent, a black hawk on his *occiput* for his plume, Mowhacks for his gold chaine, good store of Wampompeage begirting his loynes, his bow in his hand, his quiver at his back, with six naked *Indian* splatter-dashes at his heels for his guard, thinks himself little inferior to the great Cham; hee will not stick to say, hee is all one with King *Charles*."

Father Vetromile asserts, that "their sentiments and principles of justice had no parallel amongst the other tribes," and that they were never known to have been "treacherous nor wanting in honor or conscience in fulfilling their word given either in public or private treaty." While we may properly regard this as too great praise, we must admit that they possessed a nobility of character remarkable in a savage people. It is certain that the missionaries found them more tractable and more ready to listen to their teachings than any other branch of the Algonkin family with which they came in contact. Although dignified and taciturn in council and among strangers, when free from restraint they were social and always ready to join in amusements among themselves. They favored athletic sports, and engaged freely in competitive trials of skill in wrestling, running, swimming, and dancing. Their most exciting game was foot-ball, which they played on immense courses, with goals a mile apart, a single game continuing sometimes for two days. They also indulged in games of chance, two of which Wood has graphically described to us under the names of *Puin* and *Hubbub*, which he says are "not much unlike Cards and Dice"; and he asserts that they would often become so bewitched by these games, that they would lose at a sitting "Beaver, Moose, Skinnies, Kettles, Wampompeage, Mowhacks, Hatchets, Knives," in fact, everything which they possessed; and yet we are assured that, however fierce the competition in these games might become, they never quarrelled, nor harbored feelings of anger on account of losses, nor even of injuries received in athletic sports, but as friends would "meet at the kettle."

Their domestic relations were sacred.

Polygamy was but little practised by them. Courtship was simple, and the initiatory act was the bestowal of a present upon the parents of the girl sought in marriage. If the present was received, the marriage was consummated without ceremony, and the contract was held by the parties inviolable. The life of the woman, however, was one of hardship. She was expected to construct the covering of the dwelling, to braid the nets, to cultivate the garden, and to prepare the meals, of which it was not considered proper for her to partake until her husband and guests had regaled themselves. In spite of this, the affection which these rude parents exhibited for their children was considerable. The children were reared with care, and as soon as they were able to walk the boys were taught the use of weapons, especially of the bow, with which they became remarkably expert, and the girls the art of basket making and other domestic employments. Especial pride was taken by parents in the exploits of their sons, and the first game which they secured was publicly exhibited and afterwards devoted to a feast for their friends.

Both men and women are uniformly described as being modest, and perhaps the most remarkable thing to be recorded in favor of the Abnaki warrior is the fact that no female prisoner ever had occasion to complain of him in this respect.

Vetromile records the important fact that the Abnakis, and they alone of the Algonkin family, possessed the art of chi-rography, and he gives specimens of the characters employed by them, which strikingly remind one of the ancient phonetic script of Egypt and Phœnicia. He farther states that the people were accustomed to send missives to one another written upon birch bark, and the chiefs to despatch written circulars of the same material to their warriors, asking for advice. Indeed, the Abnakis asserted that their method of writing expressed ideas as fully and freely as that employed by Europeans. Their government was autocratic. The king held absolute rule, and at his death was succeeded by his oldest son. If childless, the queen assumed authority. If he left neither son nor consort to succeed him, then his office was assumed by his nearest relative.

To understand a people, it is necessary

to study their religious beliefs, since these often furnish motives for actions in themselves unintelligible. The Abnaki believed in the existence of an unseen world and of unseen beings by whom it was peopled, and with whom his priests could commune. These priests or, as rudely translated into English, medicine men, performed the threefold function of priest, prophet, and physician, and they often practised an asceticism as severe as that of the ascetic priests of India. To the ignorant child of the forest, they possessed miraculous power, beholding the hidden things of a supernatural sphere, which rendered them capable of forecasting the future. We should not regard them as impostors. Reared from childhood in the belief of supernatural existences, which found embodiment in the surrounding forms of nature, subject to long fasts and solitary communings with imaginary beings, they held themselves to be akin to the mysterious powers to whose service they were devoted, and acceptable mediums of communication between them and the common people. These men therefore exercised a controlling influence upon the tribes, as men exercising the priestly function have done in all ages and among all races of men. To them the proudest chiefs bowed submissively, and obeyed without question their mysterious utterances.

In common with other tribes of the Algonkin family, and in striking correspondence with Oriental beliefs, the Abnakis held that the world was under the influence of dual powers, beneficent and maleficent, and that there was one Great Spirit who held supreme rule, but at the same time did not interfere with these ever-conflicting powers. Upon this conception of deity their entire system of religious belief necessarily hinged; hence their belief in guardian spirits, which they denominated *manitos*, took a peculiar form: a belief which perhaps exercised greater influence upon their daily actions than any other doctrine which they cherished in the gloom of their unilluminated minds. In order to come into true relationship with his manito, the youth, when he reached the age of puberty, subjected himself to a painful fast, which induced dreams. In this state he believed that his manito presented himself in the form usually of some bird or beast

of which he dreamed, and this animal became his manito and was adopted as his totem or crest. Thenceforward he was under the influence and guardianship of his manito, but it might be either good or evil, and subject to a more powerful manito possessed by another member of his tribe, which often caused him anxiety.

That they believed in a future existence, old writers generally testify. Wood, who was a close observer, quaintly says that "they hold the immortality of the never-dying soule, that it shall passe to the South-west *Elysium*, concerning which their *Indian* faith jumps much with the *Turkish Alchoran*, holding it to be a kinde of Paradise, wherein they shall everlastingly abide, solacing themselves in oderiferous Gardens, fruitful Corn-fields, greene Medows, bathing their twany hides in the coole streames of pleasant Rivers, and shelter themselves from heate and cold in the sumptuous Pallace framed by the skill of Nature's curious contrivement; concluding that neither care nor paine shall molest them, but that Nature's bounty will administer all things with a voluntary contribution from the store-house of their *Elysian* Hospitall, at the portali whereof they say, lies a great Dogge, whose churlish snarlings deny a *Pax intrantibus*, to unworthy intruders: Wherefore, it is their custome, to bury with them their Bows and Arrows, and good store of their *Wampompeage* and *Mowhacksies*; the one to affright that affronting *Cerberus*, the other to purchase more immense prerogatives in their Paradise. For their enemies and loose livers, who they account unworthy of this imaginary happiness, they say, that they passe to the infernall dwellings of Abamocho, to be tortured according to the fictions of the ancient Heathen."

The doctrine of metempsychosis, in an obscure form, seems to have been held by these people, and also that of the duality of the soul, which is said to have been the reason for their custom of burying domestic utensils and other articles with the dead, and of placing food upon their graves. A singular statement is made by Mather, that they called the constellation of Ursa Major by a word in their language which possessed the same signification. In common with many other races of mankind, they regarded the serpent as being the embodiment of supernatural power, superior in

wisdom and cunning—in fact, a manito which demanded their reverence. Charlevoix tells us that they painted the figures of serpents upon their bodies, and that they possessed the power, so noted among the natives of India, of charming them.

Believing in the constant nearness of supernatural agencies, we cannot wonder that they beheld in every object in nature a form with which such an agency could mask itself. The wind, invisible to the eye, but announcing unmistakably its presence to the ear, formed to them the truest symbol of spiritual power, as it ever has with civilized man. The fire, whose beneficent heat was so necessary to them; the waters which yielded them subsistence; the animals which haunted the woodland glooms; aye, the very trees and rocks, and above all the great luminaries of night, whose movements they could not comprehend, prefigured to them mysteries which they strove in vain to grasp.

These people have left behind no monuments to excite the admiration of the archæologist; nothing, in fact, but implements in stone and bone to testify to their former existence. Along the shores of bays, islands, and river estuaries, where fish most abounded, may be seen slight elevations, usually of a more vivid green than the surrounding land. To the inexperienced eye these are but knolls, the common handiwork of nature; but if examined more closely, they are found to be composed of comminuted shells. These are the kitchen middens of the Abnakis, and when opened reveal objects of interest. At first we are likely to come upon ashes and blackened embers, among which are stones that bear the marks of burning, and with emotions akin to awe, we realize that we are invading the fireside of an ancient people, to whom the surrounding landscape, wood, stream, and rocky shore were familiar and beloved objects. With care we examine the mingled shells and earth which the spade exposes to view, among which are the bones of birds and beasts, the remnants of former feasts, as are, indeed, the shells, the extent and depth of which reveal a long-continued occupation of the spot. Often our search is rewarded by the discovery of fragmentary vessels of burnt clay, bearing the indented ornamentation familiar to archæologists, and implements of bone and stone upon which

time has wrought no change. The axe, which was used for a variety of purposes, was commonly formed from a stone of convenient size and form, by bringing to a cutting edge one end, and working about the other a deep groove, by which it could be hafted, by attaching to it a cleft stick, with the end wound with a leathern thong, or two sticks, one placed on each side of the grooved stone, and held together by being wound the entire length with a similar thong. These axes were of various forms and made of many varieties of stone, some made of slate or stone, which lent itself readily to lapidarian art, being of elegant shape and finish. Stone axes have been found a foot in length, and more than half as wide, but specimens five or six inches in length are more common. The smaller axes were probably used in war, and known in Indian parlance as tomahawks.

Another form of stone implement found in the middens is the celt or chisel. These are slender stones of some length, with one end worked to a straight cutting edge, and were probably used by being fixed into a horn, or cylindrical handle of wood, of suitable size, which would permit the exposure of the cutting edge. Some of these stones are grooved in the form of a gouge, and served the purpose of the modern implement of that character. Occasionally one comes upon an implement which probably served as a hammer. It is usually an oval stone with a groove worked around it, by which it could be hafted. A rarer implement is semi-lunar in form, and was used for cutting purposes. It was five or six inches in length, the rounded edge being ground thin, the straight side being held in the palm of the hand. Doubtless many chipped flint stones, with sharp edges, which are mistaken for spear heads, were used as knives. Sometimes we come upon an implement resembling an imperfect arrow head, but with a long and slender point. This was used for drilling holes, and served the purpose of the modern drill or awl. Oblong stones more or less finished were more common. Some of these were used in dressing the skins of beasts, and others as pestles for pulverizing maize. A common boulder having a depression upon its surface often served for a mortar, but sometimes a mortar neatly wrought from a stone of convenient size

and form is found. Such a specimen is highly prized to-day, as it doubtless was by its Indian owner.

The most common objects found are spear and arrow heads. These are made usually of flint, or stone of similar hardness, and often show much skill in their manufacture; indeed, it is no easy task for the modern lapicide to imitate them. They are of various forms, and their use may be largely determined by their size. Some arrow points are simple triangular forms, and were slipped into the split end of the shaft. Some of the spear and arrow heads have a groove at the base, so as to be bound to the shaft by a sinew, and others have but a narrow straight projection, which permitted them to become easily detached from the shaft. The reason for this seems evident: by this means the point was left in the flesh, greatly aggravating the wound. Whether any of these points were poisoned, or not, is a mooted question.

It is well known that, besides the spear and arrow, the Indian used a mace or weighted club. This consisted of a round stone which was covered with skin and bound securely to a handle. Those which were grooved readily attract the attention of the delver in the middens. Among the most interesting objects which reward the relic searcher are pipes. They are not only curious in form, but are often elegantly wrought and, we must believe, were highly prized by their owners, as they were by the early European settlers, who obtained them from the Indians whenever they could induce them to part with them, and sent them to Europe, where they were in demand by curiosity hunters. Occasionally a pipe of red clay is found, similar in shape to the clay pipe of civilized man; but being composed of more fragile material than the stone pipe, it is usually imperfect.

Among the more common objects are stones, often in the form of an elongated egg, with a groove around the smaller end, which are sometimes mistaken for pestles; but their size clearly denotes their use as sinkers or weights. Some of the most curious objects, and those which perplex the student most, are perforated and, in rare instances, inscribed stones, in forms which rendered them unfit for any conceivable use unless, as has been supposed, they were employed in ceremonial observances. Some were doubtless used merely

as ornaments. The implements of bone, which are quite common in the middens, would require considerable space to properly describe. They were mostly used for perforating soft materials, for sewing, and for spearing the smaller fish. Many of the Indian hooks were made of bone.

The wampum, which the Indians so highly esteemed, and which served the important purposes of trade and personal adornment, has mostly perished. It was composed largely of beads made of variously colored shells often curiously wrought, the colored specimens being considered of the highest value, unless we except those of copper, usually cylindrical in form. Of their pottery only fragments remain, but these cannot be mistaken for fragments of the pottery of civilized man, as they bear the peculiar indented decoration so common among barbarous people, consisting of upright, diagonal, and curved lines, made with a pointed instrument, or left by the mould in which the vessel was formed, and which was of some coarsely woven material.

What has been thus briefly described constitutes nearly all that remains to tell us of a most interesting people; but this description serves as well to depict the remains of neolithic man in the old world. If we cross the ocean to explore midden and barrow, we shall unearth objects of the same form and character as those we have found on the shores of New England, the same spear and arrow heads, the same axes, stone-sinkers, hammers, chisels, gouges, bone implements, and even fragments of pottery, with the same indented decoration, showing how universal was the art peculiar to neolithic man. We may not pause, however, to pursue the interesting questions which here present themselves to us, but consider in a few words the relation which the Abnakis of Maine bore to certain tribes somewhat farther west. Vetromile, who was perhaps as well qualified as any student of the Abnaki tongue to give us the correct etymology of the name, insists that the modern title was derived from *wanbnaghi*, and signifies, *our ancestors of the East*, and not, as some other writers have supposed, *men of the East*. This title, *our ancestors of the East*, was applied to the Indians of Maine by some of the tribes west of them, and reminds us of the tradition of the Iroquois,

already alluded to, that they once occupied the country as far east as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but were driven westward by the Algonkins. We cannot but regard this tradition with interest and, coupled with the title bestowed upon the Abnakis of the coast by their congeners living between them and the Iroquois, as significant; nor can we escape the conclusion that the Abnakis, after reaching the coast of New England, gradually spread northward along the seaboard until they reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where they encountered the Iroquois, and forced them slowly back against the western tribes, compelling them to extend their lines southward, until they occupied the strange position in which they were found when discovered by Europeans, a position which separated the Algonkins of the East from their brethren of the West.

The territory from which the Iroquois had been driven was occupied by the Algonkins, the tribes which called the Indians of Maine their fathers of the East, and which, if the theory assumed is correct, was their proper title. If the Iroquois and Algonkins migrated from the West, as the traditions of both peoples claim, it is probable that the former pur-

sued a line north of the latter. In their long-continued migrations, they may at times have approached each other, and come into conflict. That they finally met upon the seaboard, and that the Iroquois were forced westward by the Algonkins, seems probable. Harassed by the Algonkins, who hemmed them in on every side, and living in a state of perpetual warfare, the Iroquois at last became such fierce and cruel experts in war as to strike their Algonkin enemy with dread. As they were obliged to extend towards the south, it is quite apparent that they forced the Algonkins, who occupied territory on their southern border, still farther south, until they had reached the extreme limits which they occupied when discovered by European adventurers. By the fierce conflicts which brought about this condition, the Abnakis of the New England seaboard were not affected. Their conflicts were with their own lineage. They might, however, have continued until to-day, using their poor implements of stone and bone, in happy ignorance of more useful ones, had not civilized man come in contact with them. As it is, there now exists but a remnant of our fathers of the East.

“DELIGHT ROSE.

DIED 1769, AGED 22 YEARS.”

[Inscription in a New England Burying-Ground.]

By Henry R. Howland.

BENEATH the grass she softly sleeps,
Unheeding praise or blame,
For whom this mossy headstone keeps
The fragrance of a name.

A flower that 'neath New England skies
Found bud and bloom and blight;
A brief hour ope'd to life's surprise,
Then closed in early night.

Sweet child, whose smiles in vanished days
Once gladdened mortal sight,
What loving lips first spoke thy praise
And named thee “Heart's Delight”?

What tender mother, watching o'er
 Thy girlhood's gentle grace,
 For all her wistful dreams found store
 Of promise in thy face?

What lover wooed thee, sweetest maid?
 And grew thine eyes more bright
 The while thou listened, half afraid, —
 "I love thee, dear Delight!"

Ah! who can tell? this mossy stone
 Hides all thy joys and tears;
 The sweetness of thy name alone
 Outlives the flight of years.

And stranger feet now linger near
 This spot of thy repose,
 While fancy frames an idyl here
 Of fair New England's Rose.



THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

By Charles Morton Strahan, C.M.E.

THE University of Georgia, in its inception, was a part of that eager patriotic movement just at the close of the Revolutionary War, by which the young states sought to plant their newly acquired liberties in the firm soil of a well-educated and intelligent people. Within two years after the last battle of that war, the legislature of 1784 passed the act of February 25, granting forty thousand acres of the best public lands in the counties of Washington and Franklin, for the establishment of a college or seminary of learning, an act which was followed the next January by a complete charter for what should be known as the University of Georgia. In words which breathe the spirit of culture, and voice the strong patriotism of the period, the preamble of that charter recites: "As it is the distin-

guishing happiness of free governments that civil order should be the result of choice and not necessity, and the common wishes of the people become the laws of the land, their public prosperity, and even existence, very much depends upon suitably forming the minds and morals of their citizens. When the minds of the people in general are viciously disposed and unprincipled, and their conduct disorderly, a free government will be attended with greater confusion and evils more horrid than the wild, uncultivated state of nature. It can only be happy where the public principles and opinions are properly directed and their manners regulated. This is an influence beyond the reach of laws and punishments, and can be claimed only by religion and education. It should, therefore, be among the first objects of those who wish well to

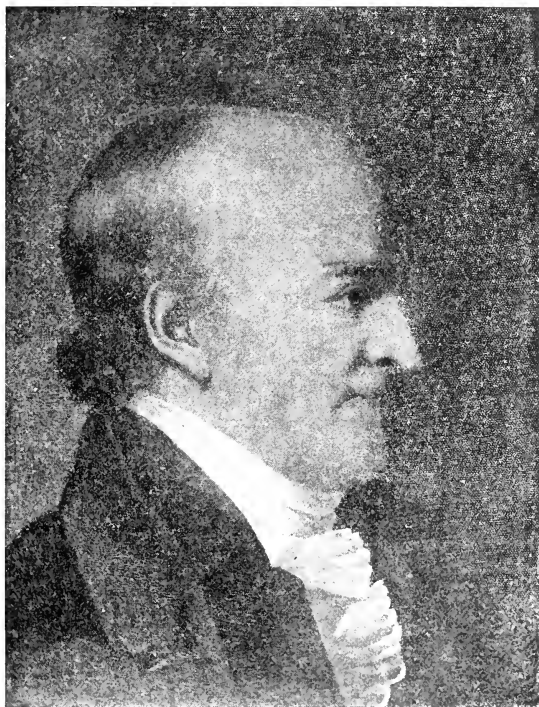
the national prosperity, to encourage and support the principles of religion and morality, and early to place the youth under the forming hand of society, that by instruction they may be moulded to the love of virtue and good order. Sending them abroad to other countries for their education will not answer these purposes, is too humiliating an acknowledgment of the ignorance or inferiority of our own, and will always be the cause of so great foreign attachment that upon principles of policy it is inadmissible. This country, in the times of our common danger and distress, found security in the principles and abilities which wise regulations had before established in the minds of our countrymen; and our present happiness, joined to the pleasing prospects, should conspire to make us feel ourselves under the strongest obligations to form the youth, the rising hope of our land, to render the like glorious and essential services to our country."

Justifying itself upon principles like these, principles to which the powerful pen of Thomas Jefferson gave emphasis shortly afterward in behalf of Virginia's famous university, the charter proceeds to lay upon a broad and comprehensive basis

the provisions for a seat of learning designed to be the fountain-head from which the streams of knowledge might flow downward and permeate the whole educational system of the state. To this end the governing powers of the university were so qualified that, although having chief and immediate charge of that seat of learning,

they were likewise expected to supervise the education of the whole state, and were charged with the control of all academies or common schools established or aided by public funds.

The institution was of necessity unsectarian, and extended its benefits alike to all citizens of the state regardless of religious belief; nor did it require of the officers of the institution more closely de-



Josiah Meigs, LL.D.,

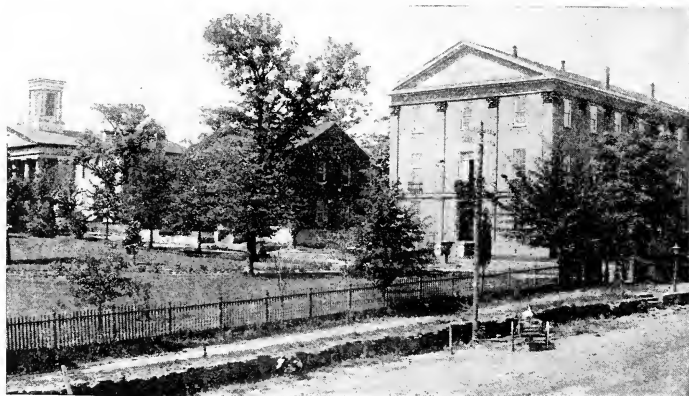
FIRST PRESIDENT OF FRANKLIN COLLEGE, 1801-1811.

finer tenets than adherence to the Christian faith. The governing body, known as the *Senatus Academicus*, was a dual organization, composed of a board of trustees and a board of visitors. The board of trustees consisted of thirteen members, in whom all the property rights and the immediate conduct of the affairs of the

university were vested. It became a self-perpetuating body when once appointed by the governor. The board of visitors was originally composed of the governor and his council, the president of the senate, and the speaker of the house of represen-

and Nathan Brownson, associated with him as trustees of the state grant under the original appointment of Governor James Jackson.

The forty thousand acres of wild lands with which the *Senatus Academicus* was



The Campus, showing Chapel and Library.

tatives, to whom were added afterwards the senators from each of the counties, save that from which the speaker of the house was drawn. The board of visitors exercised a confirming power over the actions of the trustees when met together in joint session as the *Senatus Academicus*. The early records of the university show many formalities in the separate and joint assemblings of these two boards, as in August and January of each year they met to consider the business of the university, and to consult upon the general needs of education throughout the state. Their sessions occupied often more than a week of steady work, and one occasion is recorded when they so far fell from grace as to meet for business on Sunday.

History gives the chief credit for activity in connection both with the grant of lands and the framing of the university charter to Abraham Baldwin, a graduate of Yale College, only recently removed to Georgia, a man of scholarly attainments and possessed of the confidence of the people; but with him must be ranked John Houstoun, James Habersham, William Few, Joseph Clay, William Houstoun,

entrusted, to transform into a working educational institution, were formally accepted in 1786. It is difficult at this distance to properly estimate what such an undertaking meant. Colonel John Scriven of Savannah, a distinguished member of the present board of trustees, in an address delivered before the University Club of his native city, has drawn the following graphic picture of that period: "From December, 1778, when Savannah was captured by the British, to June, 1782, when it was evacuated by them, Georgia had been the theatre of violence, plunder, conflagration, and fratricidal strife, unequalled in all the dark drama of the Revolution. Wonder, terror, indignation, and pathos all mingled in the scene. Slaves had been deported, fields destroyed, dwelling-houses burned. Production seemed impossible; the people were penniless. The widow and the orphan wept for their slain, and cried out in the tortures of want and famine. Peace had come unsmiling—her garments were of woe, and she brought no bounty in her hands. The condition of the people, their number little more than half the present population of the city, seemed almost desperate."

Land was the only thing that the state did possess in abundance, and when viewed in the light of the sparse settlement of the country and the imminent danger from the Indians, land was a commodity practically without value. Chancellor Tucker, in his address before the legislature in 1875, says that "probably the whole 40,000 acres could not have been sold for \$1000," and cites in proof the law at that time, which gave two hundred acres to each head of a family settling in the state, with fifty acres additional for each member of the household, white or black, young or decrepit. Furthermore, in settling the boundary between Georgia and South Carolina, five thousand acres of the best land in the grant fell across the line, and could never be recovered by the trustees from South Carolina, nor be replaced by a new grant from the state, although the loss had occurred despite the full compliance on the part of the trustees with all necessary legal measures at the time the session to South Carolina took place.

Do what they would, such a heritage could not be immediately applied for educational purposes. The trustees therefore decided to have the land surveyed off into hundred-acre lots, to be leased upon notes to such parties as could be induced to locate upon them. The better to accomplish this object, the town of Greensboro was laid out upon the tract of land then in Franklin but now in Green county, and advantageous terms offered to purchasers of lots and tenants of the adjoining lands. A rent-roll system, however, was but ill suited to the condition of the new state, and it causes no surprise to find that the funds of the university needed only the attention of the financial agent of the

board for a period of thirteen years. By that time six of the original board had either died or left the state, and the remaining seven, after several attempts to get together, at last had a full meeting and filled their roll by electing six new members. When this board met with the board of visitors in January, 1798, to form the *Senatus Academicus*, they were possessed of \$993 in cash and about \$6500 in notes for rents and purchase of town lots in Greensboro, a sum which a resolution at that meeting declares to be sufficiently respectable to



Moses Waddell, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF FRANKLIN COLLEGE, 1819-1829.

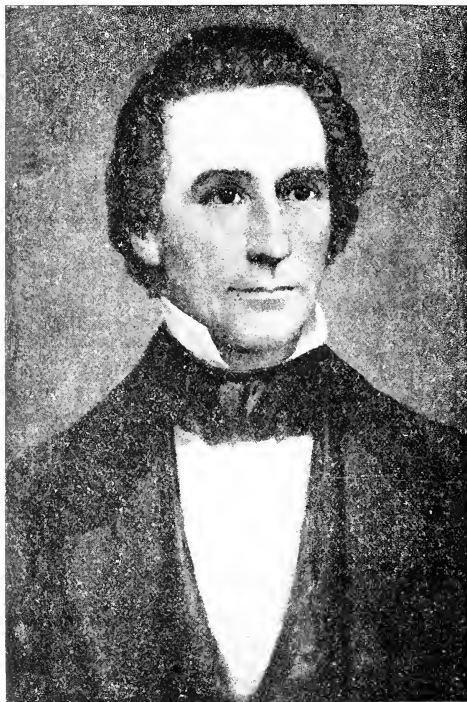
begin with it the building of a public seat of learning. In the discussions at subsequent meetings of the board much trouble was found in determining on a proper site for the university. Plans to locate it at

the town of Louisville in Jefferson County, at Greensboro in Franklin County, and at other points in Hancock, Columbia, and Wilkes counties, were all broached, but none proved satisfactory. A decision had,

of which still beautify what was once a favorite trysting-place of the Cherokees, and which during eighty-nine years has witnessed the instruction and echoed the youthful eloquence of more than five thousand young Georgians. Most conspicuous among these historic trees is the massive old giant which stands just in front of the chapel and is now known as the Bob Toombs Oak. Three years ago an unsparing thunderbolt greatly disfigured this tree, and fears are entertained for its life. With its death will fall the witness of the earliest as well as the most exciting scenes in the history of the university, scenes which link themselves to the greatest names in Georgia's past and are part of her dearest history.

The contract that had already been authorized for building a wing of the university at Greensboro was now made to apply to the new site, and its execution entrusted to a committee, whose work of building a house suitable for the accommodation of one hundred students was finally completed in 1803. But pursuant to this measure, it was resolved to elect an instructor of youth, who should take charge as soon as possible, who should be the first professor in the institution, and should preside in the absence of a president. Josiah Meigs, LL.D., was chosen to this office, and became the first president of the institution.

Professor Meigs had been educated as a lawyer, and practised his profession in New Haven. He had tasted of the pains of colonial journalism, and for a number of years had lectured on scientific subjects in Yale College as the incumbent of the chair of natural philosophy and astronomy. With singular self-abnegation he gave up this position of comparative ease and comfort and agreed to move himself and his large family, by what was then a long and tedious journey, to settle in a wilderness, and there to found without money or appliances an



Alonzo Church, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF FRANKLIN COLLEGE, 1829-1839.

indeed, been reached in 1800, favoring Greensboro, but this was reversed the following year in consequence of the donation of 633 acres by Governor John Milledge, which were accepted as a suitable place for the permanent home of the young university. Upon this tract now stand the college buildings and a large part of the city of Athens.

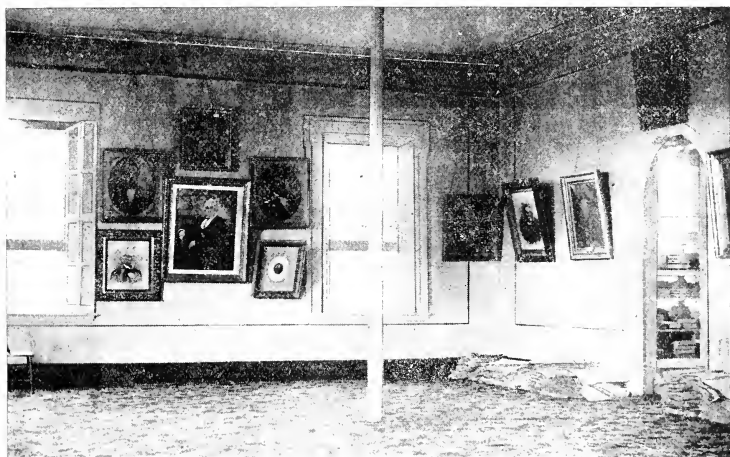
The site was a beautiful one, upon the high hills overlooking the Oconee River, near a clear, cool spring, and beneath the shade of a grove of oaks and hickory, many

institution of higher learning. Says Dr. Alonzo Church :—

Few men ever labored with more untiring zeal and unremitting industry than this faithful pioneer in the cause of learning in our state. His views on the subject of education were enlarged, and the measures which he recommended to the trustees and the legislature were judicious—such as fully sustained his character as a man of learning and one who had carefully studied the subject of general education. The only failure on his part was a failure to accomplish an impossibility—to build up without means a flourishing college. The Israelites had not a harder task when required to make bricks without straw than President Meigs when, under such circumstances, he was required to raise up in a few years an institution which would compare with those which had been long established and well endowed. President Meigs commenced the exercises of the university when no college building of any description had been erected. Recitations were often heard and lectures delivered under the shade of the forest oak; and for years he had almost the entire instruction of the college, aided only by a tutor or some mem-

Of the first commencement of Franklin College, held in 1804 under a rude arbor constructed of the branches of trees, it is written : “ In this rustic chapel, surrounded by the primeval forest and amidst a gathering of a few friends of the college and a still larger number of persons assembled to witness the novel scene, Colonel Gibson Clarke, Hon. Augustus S. Clayton, General Jephth V. Harris, Colonel William H. Jackson, Professor James Jackson, Thomas Erwin, Jarid Irwin, Robert Rutherford, Williams Rutherford, and William Williamson graduated with the honors of the institution.”

These early pictures of the university are not only full of a rugged pathos ; they stand alone in the educational history of the country. Other states have found difficulty in building up their universities, but none of them have ventured to send forth their young offspring into the world with

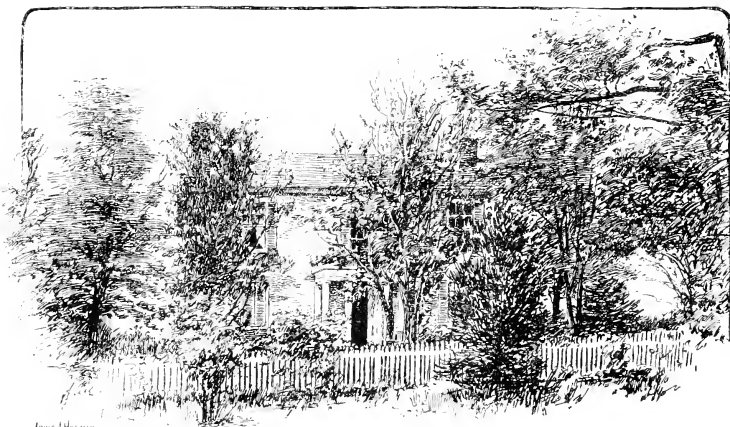


A Corner of the Picture Gallery.

ber of the higher classes. The institution was without library, without apparatus, without professors, without buildings, without productive funds. And yet the president was called upon to instruct from forty to sixty students, to superintend the erection of buildings, and frequently to meet the board of trustees and the legislature at a distance from the seat of the college, leaving the institution under the superintendence of a tutor or without any control but the discretion of inexperienced youth.

an infested wilderness for a habitation and without a roof for its head. Yet for ten years Dr. Meigs braved these dangers and difficulties, and graduated more than fifty men with the regular A.B. degree.

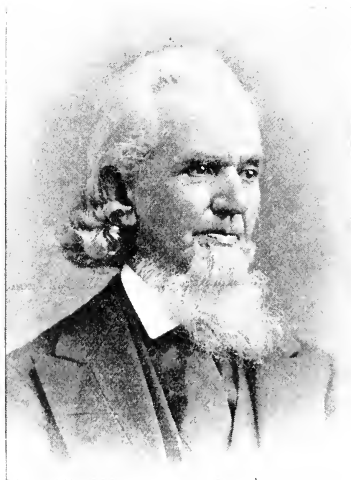
This ten years of the existence of the university showed more forcibly the inadequacy of the rent-roll plan for its support ; and the administration of Dr. John Brown.



The Chancellor's Residence

from 1812 to 1816, proved by its enhanced difficulties the necessity of abandoning the system altogether. The institution "well nigh languished to despair" ere the legislature authorized a sale of the thirty-five thousand acres and the investment of the proceeds in a more reliable source of reve-

nue. The final act, which really placed the college on its feet, was that of 1821, whereby the notes and bonds arising from the sale of the college lands, amounting to \$150,000, were deposited in the state treasury, and the sum of \$100,000, equal to two-thirds of their value, was invested in bank stock, upon which the legislature guaranteed an interest of eight per cent for all time. This was doubtless a fair bargain, in view of the high rate of interest paid and the risk upon insolvent notes, which the state assumed. "Thereafter," writes Governor Wilson Lumpkin in a somewhat paradoxical sentence, "the limited financial condition of the university was without serious embarrassment." Following this, the problem of how to employ a full corps of professors, pay them reasonable salaries, build residences for them, build new college edifices, increase the library and philosophical apparatus, and expand the scope of the institution, upon an income of \$15,000 a year, annually embarrassed the board until 1830. At this time a disastrous fire, offset by but slight increase of income, had enhanced the difficulty of its solution; and the weight of it continued to press even after the addition of \$17,000 from the landscript fund in 1872, which increased the income to \$30,000, but at the same time that the needs of the institution were expanded far beyond that sum. Nor does it appear that either from the generosity



Andrew A. Lipscomb, D.D., LL.D.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, 1860-1874.

of the state, or of private parties, this pressure of finances has ever been sufficiently relieved to place the institution where the needs of the state and the advance of educational thought demand.

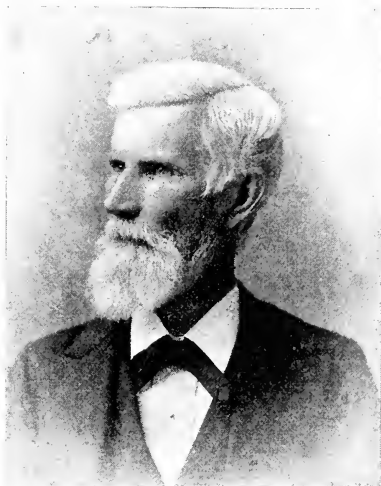
While the charter of the institution covered an expanded system as the University of Georgia, that title was not assumed until a far later date. The portion first established has since 1801 borne the name of Franklin College, and has been the nucleus about which the expansion of the institution, starting in 1859, has proceeded.

The educational policy of the college down to 1859 was based on the idea of a close curriculum of four years, in which Latin, Greek, and mathematics formed the rigid, triangular backbone. All the students were put through the same exercises, and all alike received the regular A.B. diploma. The original draft by the trustees in 1800 provides a six years' course, but two of these years were assigned to the grammar school established in connection with the college, leaving four regular classes for the college, as in Yale and Harvard. The text-books in each class were fully prescribed, but only the antiquarian in educational history would at this day recognize Ruddiman's Latin Grammar, Pike's Arithmetic, Bonycastle's Mensuration, and Duncan's Logic as even passing acquaintances. Blair's Rhetoric, found on the original list, was known in the college curriculum as late as 1879. Natural philosophy was to be taught in all possible cases by direct experiment, and forensic disquisitions were ordained — of weekly occurrence and in the presence of the tutors.

The students' work began with prayers at sunrise, and continued with recitations until nine o'clock; then an hour for breakfast; recitations again until twelve, and two hours for dinner, followed by a study period from two until five. This plan of education was administered under a code of laws first passed in 1803, and revised and greatly extended in 1819. Both codes look with great solicitude to the conduct and morals of the students, and place almost unlimited power in the hands of the president. Tutorial espionage and the fear of punishment were the principles upon which the control of the students proceeded. A tuition fee, at first twenty-four dollars, and ranging afterwards through

intermediate figures up to seventy-five dollars, was an important part of the system.

The trustees had meantime done much towards the equipment of the college; but they were met in 1830 by a disastrous fire, which laid in ruins the best building on the campus, and destroyed the valuable library and the philosophical apparatus it contained. Serious as was the loss, it opened the deaf ears of the legislature; and an appropriation of \$6000 per annum,



Patrick H. Mell, D.D., LL.D.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, 1878-1888.

continued until 1841, together with a \$10,000 loan afterwards repaid, prevented the suspension of exercises, and restored the lost building and part of its equipments. The faculty at this time embraced a president and six professors.

The radical change through which all of the old institutions of the country have been obliged to pass to reach a sympathy with modern ideas of education began to make itself felt in Franklin College during the presidency of Dr. Alonzo Church, in the year 1856. The existing system was first attacked not on the side of the classics, but at the weaker point of its discipline. The disaffection came from the ranks of the faculty, many of whom were unwilling to waste their energies in the unpleasant

police duties inherent in the existing methods of discipline. This disaffection was not slow in spreading to the students, and a turbulence such as had never been known vexed the closing years of the old regime. To Dr. Church, the new ideas of college discipline, chiefly emanating from

members of his faculty before the trustees for refusing to do their part of the patrol duty allotted to each professor in turn. With the arraignment he presented his own resignation, as being powerless to control the students with such a state of insubordination in the faculty. The board,

still in sympathy with the president, called for the resignation of the whole faculty, and then restored Dr. Church to office with a new faculty committed to the old order.

The four men thus left off were Charles Venable, William Leroy Brown, John Le Conte, and Charles F. McCay; and it is a remarkable fact that each of them in succeeding years has attained high renown — Venable as professor of mathematics in the University of Virginia, and for a long time the head of that faculty; Le Conte as the high priest of science in the University of California; Brown as the distinguished president of the Alabama Agricultural College at Auburn; and McCay as the actuary of a large life insurance company, where he won a fortune as well, a part of which comes by bequest to this University.

For three years longer Dr. Church continued in charge, resigning finally in 1859, followed by a resolution of great esteem from the board he had served so long and well. Close upon the heels of Dr. Church's resignation

came a plan for the entire reorganization of the institution. There had been a growing sentiment in the state, and an ever increasing conviction in the board, that the one-sided development of the college failed to touch that important field of education of which scientific thought was the inspiration and scientific experts the outcome. Lawyers, judges, statesmen,



William Ellison Boggs, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESENT CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

the University of Virginia, that the student should be left in great measure to himself, and his obedience to college discipline be the result of appeals to his sense of honor and manliness, were utterly futile and impracticable. Against their acceptance thirty years of the old system had crystallized both his judgment and his will. He did not hesitate to arraign four prominent

and teachers had been going forth from the walls of the college for fifty years or more, but where were the men educated in science, who might take direction of the material development making itself felt within the state? The state herself began to find the *Senatus Academicus* too cumbersome a body to legislate in behalf of the college. Its membership from the senate alone was over forty, to which the board of trustees now added the further number of twenty-eight. It was deemed wise to abolish the dual organization, and bestow all its powers and rights on the board of trustees alone.

The new board reported a plan of reorganization, concerning which the language of the record is as follows :

1. To establish an institution combining all of the instruction given in a well-regulated village academy with that of the freshman and sophomore classes in college, having sufficient capacity to board its pupils from a distance, and observing such watchfulness as to secure and protect the morals of its pupils and advance their education as rapidly and as certainly as natural endowments would admit; in a word, to so organize this fundamental feature of the programme that the citizen of the state, bringing his son or ward here to be trained, will feel that he is as safe here or safer than at home, and that his mind will certainly be educated.

3. To establish university schools, each independent of the other and of the college proper so far as such schools can be made self-sustaining: 1. A School of Law, with three professors. 2. A School of Agriculture, the foundation of which has been laid by the donation of the late Dr. William Terrell, and which, so far as the lectures are concerned, shall be free to the public. 3. A School of Civil Engineering and Applied Mathematics, the professors to be paid in part from the treasury of the university until, as we may hope from the practical nature of the department, it shall become self-sustaining.

In this plan the first approximation of the college to the university system of organization is seen, and likewise its first recognition of the need of scientific development. The title of President, hitherto enjoyed by the head of the faculty, was increased in dignity by being changed to that of Chancellor of the University.

It is doubtless true that the above plan, which was put in operation with some slight modification from 1860 to 1872, would have developed even greater changes of policy and method, had adequate funds been available. The struggle of new ideas, both within the faculty and the board of trustees, assumes at this time large proportions. Dr. Andrew A.



The Old College Dormitory.

2. To establish a college proper with only junior and senior classes, each of one year's duration, as at present, with the same curriculum, relieved of a few studies more properly belonging to the university schools, hereafter to be mentioned, in order that more time may be given to the seven liberal arts and sciences which are regarded as the true training studies for the youthful mind.

Lipscomb, the able chancellor during several years, presented to the board a series of reports, which are remarkable documents in exposition of the principles which underlie the proper constitution and development of a state university.

In 1872 the institution became, under contract with Governor Smith, the recipient

of the land scrip, allotted by the general government to each state and territory, by the act of 1862, for the establishment of Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges in the same. It became necessary under the conditions of this trust to establish a distinct organization whose specific object should be to provide instruction in those departments of science that have most intimate relations to scientific agriculture; and by the terms of the contract, a faculty embracing nine professors and an instructor in military tactics, and having a separate president, became a part of the institution. The trustees could now, for the first time in reality, present the institution to the state as the University of Georgia. They included under that title:

1st. Franklin College, with the old curriculum, conferring the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and in addition the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy where the modern languages replaced a portion of the classics of the A.B. course.

2d. The State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, offering with proper courses the degrees of Bachelor of Agriculture, Bachelor of Engineering, and Bachelor of Chemical Science.

3d. The University School, to form which each chair of the university was placed under conditions to furnish post-graduate and special courses, leading to such certificates or post-graduate degrees as the courses might justify. The professional schools of Law and Medicine bestowed the usual diplomas.

A further expansion of the university lay in the association with itself and the partial maintenance of a number of branch agricultural colleges, located in the several sections of the state. The presidents of these were to be appointees of the university board.

With this expansion the trustees made considerable expenditures, looking to the increased accommodation of students and to complete outfits for the scientific chairs. The Moore Building, erected through the liberal donations of the citizens of Athens, containing commodious drawing-rooms, lecture-halls, and laboratories, with an excellent modern equipment valued at \$50,000, became the comfortable habitation of the departments of chemistry, physics, and engineering. These departments, together with the other scientific chairs, have done

effective and practical work ever since, winning renown for the institution and supplying the educational factor necessary to a well-rounded influence upon the life of the state.

To meet the expenditures entailed by the new plan, the combined income arising from the Franklin College Endowment, tuition fees in the same, and the landscrip fund were applied. The state college offered a free scholarship in each county, so that practically no tuition was paid in that college. In 1881 the tuition was made free, by act of legislature, in both the academic colleges. The Law School, and the Medical School in Augusta, made part of the university in 1873, still require tuition fees and sustain themselves from this source without drain on the general treasury.

In the eighteen years previous to 1889 the membership of the board of trustees increased from twenty-eight to forty-one. Four of the new members were elected from time to time by the Alumni Society, four more came in as agricultural trustees, and the five others were members by virtue of being charged with the control of the Georgia School of Technology. The state constitution provides that the legislature can donate moneys to no educational institution but the state university; thus the legislative aid extended to the School of Technology, on its establishment in 1888, made it a department of the university. This school was the outcome of those ideas of technical education promulgated from the similar institutions of the North and East which have taken healthy root in Georgia.

A board so large, and liable to further increase whenever a new feature in education should please the fancy of the legislature, stood in its own way as an effective board of control. With this conviction, the legislature of 1889 substituted a board of eighteen members. The governor of the state and the president of the technological board are members *ex officio*; the remaining sixteen members, four from the state at large, ten from the respective congressional districts, and two from the city of Athens, are appointees of the governor and hold office eight years. The adjustment is such that two places become vacant and are newly filled every two years.

In looking back over the personnel of the several governing boards, the number

of illustrious names found there is found to be very large. There has never been a time when the board did not rank as the most brilliant and cultivated body that annually gathered in the state; and by far the greater number of these men were proud to own the university under their control as their alma mater.

We turn now to glance at the history of the university from the standpoint of its directors and students. When the Rev. John Brown had resigned in 1816, and the hopes which the accession of Dr. Robert Finley, a distinguished pulpit orator of New Jersey, had been cut short by his death within a year, the institution "well nigh languished to despair." An interregnum of two years ensued before Dr. Moses Waddell, "immortal in the annals of the university," undertook the office of president. He came from South Carolina, where he had won fame as the strict and effective teacher of some of the most eminent men in that state, among whom were John C. Calhoun and James L. Pettigru. Writes Governor Gilmer: "When he took charge of the university there were neither funds, professors, nor students." With a free field for the exercise of his marked talents as an organizer and disciplinarian, he performed the difficult task of constructing the university *de novo*, and gave to its educational work during ten years such success and reputation as called forth repeated commendations from the *Senatus Academicus* and won the confidence of the people. The attendance reached gratifying numbers, and 161 graduates went forth to attest his faithfulness.

Dr. Waddell's resignation was a cause of no little regret to the friends of the college, even though his mantle fell on the shoulders of Dr. Alonzo Church, at that time professor of mathematics in the university, and destined to renown during a thirty years' able administration of the affairs of the university. Dr. Church had come to Georgia several years before from Brattleboro, Vermont, and had been a strong support to Dr. Waddell from the time of his first connection with the faculty. In White's *Statistics of Georgia*, the author, writing in 1848, says: "The character of Dr. Church is so favorably known to the people of Georgia that it is almost superfluous to say anything in relation to him. With a mind richly furnished with the

stores of learning, with manners proverbially captivating, with uncommon kindness of disposition, and with the prudence and firmness requisite to those to whom the people of Georgia commit the education of their sons at a period the most critical in the life of youth, Dr. Church has every qualification for the exalted position which he has so long filled." This confidence was universal in the state, and well placed, as attested by the large attendance throughout his presidency, and by the 678 graduates who received their diplomas from his hands.

Dr. Andrew A. Lipscomb, D.D., LL.D., of Alabama, was called to succeed Dr. Church in 1860, and for fourteen years was the acceptable and beloved occupant of the chancellorship. He came as the apostle of a new order of things both in discipline among the students and in the plan of instruction to meet the advance of thought and to bring the institution into closer contact with the people. His work extends over both sides of the Civil War, and at its close exhibits the institution placed upon a broadened basis, strengthened by the land-scrip fund, and possessed of a large measure of confidence and patronage. The crusades which his able reports had preached had borne gratifying fruit even within the term of his office. He retired on account of feeble health in 1874, but he still remains a venerable figure in Georgia, an honored citizen of Athens, and a warm friend of the university. Upon the death of Chancellor Mell in 1888, he consented to fill the chair of mental and moral philosophy thus made vacant until a permanent officer could be chosen.

Dr. Henry H. Tucker, chosen to succeed Chancellor Lipscomb, remained in that office four years, retiring in 1878. The memory of his tragic death in Atlanta during the summer of the past year, caused by a fall from his window, is still fresh.

Dr. Patrick H. Mell became the next chancellor. He had for many years been prominent as a professor in the college, and was even more eminent in the pulpit of the Baptist denomination, over whose Southern Convention he was for many years the able and beloved presiding officer. He had held the office of vice-chancellor since the first establishment of the new organization, and when called to

the higher office he soon harmonized the antagonisms which had existed both within and without the institution, and wrought renewed confidence throughout the state. His administration was one of gentleness and courtliness. The current of events both in the faculty and among the students flowed smoothly along the high plane which lies between gentleman and gentleman. Few instances of harsh discipline ruffled the period, and the register of the college shows an increase of attendance to higher figures than had ever before been realized. Dr. Mell died while still in armor, January 26, 1888, and was buried with impressive ceremonies from the university chapel.

His successor is the Rev. William Ellison Boggs, D.D., LL.D., originally of South Carolina, but called to his present high office from one of the largest pulpits of the Presbyterian church in the city of Memphis. He brings with him not only a just fame for eloquence, purity, and ability, but also an energy and devotion to duty which augur success for his administration. He has already obtained a strong hold upon his associates in the faculty, and upon the students, and upon the people of the state.

Of the many devoted and conscientious men who have taught in the university in the past, any just notice here is impossible. To the witness of their faithfulness and ability is added the glory reflected from a list of graduates which challenges comparison with that of any institution in the country—a list including such names as those of Toombs, Hill, Cobb, Lumpkin, Alexander H. Stephens, and Henry W. Grady.

The social life of the university, as displayed in the ordinary intercourse of the students, their association in the literary societies, and their participation in the commencement exercises, present many features of interest. Before the war the patronage of the college was derived almost entirely from the sons of well-to-do planters, the only class then able to send their sons to college. These young men were held together under close discipline in the dormitories. There, amid common labors and trials, they formed an intimacy and friendship extending throughout their lives. The same friendship and intimacy exist to-day, though the dormitory system has been abolished and though the stu-

dents themselves come from every walk and condition of life. In both periods the number of the students here gathered has been in the neighborhood of two hundred each year, and the association has been such that each student has known all of his fellows by name. The most democratic feeling has been noticeably characteristic. Brains, energy, and determination are what have determined leadership, and no class ostracism has marred the general harmony. Only he who has ventured to violate the high standard of honor under which the examinations and competition for honors are conducted has suffered scorn and contempt. Even at the time when the free scholarships of the Agricultural College were contrasted with the existence of tuition fees in Franklin College, no strong antagonistic class feeling was manifest. He is a shrewd dissembler who can pass in this democracy of mind for more than he is worth; while merit, though in uncouth exterior, meets unfailing recognition.

In the halls of the two literary societies the students down to 1872 presented an interesting picture. Fed at first on the stirring patriotism of their forefathers, and stirred in later days by the issues involved in the Civil War, taught to look upon the orator as the sublimest figure in history, and statesmanship as the highest goal of ambition, they weekly strove to conquer in these halls awkwardness of body and of tongue, and with perennial enthusiasm contested for the public honors of their societies. In this way many of them won a state reputation before leaving the college halls, and it is undoubtedly true that the foundation of the future power and usefulness of many of the most distinguished men of the state has been laid amid these associations.

The fruition of the efforts put forth by the students in the literary societies appeared at the college commencements, when to the presence of the distinguished men who composed the *Senatus Academicus* was added that of large numbers of notable people, whom the exercises attracted. There being no railroad facilities for many years, everybody came in private carriages, those from Savannah and the lower portions of the state making Athens their stopping-place on the way to Madison Springs and the picturesque summering-places around Tailulah Falls. Those con-

cerned in the affairs of state followed the governor to Athens, and all enjoyed the generous hospitality for which the place is famous. Many of the political slates in both state and national politics have emanated from the handsome drawing-rooms that fringe the Campus. Before an audience of this description, made attractive by beauty as well as by renown, the young recipients of college honors made their best bows and delivered their best speeches. Two distinguished orators of older years, often drawn from beyond state lines, graced the occasion with elaborate addresses before the Society of the Alumni and the two literary societies, while the Sabbath preceding these exercises was given to the sermon of some eminent divine. The gathering extended over four days, and offered a feast of oratory well calculated to delight even the cultivated crowds which thronged the college chapel. This commencement programme is still in force; and though the instruction given in the college and the spirit of the times have drifted away from those of this exclusively literary and oratorical period, this commencement usage remains as the evidence of the influence exerted by the college during seventy-five years of its life, the result of which is the cloud of distinguished witnesses which encompass the university in the political and judicial arenas. A marked change is now observable in the student life, shown in the less prominent position of the literary societies and the springing up of such organizations as the Science Club and the Engineering Society. While the past few years have shown many literary graduates, there has also been a goodly number of those fitted for engineering, agriculture, and chemistry.

The story of the benefactions received by the university has a few noteworthy chapters. Honor far more than has been given is due for the donation of land by Governor Milledge. That six hundred and thirty acres not only gave the university its home, but the sale of lots from it in the city of Athens has yielded the means by which several of the buildings and much of the equipment were purchased. The chair of ancient languages now bears the name of Milledge.

The Gilmer fund, yielding an income of a little more than a thousand dollars, for improving the condition of what its donor

calls "the Georgia schoolmarster," was not an original bequest to the university trustees. It became their trust in 1884 by a relinquishment in their favor on the part of the original trustees to whom Governor George R. Gilmer had bequeathed it. Its application to the Institute of Pedagogics will be a happy realization of the intent of its giver.

A donation of a most unique nature came to the board of trustees in 1880 from Charles F. McCay, twenty years a professor in Franklin College, before the troubles of the faculty with Dr. Church. The limitations of the trust require that the seven thousand dollars in railroad bonds originally given shall be carefully held and reinvested in safe securities with all accruing interest, so as to compound the same semiannually if possible, until a period of twenty-one years after the death of the donor's own grandchildren and those of his brothers and sisters. This list numbers twenty-three names, to which he then adds two more in the grandsons of his friend, Judge John J. Gresham. When this bequest shall mature, one hundred years hence, the interest on the sum thus accumulated will be applied to the salaries of the professors in the institution. Having thus allowed full time for the heartburns connected with his separation from the university to die out, and all recollection of it to be forgotten even by his family, Professor McCay becomes the creator of a princely endowment. Should the university survive to that time her finances need never more be straitened.

Dr. William Terrell, by a donation of \$20,000, was the first to encourage the study of scientific agriculture in the state. He had himself been the first professor of agriculture in Franklin College, and it is fitting that his earnest efforts in behalf of that study should continue through the Terrell professor of agricultural chemistry employed by his donation.

But the most noteworthy gift to the university comes from Senator Joseph E. Brown, in the shape of \$50,000 invested in state bonds, the interest on which is loaned to meritorious young men who stand in need of pecuniary aid while striving to get an education. The fund is a monument not only to the wisdom and generosity of its donor, but in its name perpetuates the memory of Charles McDonald Brown, a son of the founder, who died while yet a

student at the university. From seventeen to twenty young men in the several departments of the university are thus enabled to prosecute their studies and obtain an education otherwise beyond their reach. Since the establishment of this fund in 1881, nearly two hundred beneficiaries have been enrolled, and the principal is now receiving increase from the return of the amounts borrowed by the first beneficiaries.

The university has already felt the impulse which comes from the invigorated energies of her new trustees and new chancellor. The work of the trustees in their last June meeting was of marked importance. Pressed by the necessities of the parent institution and convinced of the unwisdom of scattering the very limited finances of the university, nearly all the aid hitherto extended to the branch colleges has been withdrawn. More important still, the board has taken counsel with the faculty, and formulated a clear plan for the expansion of the university, a plan which, without disturbing the existing system in its direct application to the students, lends itself with singular elasticity to a development as broad as its fondest friend could wish.

So important is it that the policy of the university should be proclaimed in no uncertain terms amid the awakened interest in education in Georgia and the roar of the strong current of progress which is rapidly drawing in new citizens and carrying forward the state to better things, that the report of the committee on re-organization deserves to be included in this running sketch of the university's career:

Whereas, it is of the first importance that the trustees should formulate a definite and comprehensive scheme for the development of the university, to the end that it may be organized upon a basis which shall be in conformity with the advancement of letters and of educational methods; therefore, resolved, that the University Faculty or Academic Council shall be composed of the following professorships [naming fourteen chairs and supplementing them by six instructors and eight fellows as additional officers of instruction].

Within the general university organization, of which the chancellor shall be the head, there shall be two separate and distinct organizations, as follows: First, A Faculty of Arts, corresponding to Franklin College, and officered by ten full professors, one of whom shall be the dean, with two instructors and four fellows. Second, A Faculty of Science, being the Georgia State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in which ten full

professors, one being the president, with three instructors, four fellows, and a commandant of cadets, shall constitute the teaching force. In the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts there shall be established a School of Practical Agriculture, to be conducted under the direction of the professor of agriculture at the university farm. There shall also be established an Institute of Pedagogics upon the Gilmer foundation (a donation whose spirit, as above remarked, exactly accords with such an object), to which the members of the faculty shall contribute, and in which instruction shall be given by the professor of pedagogics.

The government of the university, as heretofore, is intrusted to the chancellor and general faculty; and all undergraduates, however classified, shall be upon terms of perfect equality in all respects, and be free to choose, under the direction of the faculty, any of the courses of study offered by the university.

Of this complete scheme much is in practical operation. The two academic faculties are filled to the extent of nine full professors in each, seven of the chairs being parts of both colleges. The presidency of the faculty of science in the State College is held by Dr. H. C. White, while Dr. L. H. Charbonnier graces the office of dean of the faculty of arts in Franklin College. The chancellor thus stands aided by two of the strongest men in the general faculty. The chair of history and political science, all of the instructorships but two, and the fellowships without exception, are yet to be filled.

It is confidently hoped that another year will bring the Institute of Pedagogics into activity, to supply the need of normal instruction for teachers so widely felt in the schools of the state. No tuition will be charged, and the institute will be opened at a convenient time for the attendance of as many as desire to come. The professor of pedagogics will be non-resident and will be annually drawn from the ranks of the most distinguished educators both within and without the state. For the early establishment of the other parts of the plan the board looks to the next convening legislature, from whose predecessor their trust has been directly derived, and before whom they will lay their conception of what that trust should be. They look further to the generous alumni of the institution and citizens of the state, who might well make the several professorships and fellowships enduring monuments of their generosity, under the guarantee of the state to take in charge any trust funds

of the university, paying the interest to the trustees.

The work of Chancellor Boggs and his faculty has been equally marked on the internal condition of the university. The standard of entrance has been greatly raised, and better still, the gateway from class to class has been so narrowed that faithful work and genuine acquirements are the price paid for diplomas. The faculty, while doing this good work in the academic courses, finds itself greatly hampered by excessive duties in its aspirations for that higher and real university work which takes both professor and student into the realm of original research. No state needs a fully equipped university more than Georgia. Vexed as she is with the intricate problems of race and material progress, the state can find no safer refuge from the former, and no more reliable guides for the latter than in the enlightened

instructions and training afforded by such an institution. The university's progress in the past has been opposed by a lack of appreciation of its merits and needs on the part both of legislators and their constituents, to which the antagonism of denominational colleges in organized efforts for their own advancement has been added for more than thirty years past. From the latter source, the blessedness of those persecuted and reviled for righteousness' sake has been for years past, and is still, made the possession of the university. Having well survived, however, to this hour, and standing on the impregnable rock of the principles laid down in her charter, she feels the impulse of a strong chancellor and a united faculty, of a board of trustees roused to a high sense of duty and opportunity, of an army of influential alumni organized and rallying to her aid; and she looks to the future confidently.

A WOMAN OF SHAWMUT.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL TIMES.

By Edmund James Carpenter.

XII.

THE surprise of the people of the town was great, when they saw Governor Bellingham returning across the neck, with Penelope seated behind him upon a pillion. Still greater was their amazement when he drew rein at his own doorstep, assisted the girl to alight, and escorted her within, with ceremonious civility. But it knew no bounds when it became known that the woman to whom he showed such marked courtesy was already his bride. From house to house, from shop to shop, the tidings flew, and great was the excitement and great the indignation of both magistrates and people.

"Is it not as I told thee?" demanded Kidby, the fisherman, as he strode into Hudson's Ordinary, and threw a basket of fish upon the floor. "Did I not say," he asked, fiercely, "that Richard Bellingham is no friend of the people? But I own that I little thought he would be so ungrateful."

"What hath happened, Kidby?" asked Hudson, as a group gathered about the two.

"Hast not heard, gossip?" he asked, wonderingly. "Am I truly the first to tell it? Listen, then. But yesternight came knocking at my door Ezekiel Bolt; and when I bid him enter, he did seem greatly distraught, and weak and faint, withal. And when my good wife had brought him meat, and he had eaten, he saith: 'And thou wilt give me shelter, Kidby?' And I said: 'Surely, Master Bolt, thou art welcome to the best that my house can give to thee. But wherefore, I pray thee?' Then he saith: 'Governor Bellingham hath despoiled me. He did despatch me to Winisimmet, and when I had fairly gone, he hid him to Cambridge and tempted her who was to have been my wife, with his gold, and she hath become his bride and not mine.' And I said: 'Of a truth, she was promised to thee, and ye have already been published in the churches. How,

then, under our righteous laws, can she be espoused to another?' And Ezekiel saith to me: 'Behold, Kidby, the governor hath himself taken the part of the magistrate, and hath pronounced himself and Mistress Pelham to be man and wife!'"

"Himself!" gasped the bystanders, in astonishment.

"It is so," said Kidby. "Governor Richard Bellingham hath transgressed our righteous laws, the which he hath sworn faithfully to execute."

"He should be presented by the great inquest," said Hudson, with indignation.

"Even so he should," agreed Waters Sinnott, who stood by. "It is not meet that the governor should break our laws, and we all be holden. He should be presented." And so said all who stood by.

"And what of Master Bolt?" inquired Hudson. "In troth, why came he not hither for shelter, and not trouble thy good wife?"

"Alack, good Master Hudson, and he hath not drawn his earnings of his worship, the governor, save as his need hath required. He had by him but a little" —

"And did Master Ezekiel Bolt bethink him that I would require aught of him? He should have known me better. Send him hither to me. He shall not want for shelter while William Hudson hath a roof above him. Full many a kindness hath he done to me."

"He is much distraught," said Kidby, "so that, forsooth, I feared me yesternight that he was beside himself. For he did toss upon his bed and did mutter many times, as he slept: 'The withered blossoms! the withered blossoms!'"

"Aye, the poor lad," said another. "Dost know of what he spoke, Kidby? Mayhap it was not he who spoke, but some other through him. Canst see an omen?"

"Nay," answered Kidby, "he talked with her across the palings at Master Wilson's, upon the election day; and as they talked, the blossoms of the morning-glory vines faded away. They but do so from day to day, as the sun waxeth. I see naught in it. But Ezekiel thinks it to have been a warning that he should have heeded."

"Mayhap it was! mayhap it was!" muttered Sinnott.

Before the night fell, all in the town had heard the great news, but not a voice was

heard to praise the governor's deed. The young men, with whom Ezekiel was a favorite, sympathized with him in his great grief. Many sought him at "The Bunch of Grapes," where he took up his abode, and warmly expressed their indignation at the governor's heartlessness. The older men and the magistrates, with whom Bellingham had never been a favorite, openly avowed their disapproval. The women, old and young, railed mercilessly at the heartless conduct of Penelope, and vowed that she could never more be to them what she had been.

When the governor first appeared upon the street, after his marriage, he was everywhere greeted with cold and distant looks, with glances of distrust and aversion. He was surprised to find himself the object of a crushing unpopularity. Former friends, he realized, were now foes, and those who had been already unfriendly were now more than ever his enemies. He had thought that to take a young wife, who would reopen his mansion, that had been closed to the social world since the death of his former wife, would increase his hold upon the popular heart, and render his triumph at the next election, now but a few months in the future, a foregone conclusion. He had reckoned upon the great popularity of the bright, young girl, Penelope, with the young freemen of the colony. But he had sailed upon a false reckoning.

Meanwhile, as the storm of indignation swept over the town, a man broken in spirit sat listlessly in his room at "The Bunch of Grapes." For hours together he would sit, brooding over his great trouble, and gazing out of the window upon the water of the bay, wondering if it would ever be still. One day he was aroused from his reverie by Hudson, who announced a visitor below.

"What manner of man is he?" asked Ezekiel.

"Plainly to tell thee, it is Malchus, the serving man of his worship, the governor," answered Hudson.

"What doth he desire?"

"Nay, I know not. He hath not told me; neither did I ask of thy affairs. Come thou down and ask of him, Ezekiel."

Ezekiel arose wearily and walked heavily down the stairs.

"Thou didst call for me, Malchus?" he said to the man in waiting.

"Yea, Master Bolt. His worship, the governor, did despatch me to find thee, and to give to thee this bag of gold," said Malchus, placing a bag of coin upon the table.

"Take thou back the governor's gold," said Ezekiel, "and say to him that Ezekiel Bolt hath no need of his charity."

"Nay, sir," entreated the man, "it is not charity, but thy due. 'Behold, these are his wages,' saith his worship."

"Nay, nay, I cannot touch his gold. I want it not. Take it back to Governor Bellingham and say to him that I want it not. 'Twould taint my touch."

"Nay, Ezekiel," urged Hudson, "it is thine own due. Why shouldst not take it?"

"'Tis the price of my heart's blood," said Ezekiel, with a shudder. "Take thou it, Hudson, if thou wilt, and give it to them who order the town's occasions, that they may bury the poor withal. His Worship, the governor himself, is one of these, and may tell how best to order it."

When Malchus had gone, Ezekiel turned toward the window again, and resumed his gaze upon the water.

"Come, then, my friend, an' this will never do," said William Hudson, laying his hand roughly, but kindly, upon his shoulder. "Thou must not brood, after this wise, over thy sorrow. There are still good fish in the sea. Let not thy life be despoiled by the vagaries of a fickle woman. Get thee up and go hence with Kidby. See, he waiteth for thee in his boat," continued Hudson, pointing from the window. "Go thou and cast thy line and forget thy grief."

"My grief I cannot forget," answered Ezekiel. "But I will go with Kidby."

And so it came about that the governor's secretary, forgetful of his former calling, went forth daily with his line, and became one with the fishermen of the port. His buoyancy of spirits was gone. He became a silent man, but not morose. He seldom spoke unless addressed, and then answered, often with a sad smile. As, year after year, the spring-time came, he made it his custom to visit the forest of Rocksbury, and the earliest blossoms of the mayflower he was sure to find.

Still the feeling of indignation toward the governor continued, and the opinion of the group of fishermen was echoed as

the universal sentiment of the town. "He who breaketh our righteous laws," said they all, "must be presented, be he governor or magistrate or the humblest dweller among us." And so it came about that as Governor Bellingham sat in his library there came a great knocking at his door, and a voice without cried:—

"Open thou, Richard Bellingham, in the law's name!"

Then entered Nicholas Willys, the constable, bearing his white wand of office, and stood before the governor as he sat at his desk. Penelope, or, as we must now call her, Madame Bellingham, sat in the crimson cushioned alcove, half concealed by the heavy folds of the curtain.

"Know thou," said the constable, "that the great inquest hath presented thee, Richard Bellingham, for trial at our court, that thou hast broken our righteous laws. Take thou heed, therefore, and answer to this summons."

As Willys spoke, he laid before the governor the warrant, and, without a bow, withdrew.

"An impudent fellow, forsooth," said Madame Bellingham, when the constable had gone. "Why made he not his obeisance to thee, the governor?"

"Nay," answered Bellingham, "Willys hath the right of it. He came in the law's name to wait upon Richard Bellingham, the freeman, and not the governor. He should not have made obeisance."

"But what wilt thou do," asked his wife, anxiously, "that the great inquest hath presented thee?"

"I am Richard Bellingham," answered the governor; "have thou no fear."

The gratification of the people of the colony was great when it became known that an indictment had been found against the governor. It had been feared by some that, since he was himself a magistrate, this fact would serve to deliver him. But Puritan justice was stern and no respecter of persons. It was, therefore, with the greatest interest that the people awaited the coming of the day when the trial of the governor should be held. When it at last came, the room was crowded with the freemen of the colony. Here in the judges' seat sat Winthrop the elder, and Sir Richard Saltonstall, from among the magistrates. Hibbens and Tyng, the deputies, were here, and here, too, were the men of the town,

Valentine Hill, the merchant, and Lysle, the barber, and Davies, the gunsmith, and Tuesdale and Leverett, and behind them all, the broad shoulders and ruddy face of William Hudson. Not a few women, too, elbowed their way through the throng and filled the benches allotted to spectators. But among them all none was more calm and self-possessed, more indifferent to the gaze and chatter of the crowd without, than was the governor. The people shrank backward and gave him room as he approached, and, as the chief magistrate of the colony, ascended the bench and took his seat with Winthrop and Saltonstall.

"Of a truth," said Sir Richard, in a low tone to Winthrop, "Richard Bellingham will not himself sit, while he is accused."

"It were not meet that he should do so," answered Winthrop.

"Have ye aught else to bring before us?" demanded Bellingham of the secretary, after he had heard and decided a few trifling causes. The people held their breath and looked upon the secretary with anxious expectancy.

"We have naught else," answered the secretary solemnly, "save a presentment against one Richard Bellingham, that he hath made a breach of the order of court."

"If ye have any causes that ye would bring against any person whatsoever, we will hear them," said the governor, while all marvelled at his boldness.

"But it is scarcely meet that a magistrate should sit in judgment upon his own cause," said the secretary. Winthrop and Sir Richard turned a glance upon each other, at these words, then looked upon Bellingham for his answer.

"Nay, we know naught of these things," said Bellingham. "The magistrates must hear what is brought before them. I will yield to no one of my right and duty."

"And thou wilt not come down?" asked the secretary.

"Nay," answered Bellingham. "I will not come down except I am so commanded. And who shall bid me?" he added in a low tone, as if to himself.

"We must, perforce, put it off until another time, then," said the secretary.

"If ye have naught else to bring before me, the court shall be adjourned," said the governor.¹

¹ *John Winthrop's History of New England*, 1641. "The great inquest presented him for

A silence, deep and solemn, fell upon all. At last the secretary spoke:—

"We have naught else."

"Then let the officer adjourn the court," said the governor, and he swept from the room, his robes of office rustling as he went.

Still greater was the amazement of the people when it became known throughout the colony that the governor had not only broken the law, but had openly defied its authority.

"We cannot have this man as our chief magistrate," said one and another, in the market place and upon the street corners. The fishermen, who were wont to gather for gossip at Hudson's Ordinary, and among whom Ezekiel was a hero, were loud in their denunciation of the governor.

"Why should he not meet the reward of his deeds?" exclaimed their leader, Kidby, angrily.

"Mayhap it may come yet, but in another way than he thinketh," said Kirkby.

"What meanest thou, Kirkby?" asked Sinnott.

"The Lord himself judgeth," answered the other solemnly.

The magistrates, too, whispering among themselves, found no excuse for their chief, who had so openly and flagrantly set the law at naught. Never kindly in their feelings toward Bellingham, their antagonism was now all the more increased, and an opportunity only was awaited for them openly to show their hostility to him.

But among all the people, none were more outspoken in their dislike, both of Bellingham and of his wife, than were the women. Sharp-tongued were some of these Puritan dames, and intolerant of those who were breakers of the law, human or divine. With their consciences braced upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, they could scarcely imagine any punish-

breach of the order of court, and at the court following, in the 4th month, the secretary called him to answer the prosecution, but he not going off the bench, as the manner was, and but few of the magistrates present, he put it off to another time, intending to speak with him privately, and with the rest of the magistrates about the case, and accordingly he told him the reason why he did not proceed, viz., being unwilling to command him publicly to go off the bench, and yet not thinking it fit he should sit as a judge, when he was by law to answer as an offender. This he took ill, and said he would not go off the bench except he were commanded."

ment too severe for this aristocratic pair of law-breakers. It is not at all certain that, had these women had their will, they would not have condemned the governor and his young wife to an hour in the pillory, or even to a taste of the constable's whip.

XIII.

ONCE again came the day of the General Court of Elections, and once more the freemen of the colony crowded the streets of Boston. Very like it was to the throng which filled the streets a year ago; but quite unlike was the conversation in the market-stead and at the street corners. Not a voice was heard in praise of George Bellingham, nor in urging his re-election. Again and again was told the story of his infraction of the law, of his perfidy toward his friend, and of his defiance of the court. But the story was new to none. All had heard it, and what the governor had hoped would increase his popularity was itself the very thing which called forth their execration. It was, then, with exceeding chagrin that Governor Bellingham heard the announcement of Increase Nowell, that John Winthrop had been returned to the governor's seat, by a great majority of the votes of the freemen. It was a result that he must have anticipated; yet his chagrin was none the less keen, and was increased by the recollection of his own meagre majority a year before. It was with the bitterness of death that he administered the oath to his successor and surrendered to him his chair of office. That his own deputy-governor, Endicott, was re-elected did not in the least assuage his chagrin. As he withdrew, after the throng of freemen had disappeared and left the General Court to its deliberations, he felt that he was followed by all with a smile of derision. As he emerged into the market-place and faced the throng assembled there, and as they respectfully made way for him, he felt that all eyes were upon him and that few, if any, sympathized with him in his disappointment.

"Penelope," he said, as he seated himself in his library and drew his young wife toward him, "the blow hath come upon me. Know that I am no more Governor Bellingham, and thou no more the governor's wife. I did fear as much," he went

on, scarcely noticing the effect of his communication upon his wife, "when the freemen of Boston did refuse to return Master Hibbens, who is the husband of my sister Ann, as a deputy to the General Court, but elected Captain Gibbons in his stead.¹ Even then I feared me that my magistracy was ended."

"But the people of Boston did again elect thee to order the town's affairs, but in the month after our marriage."²

"True, and so they did. But such hath been the custom, that the governor should be one of those who order the town's occasions. But now they have scorned me. Winthrop hath an ambition to be the governor, and some say that he doth desire that he be chosen for life. He hath but achieved his opportunity."

"Is Master Winthrop, then, the governor?"

"Even he."

Penelope turned slowly away, and walking to the alcoved window, cast herself in silence upon the crimson cushion. Bellingham regarded her attentively for a time, but she made no sign. At length he approached and seated himself beside her.

"Penelope, have I wronged thee? I did ask thee to be the governor's wife, and I did offer what was not mine to give," he said.

Penelope made no answer.

"Ah! how blind was I," sighed Bellingham. "I did tempt thee with a bubble, which hath broken at a breath. Thou didst violence to thine own heart and now hast naught to repay thee."

"Nay! nay! say not so," said Penelope, starting up. "For I still have thee, and thou art all the world. Let all else be forgotten. Thou art not the governor, but thou art still Bellingham, and I am thy wife. True will I be to thee, though thou art in sorrow. Thy grief is mine also, not

¹ *Ibid. Reports of Boston Record Commissioners*, Vol. II., p. 65. "This 2d of 3d moneth, 1642, At a general Townsmeeting, upon warning from house to house, William Tyng, Treasurer and Capt. Gibones are chosen Deputyes for the next Generall Court."

² *Ibid.*, p. 65. "This 6th of the 10th moneth, 1641. At a general Towns meeting, upon Publicke warning. There are chosen for the Affayres of the Towne for these six months next ensuing, Richard Bellingham, esqre. Governor, John Winthrop, esqre., William Tyng, Treasurer, Capitaine Gibones, William Calbron, Jacob Eliott, Valentine Hill, James Penne, John Olivr."

for my own sake, but for thine. Let the people do as they may. Some day again thou shalt come into thine own, and then shall I be the governor's wife, and thou wilt have kept thy promise."

Bellingham's face lighted with a smile.

"If thou hast no regrets now, thou shalt have none hereafter."

"Of that I am sure," she answered.

Penelope's words were prophetic. But long years must pass before their fulfillment, and both joy and sorrow were to come to her heart and home. Although deprived of the governorship, the social position which Bellingham occupied was well assured by his wealth and education. He was born to be a leader of men, and although never enjoying an extreme popularity, he was still looked up to for advice and counsel in both public and private affairs. As a selectman of the town he was vigilant and watchful of the public weal. There were few among the colonists who were possessed of wealth, and, following the monarchical system under which they were born and reared, they drew a sharp line between the gentry and the common people. Bred as a lawyer and possessed of wealth which, for those early days, was by no means inconsiderable, Bellingham could not fail to occupy a social position far above the greater portion of the people about him. But, unlike Winthrop, he failed to draw the hearts of the people to him, and he had not the rugged, bold conscientiousness of Endicott. Excessively opinionated, after the First Church and the Second Church were gathered, he could see no good reason for the formation of a third. Acting upon this belief, he became the implacable, unyielding enemy of the Third, or, as it came to be called, the Old South Church. When the church was finally gathered, and an edifice had been erected upon what had been the lawn of Governor Winthrop's mansion, he conceived for the church an opposition amounting almost to hatred, which ended only with his life. Some there were, at the last, who were fain to rejoice at his death, that a "Son of Belial" had been removed from among them.¹ But this is anticipating.

However great might be the unpopularity of her husband, Penelope was, or appeared to be, blissfully unconscious of it all. She looked up to her husband, since he was many years her senior, much as a child looks to a father for counsel. She believed in him, and she thoroughly believed that some day he would again fill the governor's chair. Although she rapidly lost her youthful manner, and assumed the airs of a matron, as became one in her social station, she did not forget her former associates and friends. Possessed of a nature far more genial and sunny than that of her husband, she made many friends and lost none. True, after her marriage she was looked upon with coldness by many, on account of her conduct toward Ezekiel. But this frost soon dissolved beneath the warmth of her smile, and those friends who had momentarily deserted her returned to their allegiance. Nor did she appear to have noticed, and if she did she readily forgave, their resentment toward her. The old mansion on Cotton Hill was filled with warmth and sunshine and the sound of young, fresh voices.

Madame Bellingham was by no means plebeian in her tastes, yet she was not exclusive. Many a worthy young man and maiden, who had not been accustomed to mingle in the higher society of the colony, were admitted and welcomed to her charmed circle. Thus did her influence among the people serve to level the social barriers and obliterate distinctions. In fact, the gentry, as a class, began rapidly to disappear, or rather to become absorbed, despite their struggles, into the great middle class.

Her leadership in the social life of the colony was one of the joys that came into the life of Penelope Bellingham. But there were others. One by one, little ones, charming buds of promise, came to her home. But these joys were soon followed by deepest grief; the cup of happiness was scarcely placed at her lips ere it was dashed away, and the sweet draught spilled upon the earth. So came little Hannah and tiny James, Sarai, and Ann, and Grace; but scarcely had the drops of the baptismal waters touched their foreheads ere they faded away, and "Rachael, weeping

ceased only with his life." Governor Coddington of Rhode Island is recorded as rejoicing at his death, calling him "Son of Belial."

¹ *Vide Diary of Samuel Sewall*, publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. II. "The most to be regretted is his enmity to the foundation of the third church of Boston that

for her children, would not be comforted, because they were not."¹

Two only of the little band were left to her: John, a sturdy little lad, and his sister Elizabeth, a tiny girl, with hair as her mother's was, of the hue of the morning sunlight. One bright morning in spring-time, the little one slipped from her nurse's care and, opening the gate, danced merrily down the street. Away, away, she knew not, cared not where, only to be free and to hear the birds sing in the trees, or to play marbles with the children of the street, whom she had so often seen and envied from the windows of her father's house. At last she reached the landing-place, and stood, bedraggled and dusty, gazing far out upon the blue waters of the harbor. Her torn frock fluttered in the wind, and she swung her hood in her hand and laughed shrilly, as her hair blew in disorder about her face. She watched a gray-haired man, as he rowed slowly toward the landing-place, made fast his boat, and clambered upon the pier. He had a kindly eye, and none had ever spoken rudely to the child. She felt no fear, then, as he approached and addressed her.

"Who art thou, little one? Hast thou not wandered from thy home? What is thy name? Canst tell me?"

"My name?" answered the child. "Oh, yes! I can tell my name. It is Elizabeth."

"And what is thy other name, little one?"

"I have no other name. I am only Elizabeth."

"But who is thy father?"

"Dost thou not know my father? Thou canst not live in Boston, that thou dost not know Master Richard Bellingham. My mother saith that he was once the governor and that he will be, mayhap, again. But that was long, long ago, before ever I was born."

"Thou art Richard Bellingham's child? I knew him once," added the man, as if to himself. "And I knew thy mother, also," he continued, addressing the child after a pause. "Thou hast thy mother's look in thy face. But that, too, was long, long ago; but I have not forgotten," he added, dreamily. He took the child's hand tenderly within his own and pressed it in his broad palms. Then he softly

stroked her hair, and smiled down upon her and said:—

"But thou art far from home for a little one like thee. Dost thou know the way? Let me lead thee home."

Gently he led the little child along, lifting her tenderly over the rough places, and listening delightedly to her childish prattle by the way. At length they came within sight of the mansion of Bellingham, and the child sprang forward with a cry of delight.

"See! there is my father's house."

"Yea, child, I know it," said the man. "Stay but a moment;" and he loosened a spray of fresh mayflowers from his doublet. "Give thou these to thy mother, child, and say to her that she must care for these blossoms, lest they wither, like the others."

"Yea, I will tell her what thou sayest," said the child, and she tripped away to her home. A moment later she was pouring her tale of her wonderful adventures into her mother's startled ears.

"But as I stood upon the pier," said the child, "a good man with gray locks and sad eyes, that once looked misty as he talked, came to me and asked me my name. And when I told him, he said that I had wandered from home, and that he knew my father and my mother once, long, long ago, and that he would take me home. And he took me by the hand and led me, and he lifted me over the stones, that I fell not, and he brought me to the corner yonder, until I could see my father's house. And he gave to me these flowers," she added, "and he bid me give them to thee, and to say to thee: 'Take care of these flowers, lest they wither like the others.'"

"What was he like, this man, my child?" asked the mother. "Had he deep, blue eyes?"

"Yea, mother, they were deep and dark, but they looked at me so sadly, and when I turned away and looked again, he was still looking at me with his sad eyes. Who was he, mother? Dost thou know him?"

"Nay, nay, my child. I know him not. He had gray locks, thou sayest?" But as she spoke, she gasped slightly and turned away to hide a tear, and left the room. Once safely in her own chamber, she covered her face with her hands and weiled in anguish.

¹ *Vide Reports of Boston Record Commissioners*, Vol. IX. (City Document 130.)

"My children! my children! He said, 'Alas, the withered blossoms! the withered blossoms!' Can he have had a presage? And he warned me that I tempt not the name of the Lord. Alas! alas! hath the Lord come in judgment upon me? Hath he sent children to me but to mock me? I did call his will what was but my own desire for wealth and power. Oh! that my repentance might save to me these two!" And she wept bitterly.

But woe came again upon her, and as she clasped her little one to her bosom, she faded and was not, and John alone was left as his mother's comforter.

XIV.

It has been said that Penelope's words were prophetic, when she assured her husband that some day he would again be the governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. But, doubtless, Bellingham little thought that twelve years must pass before he would again be elevated to power. Yet so it was, and even at the expiration of that long period of penance, he was not elevated to the highest place, but was forced to be content to be the deputy-governor only. But a year later, he was again given a short lease of the highest office, and once more the people bowed their heads to Governor Bellingham, as he passed. But Penelope, his wife, was no longer the bright young girl who had become the governor's bride. She was now a woman of middle age, among whose golden locks sorrow and care had already drawn, here and there, a line of silver. The governor himself now trod more heavily than of yore, and his locks were gray. But in nowise had he endeared himself to the people more than before. His manner was austere; but this was the manner of the times. It was something more than austerity that was the controlling characteristic of Governor Bellingham's nature. Yet as time passed, the remembrance of many of the failings of his earlier years faded from the minds of the people. Many of his generation, of his early antagonists, passed away or ceased to be active in the local political arena. The remembrance of his violation of the law and of his lack of personal good faith, in the affair of his marriage, ceased to be

discussed, and at last became only a tradition, to be told by the old men and crooning dames, as they warmed their withered hands over the blaze upon the hearth.

Still Bellingham was, for the second time, retained but for a single year in his exalted position. The following year he was again deposed and Endicott was once more chosen governor. But Bellingham's grasp at political power was strong, and though, while Endicott lived, he could not attain his highest wishes, still none could wrest from him the second office in the colony. As Deputy-Governor Bellingham, then, we are to know him for ten years to come.

The years which had elapsed between the first and the last election of Bellingham, as governor of the colony, had been the most eventful which England had ever seen. Only now and then, however, when a ship arrived, bringing supplies and welcome additions to their number, did the colonists learn of the great events that were happening across the sea. Then they heard of the great contest which was waged between Parliament and the throne. They heard that their countrymen had taken up arms against one another, and that great battles were fought between those whom they deemed to be their friends and the troops led by the king. They heard that the Puritan Cromwell had arisen, almost from obscurity, and had become the great leader of the cause of the people. They heard, at last, and they told it with bated breath and in startled whispers, in the market-place and about the streets, that Charles had laid his royal head upon the block and that imperialism, in England, with him had died. They heard and rejoiced that, upon the ruins of the monarchy, had arisen a commonwealth, which they regarded as the realization of their dreams of religious freedom and the extinction of popery.

But their exultation was not of long duration. One day a ship arrived bringing the dread news that Cromwell was dead, and that the second Charles, already the crowned king of Scotland, had been restored to the English throne. The adherents of Cromwell were flying for their lives, or were laying their heads upon the block. The same ship brought three mysterious strangers, who shrank from the gaze of men, and soon disappeared from the settlement as mysteriously as they

came. Who were these men, was a question that long puzzled the gossips of the town. Endicott and Bellingham and others of the magistrates knew that these were of that bold band of men who had sat in judgment upon their king and had condemned him to death.

But it was not alone in England that tragedies were enacted. From the superstition of the time sprang the delusion which, a few years later, in Salem, wrought such atrocities as make men shudder even now, when they are recalled. Upon the family of Bellingham was the blow the first to fall. The deputy-governor, despairing and helpless to save her from her dreadful fate, saw his sister led forth to death.¹ Thus another and a blacker shadow fell upon Richard Bellingham's life.

With the death of Endicott was removed the last obstacle to the full realization of Bellingham's hopes. Twice had he been elected governor, but for only a year at each time had he enjoyed his exaltation. There were those who, following the superstitious ideas of the day, fully believed that to his faithlessness to Ezekiel might be ascribed all his woes and disappointments. Some said that the young secretary's gesture, at parting with the governor and Penelope, upon their bridal evening, was an unuttered curse, and that this, hovering like a cloud above the two, hung between them and the sunlight of happiness. As one by one, the little ones were laid away in the tomb, the more superstitious among the townspeople shook their heads gravely and whispered one to another, as the funerals passed: "Behold, here is yet another withered blossom." And when, for the second time, Bellingham failed to hold the lofty position that he had acquired, a few were left of these, who said solemnly among themselves: "Nay, but this must needs be so. Bellingham hath brought upon himself his own debasement."

But at length his last rival for gubernatorial honors was gone. Winthrop had preceded Endicott to the unseen country

by nearly a score of years. Dudley, too, was gone, and now, save Bellingham, scarce one remained of that band of leaders who for so many years had stood at the head of the affairs of state. He was an old man now. Twenty-four years had passed since first he claimed the title of governor. But now, at last, when he had come into the full fruition of a life-long hope,¹ his youth and middle age were long past. A childless old man, too, he was, for John, the hope of his years, a young man, stalwart and strong, the son of his old age, had been taken.²

This last blow was a crushing one to Governor Bellingham and to his wife, Penelope. But as they stood by the open tomb, where already they had laid away so much of precious dust, the stern old man stood immovable amid the throng of onlookers, and gave no token of the great grief with which his proud heart was filled. But Penelope, as she gazed down into the gulf, and saw at her feet the row of tiny coffins, remembered suddenly her dream of years before. As vividly as then she saw the row of graves, now become to her a terrible reality; and as she turned away from the tomb and left, in his long sleep, the last child of her heart, her tearful eyes met a look of the deepest sympathy and sorrow, upon an unfamiliar face.

Then, again, came to her mind her dream, and she saw once more, but now in the flesh, the sad, patient face, fringed about with hair like hoar-frost. She saw the deep, blue eyes, and in them that same look of unutterable love, which was cast upon her when Ezekiel, her betrothed and forsaken, left her presence forever. And she went to her home and wept.

But Governor Bellingham, when alone in his chamber, paced the floor with clenched hands, and cried aloud in his

¹ Richard Bellingham was deputy-governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1635, and again in 1640. In 1641 he was elected governor, but held that office but one year. In 1653 he was again elected deputy-governor, and in 1654 was for a single year advanced to the position of governor. In 1655 he was made deputy-governor and held that office by successive re-elections, with Endicott as governor, until the death of the latter in 1665. Bellingham was then elected governor, and held that office until his death in 1672, at the age of eighty-one years.

² John Bellingham, son of Richard and Penelope Bellingham, graduated at Harvard College in 1660, and died about the year 1670.

¹ Mrs. Ann Hibbens, widow of William Hibbens, and sister of Deputy-Governor Bellingham, hanged for witchcraft on Boston Common, June, 1656. *Vide New England Historical Genealogical Register*, Vol. VI., p. 283; also, *Hutchinson Papers*, published by Massachusetts Historical Society, Second Series, Vol. VI.; also *Records and Archives of Massachusetts General Court*, 1656.

agony: "O, my son, Absalom! my son, my son, Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son, my son!"

Governor Bellingham did not long survive his son. Beyond his three-score years and ten when last chosen governor, he was readily persuaded to allow the younger and more vigorous deputy-governor, Willoughby, and later the ambitious Leverett, to perform many of the functions of the higher office. But when the son of his old age was taken from him, his heart broke. For two years he lingered, until he had fully rounded his four-score years. But one day, when the leaves were yellow upon the trees, a long procession wound its way to the old burying-ground, and Richard Bellingham was gathered to his fathers.¹

The stern old man's career was ended, and beside the son whom he so greatly loved and the little children who had come to him only for a season he was laid away to rest. A great concourse looked on in solemn silence. Among them all there was but one soul which grieved for him; one whose once golden locks were now turned to silver, though more from grief than age; for she had sold a heart's love for wealth and station, and had purchased but an empty token. What now remained to Penelope, save a generation of widowhood, a faded ribbon close about her neck, and a hope of immortality?

But what of Governor Bellingham? A Nemesis had followed him through life, and even in the grave, where all troubles of this earth should end, it still pursued him. Suns rose and set; seasons came and went; the province succeeded the colony; a war for liberty came, and the waves of conflict surged about his resting-place; soldiers clad in scarlet played cards upon his tombstone. Then the forces of Britain were driven back, and peace came and spread her white wings over a long-stricken people. Then came a long line of governors of a free state, and one of these sought a place of sepulture for his family. But the old burying-ground was crowded with silent forms, mustered thither through a century and a half of living and dying. Then said Governor Sullivan:

"Behold, here is the tomb of this ancient governor of the colony. Who, indeed, was Richard Bellingham, save, as the records tell us, for a while, a hundred years ago, governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay? He has no descendants to claim or to care for his resting-place. Why should not I, James Sullivan, claim this tomb to be mine?" And it was so ordered by the selectmen of the town, and the name of another was carved above that of Richard Bellingham, upon his tombstone.¹ And it came to pass, in the lapse of time, that Governor Sullivan, too, was gathered to his fathers, and once more was seen a great concourse of people following a governor's bier to his resting-place. It is many years ago that Governor Sullivan was laid away for his long sleep beside Governor Bellingham. But still it is one of the traditions which hover about the old Granary Burying-ground in Boston, that they who opened the tomb, whose entrance had been sealed for a hundred years, started, with a sudden shock, at that which was revealed. Lo! the earth itself, from which we all sprang, and to which we must return, had recoiled from him who would betray a friend. Gushing from her depths, a spring had bubbled forth and filled the space; and upon the surface of the dark water floated an ancient oaken coffin. Upon its lid was written the name of Richard Bellingham.²

XV.

LITTLE remains to be recorded. Penelope Bellingham, a sad-faced widow, went from her husband's grave to her deserted mansion. It was but a step or two distant, and from certain windows of her home she might see, if she would, the tomb which held all for which she had lived. But it is said that from these windows the lonely woman never looked, and passers-by re-

¹ *Ibid.* "The Bellingham family being extinct, the selectmen of Boston, in the year 1782, assigned this tomb to James Sullivan, Esquire."

² *Vide Shurtleff's Topographical and Historical Description of Boston*, p. 214. "The soil was springy and exceedingly damp. . . . It is said that when Judge Sullivan, at the close of the last century, repaired the Bellingham tomb, he found the coffin and remains of the old governor — who died on the seventh of December, 1672, in the eighty-first year of his age — floating around in the ancient vault."

¹ Governor Richard Bellingham died December 7, 1672, in the eighty-first year of his age. *Vide* his tombstone in Granary Burying-ground, Boston.

marked that at them the curtains were never drawn. Trouble and sorrow, to which she had been no stranger for years, did not desert her now. The records of the courts of Massachusetts contain no such long-contested suit at law as that which, for one hundred and fourteen years, was waged concerning the last will and testament of Governor Bellingham. During the thirty long years of her widowhood she knew no day when the wealth for which she bargained the love of her youth was not the subject of legal controversy. At Chelsea, at Ipswich, at Salem, she tarried for a time, as if to seek rest for a troubled spirit. But as surely as the metal returns to the lodestone, so did Madame Bellingham return to the place of her triumph and of her sorrow. She seldom looked upon the tomb which held her all, for inseparable from it was the mental vision of those sad eyes which looked upon her once and yet again, so full of love and of compassion. On rare occasions was she seen in public. Sometimes, at dusk, attended only by a servant, would she venture forth from her gloomy mansion, from whose quaint windows the light of social hospitality never shone. The younger people of the town looked upon her with reverence, mingled with awe; the children regarded the mysterious woman with dread, and fled if they saw her approaching in the gloaming. At infrequent intervals she attended church, where she sat with other aged dames or spinsters in the foreseat for women.¹ As the congregation dispersed, she would return with silent dignity the greetings of these relics of a past age, and of the very few who remained of her husband's contemporaries. These formalities over, she would hasten away, with downcast eyes and closely drawn veil, as if fearful lest she might encounter one whose glance would bring to her heaviness of spirit for days to come.

Meanwhile great matters were happening in the mother-country across the sea. The second Charles had flashed, and revelled, and died, a disappointed man that he had left none of his line to succeed him. The second James had mounted the throne, but to view from its height a sea of blood; and at last, a fugitive, he was king no longer, and the first of the line of Protestant mon-

archs ascended England's throne. William and Mary reigned together over Britain. Then Mary died and William was left to rule alone.

One bright day in May, 1702, a great buzzing was heard in the market-place and about the streets of Boston. A town-house had been built in the open stead, since the days of Governor Bellingham, where all the public affairs were transacted. About it were clustered groups of excited men. Not a few women, too, attracted by the unusual concourse, paused to learn the meaning of it all. There were not many in the throng, whom we saw gathered here upon the morning of Bellingham's first election. More than sixty years had passed since that memorable morning. Here and there was seen an aged man, whose thin, white locks told of a generation long past. There were others, gray-haired men too, who, in recalling their childhood's days, told of that bright June morning when Winthrop and Endicott and Bellingham and Saltonstall walked together in the solemn procession.

"How, now!" asked a late-comer. "What meaneth this great concourse? Hast news of moment from our lord, the king?"

"News, indeed!" answered the man addressed. "But an hour ago, arrived at the town house Master Burrington, who cometh from Newfoundland. He bringeth to the magistrates prints which tell of the death of our most valiant king."

"God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the other. "And the magistrates are but now met together within the town house, and the speech of all is that soon after midday a proclamation shall be made to the people, that the virtuous princess Anne hath become our queen."

"Long live her Gracious Majesty!"

So ran the gossip of the town, and rapidly the tidings flew, from street to street, from house to house, until all had heard the great news. Then were seen, hurrying to the place of rendezvous, soldiers, bearing their glittering halberds. Now and then, amid the din, was heard the sound of a drum or fife. At length, amid the excited throng in the market-place, went up a shrill cry.

"Back! good people, back! They come!"

¹ *Vide Diary of Samuel Sewell.* "Madame Bellingham in the foreseat for women."

A sudden hush followed. Then the people, parting upon either side, made way for the grand procession. Crowded in a vast throng, they stood in solemn silence. Upon paling and gate-post were clustered the boys and the youth of the town. Even the roofs were black with human forms, while the windows which afforded a view of the market stead were filled with the matrons and maidens, interested spectators of the scene below. No sound but the tramp of the coming procession broke the stillness.

First came into view a platoon of horsemen, their brilliant uniforms and polished halberds glittering in the sun. Behind them came the Company of Artillery, though Robert Keayne no longer marched at its head. Then came the civic procession, the representatives to the General Court, the ministers, the justices in their robes of office, and citizens of wealth and prominence. Last of all came the life guard of horse, escorting the council of state, which that year performed the gubernatorial functions. Halting at the head of the market-place, the regiment divided into two ranks which, facing inward, were aligned upon either side of the open stead. Before the town house, in the centre of the open space, stood the color-bearer, holding aloft the standard of Britain. Within the lines of soldiery on either side were ranged the dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, who had formed a part of the solemn procession.

When all were in their places, Sheriff Gookin advanced to the centre of the open stead, and in a loud voice, though surely it seemed quite unnecessary, commanded all to keep silence. Then a figure, clad in black velvet, left his place among the ranks of official personages, and took his position beneath the folds of England's flag. It was Mr. Secretary Adlington.

A deeper silence than before fell upon the vast assemblage. All listened for his voice, and soon, clear and full, it broke upon the air. In breathless silence the great throng stood, until the last words of the proclamation of Anne, as Queen of England, had died away. Then, amid the rolling of drums, long and loud burst forth from every throat a great cry:—

"Long live the Queen!"

Slowly the great crowd dispersed, and

as they went, the church bells took up the joyful refrain. From out their brazen throats rang forth a pæan of solemn rejoicing, sending far out over the sea, as if striving to reach the farther shore, the joyful tones of welcome to the sovereign of England, Old and New.

Suddenly the tones of rejoicing ceased, and, as the last tremulous vibrations thrilled the air and died away in space, a hush pervaded the town. All stilled their sounds of merry-making, and, looking at each other, said:—

"Behold, what meaneth this sudden silence?"

In a moment more the bell began a solemn toll, and then all knew that, amid the rejoicing, some soul had passed to its final account.¹ A breathless, awe-struck stillness fell upon all as, at last, the tolling ceased. Then, after a pause, while all wondered who it was that had passed, the bell, in measured, but rapid strokes, again began its utterance:—

"One! two! three! four! five! six! seven! eight! nine! ten!—"

"It cannot be a child, then, whose soul has passed," said the listeners.

"Fifteen! sixteen! seventeen! eighteen!"

"It can be no youth," said another.

"Nor yet a young man or woman," argued a third, as the strokes reached and passed the twenties and entered upon the thirties.

Still the bell tolled on. Forty, fifty, and sixty were passed; and then the feeling of solemn awe deepened upon the listening town.

"Who, forsooth, can it be, whose spirit hath passed?" said they, one to another.

¹ *Ibid* *Diary of Samuel Sewall*, Vol. II. "May 28, 1702. Burrington from Newfoundland brings prints of the King's death, March 8 at 8 A.M. . . . At last the Gazette containing the proclaiming the Queen came to hand. Then we resolved to proclaim her Majesty here, which was done accordingly, below the Townhouse. Regiment drawn up and Life Guards of Horse; Council, Representatives, Ministers, Justices, Gentlemen taken with the Guard. Mr. Secretary on foot read the order of the Council, the Proclamation and Queen's Proclamation for continuing Commissions. Mr. Sheriff Gookin gave it to the people. Volleys, guns. Proclamation was made between 3 and 4 o'clock. At 5 p.m. Madam Beltingham dies, a virtuous Gentlewoman, *antiquis, moribus, prisca fide*, who has lived a widow just about 30 years."

"Surely it must be one of the fathers or mothers in Israel."

The bell strokes numbered eighty, and all the town was breathless. Then, after a slight pause, the tones rang out two strokes more. And then there was a great silence.

"It is Madame Bellingham who is gone from us," said one of a group which clustered before the meeting-house. "There is none other among us who is of the age of eighty-two."

The speaker was a sad-faced old man, whose deep, blue eyes filled with tears as he spoke. There was none other to shed a tear; but, solemnly and reverently, all bared their heads and said in unison:

"God rest her soul!"

Again a long procession of the people of the town followed a bier to the ancient burying-place. But there were few amid

all the great throng who had ever looked upon the face of her who had gone, or had heard the sound of her voice; and when the stone which covered the tomb was at last sealed for a hundred years of undisturbed repose, the crowd melted away and soon was gone. But a few, who still lingered in the gloaming and spoke in whispers of the aged woman whose life had ended, saw an old man slowly and softly approach the tomb and lay something upon it. Then he as softly stole away again and was lost in the dusk. Then some, more bold and curious than the rest, drew near to learn what the old man's mysterious offering might be. And they, who had never heard the story of Ezekiel and Penelope, marvelled that it was only a cluster of fresh mayflowers, bound about with a faded ribbon.

THE END.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By General Joshua L. Chamberlain.¹

COMRADES: You bid me speak for you. What language shall I borrow that can hold the meaning of this hour? How translate into mortal tongue the power and glory of immortal deeds? Where can I find a strain to sound these depths of memory, or sweep these heights of harmony? Rather would I stand mute before the majesty of this presence, while all the scene around — token and talisman — speaks the unfathomable, unending story. Visions trooping on me in solemn, proud procession overcloud the present, till it drifts away to dream and shadow, and they alone are the living and unchanged. Emotions struggling up through the dark and bloody years choke down my utterance. No! Rather do you speak to me; you, who return my greeting, and you, unseen and silent to mortal sense, comrades in soul to-night! and drown my faltering words in your vast accord!

You come up here from all your quiet ways and useful works, peaceful of mien and modest of guise, unmarked save by your scars; men whose deeds have rung through the world, and won their meed of praise. But who may fancy that he sees you, that saw you not in the times that tested manhood, and on the fields you gave to fame? Who can read through your calm countenances the strength, the daring, the fortitude, the hero and martyr spirit that gave the impress of your character so little while ago? Who that looks on this bright spectacle, where beauty beams, and all around you speaks gratitude and peace and joy, would know this for the Army of the Potomac? Not so did I behold you when, worn and famished, nights and days together you crowded to fields of death as to a festival; not so when amid the fiery tempest you swelled rank upon rank, and rolled your heart's blood billowing upon the foe; not so when, shattered and mangled, you lay upon the lines which told where the tide of battle turned, un murmuring at the cost; not so when, in mid-winter night, on the lonely

¹ Address at the first reunion of the Army of the Potomac and the organization of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at New York, July 4, 1899. Republished by request of members of the Society.

picket watch, where no eye but God's beheld, rather than give place to unmanly weakness you froze stark dead upon your post, eyes to the front; not so when, hurled with desperate repetition to fruitless assault, without the hesitation of a thought, with the all-conquering spirit of discipline and devotion, claiming only for yourselves the last sad offices of man's humility, you pinned to your breasts your simple names, with hand as resolute as if you were writing them on the proudest scroll of fame; not so when, having done all, meek in triumph, you furled the banners crimsoned with your blood, henceforth to be enshrined as emblems of a Nation's glory.

But I venture not here to recount your history. Vividly as your presence summons it before me, the undertaking were too great. Fraught as this hour is with memories, not of facts and scenes merely, but of motives and plans, brilliant conceptions and bold essays, freaks of folly, fortune, or fate, the hour is not yet, nor even near, when the history of this Army can be adequately or impartially told. Were it possible for us, who participated, to set forth with due completeness and due candor all the elements which entered into our stirring and eventful history, that history was too eventful, and the times too recent, for the whole truth to be told without giving rise to bitter feelings and serious disturbance of the lights and shadows under which at present the picture of our Country's great deliverance lies. It were not difficult, were one so bold, to take up a line of remark that would marvellously unveil the mysteries, and dispel a great portion of the charges of fault and failure with which, as yet, in the esteem of many, our Army stands accused. Remembering, however, that it is our great duty now to strengthen the bonds of peace, and nurture the growing amenities of a common citizenship, it is most prudent to refrain from entering into these details.

Thoughts and feelings like these, crowding upon each other, embarrass one who, at such a time as this, speaking to and for men who have made immortal history, aspires to a worthy vindication of their merits, and yet upon whom it is incumbent, at this festive and fraternal reunion, not to stir any chord which could mar the harmony of this occasion, or set in motion jarring elements elsewhere. It would be an affectation of meekness, however, to which I have no ambition to lay claim, if for any reason, here or elsewhere, I should fail, knowing the solid ground on which we stand, to declare with due confidence what was the character and service of that Army on which so often, in the midst of disheartening struggles and bloody agonies, the destiny of this Nation hung.

The hour which you so generously accord me shall not be given to idle boasts nor invidious comparison. The line of my thought is rather defensive than aggressive, and my intent not so much encomium as exculpation. Something which I have to say will doubtless be true of other armies of the Union, and in some degree, perhaps, of all, both North and South. But my theme is still the Army of the Potomac, and my friends from other armies must pardon me if I seem partial, and those who cannot share these recollections must not greatly blame me if my words are warm. What I shall feel constrained to claim, even in this negative way, I am well aware will not by every one be readily admitted. For men are so constituted that what they but imperfectly understand they still make up their most violent judgment upon, and works in which they had no hand seem easily achieved and of little worth; and it is not impossible—such is the “rarity of human charity under the sun”—that envy and enmity even should be the tribute paid to superiority of merit which cannot be denied.

It is charged upon us that our campaigns were feeble, our battles indecisive, and even our victories barren. Whatever of truth there may be in this does not lie against the valor of the Army, but rather in the great plan of operations itself. The enemy were in their own country, — and that singularly advantageous for defence, — and they were moreover on the interior lines. Our line of operation against Richmond lay directly across the course of the many formidable rivers and wild torrents that flow from the mountains to the sea; and these, with the banks and parallel ridges rising terrace above terrace square across our advance, made, in fact, of the whole region for a distance of more than one hundred miles a constant series of natural fortifications, — parapet and ditch, — and that on a colossal scale. Then there were the dense forests, with clearings here and there, just wide enough for good rifle range, greatly facilitating the

defence ; often so thick and tangled that a great battle had to be fought out of sight of its commander, by divisions and brigades uncertain of each other's fortune, and all, as it were, in the dark. In a country like that, thinly settled, and with few and bad roads, it is not easy to obtain or transport supplies, on which to so great a degree the successful movements of an army depend. Taking all these things together, every one will see that the party of the offensive must encounter other evils than those that can be overcome by the direct force of arms, and that in our rough and rugged campaigns we could neither apply the maxims nor imitate the example of the great European masters of the art of war.

The chief fault found with us was, I believe, that we did not "move." Now, besides what I have already suggested, there are several reasons why it was not so very easy for us to do so,—why "moving" did not constitute for us the perfection of strategy and the chief end of soldiiership. The fact is, as our adversaries carried their defensive into the offensive, we were constantly forced to conduct our offensive with reference to the defensive. We were to cover the Capital ; and the peculiar thing about it was that this Capital was practically in the enemy's territory,—certainly on the very southern verge of loyalty. Indeed, we had to keep no small force within it, and far to the rear of it ; not solely for defence and for guarding the approaches, but to restrain the inhabitants in one place or another from giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Nor did even this prevent the Capital from being more than once cut off from the loyal States by the destruction of its roads and bridges northward, and by the battery blockade of the South Potomac, not to speak of the actual attack on our troops first marching to its defence through a city which afterwards so gloriously atoned for the shame.

Who does not remember the frenzy of solicitude—ludicrous to think of now—with which, at the early discussions of a move, the denizens of the Capital flew to remonstrances and prayers, lest thereby we should cease to cover Washington, and the ruthless Rebels should run riot among their precious things, and make whistles of their bones ! And the only way to cover it seemed, in the eyes of those strategists, for us to be drawn up in front of it, and at all hazards kept well in sight between it and the enemy. Everybody knows that at the very climax of a critical campaign, whole corps, whose co-operation was relied upon for success, were suddenly and without the previous knowledge of the commanding general, withdrawn, to dispel some phantom that threatened Washington through the gaps of the Blue Ridge ; and nothing was left for us, when our advancing guns had already sounded the knell of Richmond, but a change of base, which, although by a series of well-fought fields, became a by-word and a reproach. And, indeed, after any great battle no victory could be pushed up, for fear that somehow Stonewall Jackson or Stuart would get round our flanks and strike upon the Capital. I do not complain of the precaution ; for in the great game we were playing we could not afford to "exchange queens." But I refer to this to remind the critics that our friends behind us had quite as much to do in determining our campaigns as did the enemy before us. It may have been highly complimentary to be chosen to stand between the enemy's mightiest onset and the nation's Capital ; but this proximity was by no means calculated to add to our ease or *clat*. Especially was this the case when, for a long time, no one master mind shaped and controlled our campaigns ; but plans were discussed till they were well known to the enemy, and the chosen one was then entered on with that half assent which begets half intent. Then followed all the evils of lack of unity, vigorous will, and concentrated endeavor on the part of the government. It is the duty of a commander, doubtless, to overcome these evils, or win in spite of them ; but how great a task is this, generals of no less stamp than Wellington, Eugene, and Marlborough knew. Let those who are prone to think that our proximity to Washington gave us an undue share of the public attention, and that the defenders of the Capital were the pets and idols of the same, be comforted by the reflection that to no army were favors more sparingly granted, and none was held more strictly to the letter of the Regulations, and to the bar of public criticism.

Another thing which lay against our much moving was the fact that we had to fight when we moved, which is not always the case with armies. Moving is a pleasant thing when you are not crowded with it ; but it was quite a different business to move when

every foot of our advance was measured with our dead. Even the Lieutenant-General, the indomitable Grant, found it not quite so easy to keep up the prestige of his western victories, when he came to confront Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia. Was it because the Army of the Potomac would not move? He will not say so. Sheridan, the irresistible, will not tell you that, when he remembers the Valley, Five Forks, and Appomattox. Yes, the Army of the Potomac did not move at Malvern Hill, Antietam, and Gettysburg, except in ambulances and on stretchers.

Move? Let the entrenchments that reach continuous from Pennsylvania to Carolina tell! Let the graves answer, that bridge with glory that gulf of gloom!

I have spoken of some of the failings and shortcomings with which our Army has been charged. Let us now turn briefly to consider it more nearly; to discover what, if anything, distinguished it as an Army, and gave it a character peculiarly its own. Organized from the debris of defeat, and in presence of a defiant enemy, the Army of the Potomac acquired an earnestness of soldiery, a habitude, discipline, and confidence, which made it an army of veterans before it had struck a blow, and gave it a unity and identity, a tenacity of life and constancy of fraternal regard, which all its strange experiences, its great vicissitudes of ill and good, have never for a moment shaken. For this spirit of organization, this *esprit de corps*, to which it largely owes its prestige, and we the proud companionship of this day, it is just and right that I should ascribe the praise to that commander who was set to work the miracle—out of that chaos of defeat and distrust to evoke order, and beauty, and power.

It may be fairly presumed that the material was equally good of all our armies. Other men, doubtless, were as strong and true, as manly, and as brave. But the very rigors of our experience wrought our Army into a peculiar character. Early it learned to "endure hardness as good soldiers." It found that tribulation that worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and the hope, thank God, "made not ashamed."

It is discipline which is the soul of armies, as, indeed, it is the source of power in all intelligent action. Other things—moral considerations, impulses of sentiment, and even natural excitement—may lead men to great deeds; but taken in the long run, and in all vicissitudes, an army is effective in proportion to its discipline. Now, it was precisely in this that our Army excelled. Friend and foe alike testify to that. Once grant the superiority of our discipline, and there remains no further question of rank and merit as an army. That was a great lesson, for which to-day we have reason to thank our commanders; for it enters into our individual manhood, and may recombine into other forms to do other works no less for the good of man.

There was also in our Army a high degree of intelligence and independence of judgment. They knew what they were fighting for, those men, and were stern and impartial judges as to what was required of them; obedient to their commanders, whether through affection, respect, or discipline; ready to greet to-night, with all the old loyalty, McClellan, the magic name, Burnside, the magnanimous, Hooker, the chivalrous, Meade, the victorious. Nor do they forget to-night those officers, once the favorites of fortune, whom misunderstanding, impatience, or jealousy has stricken from our rolls. Pardon me, comrades, if I venture here to express the hope, knowing all the pains and penalties of so doing, that tardy justice (if that can be called justice which is tardy) may be done to officers whose character and services in behalf of the Republic deserve something better than its hasty rebuke.

Then, too, observe that the Confederacy saw fit to oppose to us the flower of its armies and its best generals;—an army reared in the same field, growing up with us, taught by the same experience, trained by the same discipline, matched and balanced against us in weight, and measure, and movement. That Army of Northern Virginia—who can help looking back upon them now with feelings half fraternal? Ragged and reckless, yet careful to keep their bayonets bright, and lines of battle well dressed; reduced to dire extremities sometimes, yet always ready for a fight; rough and rude, yet knowing well how to make a field illustrious. Who can forget them—the brave, bronzed faces that looked at us four years across the flaming pit—men with whom, in a hundred fierce grapples, we fought with remorseless desperation and all the terrible enginery

of death, till on the one side and on the other a quarter of a million fell ; and yet we never hated them, except that they struck at the old flag. Main force against main force — there was good reason why, when valor like that was exhausted, the sun should go down on thousands dead, but not one vanquished.

Think now of that career, unparalleled in experience and vicissitude, the campaigns bloody, protracted, and indecisive ; itself wasted by disease and wounds and death ; with unswerving loyalty and unconquerable devotion, passed down as an inheritance to those who successively filled up its ranks ; and it, alone, of all, keeping up heart and hope, when, from its very depletions and disasters, men's hearts everywhere were failing them for fear, and through all the buffetings of fortune holding steadily on its way and fighting it out to the end. Nowhere derelict ; whether well or ill directed it did its best ; and the victories it won were results not so much of strategy and of grand tactics, but the prize of its own unconquerable heroism, and the price of its most precious blood. Glorious manhood, alike in triumph and disaster ; worthy always to be crowned, — where not with the victor's, then with the martyr's palm.

Deeds like these cannot perish from the earth ; they live in spirit and speak to the hearts of after-peoples and after-ages — noble example of what man will do for man. Yes, this youthful valor of the Army of the Potomac shall become part and parcel of the nation's character, no less than proudest blazonry on the escutcheon of her fame.

God be praised that in the justice of his ways, this same much-suffering old Army, scoffed at for not moving — but never, that I have heard, for not dying — enough, should be the chosen one to push the Rebellion to its last field, and to see its proudest ensigns laid at its feet. When that army surrendered before us, the whole structure of the Confederacy went down with their banners. Not without aid, indeed, did we achieve this ; for we were so shattered and depleted by the unparalleled casualties of the great campaign, that, in the last struggle around Petersburg and Richmond, other armies stood shoulder to shoulder with us, with whom we gladly and gratefully share the glory.

Wonderful old Army ! whose casualties were such that decimation were five times too tame a word to tell its losses, and whose deeds were such that its victories should have counted even with its fields. So often after a three days' battle held back from following up the victory it had won, because it *was* the Army of the Potomac, and must not uncover Washington ; so often, for this same sake, forced to run a neck-and-neck race with the Rebels — ludicrous, perhaps, to the distant critic, but agonizing to the actors in it — along the bases of the Blue Ridge, or across the plains of Manassas ; so many times withdrawn by night from a front they had fought all day to win, holding the bitterness of their hearts unuttered as they trod reverently in the darkness among the pale upturned faces of their dead that had died in vain ; so many times crossing rivers in face and spite of the foe — a thing thitherto rare in warfare — and having made the heights beyond immortal with their blood, hastily recrossing, for no failure or fault of theirs, yet bearing the blame and the shame. An army sometimes changing its base, and often its commanders, but never its loyalty, its high resolve, its generous devotion ! And in triumph, too, obedient still, which is more difficult ; masters of their enemies, masters of themselves, which is more noble. No sacked city cries out against them from its ashes ; no violated innocence, no desecrated sanctity, no outraged defencelessness, no needless seizure, nor wanton waste accuses their honor ; but they bore themselves always as those that had mothers and sisters at home, and revered God ; men whose chivalry scorned to do dishonor, no less than to suffer it. And when its work was done, it mustered once more on the banks of the Potomac, not as Cæsar with his victorious legions paused on the brink of the Rubicon to brace his resolution to seize the liberties of his country, but to return to a delivered nation her standards, dimmed and torn, but bright and broad in newness and wholeness of meaning — to lay down their arms at the feet of the constitutional authority, with as much respect, as much sincerity, as much humility as they had seen in the hostile host that laid at their feet the arms and colors of its cause.

Self-denying old Army ! Schooled in the passive virtues no less than in the active, disciplined in patience, fortitude, self-control — the highest lesson of this life —

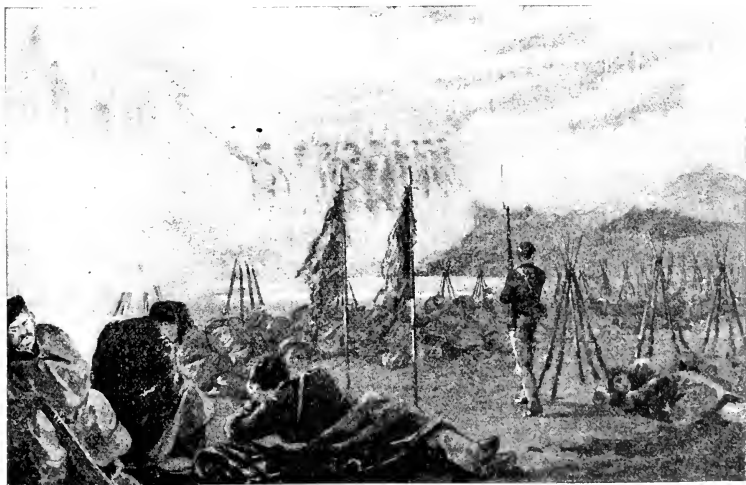
cheerful readiness to try again, when it had little reason to hope that any proper results would flow from its best endeavor.

Dear old Army ! Its tents are struck, its fires are dead — folded the banners that lighted its onward way — silent the bugles that beckoned to fame across death's abysses — vanished the embattled hosts that shone in the morning sun — scattered the friendly band, that shoulder to shoulder stormed the gates of glory !

But though sometimes the heart will yearn for the stirring duties and high companionship of the field, yet when I think of all the noble spirits "passed in battle and in storm," and how the lonely rivers are flowing on to night, as they did when those restless eyes gazed across their sullen waters into the infinite of manly, glorious achievement, heeding not how many hearts are still, which then beat stronger than their tide, I thank God that no bugle at to-morrow's dawn shall wake us to a reveille of blood. So they sleep, — by thousands and tens of thousands, — and the message that was wont to fall from flippant or taunting lips, comes hushed to deepest music now, "*All quiet on the Potomac.*"

There is a beautiful belief that, corresponding to the mortal body there exists another, spiritual ; which, enwrapping the subtle essence of being, preserves our real identity — dimmed and veiled to mortal view, but clear and palpable in the realm of soul. So, as I gaze with swelling spirit, this living and firm array melts into the vision of that other army, which *was* the Army of the Potomac ; rising like the mists that once enfolded us there, on the banks of the Potomac, Rappahannock, Chickahominy, and James, — its right upon the heights of Gettysburg, and its left upon the slopes that amphitheatre the Appomattox. — marshalled as for the roll-call of the last great morning. And I hear a voice, as of mighty redeemed nations, sounding down the coming years, "This is the Army of Liberty for evermore."

So it rises and stands before me — the glorious pageant ; the ranks all full — you the living, they the immortal — swelling together the roll of honor : that great company of heroic souls, that were, and are, the Army of the Potomac ! Let me borrow the prophet's tongue, rapt with celestial vision : "These are the living creatures that I saw by the river of Chebar, and the glory of the God of Israel was over them above ; and the likeness of their faces was the same faces that I saw by the river, their appearance and themselves ; and they went every one straight forward !"





MINNEAPOLIS
IN 1890
BY
Prof. W.W. Folwell

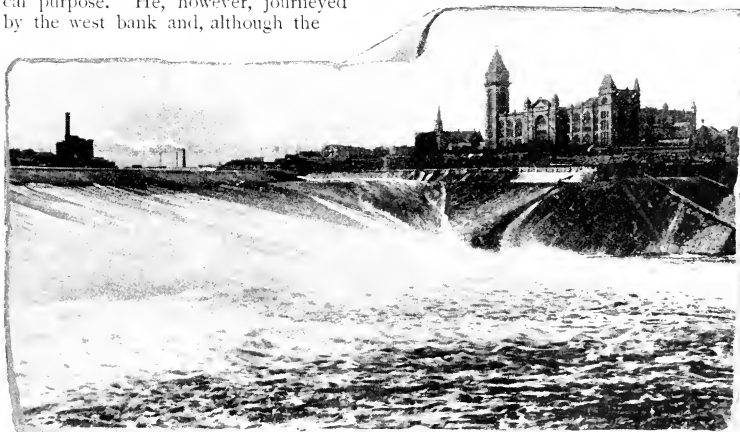
The New City and County Building, Minneapolis.

IN past geologic ages the Falls of Saint Anthony have receded from some point in the valley of the Great River near the Iowa line, to where they now are, almost exactly under the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude. Over them pour the waters collected from a drainage area of some forty-five thousand square miles. The energy attributable to this change of level in the river-bed, here twelve hundred feet wide, is estimated to be, at a good stage of water, one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power. The greater part of this power has been intercepted and put to work by means of a low wooden dam on a rock foundation. Much of it is still running to waste. The adjacent lands form, in soil and topography, an ideal site for a modern city. The first explorer who laid a business eye on the situation knew that a city would be built here and what would be the character of that city.

In 1805, Lieutenant Z. W. Pike was sent by the United States government to explore the new northwestern region just acquired as part of the Louisiana purchase. With a prescience creditable to his intelligence, that officer bargained with the Sioux and obtained a grant of lands extending from the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers near and below Fort Snelling, nine miles wide on either side of the former stream, to a point above the Falls of Saint Anthony. His main idea was, no doubt, to secure a suitable and ample site for a military post. It may have been in his mind, also, that the great water-power would be good property for the United States to own. It did remain the property of the government for more than twenty years, and in 1821 a small saw and grist mill was built on the west side, for the use of the garrison of Fort Snelling, which meantime had been built.

In accordance with our established national land policy, this great productive agency was at length left to be appropriated by those enterprising citizens who had the foresight to appreciate its value and the good fortune to be on the ground at the happy moment. On July 29, 1837, a treaty was signed at Fort Snelling with the Chippeways, who conveyed to the United States the land lying between the Saint Croix and Mississippi rivers. This treaty, when ratified by the Senate in the following summer, had the effect to open to settlement the lands lying on the east bank of the latter stream. There is a tradition, doubtless having a foundation in fact, that in June, 1838, after receipt of private intelligence, but before arrival of the official notice of the ratification of the treaty, Franklin Steele, a young Pennsylvanian, who had lately become sutler of the post at Fort Snelling, started at a very early morning hour to make a claim abreast of the Falls of Saint Anthony. Steele and his party crossed the river and travelled up the east bank. A Captain Scott of the army, an officer of the garrison, chose the same day and an early hour for an identical purpose. He, however, journeyed by the west bank and, although the

distance up and down stream sufficient to command the power of the falls and the rapids from the east bank to mid-channel. It was ten years before the claims of Steele and others who soon followed him, sanctioned by the free-masonry of early settlers, and more than once rescued from claim-jumpers, was merged into a solid title by purchase of the United States. In 1848 Mr. Steele built the first sawmill, and the next year he had the town-site of Saint Anthony laid out by William L. Marshall, afterwards governor of Minnesota. No other name for the coming city than that given by Father Hennepin to the great water-fall in 1680 seems to have been thought of. The new town grew wondrously, but unfortunately great areas of the adjacent lands were bought up by non-resident speculators. Would-be settlers pouring in found it impossible to buy lots or farms at reasonable prices. These, and many settled pioneers as well, looked with longing eyes over upon the beautiful, park-like, rolling prairie which sloped up from the west bank of the river. Those lovely acres were government reserve, and the garrison at Fort Snelling had at different

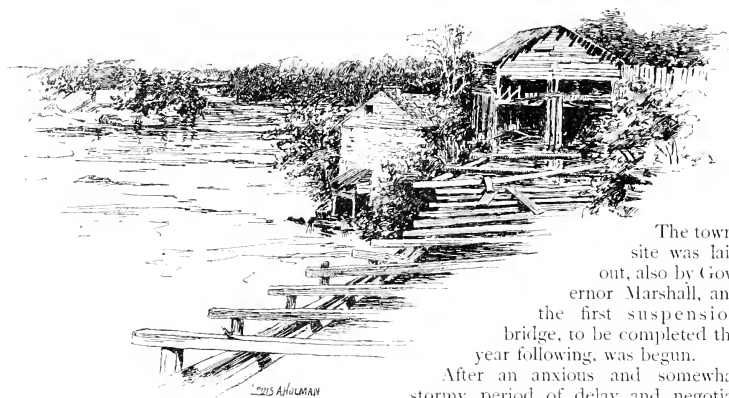


Falls of Saint Anthony in 1890. Exposition Building at the Right.

distance is not greater, arrived only in time to find Mr. Steele's shanty built, his corn planted, and to be invited to breakfast by his early-rising competitor.

The claim thus made extended for a

times been called upon to oust adventurous squatters. In the same notable year of 1849, Colonel John H. Stevens, born in Canada of American parents, coming to the territory just established from service



The Old Government Flour Mill.

in the Mexican war, and the Hon. Robert Smith, a member of Congress from Illinois, obtained from the Secretary of War, by some mighty magic not well understood now, permits to take up farms of 160 acres each out of the reservation on the west bank. It may be supposed from subsequent developments that Mr. Steele had some interest in these grants. Drawing a division line from a point near the crest of the falls, the pioneers named ran their longitudes respectively up and down stream far enough to establish a claim to all the water-power in the west half of the main channel.

The barrier thus broken down, or at least weakened, dwellers in Saint Anthony began, in considerable numbers, as early as 1850, to swarm out upon the lands lying back of the claims mentioned. The local historians give a catalogue of these adventurers and their holdings. There are still floating suggestions of understandings with garrison commanders, under which squatters, for suitable considerations, were not to be disturbed; but these lack confirmation. Late in the fall of 1853 the military reservation was reduced to six thousand acres, thus liberating a great area of desirable lands to legitimate occupancy. Accordingly there was, in the early months of the next year, a large accession of new neighbors to the colony of squatters whose dwellings dotted the prairie within sight of the falls. A sawmill was built that year on the west side, and nine stores were opened.

The town-site was laid out, also by Governor Marshall, and the first suspension bridge, to be completed the year following, was begun.

After an anxious and somewhat stormy period of delay and negotiation, Congress, in 1855, passed an act recognizing the claims of the settlers on the west side and allowing them to "prove up" without the formalities of a public sale, at which they might have been outbidden by the land speculators, whose tracks had been observed with apprehension in the neighborhood. The town-site and the adjacent lands having thus passed legally into private hands, early in 1855 there began that phenomenal development of the new city which in its magnitude and continuity has ever since outrun every expectation. Mills, stores, shops, factories, schools, churches, sprang up as if by magic; and the end is not yet.

The present account is not intended to follow the growth of the city in detail, but must be restricted to a limited range of particulars of greatest general interest. The name Minneapolis, according to authority believed to be conclusive, is shortened from Minnehapolis, an evident compound of Minnehaha (a word coined by white men out of Dakota elements) and Greek *polis* (*city*). The more current account giving the composition *minne* (Dakota for *water*), and *polis* is a plausible but unhistorical afterthought. The government up to 1858 was that of an ordinary town, giving way in that year to a special town government with a council, by authority of the first state legislature. This authority was recalled, upon petition of the citizens, in 1864, and the municipality remitted to its primitive town government, as being less expensive. It was not till 1867 that the town was by special charter transformed

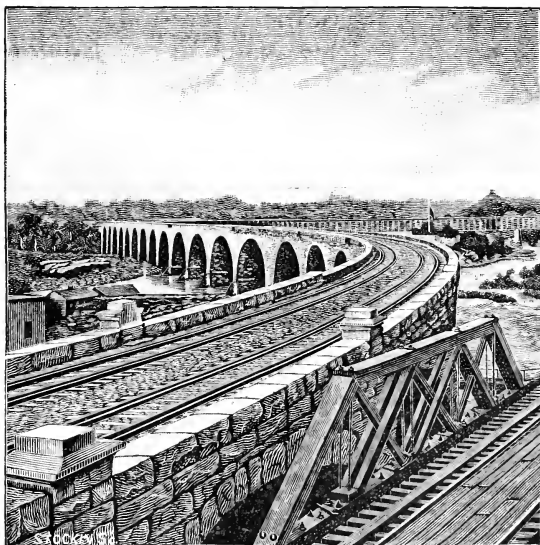
into a city, with all that the name implies. Saint Anthony had rejoiced in the name and powers of a city since 1855, but handicapped by the burden already mentioned, had long since lost her lead in the race. In 1872 she surrendered her municipal independence and her historic name, and was merged into the united city of Minneapolis. Long before the fusion was accomplished it had become settled that the old city had no hope of holding the first place, and it was felt that no good reason existed for separate political status after the union of business interests. Besides, there would be some chance for east-side Republicanism. The following figures from census reports show the relative development of the two cities : —

POPULATION OF SAINT
ANTHONY AND MIN-
NEAPOLIS.

| U. S. Census. | Saint Anthony. | Minne- apolis. |
|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1850 . . . | 538 | 0 |
| 1860 . . . | 3,285 | 2,564 |
| 1870 . . . | 5,013 | 13,066 |
| 1880 . . . | — | 46,887 |
| State Census | | |
| 1885 . . . | — | 129,200 |

Reverting to the Falls of Saint Anthony and the water-power furnished by them, it needs to be said that in 1856 the rights of the original occupiers and proprietors were acquired by two corporations : the Minneapolis Mill Company owning on the west bank, the Saint Anthony Falls Water-power Company controlling the east channels. These corporations are still in existence, and it is to be hoped that they at length derive revenue from their property. There was a period during which they were subjected to great expenses, with a prospect of total destruction of value. This period was one of such tragical interest to Minneapolis, that the tale of it must be told, even at the risk of overrunning limits. The long process of recession of the falls already

remarked upon had, when settlement was first made, reached within a thousand feet or thereabout of the upper edge or skirt of the Trenton limestone forming the river-bed above the brink. In the summer of 1869, laborers employed in tunnelling for a "tail-race," starting below the falls in the soft Saint Peter sandstone beneath the Trenton, were suddenly driven out by an inrush of water at the heading. This water, it was soon found, had got under the limestone at its upper edge and made its way in seams in the underlying sandstone. In a few hours an enormous volume was pouring through this enlarging water-way, and the prospect was that the whole Mississippi would soon be flowing down a run of rapids

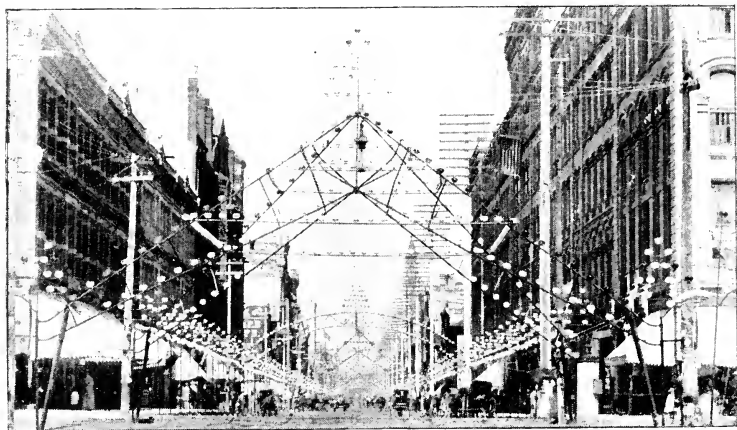


Great Northern Railway Viaduct.

instead of plunging over the crest of the limestone, as during unknown ages past. The difference of level between the upper and lower reaches of the river would, of course, not have been obliterated, and the power would not have been annihilated ; but it would have been available only to those up-stream abutters, on whose lands dams and races could have been built. It was therefore a matter of life and death to

the water-power companies to "save the falls." An extemporized coffer-dam shut the truant waters out of the illegitimate channel, but not before two large flour mills had been wrecked and other damage done. This "break" was in the main channel west of Nicollet Island. The

river-bed. This bulkhead was formed of concrete of the best quality, six feet thick at bottom, four feet at top, forty feet high, and with its extensions into the banks and some unavoidable zigzags, about nineteen hundred feet long. It rests on a stratum of sand-rock believed to be impervious, and



Nicollet Avenue, Illuminated.

next season another break, and still a third, took place in the east channel. These were also temporarily controlled by coffer-dams. Four years were now spent in ineffective experiments at outside patching of a deep-seated interior disorder. After consultation with the most expert hydraulic engineers in civil and government service, a plan was at length worked out for a radical and thorough treatment, which might not only remedy the immediate trouble, but forever prevent its recurrence. This plan the United States government at length undertook to execute. There was first constructed a so-called "apron" of timber cribs loaded with rock and covered with heavy planking, to receive the waters which had been plunging over the brink of the falls and deliver them quietly some four hundred feet down stream. Since the completion of the apron, there has been no waterfall proper. The other part of the scheme was a huge dike or bulkhead, to be built under the limestone, to cut off any streamlets in the body of the underlying sandstone which might invite breaks in the

rises to a close contact with the limestone layer. The sandstone excavated for its construction was removed through a branch of the original tunnel for a tail-race, and the materials for the concrete were sent down in a well and moved right and left by cars. The cost to the government was about \$600,000, but the citizens of Minneapolis had previously thrown in the sum of \$334,000, largely paid by stockholders in the water-power companies. Thus the "falls were saved," and the wheels of industry actuated by their waters have continued to revolve, and the hopes and expectations of the pioneer settlers have not been disappointed.

The manufacture of lumber was the first considerable industry of the cities, and for a long time held that supremacy. That lumber no longer holds the first place is not due to any decline in that business; its volume and increase would make another city notable. The annual output of lumber for the five years following 1850 (in which year the industry began) was but 1,200,000 feet. By 1870 it had risen

to 118,223,100 feet; in 1880 it stood at 195,452,200 feet; while for the past decade the average has been but little below 300,000,000, no account being made of laths or shingles. The cutting and banking of the logs in the vast pineries of the upper Mississippi, the tedious "drive" for hundreds of miles to the seat of manufacture, the sawing, hauling, sorting, and piling of the product, involve the employment of an enormous capital and a large army of men. A great modern sawmill presents a most interesting example of the application of natural forces, and when seen in operation, particularly by night, affords a picturesque and lively spectacle.

There is a fall of one thousand feet in the five hundred miles of the Mississippi River above Minneapolis. Down this slope the force of gravity drags the endless raft of logs to the great storage booms near the mills. As they are needed, the logs are floated to the doors of the mill, where they are under-run by huge chains armed with spikes and hauled on to the platforms. "Steam-niggers" seize them and roll them on to the carriages of the circular saws, which fly and flash like the shuttles of a modern loom. In an instant the log is "flatted" and tossed on to a rollway leading to the great "gang" of thirty upright saws strained in a single frame, occupying the centre of the mill. A very huge log may occupy the attention of the gang exclusively for a few minutes, but commonly two, four, or six logs are piled up and fed to the gang by ingenious and powerful apparatus. The boards and planks issuing from the gang next pass, one by one, but at lightning

speed, over the "edgers," which trim away bark, sap, and doze, and leave the edges parallel. Saws sliding on the arbors of the machines, controlled by hand wheels, effect this with the least possible loss of good lumber. On their way out of the mill the boards and scantling are stopped, each for an instant, to be squared off to standard lengths. Wanes and stumpshots are not tolerated in the modern lumber market. Edgings and slabs, which may yield a picket or a lath, are cut to proper lengths and shot through slides in the floor to appropriate machines in the basement, a department of the establishment which the visitor must by no means omit to inspect. What is left goes to the wood-pile. A small residuum



The Masonic Temple.

of trash is dumped as "scoots" into the tail-race, to float off to the gulf, twelve hundred miles away. Before it has travelled a mile of the journey, however, the enterprising denizens of the Bohemian flats,

from stagings built out over the rapids, have by means of hoes, rakes, and spears, landed everything which, after drying, will boil a pot or heat a flatiron.

The great sawmills of Saint Anthony and Minneapolis were first built on the brink of the falls and driven under low heads by unlimited water. Since the development of other manufactures has made it desirable to use the water-power with greater economy, the lumber-men have, with two or three exceptions, moved their establishments to points a mile or more above the falls, and are operating them by steam. Fuel costs nothing, sawdust and offal sufficing. The rent of mill sites and piling ground is much reduced, and shipping facilities are much more accessible. Not a few of the lumbering firms have of late years gone into the manufacture

ins" of buildings. The manufacture of hard-wood house-finish and of furniture has increased to the dimensions of a leading industry within a few years, and promises to outgrow that of pine lumber. The pine forests accessible are diminishing in area and product, while the vast stretches of hard-wood lands of Minnesota and Wisconsin have hardly been explored.

It is the flour manufacture, however, by which Minneapolis is known to the great outside world. The development here of this industry on a scale which has no precedent is due to an interesting combination of causes. First to be named, of course, is the enormous water-power of the Falls of Saint Anthony, available at a trifling cost. Next, the opening of many millions of acres of prairie lands in Minnesota and the Dakotas to the cultivation of

hard spring wheat, rich both in starch and gluten. In the first years of milling at the falls the wheat was brought up river from Iowa in barges and hauled by ox-teams from the landings to the mills. Later, Southern Minnesota furnished the supply; but now for many years it has been wholly brought in by the railways running north and west, pouring in the wealth of the Red River Valley and the "Jim" River country of Dakota. Of the crop of 1888, 45,000,000 bushels came to this, the largest primary wheat market of the country, and doubtless of the world.



The West Hotel.

of house material. Any one of them will fill a bill calling for every piece of pine wood, of whatever shape or dimension, needed in the erection of any desired structure. The railways diverging to all quarters of Minnesota, to Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and far toward the Pacific coast, are constantly freighting such "mak-

Another consideration is the situation of Minneapolis, near the head of Lake Superior. From Duluth, only a hundred and sixty miles away, there is continuous water transportation to Montreal and New York. Low lake freights have been a constant and wholesome check on the great railway lines, competing or combining, as the case

might be, for the carriage of her mill products to the seaboard and the eastern markets. To hold a further check on the roads running south of Lake Michigan, Minneapolis capital and enterprise three years ago built the Minneapolis and Sainte Marie

manufacture, long known and practised in France, was first made known in America to Minnesota millers.

There have been three well-defined epochs in the history of Minneapolis milling. In the first, which lasted till about



The Syndicate Block.

Railway (better known as "The Soo"), which, reaching the Canadian border at the Falls of Sainte Marie, delivers its loaded cars to the Canadian Pacific, a thoroughfare not affected by the "long and short haul" paragraphs of the United States interstate commerce law. So long as no combine exists between "The Soo" and the Chicago lines, Minneapolis will continue to enjoy a favorable independence. It must also be remarked that the half-dozen railway lines running south and east will not be likely to forget that but a moderate expenditure is needed to open up to the lower levee of Minneapolis the full navigation of the father of waters and his tributaries. At different times cargoes of cotton, coal, and merchandise have been landed at this port.

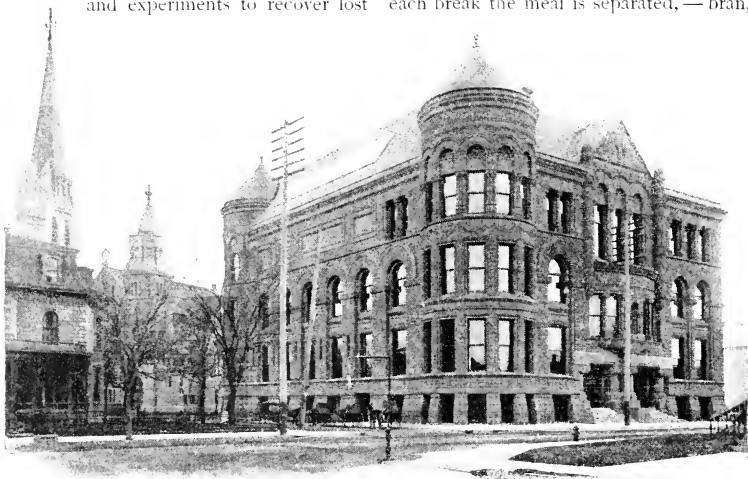
Still another cause of the flouring development, to be later remarked upon, is found in the circumstance that the process of purifying middlings in the course of

1872, the ancient process of grinding the cleaned wheat between upper and nether mill-stones remained in vogue. The meal coming from the stones was carried in bulk to a "bolt," which separated it into bran, flour, and a coarser product called "middlings." These middlings were then subjected to a second grinding, and the meal therefrom was sifted in an appropriate bolt, into two and sometimes three grades of inferior flour. It had long been known that the middlings flours contained a large proportion of the gluten of the wheat, and were therefore stronger and richer than the fine flour taken out at the head of the bolt, but no successful devices had been contrived for improving them in point of color and purity. So matters stood at the opening of a second epoch of milling, when one Lacroix, an immigrant French miller, introduced the first rude apparatus for purifying middlings. The "middlings purifier," in its lowest terms, consists of an air-

tight box, in which is suspended at mid-height a horizontal screen or bolt. On this screen the middlings are spread out and agitated, while a steady draught of air is maintained by means of a suction pipe issuing from the top of the chest. The purifier took in the dull gray middlings meal and turned it out, to the delight of the miller, looking like fine, white sand. This product, when re-ground and bolted, yielded the Minnesota patent and superlative flours, which for some years brought fame to the state and very satisfactory profits to her millers.

Minnesota held a monopoly of these flours for some years, during which eastern millers, presuming that the new process could not be applied to winter wheats, made no experiments to ascertain the facts. When at length it was ascertained that the purification of middlings was as profitable in milling winter as spring wheats, the special advantage of Minnesota was imperilled. Then began a new series of efforts and experiments to recover lost

to local use that all the mills were at length forced to adopt it. This is known as the "roller process." Mill-stones, from time immemorial the instrument of mankind for bruising and triturating the cereal grains to fit them for food, have been discarded. Wheat is now ground or rather cracked between rollers geared to run in close contact, having surfaces either smooth or corrugated. The difference in apparatus is not greater than that in the grinding. The old mill-stones took their wheat from the hopper and held it between their ingeniously furrowed surfaces till the grains were broken up and divided to an extreme degree of fineness, before any process of separation began. In the roller process, a first pair of "rolls" breaks the grain into a few pieces; these after a cleaning process go to a second pair of rolls, by which the grist is ground a little and but a little finer; and so the process of "gradual reduction" goes through as many as seven "breaks" by as many pairs of rolls. After each break the meal is separated, — bran,



The Public Library.

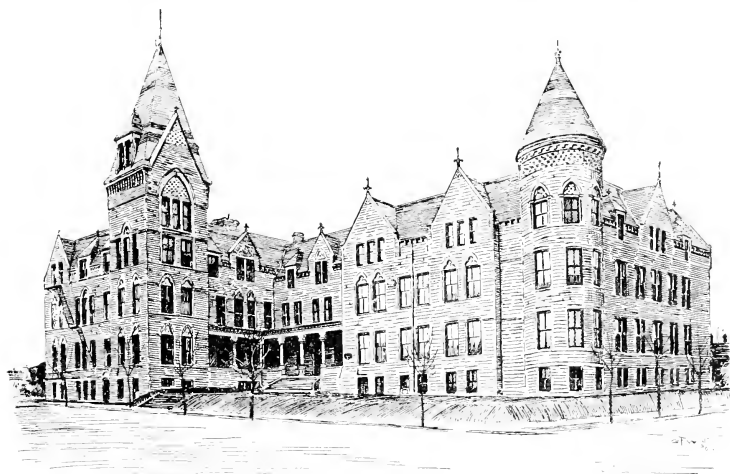
ground. Every American suggestion was considered, and foreign countries were put under contribution. At length in the kingdom of Hungary was discovered a process of milling hard wheats which, tried at first on a small scale, proved so well adapted

if any, and fine flour going immediately to their proper receptacles, and middlings to be purified and subjected to further breakings. The intermediate purifications and separations of meal prevent minute trituration of the bran, keep fine flour from

being "killed" by excessive grinding, and assort middlings at every stage, according to fineness and purity. The process is an admirable example of the use of machinery according to strict logical method. The roller process has been applied to winter wheat with promising results, but is proba-

to New Hampshire, because a bill of exchange could not be obtained to meet an eastern obligation. An order for a hundred barrels was the immediate result, although the cost of freight was \$2.25 per barrel.

Beginning with the little government mill, with its single run of granite stones,



The Central High School.

bly best adapted to milling hard spring wheats, which break rather than mash between the rolls.

Minneapolis has become the headquarters of flour milling because of her great water-power, her situation with reference to the spring-wheat lands of the Northwest, the enterprise of her capitalists, and the extraordinary skill and inventiveness of her operative millers and machinists. An account of the inventions made here in milling apparatus and methods would form a most interesting chapter in local history. There are now standing thirty-seven mills, capable of producing 37,850 barrels of flour daily. The actual output of the last calendar year was 6,088,865 barrels, as against 30,000 barrels in 1860, 193,000 in 1870, 2,051,840 in 1880. About one-third of the current product is exported, being billed direct from the mill-door to Liverpool and Glasgow. The first shipment of flour from the falls was in 1858, when a few barrels were consigned

to New Hampshire, because a bill of exchange could not be obtained to meet an eastern obligation. Whether the economic limit has been reached in the great "Pillsbury A" Mill can only be conjectured. This immense establishment, erected in 1881, covering with its six stories an area of 20,000 square feet (not counting that of five accessory structures of no small size), having 220 pairs of rolls, 180 purifiers, 61 cleaning machines, 300 bolting reels, 50 scalpors, 28 bran dusters, and in all 882 separate machines, has actually produced 7198 barrels of flour in twenty-four consecutive hours. Twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat are needed for the ordinary daily run, 250 men are employed, and the force furnished by the two immense turbine water wheels is over two thousand horse-power. The ingenious and equitable system of profit-sharing carried on by this concern, beneficial alike to capital and labor, has been frequently described in economic journals.

Within the past year the great "A" Mill,

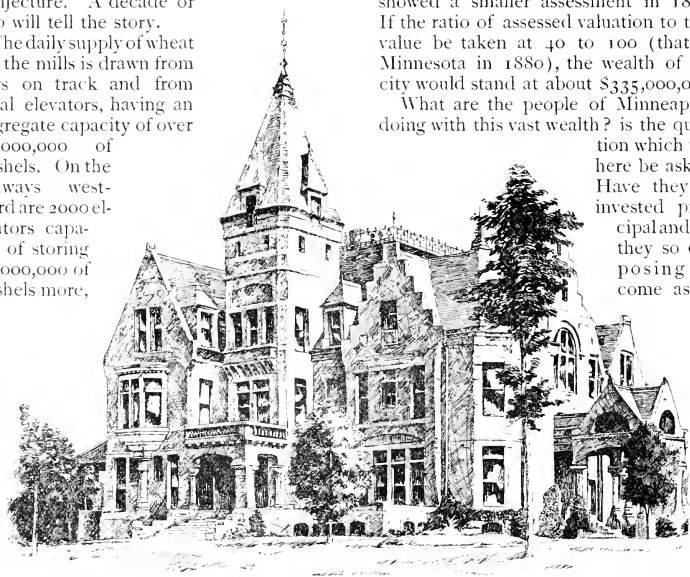
and two others belonging to the Pillsbury firm, have been transferred to a syndicate of American and English capitalists. The same combination is obtaining control, by transfer or lease, of other mills, in all of eight establishments, capable of turning out 22,500 barrels a day. The management of this immense aggregation is reposed in the hands of Mr. Charles A. Pillsbury, the successful and experienced miller heretofore at the head of the Pillsbury firm. Opinions differ as to the desirability of such agencies of production being so largely owned by non-residents. Some see in it a desirable addition of capital to be managed by persons locally interested; others remark on the circumstance that the profits will be mostly spent elsewhere. In the face of actual experiment it is unnecessary to indulge in conjecture. A decade or two will tell the story.

The daily supply of wheat for the mills is drawn from cars on track and from local elevators, having an aggregate capacity of over 15,000,000 of bushels. On the railways westward are 2000 elevators capable of storing 45,000,000 of bushels more,

of the manufacture of sacks, or coopers and other industries incidental to milling. Nor can mention be made of a jobbing and retail trade formerly of small comparative magnitude, but at length becoming notable even for a manufacturing city. The banking capital in 1889 was \$9,000,000, and the clearings for that year were \$240,000,000.

The great natural advantages of situation, seized upon and turned to account by keen intelligence and audacious enterprise, have occasioned the building, at the Falls of Saint Anthony, of a city of nearly 200,000 people, mostly since the close of the Rebellion. The assessed valuation of its property in 1889 was \$128,595,424, and the city owns public property in addition to the amount of \$15,000,000. There were twelve states in the Union, each of which showed a smaller assessment in 1880. If the ratio of assessed valuation to true value be taken at 40 to 100 (that of Minnesota in 1880), the wealth of the city would stand at about \$335,000,000.

What are the people of Minneapolis doing with this vast wealth? is the question which will here be asked. Have they so invested principal and are they so disposing income as to



Residence of Hon. William D. Washburn.

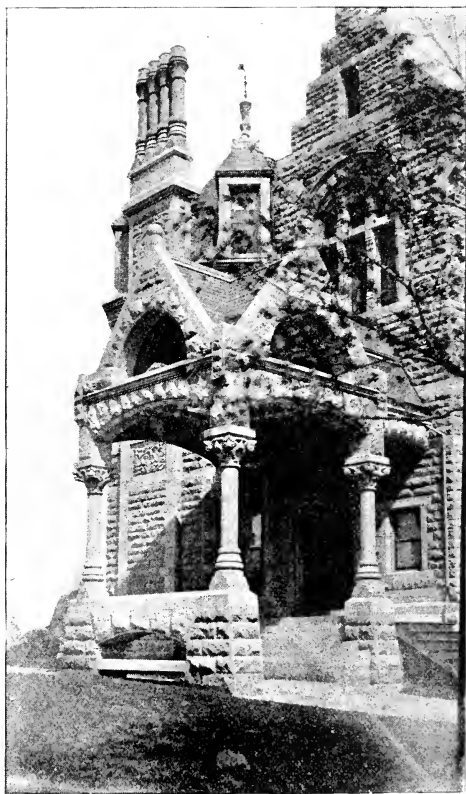
on which the millers can draw as the local supply diminishes. Of this elevator business, unknown in the last generation, and which has wrought a revolution in the grain trade of the world, further account cannot here be made. Nor can notice be taken

secure the best ends of civilized life, the largest returns in the way of social, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious culture? Spite of some vagaries and extravagancies, the young city can give a good account of her stewardship.

Upon the broad plain cut by the gorge of the Mississippi, the original proprietors, with admirable generosity, laid the streets of the new towns 80 feet wide, and the lots 66 feet in front, with a depth of 165 feet, giving one-quarter of an acre to each lot. Until the recent appearance of some blocks of apartment houses, it has been the Minneapolis fashion and ambition to secure at least one full lot for a citizen's home. This separation of the dwellings gives an effect of space and largeness hardly known in older American cities, and in strong contrast with some younger ones. A Minneapolis boy of ten, on his first journey to an eastern city, exclaimed, "What an ugly city! No residences; nothing but tenements!" In a latitude the most favorable for grasses, Minneapolis rejoices in an extent and luxuriance of lawns equally surprising and attractive in the eyes of the visitor.

Thanks to the taste and enterprise of a number of young architects, who have brought the best ideas and projects of American and foreign schools of architecture, the dwellings of the city are generally tasteful in design, and the instances of decided beauty are numerous. The splendid mansion of Senator William D. Washburn may be referred to as the best example. Business and municipal structures present many phases of fashion, from the grave and massive simplicity of the Pillsbury "A" Mill to the ornate façades of the great office building of the Northwestern Guaranty Loan Company. This immense structure, 132 by 156 feet in area, rears its twelve stories to a height of 172 feet. On the roof is a garden of flowers, in which refreshments are served from the restaurant which occupies the twelfth floor. From the roof an observation tower rises 38 feet, and the flag floats in the blue full 250 feet above the pavement. The building contains nearly 400

rooms, all heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and supplied with water. The company intended to make this building the most complete and elegant of its kind, and believes that it has not failed. The



A Doorway of the Washburn Ho.

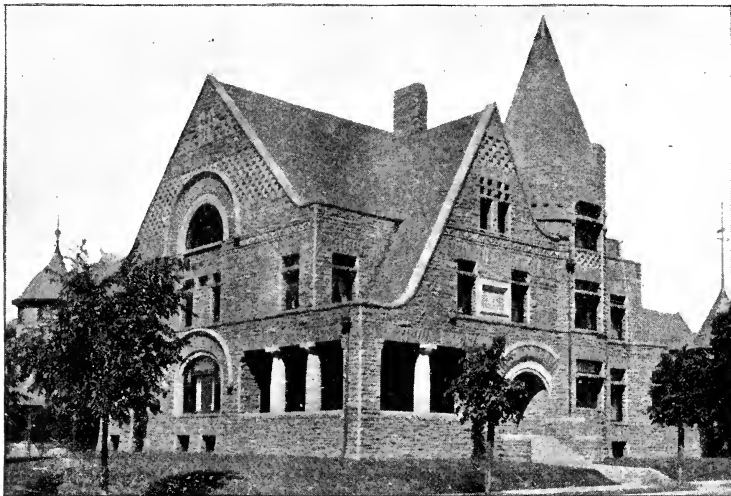
United States post-office, built at a cost of over \$600,000, on adjoining lots, would in another situation present an imposing and attractive appearance, but is here quite overcrowded by its giant neighbor.

It is only a dozen years ago that a city hall was built on the triangle at the convergence of Hennepin and Nicollet avenues. Both this and the old county court-house, repeatedly enlarged, were long ago out-

grown. In the last year the foundations were laid for a new structure, to accommodate the city and county business. They cover an entire block or square. The walls of granite will rise to a height of four stories, and the tower will ascend 350 feet. The estimated cost is \$2,000,000, but it is well understood that a much larger sum will be needed to complete and furnish the building.

single roof. The façade of gray stone is in simple and excellent taste. The Grand Opera House, purposely restricted to accommodate no more than twelve hundred auditors, though fronting on Sixth Street, is virtually a part of the same structure, and is one of the most complete and beautiful of American theatres.

On the east bank of the Mississippi, occupying the elevated knob where once



Residence of Samuel C. Gale.

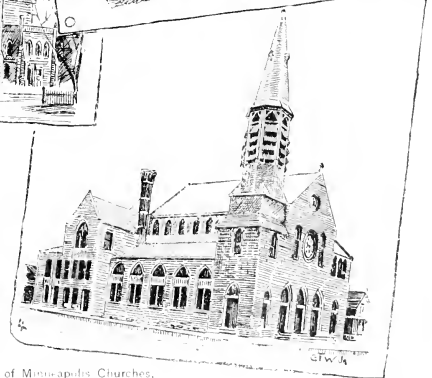
The West Hotel, with its eight stories and frontages of 173 and 196 feet, built of Joliet stone and red brick, is entitled, perhaps, to hold the first place among the great number of splendid hostelries which adorn American cities. The vast central court with its ceiling of stained glass and walls of marble, the main staircase leading to the parlor floor, and the great dining-room are beautiful examples of architectural design. The hotel is, of course, supplied with all the modern appliances, and is as near to being absolutely fire-proof as the state of the building art permits.

On Nicollet Avenue, reaching the whole length of the block between Fifth and Sixth streets, stands the handsome Syndicate Block, said to be the largest commercial structure in the country under a

stood the old Winslow Hotel, the pride of old settlers, now stands the vast building of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, belonging technically to a corporation, but devoted to public uses. This structure of stone, brick, and glass, three stories in height, 366 feet square, its picturesque tower rising to an elevation of 260 feet, was built and completed in less than eighty days, in the spring of 1887. Within its walls are held annual expositions of industry and art, attracting vast crowds of visitors from near and distant points.

There is one feature of these successive displays in regard to which Minneapolis may perhaps claim a precedence. At the outset of the enterprise, the art movement hereafter to be noticed had reached such a stage and acquired such an impetus, that

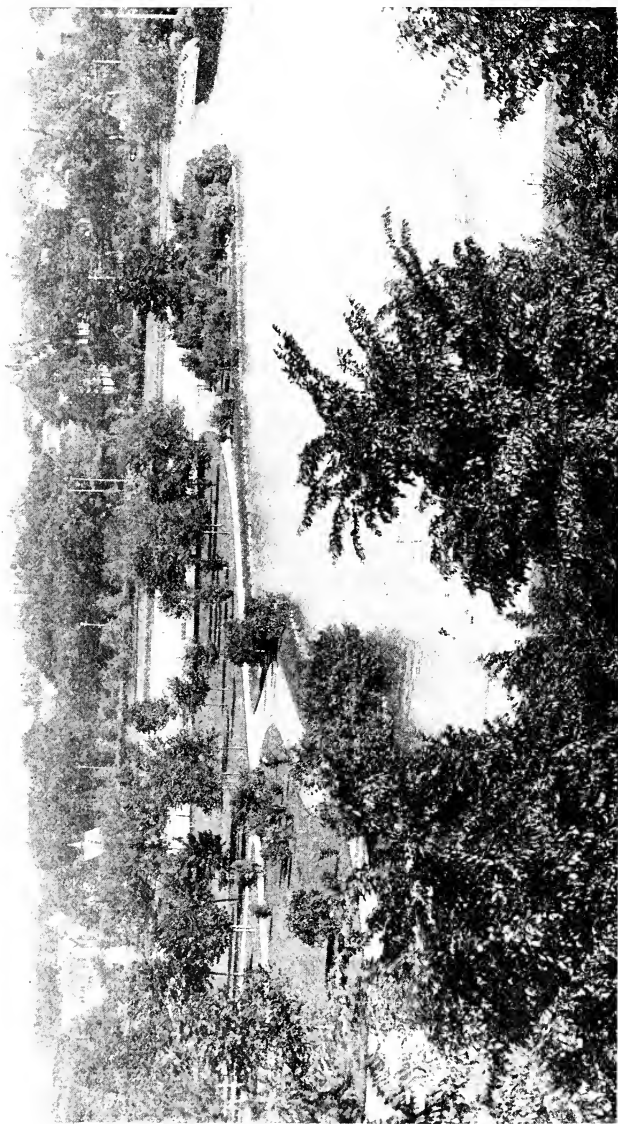
sculpture gallery. It so chanced that, at that very time, a great collection of casts representative of the history of antique and classical sculpture, selected by General Cesnola for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, was arriving in that port prematurely. The galleries preparing for its display being far from finished, it became known to the Minneapolis Exposition directors that the collection could be bought at cost for cash. It took but a few hours to raise



the proprietors of the exposition thought themselves justified in making ample provision for art displays. Accordingly, an annex of picture galleries was included in the construction, and a broad space, at first intended to be an open court, between the annex and the main building, was roofed over with glass, to form a capacious and admirable

A Group of Minneapolis Churches.

1. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. 2. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. 3. CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER. 4. PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

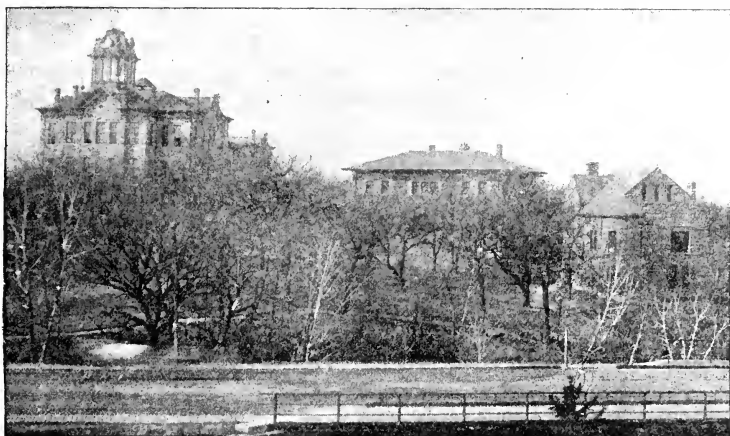


VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, MINNEAPOLIS.

the money (\$10,000) and telegraph acceptance. The collection embraces nearly all the great masterpieces of classic sculpture and many interesting illustrations of decorative and architectural work. As disposed in the gallery, it produces an imposing

known. The effects are noticeable in many ways. The school-children already select the better works, and artists' "pot-boilers" of no kind are wanted in the Minneapolis market.

The annual exhibit of the Minneapolis



A Group of the University Buildings.

effect. From year to year the picture galleries have been hung with examples of pictorial art in great number and variety, paintings in oil and water color, engravings and etchings, drawings and sketches in all possible materials. Many works of high merit have been furnished by leading artists, and several of these have been purchased as the nucleus of a permanent collection. A notable feature of a late display was a large collection of charming landscapes and *genre* paintings by Scandinavian artists, brought over at the instance of Minneapolis citizens of Scandinavian descent. What needs particularly to be remarked is, that the art display divides more than equally the attention of visitors. It attracts more visitors and brings more cash to the treasury than any other branch of the Exposition. Thousands and tens of thousands of the working people have laid their eyes on the sculptures of Phidias and Praxiteles, the paintings of many great ancient and modern masters, the etchings of Haden and Herkomer, and gone back to their shops and farms with visions of a world hitherto un-

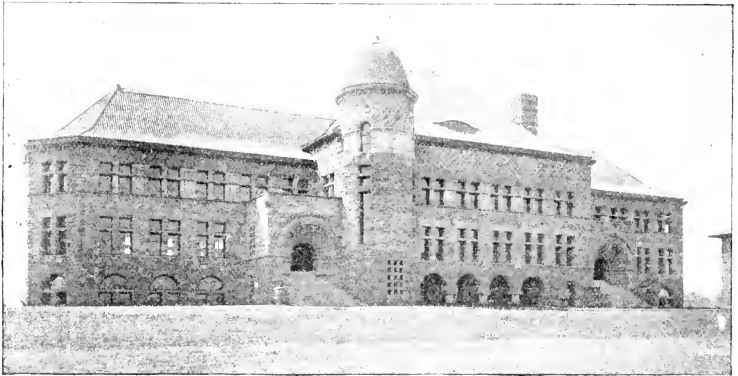
School of Fine Arts has in every instance been an interesting feature of the expositions. This institution, now in its fifth year, is the bantling of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, an organization first formally incorporated in 1883. This society in its early years conducted several loan exhibitions, which had a marked effect in stimulating art culture in the city. Since the occupation of the exhibition field by the Exposition, with its large means, the Society of Fine Arts has devoted its energies to establishing means of art instruction. It had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. Douglas Volk, well known as one of the best trained and most promising of young American artists, as director and principal teacher of the school. A late comparative exhibit of the work of students of the leading art schools of the country, held here, showed that of the Minneapolis school to be equal to the product of any school of its years. The society maintains an art history class, meeting in the winter months, courses of art lectures, and minor exhibits of art productions. It is only justice to

say that the society and its work have been constantly upheld by "certain honorable women," who, however, have been well supported by gentlemen subscribing generously to a guaranty fund. The society is open without election to all persons who will pay the very moderate fees.

Musical culture does not lag behind the sister arts in Minneapolis. The situation and reputation of the city are such as to attract the choicest musical entertainments. The Thomas Orchestra has held two festivals here, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been heard. In response to growing demands, a body of musical instructors in various specialties has been attracted, whose labors have wrought a revolution in taste. Some of these are now associated in the Northwestern Conservatory of Music, under the directorship of Professor Charles H. Morse, formerly of Wellesley College, Massachusetts. The institution has passed its period of experiment and is well established in the public confidence. The Gounod Club, a chorus of mixed voices, under the leadership of

Danz holds the first place among organizations of its kind, and loses nothing by comparison with the famous bands brought by the Exposition directors to crown their attractions.

The native-born population of Minneapolis is exclusively of northern origin, with a large infusion of New England blood. It would therefore be expected that the earliest care of such a people, after getting roofs over their heads and crops planted, would be the formation of religious associations and the building of churches. Such was the fact. Congregations were assembled in old Saint Anthony in 1849, and church-building began the following year. At the present time there are 151 churches, of 21 denominations, having a membership of 25,000, and holding property to the value of \$4,249,115. The church edifices are generally substantial and tasteful, and not a few are noble in their architecture. As examples, may be cited the First Congregational, Westminster, First Baptist, and First Universalist churches. From the membership of the churches are formed



Pillsbury Hall, University of Minnesota.

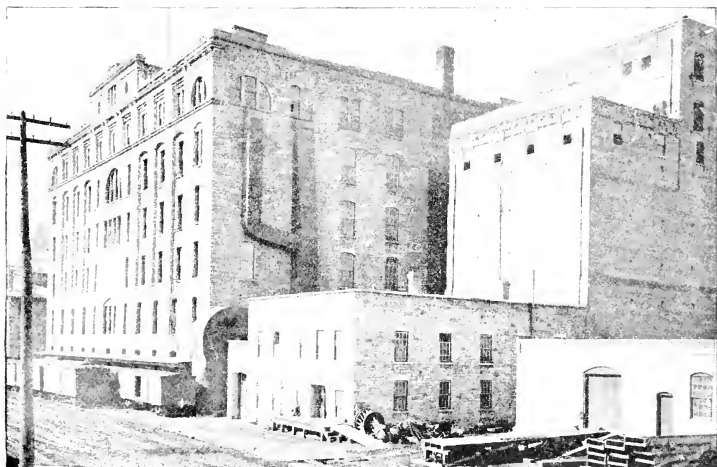
Mr. Morse, interprets choice classical productions in a creditable manner. Among the German and Scandinavian people are numerous musical and theatrical societies, affording great pleasure to patrons and doing much for the advance of art. The Harmonia Society and the *Normændenes Singsforening* may be mentioned as excellent examples. The orchestra of Mr. Frank

numerous societies for Christian work and benevolence.

The establishment of schools was also coeval with settlement. While private institutions exist and have been well patronized, the public schools are grounded firmly in the public confidence, and will continue to be a chief object of municipal care and pride. The management is in the hands

of an independent board of education, elected by the people, with power to lay a tax for the support of the schools. Ever since the union of the cities this board has been composed of gentlemen nominated by joint committees of the political parties, and elected without contest. In the course of a twelve years' administration, Mr. O. V. Tousley, exercising an almost autocratic power, wisely reposed in him by the gov-

ernment, the public library may here be introduced. In the spring of 1859, Bayard Taylor delivered a lecture in the town of Minneapolis, and gave the proceeds, less than a hundred dollars, to a library association then forming, which took the name of the Minneapolis Athenæum. Later a Dr. Kirby Spencer devised to that institution a fund now yielding two thousand dollars a year, for the purchase of books, placing



The Pillsbury Mill.

erning board, by judicious selection of teachers and indefatigable superintendence, brought the school system of Minneapolis to a position of great efficiency, which has not declined in the hands of his accomplished successor. There were enrolled in the year closing in June, 1890, 20,592 day pupils, besides 1750 in the night schools. The teaching force numbers 509. Music, drawing, sewing, and manual training are, and for a long time have been, thoroughly taught by special teachers. There has been of late years a remarkable development of high-school work, due in part to an increased appreciation of higher education, in part to the superior instruction given by the competent principals and teachers. In the last year there were 806 scholars in the central high school; in the three branches, 442; in all, 1248.

As a most important adjunct of public

education, the public library may here be introduced. The Athenæum flourished and was conducted for the most part in a liberal manner. But it was not a public library; and a public library, free to all residents, and managed in a manner to attract the youth, the city was bound sooner or later to possess. After the elimination of some opposition, the trustees of the Athenæum at length took the lead in a movement resulting in the establishment of a public library, into which the collections of the Athenæum were merged without loss of rights or the waiving of duty on the part of the corporation. Under legislative authority an elective library board was created, with limited powers of taxation. The personal make-up of the first board was more than fortunate. Generous citizens contributed an admirable site; and there has been erected upon it

a building not surpassed in size by any structure of its kind in the country. A part of the plan only has been executed, embracing the principal frontages, at a cost of \$250,000. There remains land enough to double the capacity of the building. On the main front, in a niche provided by the architects, may be seen the bronze statue of "His-

income and its accumulations are such as will double this figure in a very few years.

On the second floor of the library building may be found the collections of the Minnesota Academy of Sciences, an institution founded many years ago, and nursed with patient care through a somewhat discouraging infancy by lovers of science and

nature in the city and state. The show of animal and mineral specimens is creditable to the intelligence and industry of the membership, and the collections form a useful adjunct of instruction. The Academy holds monthly meetings for the reading and discussion of papers, and has published a series of contributions to science.

The third floor of the building is occupied by the Society of Fine Arts, with its school and a nucleus of art col-

llections. The main gallery, admirably sky-lighted, contains a number of excellent paintings, presented to the public library by Mr. James J. Hill of Saint Paul.

Continuing the review of educational institutions, it is proper to include one which, though belonging to the state, would not be what it is, would perhaps not be at all, but for the faith and works of Minneapolis citizens. The University of Minnesota opened a preparatory school in 1867, and graduated its first class in 1873. Although burdened with a large preparatory department, the progress of the institution was steady and highly encouraging, and ten years later the graduating class numbered thirty-five. The weakness of the Western colleges has always been in the lack of good preparatory schools to furnish well-prepared students. After some years' study of the problem, the former president of the University conceived and worked out a plan for enlisting the public high schools of Minne-

tor," designed and modelled by Mr. Jacob Fjelde of Minneapolis, professor of sculpture in the School of Fine Arts, pronounced by competent judges to be a highly meritorious work.

The librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, is making an experiment which will interest custodians of similar institutions. His plan is to trust the public and make the books and other material as accessible as possible. The periodicals are exposed in open receptacles, to be taken out by readers at pleasure. There is a large collection of cyclopedias, atlases, and other works of reference gathered in a convenient room, open to all comers. The main storage rooms are not opened to the general public, but shelf-permits are granted in the most liberal manner to all persons who have any reasonable occasion for them. No reasons have yet appeared for restricting this liberal policy. The number of books is now about fifty thousand, and the



Minnehaha in Winter.

sota as feeders of the University. A law framed by him was passed in 1878, providing an annual appropriation of money from the state treasury, to be paid to those high schools which would agree (1) to employ competent teachers and obtain appliances suitable for college preparatory work, (2) to submit to reasonable inspections and examinations, and (3) to admit pupils of both sexes from any part of the state, free of charges. The expectation was that these independent municipal schools, attached to but not incorporated into the state school system, which could not be compelled to co-operate, would thus be induced voluntarily to perform the great service of bridging the chasm between the University and the common schools. This expectation has been met. Sixty-seven high schools have come into the arrangement. There is now a continuous series of free schools by which a Minnesota boy or girl may pass from the ABC class to the doctorate of philosophy. These affiliated high schools are now

pouring into the University a full stream of students fairly well prepared, and the volume will steadily increase. In the year just closed, the enrolment of the University ran up to a figure above one thousand. The preparatory classes have of course been wholly discontinued. The faculty has always been composed of well-trained men and women, educated for the most

part in Eastern colleges, President Cyrus Northrop having held a Yale professorship for twenty years before coming to Minnesota in 1884. His extraordinary power as a public speaker, his gift for winning people of all sorts and conditions, and his ability to lead and inspire a body of teachers, go far to explain the great development of the institution under his administration. The law and medical colleges, but lately opened, have already borne good fruit with large promise. The agricultural college, with numerous departments splendidly equipped, is beautifully seated on the experimental farm at Saint Anthony Park, two miles away. The state experiment station, organized under the "Hatch" law, is established on the same grounds.

All other buildings of the University, except the medical college, are grouped on the picturesque campus on the wooded bluff on the east bank of the river, about a mile below the falls. It is related that Father Hennepin caught his first view of the falls from the University hill. Flanking the main or academic building, and forming with it an imposing array, stand the Pillsbury Science Hall, named from its donor, Gov. John S.

Pillsbury, the school of chemistry and physics, the engineering school, the law school, the chapel of the Students' Christian Association, and the great military hall, locally called the "Coliseum," in which five thousand auditors can, upon occasion, be accommodated. It may interest the war department and foreign nations to know that the young women of this insti-



The Falls of Minnehaha.

tution in large numbers volunteer to take the military instruction; that they march in column and by the front, load and fire, and deploy as skirmishers, with a vim and precision which would delight the heart of a martinet.

When the library building, now in contemplation, shall have been built, few colleges anywhere in the country will be better provided with shelter and appliances of instruction. There is no charge for instruction in the University of Minnesota except the moderate fees of the professional schools of law and medicine.

Within sight from the towers of the University, but beyond the corporate limits of

is seated on the west bank of the river, in plain view. The Minneapolis Academy, an excellent preparatory school, lately housed in a beautiful stone building, is but a few squares away. Not far from two thousand youth are receiving higher instruction from one hundred or more teachers in the University and other institutions mentioned.

By this time it may have occurred to the reader that the chronicler, like *Yankee Doodle*, who "couldn't see the town, there were so many houses," has quite lost sight of the city of Minneapolis *qua* city. Modern cities are so much alike in main features that description of them is needless. Each has so many square miles of territory, divided into so many squares or blocks; there are so many miles of streets, pavements, sidewalks, sewers, water-mains, and street railways; there are so many electric, gas, and other lights; there are so many subscribers to the telephone exchange;

there are so many policemen, firemen, and fire-engines; the city government consists of a mayor and common council, with or without (in this case, *with*) a number of boards for schools, parks, the poor, and the water supply. All such statistics are easily obtainable when needed, and when not needed nobody cares for them. But there are a few particulars which call for recital.

After long experimentation the people of Minnesota have settled on high license as the best means of moderating and controlling the acknowledged evils of the liquor

traffic. A law of the state fixes the license fee for large cities at one thousand dollars a year. The charter of Minneapolis authorizes the delimitation by the city council of a line or cordon to separate the business from the residence portions of the city, and to prohibit absolutely the opening of saloons without that line. The council some years since established the so-called



The Post-Office.

the city, stand the buildings of Hamline University and Macalester College, respectively under control of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, but founded and maintained to a great degree by Minneapolis money and enterprise. Saint Thomas' Seminary of the Roman Catholic Church is even nearer; and the Augsburg Seminary and college of the Scandinavian Lutherans

"patrol limits," and forbade the sale of liquors beyond it. Their powers having been called in question, the Supreme Court of the state, in a proper case, upheld the charter. The residence quarters of Minneapolis know no saloons, and the city derives a revenue from those licensed within the patrol limits, of \$249,000.

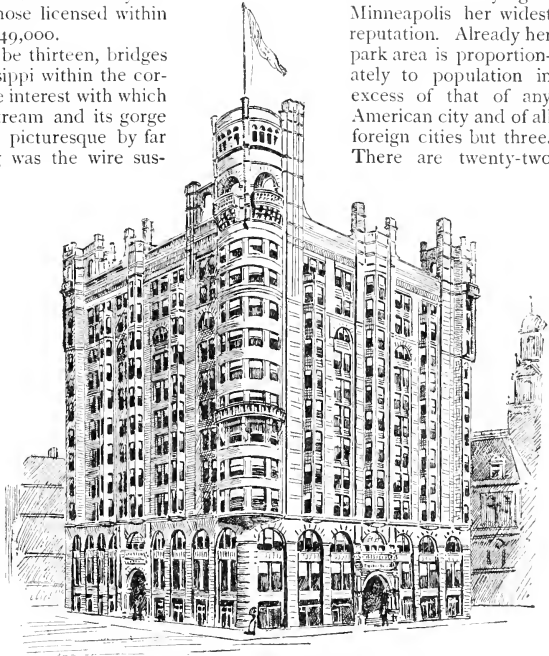
The twelve, soon to be thirteen, bridges which span the Mississippi within the corporate limits add to the interest with which the visitor views the stream and its gorge below the falls. More picturesque by far than any now standing was the wire suspension bridge, but lately removed to give place to a splendid steel arch structure, eighty feet wide and six hundred feet long, over the main channel at the foot of Bridge Square. Beauty and sentiment, as too often happens in growing cities, had to yield to the demands of traffic and the electric railways. The stone viaduct of the Great Northern Railway crossing diagonally a few rods below the falls, in extreme length nearly two thousand feet, and built on a curve of short radius, marked when completed, five years ago, an epoch in American railway engineering.

The city water-supply is drawn from the Mississippi at Shingle Creek, some six miles up stream, and forced by immense steam pumping engines directly into the mains. The management has always been liberal in the extreme, — one reason why the lawns of the city are so green and luxuriant. Sewage is as yet emptied near the lower levee, but it is well understood that other arrangements must soon be made.

All the street cars, heretofore propelled by horses and steam, are at the present time being rapidly transformed for operation by electricity, and an electric line to Saint Paul, following University Avenue, which is 120 feet in width, is far towards

completion. For a long time half-hourly trains have been run on three different steam roads between the cities.

So far, however, as municipal institutions are concerned, it is probably her park system which may give Minneapolis her widest reputation. Already her park area is proportionately to population in excess of that of any American city and of all foreign cities but three. There are twenty-two



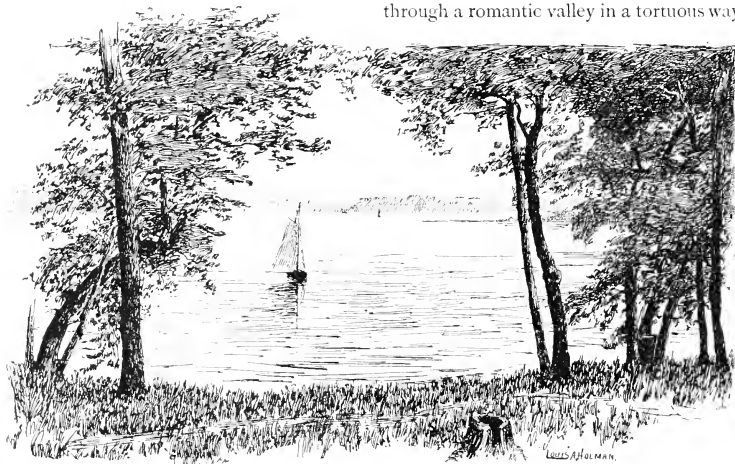
The Guaranty Loan Building.

parcs and parkways, not counting numerous parklets formed by street intersections. The existence and development of the park system is due to the indefatigable labors of Mr. Charles M. Loring; their beauty must be attributed to the taste and skill of Mr. Horace W. S. Cleveland, whose designs have been executed by a superintendent of great energy and good judgment. Some of the newest parks are "neighborhood parks," one or more blocks in area, the delight of residence quarters. The charter authorizes the park commission, on petition of residents, to buy land for such parks, secure payment by mortgage on the property, and assess the cost on the adjacent benefited lots. The assessment is spread

over a term of ten years, interest being included in the apportionment. The people of any neighborhood can thus obtain a local park without imposing a debt on the city.

The best general view of the park system can only be obtained by a tour of some fifteen miles. Let the visitor drive from his hotel, after a timely breakfast, first to Central Park, the jewel of the system, now sparkling in beauty, where six years ago lay a vile sink of bog and swamp. This park, with its charming lake, held to a uniform level by the waters of an artesian well, and its bit of old forest, is for the use of pedestrians only. From the Central Park the Kenwood Boulevard leads over a wooded bluff region, from whose eminences charming gleams of distant waters may be caught, to the west arm of the Lake of the Isles ("Wita-Md " of the Dakota nation). The park now being formed around and includ-

ful for situation and admirably improved and kept. Driving on through "Interlaken," a lovely bit of wild forest, we presently emerge on the shore of Lake Harriet, lying in a deep glacial basin with wooded banks, at the base of which runs a wide gravel road the whole three-mile circuit. The tourist may now refresh himself in the spacious pavilion built by Mr. Thomas Lowry for public convenience at the terminus of the Lake Harriet "motor-line," containing a restaurant and a theatre of goodly dimensions. The next thing is a spin around the lake; but if the hour is late, the drive along the west and south shores must be omitted and Minnehaha Boulevard, which diverges at the southeast angle, followed as far as the old mill on Lyndale Avenue. Minnehaha Creek, the outlet of Minnetonka (the "Broad Water" of the Sioux), passing a little southward of Lake Harriet, and receiving the overflow of that and its sister lakes, runs easterly through a romantic valley in a tortuous way,



Minnetonka Broadwater.

ing this lake with its islands and peninsulas will be, Mr. Loring promises us, — and he speaks with knowledge, — "the most beautiful park in the world." A short half-mile south of the Lake of the Isles lies Lake Calhoun, as fair a bit of blue water as rests below the stars. Calhoun Terrace follows the eastern rim, passing for some distance the border of Lakewood Cemetery, beauti-

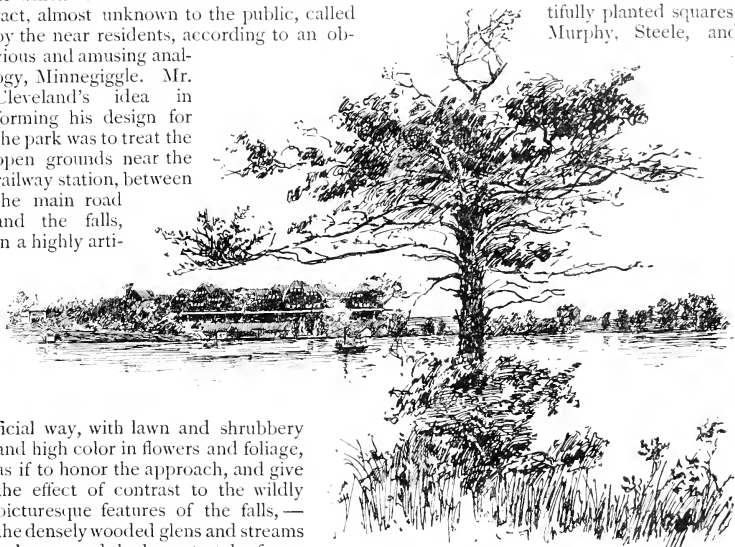
till it tumbles over the Trenton limestone within half a mile of the Mississippi,

"Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

When the whole boulevard from Lake Harriet to the falls shall be completed, there will not exist on this planet a more charming drive.

Meantime the visitor makes his way by a country road to the falls. No description can do justice to the park at and including the falls at Minnehaha. Below the falls there is a wild glen, in a branch of which is the beautiful miniature cataract, almost unknown to the public, called by the near residents, according to an obvious and amusing analogy, Minnegiggle. Mr. Cleveland's idea in forming his design for the park was to treat the open grounds near the railway station, between the main road and the falls, in a highly arti-

bluff sloping by successive terraces one hundred feet down to the river, encounter with pleasant surprise Powderhorn Park, enclosing the lake of that name lying eighty feet below the surrounding territory, and take note of the beautifully planted squares. Murphy, Steele, and



LOUIS R. HOLMAN

View on Lake Minnetonka, showing Hotel Lafayette.

ficial way, with lawn and shrubbery and high color in flowers and foliage, as if to honor the approach, and give the effect of contrast to the wildly picturesque features of the falls, — the densely wooded glens and streams below, — and the long stretch of precipitous river bank, richly clothed with foliage, which no true artist would deem it other than sacrilege to attempt to improve by artificial decoration.

The beautiful grounds of the Minnesota Soldiers' Home are partly surrounded by the park, and for all aesthetic purposes form part of it. When the bill now pending in Congress providing for the improvement of the Fort Snelling reservation of fifteen hundred acres, after the example of several military posts is passed, the people of Minneapolis will own or have access to a park area without equal in extent, and inferior to none in attractiveness.

If our neglected traveller has by this time taken his luncheon at Cox's, he may by slight digressions from his homeward route overlook the charming and romantic Riverside Park, embracing a bit of wooded

Elliot, called from their respective donors.

Such a day may well be marked with a white stone ; but it may be crowned with further rest or pleasure. The tourist may seat himself in a coach of one of three railway lines, and in twenty minutes be whirled up to the shores of Minnetonka, that maze of lake, island, peninsula, bay, and narrows, which never fails to interest and captivate. He may dine at one of the huge summer hotels, or, if he have the *entrée* to one of the innumerable cottages which grace its borders, pass a moonlit evening upon the lake in skiff or sailboat or steamer, and get him to rest with thanksgiving for the beautiful things the good Lord provides for his children who love beauty.

THE INTRODUCTION OF GYMNASTICS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Granville B. Putnam.

FOR the third time in this country, especial attention is now being paid to the subject of physical culture. A sketch of the two preceding movements will therefore be of interest and value at this time. The first period dates from the year 1825, when the earliest attempts were made to introduce gymnastics into our schools, although something had been previously done in military academies. The claim has been made that to Northampton should be ascribed the honor of being the first to act in this matter, but I am inclined to confer the credit upon Boston, although admitting that but a very few months could have intervened between the adoption of gymnastic training by William B. Fowle in his "Monitorial School for Young Ladies," established in Washington Court, Boston, in 1823, and the famous Round Hill School for boys, in Northampton. Mr. Fowle attributed his interest in the matter to a series of lectures delivered by Dr. J. G. Coffin, a leading physician of the city, in the early spring of 1825. In a letter addressed to the doctor by Mr. Fowle in October, 1826, he says:—

"The very day after the delivery of your first lecture, I procured two or three bars and as many pulleys, and after I had explained the manner of using them, my pupils needed no further encouragement to action. The recess was no longer a stupid, inactive season. All were busy and animated. My chief difficulty was in the proper exercise for females. You know the prevailing notions of female delicacy and propriety are at variance with every attempt to render them less feeble and helpless. It seems as if the sex had been thought unworthy of any effort to improve their physical powers. I have finally succeeded in contriving apparatus and exercises enough to keep all employed in play hours. Besides the ordinary exercises of raising the arms and feet and extending them in various directions, we have methods of hanging and swinging by the arms, tilting, raising weights, jumping, marching,

running, *enduring*, etc. Many weak and feeble children have at least doubled their strength. Some very dull ones have become more animated, and some over sprightly ones have found an innocent way of letting off their exuberant spirits. I do believe that no child has been made worse, while many, very many, have been essentially benefited. The children of to-day are engaged in the health-destroying business of committing books to memory and filling the mind with indigestible food, that it may be a suitable companion for its dyspeptic envelope. I hope the day is not far distant when gymnasiums for women will be as common as churches in Boston."

The Round Hill School at Northampton was under the charge of Joseph G. Cogswell and George Bancroft, who were aided by ten assistants. The gymnastics were under the direction of Dr. Charles Beck, who had made a study of the subject in Germany. The exercises were taken in the open air, when the weather permitted, from five to seven P.M. This was also in 1825.

Gymnastics were introduced into Harvard College, with a good deal of enthusiasm, in May, 1826. Dr. Follen, late a professor in the University at Bâle, was the instructor, aided by a Mr. Turner.

In the same month the city council of Boston voted to grant the use of a piece of land on Boylston Street, recently the site of a ropewalk, as a place for gymnastic exercises. On the 15th of June, largely through the influence of Mr. Fowle, a meeting of the citizens was held at the Exchange Coffee House, to organize a gymnastic school, to be located upon the lot granted to the city. William Sullivan presided. A deputation from Harvard was present, bearing a letter from a committee of twelve, three members representing each of the four classes. The letter set forth the beneficial effects already produced in the college and the desire that Boston might soon enjoy the advantages of a similar institution. One of the dele-

gates furnished much instructive information regarding gymnastic exercises in answer to questions propounded by the chairman and others.

Among the twelve names signed to the Harvard letter were those of several who have since become famous. There were the signatures of Benjamin T. Crowninshield, the princely merchant, William H. Channing, the eloquent divine, Epes Sargent Dixwell, subsequently the famous master of the Boston Latin School, Robert Rantoul, and Robert C. Winthrop.

After deliberation, it was "Voted, that it is expedient to attempt the establishment of a gymnasium, and that William Sullivan, John C. Warren, George Ticknor, John G. Coffin, and John S. Foster be a committee to solicit contributions and to establish the gymnasium." It was deemed best to secure from three to five thousand dollars. The committee entered at once upon the task assigned them. William B. Fowle acted as treasurer and general manager of the gymnasium. Before winter it was opened, and Dr. Follen, from Cambridge, was the first instructor. Subsequently Dr. Francis Lieber, the political exile from Prussia, a pupil of Jahn, and highly recommended by him as "possessed of good moral behavior, ingenious, and clever, as well as a good leader and teacher of gymnastics," was induced, by the offer of eight hundred dollars a year, to come to America and take charge. His later success in other departments attests the fact that the commendation of Jahn was worthily bestowed.

The gymnasium at once became popular. Physicians, lawyers, and clergymen, young men from the stores and counting-rooms, as well as boys from the public schools, pupils of all ages, from ten to fifty, flocked to it and availed themselves of its privileges. But I regret to add that the interest was short-lived. In two years its four hundred pupils were reduced to four, and the whole undertaking was abandoned.

The system used was German, and the instructors also were Germans, pupils of the illustrious "Father Jahn," the founder of German gymnastics. It would, however, be unfair to attribute the disastrous failure to the system, although, as a matter of fact, I have been unable to learn of any considerable or enduring success of the

German system in America, except where the population, in part at least, is of German origin. Many circumstances conspired to bring about the failure. Among these may be mentioned the fact that there was then no widespread appreciation of the need of such exercises, and the additional fact that some of the leading gymnasts were caricatured in the public prints in ways that were not pleasant.

Gymnasiums were soon opened at Yale College, at Andover Seminary, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, but the interest waned as soon as the novelty passed, and in a few years one or two swings, some parallel bars, a vaulting bar, and a ladder or two, all weather-beaten and sadly neglected, were all that remained.

In 1826 the *Medical Intelligencer* passed into the hands of Dr. J. C. Coffin, whose purpose in its purchase was to devote it largely to the advancement of physical culture. The efforts of Dr. Coffin were ably seconded by Dr. J. C. Warren, perhaps the highest medical authority in New England at that time. He made vigorous efforts to arouse the public mind to the comprehension of existing facts. He urged upon teachers their duties in relation to their pupils. In a lecture delivered before the American Institute, he said: "Of the well-educated females within the sphere of my observation, about one-half are afflicted with some degree of distortion of the spine, caused by bad postures, want of exercise, too close occupation of mind, anxiety to excel, and the fear of failure. If the present system of treatment in our schools does not undergo some change, I apprehend we shall see a degenerate and sinking race."

In 1827 Dr. Beck of Northampton published from the press of Simeon Butler of that town a *Treatise on Gymnastics*. This was taken largely from the German, containing extracts from the works of "Father Jahn."

It is worthy of note that while attention was thus being given to gymnastics in the United States, great interest was also being awakened in England. Several books upon the subject were printed in London. Among these were *A Treatise on Calisthenic Exercises, arranged for the Private Tuition of Young Ladies*, by Signor Voarino, and *The Elements of Calisthenics for Young Ladies*, by Gustavus Hamilton.

An American, Mr. Neal, writing from London, said: "Gymnastics are now over-spreading the whole country, far and wide, for women as well as men, and for little children also. Incredible things are done every day by men who were much too stately and dyspeptical a few months ago to lift their feet with a jump. They are cured now, cured of their dyspepsia and cured of their absurd carriage. They sleep well, eat well, and look well, and what is more, they behave well."

A "National Gymnasium" was established in the north of London, which soon had seven hundred members. Branches were also soon opened in other parts of the city. In the prospectus of the London Gymnastic Society, it is said: "Gymnastics have been patronized by the Government, have been adopted in the army, in the Royal Military and Naval Schools, besides the Charter-house and many private establishments." The system used in London was German, and the superintendent of the parent gymnasium in London was Professor Carl Voelker, a pupil of Jahn, whose work as an instructor in gymnastics began in Berlin in 1810.

Although some attention was paid to physical exercise in several of the higher institutions of learning during the intervening years, it was not until the approach of 1860 that popular interest was again aroused in America. Foremost among those who were instrumental in bringing this about was John D. Philbrick, superintendent of the Boston Schools, who devoted nearly the whole of his report in September, 1860, to the subject of physical education. After recounting the unsatisfactory condition of affairs he said: "The principal remedy which I would suggest, is the introduction into all grades of our schools of a thorough system of physical training, as a part of school culture. Let a part of the school time of each day be devoted to the practice of calisthenics and gymnastic exercises, in which every pupil shall be required to participate." So well satisfied was he with the importance of this recommendation that he caused it to be printed in italics. His report was referred, at a meeting of the school board, September 11, 1860, to an able special committee, of which George W. Tuksbury was chairman. After due consideration, an elaborate report was

presented to the board, recommending the appointment of a standing committee on physical training, and that a suitable person be secured to aid and instruct the teachers in the training of their pupils in physical exercises, to be practised in all the schools.

It is to be lamented that these wise suggestions were not put into complete execution. It is true that Professor Lewis B. Monroe was appointed teacher of physical and vocal culture, but his attention was given almost exclusively to the vocal, and the physical culture in most of the schools was utterly neglected. The masters of a few, however, introduced gymnastics into all their classes. Notable among these may be mentioned Samuel W. Mason of the Eliot School, who was afterwards one of the original board of supervisors.

This renewed interest in the subject brought to public notice two unique men. The one was Dr. Dio Lewis, who was the apostle of a new system of free gymnastics, and the other was Dr. George B. Winship, the lifter of heavy weights. The former banished all bars, poles, ladders, swings, hitherto considered indispensable, and substituted rings, wands, wooden dumbbells, and bean-bags. Thinking that it would be as easy to keep up the interest in a series of dancing parties without ladies as to do the same in a gymnasium, he planned to include both sexes in his classes. The first of these was in West Newton, and consisted of a hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen. In the summer of 1861 he opened on Essex Street, Boston, "The Normal Institute of Physical Education." After a course of nine weeks he graduated, on the fifth of September, a class of seven ladies and six gentlemen, who went forth as apostles of the new dispensation. This school was afterwards removed to Lexington, Massachusetts, where Dr. Lewis had purchased a hotel to accommodate his pupils and patients.

Of Dr. Lewis, Thomas W. Higginson once wrote: "So hale and hearty, so profoundly confident in the omnipotence of his own methods and the uselessness of all others, with such a ready invention and such an inundation of animal spirits that he could flood any company, no matter how starched and listless, with an unbounded appetite for ball games and bean-bags, he has invented an astonishing vari-

ety of games and well-studied movements with the lightest and cheapest apparatus, — balls, bags, rings, wands and wooden dumb-bells, small clubs and other instrumentalities, — which are all gracefully and effectually used by his classes, to the sound of music, in a way to spare the weakest or to fatigue the strongest." None of us who knew Dio Lewis in those days will fail to bear testimony to the appropriateness of this description.

Classes were formed by him and his pupils in many towns and cities, both for day and evening exercise, and for a time they were exceedingly popular. Dr. Lewis claimed that good results could only be secured by light and rapid movements. He said: "It is doubtful if lifting is ever a good exercise." Dr. Winship, on the other hand, claimed that it was the cure for all human ailments. He believed it the most strengthening and, therefore, the most healthful of all exercise. He spoke out of his own experience. At the age of seventeen, he was very delicate; he was but five feet high, and his weight was but one hundred pounds. At twenty-six he was five feet seven inches, his weight was one hundred and forty-eight, and his strength double that of an ordinary strong man. I well remember the enthusiasm for lifting which his marvellous exhibitions created among the college students, and their efforts to emulate his example. At one of these exhibitions he lifted with unaided hands nine kegs of nails, and with a harness on shoulders and hips more than two thousand pounds. He would shoulder a barrel of flour with ease and carefully replace it upon the floor. He,

too, opened a gymnasium, and pupils flocked to it, boasted of their lifting powers, and exhibited with pride their enlarged biceps flexors.

Dr. Lewis and Dr. Winship long since "ceased from their labors," and popular interest again departed. From that time on, however, quiet but effective work has been continued in most of the colleges and in some of the higher schools. To Amherst is due the credit of being the first to erect a suitable building and to introduce compulsory attendance. Since 1861 Dr. Edward Hitchcock has there been doing magnificent work. All know something of what has been done at Harvard in the Hemenway gymnasium, under the direction of Dr. D. A. Sargent. Johns Hopkins has had its Hartwell, Cornell its Hitchcock, Jr., Yale its Seaver, and Bowdoin its Whittier; but until recently the children of our schools have been sadly neglected.

The revivals of 1830 and 1860 were of comparatively short duration. Let those who are instrumental in awakening that of 1890 see to it that it shall be thorough-going and enduring, so that it shall "take the infant from the cradle and conduct him along, through childhood and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his foot, solidity to his muscle, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to all his vital energies." Boston has made a grand beginning in the introduction of the Swedish system. Let her not slacken her hand nor relax her efforts till she is able to bestow this inestimable blessing upon all the pupils intrusted to her public schools.

MOSES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

By Rev. George Anson Jackson.

"THERE can be no social millennium without a moral basis," was my friend's remark. "I tell you, methods without men will never reorganize society."

"Why not interview Moses?" I suggested.

"Moses? What has he to say?"

The discussion which followed became

of such interest, that after the friend was gone, the writer fell into a reverie, in which he found himself journeying through the heart of Massachusetts, in the year 1930.

Years before he had repeatedly passed through the state, from the sea to Berkshire, by rail and by carriage, and knew something of the condition of its towns and cities. What struck him now was the

new aspect of the country towns, and particularly of the farm-lands and buildings. In his old-time drives, he had seen farms by the hundreds, and acres by the thousands, which showed thriftlessness and neglect on the part of their owners; and had counted scores of estates which had actually been deserted and were running to waste. Now every acre of soil showed marks of careful and successful cultivation. The tillage lands which were at least double in extent to those formerly seen, were bearing crops such as had once been produced only upon a few "fancy" farms. The old pastures, half grown over with brakes and ferns and covered with stones, were no longer recognizable. Every acre of them had evidently been ploughed; and the stones, instead of being thrown into heaps or piled into tumble-down fences, were built into substantial mortared walls, which looked as if they might stand for centuries. The woodlands, which had formerly been left in a state of nature, now proved that forestry was esteemed an essential part of agriculture. Not a tract was passed that did not show a more careful cultivation than was given in the old days to orchards and shade-trees. What could account for all this? A little reflection gave me the clew. I had noticed in the rockier regions border walls, and in the smoother parts boundary stones, with official marks, dividing the whole country into small tracts of from five to twelve acres. It was evident from the number of farmhouses, or of barns and storehouses without dwellings, that on an average not more than two or three of these tracts were united in a single holding. Thus with a small, compact acreage, the farmers, I reasoned, had been able to work their lands as they never could work them when their holdings averaged four and five times as much.

But this was not enough to satisfy me. The improvement was doubtless physically possible, with that added strength to the acre; but what had been the moral stimulus? It would have taken ten times the old agricultural force to accomplish these things, working as the average farm laborers had worked in the last quarter of the last century. Something had certainly come over the spirit of these farmers' dreams. They worked as the old-time farmers of New England had worked. I

knew that the brain and energy of the puritan stock had long ago passed from the agricultural ranks to the manufacturing classes, and thence to the higher commercial pursuits. Had it turned back now to the soil? Surely, nothing else could account for these thousands of commodious and tasteful homes. Along every highway they appeared, and on the numberless new byways which crossed the country, making it look like a vast disjointed hamlet. I must seek the certainty of my conjecture, and find how it had all come about.

My determination had hardly been formed, when I found myself opposite a farmstead that was noticeable even among those fine estates. It was in one of the old towns in Worcester County, at some distance from any village. I had driven past the place forty years before, and had then remarked the house. It was a large aristocratic-looking structure, built in the old days when the wealth of the state was in the hands of its farmers; but in 1885 it had fallen from its high estate, and was tenanted by a brood of disreputable-looking French Canadians. The outbuildings had all fallen down, the chimney-tops were scraggly, blinds were hanging askew, windows were broken, fences were tumbling, and a good-for-nothingness marked the entire estate. Now all was changed. The house, though it retained its old lines, had been thoroughly refitted in the best late Georgian style. There were ample barns and outbuildings. Two ancient elms on the lawn before the house were carefully banded and protected, as if to last another hundred years; and the lawn itself, unlike old farmhouse dooryards, was as green and close shaven as a park. With no hint of ostentation, or of great wealth, there was about the place a character and dignity which suggested a master with all the strength of its original owner, and with the added taste and training of a century.

And there, I judged, the master was. For as I stopped my horse by the roadside, and in my old-fashioned way looked inquiringly toward the house, a middle-aged man came out and courteously greeted me. He was a noble specimen of manhood, recalling to my mind Wendell Phillips, though I could not trace the exact resemblance.

Returning his salutation, I said that I

had stopped to ask what this all meant, these park-like farms, these beautiful homes, these churches and schoolhouses, which I had been passing here in the country.

"The last time I came this way," I added, "this place seemed going to the moles and bats, and the whole country looked like the backwoods, compared with what it is now."

"And how long ago was that, sir?"

"In 1885."

"Forty-five years ago!" he rejoined. "That antedates the beginning of our present land system. No wonder you see changes. But, sir, you seem an old man to be travelling alone. Pray come in and rest, and ask me any questions you will."

So cordial was the invitation, that I could not resist, and in a few minutes we were sitting upon the porch, looking out over a prospect as near my ideal of a New Englander's paradise as any I had ever conceived.

"Forty-five years since 1885!" I said when we were seated. "Then I am an old man indeed, above four-score. But I can make nothing of this. To be frank with you, sir, I remember nothing since my birthday in the year 1890, and only know my age by hearing from you the lapse of years. Something strange must have happened to me; but here I am, and in my right mind, and nothing interests me so much as to learn what has happened in these five and forty years."

"All I can tell you, you shall know; but first you must partake of my salt." So saying, he caused to be brought a light table spread with rolls and honey, to which I paid such compliment as to suggest indeed my second childhood.

My host asked me no questions, it being enough that I was his guest. If he mistrusted my sanity, he was too well bred to betray it. More than that, he treated me with distinguished courtesy.

"Forty-five years ago," he began, as he saw me ready, "the world was just beginning to hear of such men as Henry George, the land reform agitator. Our family had then just returned from Europe, where my father had been residing as a minister of our government. I remember hearing him speak of George's theories. They might sometime, he said, make havoc with the pretensions of those old landed aristocrats whom we had seen so pleasantly on the

other side. As a boy, I knew little of the influence or of the merits of those theories. You," he said, deferentially, "know better than I what went on before 1890. My only remembrance of social discussion in those years is of the talk about Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, a book which had a wonderful sale and which started off thousands of sensible men upon all sorts of speculation and millennium makings. The first utterance upon social, or at least upon land affairs, which made any impression upon me was a book which appeared in 1890, in which the author gravely proposed to divide up the farm-lands of Massachusetts among all the families of the state. Proposals to 'divide up' had been made a thousand times before, by all sorts of socialists and anarchists, and no one had heeded them; but this seemed to be something different. The writer planted himself in the most sober way upon the teachings of Scripture. He advocated nothing less than the adoption of the old Hebrew system of land tenure.

"The state, he said, owned the land. Individual occupants were tenants at will of the Commonwealth, which had simply intrusted to them the use and improvement of their respective portions during its pleasure. At any time when it should see fit, the state, *i.e.* all the people in this sovereign Commonwealth, acting through their government, might resume the lands and reapportion them on the Israelitish basis. All that would be necessary would be to pay the lawful occupants an equitable amount, to make good the original sum paid for the privilege of occupancy, the improvements put upon the land, and the increment in value which had come through the payment of local taxes. He contended that such a reapportionment was desirable, not only for many sound practical reasons, which appealed to hard-headed men, but also because it accorded with what he called a divinely established social principle, as imperishable as the Decalogue. That was a time when scholars were making short work with Mosaic claims generally. But the writer of this book might have been a seventeenth century Calvinist, so far as concerned the Mosaic code. He believed in a revelation to the Hebrew race not only of moral truths, but of social principles.

"Most prominent among those Mosaic

social principles, the book contended, was the giving of great prominence and dignity to the household. Not the individual, but the family, was the unit of society in Israel; and family life was to be maintained at all costs. To this end all laws and customs were made to bend. The basal legislation for this purpose appears in the Hebrew land laws. But I must get the book," said my host, rising and going to his well-stocked library, "for it gives some figures which I may not remember.

"The land of Canaan," he resumed, returning with the book, "was a territory of some 9800 square miles, or a few hundred square miles larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island united. Upon its occupation by the Hebrews, it was divided among the tribes, and subdivided among the families of the nation. The agricultural area of Massachusetts, with its territory of 7800 square miles, was shown by the census of 1885 to be 3,808,215 acres. The same proportional acreage to territory—a reasonable allowance considering the surfaces of the two regions—would give 4,804,209 acres for the available agricultural lands of Palestine. These, divided among the 600,000 families who went in with Joshua, would give an average of eight acres to each family. Since, however, a larger part of Massachusetts than of Palestine is taken up by roadways, we may increase this estimate a little, and assume that the Hebrew households were given landed estates of not far from eight and one-half acres each. It was not assumed by the writer that this division was ever perfectly effected, but such an apportionment was the ideal to which they approximated as best they could. These estates, moreover, by a most beneficent provision, were made inalienable beyond a certain limited time. Every fifty years occurred what was known as the Year of Jubilee. If at any time a family became poor and was compelled to sell its inheritance, the sale could not be absolute, but was rather of the nature of a lease for a term of years; for at the Jubilee Year all estates went back to the families to which they were originally assigned. Thus the integrity of the households of Israel was secured, and the perpetuity of the families was maintained. The equalization of wealth, too, was measurably effected. Here again the writer admitted that there was great laxity among the Hebrews in the

maintenance of their system; it was never perfectly carried out; but still the Jubilee was a divinely appointed ideal. So long as this institution was maintained, no one could add field to field indefinitely, and make thousands depend upon his caprices for their daily bread. Each family could stand erect, the peer of every other family in Israel.

"Now what was needed in Massachusetts, argued this book, was something that should re-establish and develop to an ideal perfection our home life. The bane of our society, more portentous than the unequal distribution of wealth, or the liquor evil, or the opposition to our public schools, or the corruption of politics, was our exaggerated individualism, as opposed to the family idea. As divinely constituted, human society is made up not of an aggregate of single individuals, but of little groups of persons related to and dependent upon one another, as husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters. The notion that each individual is an independent entity, complete in himself, is false and hurtful. The man who assumes that he embraces all of humanity within his masculine personality, the woman who assumes the same of her feminine self, each does violence to the constitution of humanity as ordained by the Creator. Such assumptions had alarmingly multiplied divorces among us, and had substituted club life in its various forms for home life, until the family idea had become seriously imperilled. Unless this tendency was checked, calamity was in store for us.

"Remedies for the evil had been suggested; statisticians and social economists had been lavish of labor and learning in treating of it, but without proposing adequate corrections. Why not, then, adopt the measures devised by the lawgiver of Israel for conserving and strengthening the family life of the chosen people—measures prompted by the same wisdom which suggested the Ten Commandments, which have been found of worth to the world as well as to Israel! Why not recognize that the great need of the state is happy homes, where each household may sit under its own vine and fig-tree? Why not secure such homes in Massachusetts?

"The public lands of the United States, the book went on to say, would all be taken up before the year 1900. Then

there would be a turning backward to our eastern lands. Hitherto it had not been difficult for a man who really wished it to get possession of farming lands in our state ; but what chance would there be for the poor man when once the tide turned? Besides, we were now full. We had at last 'possessed' our portion of the land, and our serious history was about to begin. Instead, therefore, of entering upon this new era without plan or purpose, and with a land system that was sure to make homes of their own unattainable by the mass of our people, let us at the outset provide for such homes.

"Massachusetts had 3,808,215 acres of improved or improvable agricultural land. The population of the state in 1895 would be about 2,250,000, or 450,000 families, which would enable us to assign eight and one-half acres to each family, or the same acreage originally available for the families of Israel. The valuation of these lands in 1885 was \$110,700,707. Adding to this, for the value of vines and fruit trees, the state would have to raise about \$114,000,000 to compensate present owners. Although a large sum, this was about half the amount of the surplus wealth of our people on deposit in our savings banks, and a fraction less than six per cent of the taxable valuation of the state. To provide for this sum would entail a tax of about two dollars on a thousand ; but in view of the consideration to be received, we should not delay an hour before this cost. Let Massachusetts, then, step to the front, as she has ever done, the writer urged, and set a new example to the country and to the world. Let her keep in the van instead of dropping to the rear, by guaranteeing to all and each of her householders a home wherein may be trained up families of the same sterling worth as our old puritan stock.

"Such, in substance," said my host, turning to me, "was the proposition which has been worked out into what you see. The details need not be given, nor the arguments by which the writer showed the practicability of the scheme, and how one hundred and fifty thousand holders would produce from the soil six to eight times its former yield. I must read you, however, a part of the special appeal which the book made to the better classes of the Commonwealth, the sons and grandsons of the old farming gentry, who then led our profes-

sions, and wrote our books, and were our merchant princes, and bankers, and retired capitalists." He found the place and read aloud :

"Gentlemen, Sons of the Fathers, you stand to-day at the parting of the ways, able by your choice to determine whether this country, dedicated by your forefathers to God, shall enter consciously and deliberately upon a career of mere material advancement, in which the strong thrive and the weak go to the wall ; or whether we shall reassert, as did our ancestors, that man is first of all a moral being. Recall the glories of your race ; that they came to these shores not for material gain, but for spiritual freedom ; that in battling with the stern conditions of life on this bleak shore, they gave their energies not to multiplying material comforts, but to developing their manhood, to founding their churches, their schools, their colleges, entrance to which they made possible to all. Remember that you are what you are to-day, at the head of our structure, through their toil and self-sacrifice. Consider that the men who have borne our institutions across this continent, and who to-day hold positions like your own in every great city of the North, owe their power to their fathers' choice of the moral rather than the material in life. Think that your Edwards, your Channing, your Emerson, your Brooks ; that your Otis, your Adams, your Webster, your Sumner ; that your Bryant, your Longfellow, your Whittier, your Lowell, your Holmes, and the hundreds of thinkers and orators and poets whom they represent, were the product of the plain living and high thinking of your puritan ancestors. Then consider whether the overwrought material civilization upon which we are entering is likely to produce such men. You, gentlemen of wealth and leisure, who have eight generations of such stock behind you, can you afford to descend to the plane of such a civilization? Can life for you consist in having your mansion in the city, with its luxurious appointments and attendant equipage, your place in the most exclusive club, your house by the seashore, your yacht, and a social position which, despite your pure blood and your intelligence, is dependent upon your wealth? Can you afford to bring up your sons to be dependent upon surroundings which may vanish in a day

by the wrecking of a railroad, or the defalcation of a cashier, or the collapse of some business scheme into which your money has gone? Shall life for the son of a founder of this puritan Commonwealth consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses? Nay, life for you and yours is to live, and to be men and women independent of what wealth can give, or the loss of wealth can take away. Now, sirs, provide for your sons and daughters, provide for the future of our beloved Commonwealth, by taking the lead of this movement to re-establish the simple home life of our people. Seek out the homesteads of your grandfathers, where they were men of rank and influence, and buy them. Transfer your homes to those old estates. Keep your city house if you will and can, as you now keep your seaside cottages, for passing use through a few months of the year; but plant yourselves upon the soil. Send your sons and your daughters to college, give them the best that travel and observation can afford them; but let it be with the thought that they are to come back and live in a modest way on their ancestral estates. All their books and their works of art can find place in those country homes. Everything that is passing in the world of thought will be heard by those country firesides as quickly as in city homes, and will be appreciated far better than amidst a feverish urban life. Then take of your wealth and put it back generously upon that soil from which your ancestors drew so much and such quality of life. Let the old fields rejoice under your hands and the hands of your sons, who shall bring from the schools the resources of science with which to make them fruitful. Having thus planted yourselves where life to you and yours is not subject to the caprices of fortune, give heart and soul, voice and purse, to securing to all the families of the Commonwealth the substance of what you possess in your quiet homes. You will have acquired with the old homesteads, say one hundred acres each. Say to the Commonwealth, "Re-apportion these lands and all other farming lands in a way to build up families." Say to the poor men, the homeless men of the state, "We need but one share. Leave us the few acres that surround the homes of our fathers; take the rest and make for yourselves homes. As neighbors, you shall

profit by the experiments and improvements which we with our wealth can make on our estates; we and ours will profit by the example of your frugal and contented toil; and our families shall preserve to remote generations the moral fibre of our puritan race."

"That appeal," said my friend, closing and throwing down the book, "I read to my father the day it was issued, in our old home on the Back Bay. He ridiculed it a little, as the words of a visionary, but I could see that it had made an impression upon him. Within a week he had come up here and bought this place, telling us, however, at the time, that he thought it a good money investment, as land was likely soon to increase in value in this region.

"The book did not at once cause a stir; but it had suggested a moral basis for an improved society, and thoughtful men read it and talked about it. Next door to me lived Governor X., and across the street was Judge Y., and in the next block was Doctor Z., with whom my father was intimate; and I would find them all together occasionally in his library, talking over the proposed scheme. The judge's family had always kept their ancestral estate, and I was pleased to hear in a few weeks that the governor and the doctor had followed my father's example and bought back their old family farms. The wealthier business men, too, began talking about the book, and though there was much dissent, the opinion steadily gained ground that there was good sense at the bottom of the scheme.

"But the chief point, as all saw, was to interest the industrial classes, who seemed then to have an aversion to the soil. To this end, friends of the movement printed and circulated information as to what was contemplated. It was not expected that all families were to rush to their estates. That would be suicidal. We were, and would continue to be, a manufacturing people. Our cold, light lands, as they would be subdivided, could not at first support more than a fifth part of our families, or about twice the number then on the farms. Even this number would need to have money and experience to work successfully; so that for the first few years the old farmers and the wealthier classes would be all who could be expected to live on their estates. But the rental

which these would pay for the remaining lands, although small in money, should include liberal improvements of the soil; and so in time others of less means would be warranted in moving to their estates. Ultimately, it was asserted, as many as two-fifths of the families of the state could find comfortable and happy homes on the soil. The other three-fifths would always have an alternative to any over-oppressive work in the towns, and so the most serious of the labor problems would be solved.

"Though these ideas gradually worked their way among all classes, the strength of the movement was for some time with leisurely and well-to-do people. In two years there was hardly a family of our acquaintance who had not hunted out an ancestor who was a farmer, and bought a piece of the old farm; if possible, the homestead. College men, too, and college boys took up the idea. Young men who had not quite known what to do with themselves saw something to take hold of. The agricultural colleges and the chemical departments of the technical schools began to swarm with graduates of Harvard and Yale. Books upon farming and forestry were common upon drawing-room tables. The intelligence of the Commonwealth became committed to an agricultural revival.

"In 1893 the legislature authorized a commission to visit Europe and study the agricultural problems in the more densely populated countries. The reports of this commission, which were industriously spread through the state, led to discussions which made the land question and the proposals of the 'Jubilants,' as the advocates of the Hebrew system were called, household words. And the more the matter was discussed, the more popular did the new idea become.

"So assured were the 'Jubilants' by 1895, that in the fall elections they made an issue of their cause, and returned a controlling part of the legislature. The first bill introduced at the approaching session was one to provide for an amendment to the constitution, embodying the new land system. This was a startling measure. Some who had seemed to favor the movement, when they saw it thus crystallizing into a revolution to change the constitution of our staid old Commonwealth, for a time drew back. But the bill was referred to

the proper committee, and the committee gave its hearings. The general court that winter was practically held by the people; for all interest in legislative matters centred in that committee room. From the Green Room the hearing was adjourned to the old Representative chamber, and it seemed as if every one in the Commonwealth wanted either to address the committee or hear what was said to them. The best legal minds and finest orators of the state appeared, and argued the case pro and con. Senators and representatives came on from Washington to speak. Several members of the British parliament presented testimony, one of them having come from England for that express purpose.

"The project was wild and revolutionary, it was claimed by some, the first step toward a career of anarchy and ruin. Anything so unprecedented among civilized people should be left to Wyoming or Washington; Massachusetts was not the patron of Quixotic legislation. To which appeal to prejudice against the new, some venerable Bostonian, whose descent came straight from Plymouth Rock or Salem, and whose name had been a household word for two centuries, would reply that it was not an untried scheme which they were proposing; that a people whose institutions had shaped and colored more than any others the civilization of Christendom had tried it, and it had done more than any other feature of their legislation to give them moral strength and make them the spiritual leaders of the world. 'We had enough of Old-Testament legislation in the old days when we hung the witches,' was the burden of some speeches; rejoinders to which would portray the glories of that old puritan stock, with their scriptural ideas, and show them to have been the brain and nerve of the nation, without whom this continent would still have been but half settled by a congeries of half-civilized dependents upon foreign despotisms.

"After eight weeks of deliberation the hearing was closed: the committee reported the bill favorably, and it was passed by the requisite votes and referred to the next general court. The next year the bill passed again, and in two months was submitted to the people. Not simply a majority, but three-fourths of our people

voted 'Yes.' Massachusetts had decreed the resumption of her agricultural lands and their re-apportionment among all her families, in estates which should be inalienable beyond fifty years from the year 1900, in which year the apportionment was to begin.

"Much, however, remained to be done. By the provisions of the amendment, a commission was to be appointed by the governor to divide the land. For this arduous and delicate duty it was to be entrusted with absolute powers, without appeal to the courts, and subject only to formal impeachment by the legislature. The purely business-like duty of assessing and awarding compensation to the old occupants of the farms was assigned to special commissioners, elected in each county, with powers akin to those of the regular county commissioner.

"Such extraordinary power as was given the 'Great Commission' had never before been committed to a body of men in our republic; but trust had to be reposed somewhere, and it was believed that such a body of the best men of the state, if absolutely unhampered, would do right. The commission was appointed in June, 1898, and all were satisfied with the selections which the governor had made. Two judges of the supreme court and one of the superior court left the bench to accept appointments. There were five ex-governors of the Commonwealth and one ex-United States senator among them. My father had just been appointed minister to Russia by the new administration at Washington, but he resigned to serve with this distinguished body. Nearly half of the members, however, were substantial men who had held no prominent public offices, such as farm presidents, solid farmers, a distinguished statistician, a prominent landscape gardener, an authority on forest lands, and several able engineers.

"The practical labor of making the 450,000 apportionments had, of course, to be committed to corps of competent surveyors and land experts. Some estates would be more, some less, than the average of eight and one-half acres, but all were to have as nearly as possible an equal life-supporting value. When it was feasible, the farms were laid out in regular squares; but personal judgment was brought to bear upon every plat, and no hard and

fast rules were allowed to compete with common sense. Some forest acres were divided in the regular way, on the assumption that the new occupant could clear them. In other localities, where it was evidently best to maintain perpetual forests, apportionments in the neighborhood were made smaller, with a common interest in the woodland.

"This work of platting was begun at once in every county, by appointees of the commission. In a year's time it was so far completed that sub-committees of the commission began their tours of inspection. Besides personally viewing large numbers of estates, especially to adjust questions as to homesteads and woodlands, the committee gave hearings in all parts of the state, and invited suggestions as to any questionable apportionments. This work done, the commission published the rules which they had agreed to observe in the allotment. The most important were these:

"(1) What constituted a family was to be determined by the usage of the census of 1895.

"(2) All householders who had owned and tilled estates for the preceding ten years, and all occupants whose ancestors had held their estates for a period of fifty years, though they themselves had owned them for a shorter time, were to be assigned the plats which included their homesteads.

"(3) All actual owners of farms, whether for longer or shorter periods, would be assigned the plats including their homesteads, unless seven reputable citizens of their towns filed protests and gave bonds to secure to them the full value of their homestead improvements; in which cases these owners were to share alike with their fellow townsmen.

"(4) All other estates were to be assigned by lot in the several towns.

"(5) Dwellers in country towns were to have the preference over outsiders upon the lists of persons drawing for lands in those towns. Next to such residents, place would be given, on application, to persons outside who were born in the town, or whose ancestors had lived in the town for fifty years. After these, the commissioners were to fill up the lists with the names of dwellers in the cities, whose interests in the soil were not local. All, however, who were put upon a given list, whether resi-

dents or outsiders, shared alike in the drawing.'

"Another year was consumed in the registering of the families and getting them upon their proper town lists. The drawing took place in July, 1900, under the supervision of the town and city authorities. Before Thanksgiving there had been transmitted to every householder in the state a warrant for Inheritance No. — in the town of ——. These warrants were to be exchangeable for deeds of the given property at such time before 1905 as the land should be vacated by its old-tenure occupants.

"Meantime, the several county commissions had been busy, and most of the valuations had been satisfactorily determined. All was ready for the new system to begin with the new century. Subscriptions to the state loan had been received with a reserve on the part of the state as to when the bonds should issue; for a long option was given the farmers, and it was not known what they would do. They might give possession and receive their pay on the first day of 1901, or they might cling to their land until the last day of 1905. They were, however, debarred from cutting any wood on the lands, and after the first year were to pay a rental, to be incurred each year until they should yield possession; which rental was to be paid over by the state to the proper owners. Estates to the value of some ten millions were surrendered at once, so that the new proprietors were given possession April 1, in time for the season's work.

"By the following April seventy millions had been paid out by the state. Other holders preferred losing their interest, and paying the state, to taking their chances of living from the new owners; so that the burden of taxation did not begin at once to press heavily.

"During these five years permanent stone landmarks were placed by the commission at the corners of all the estates; such new highways as were demanded were laid by the county commissioners; and in 1905 the system was a completely established fact, with twice as many people on the land as in 1900."

I had listened with absorbing interest to this recital. So clear had it been made to me that I had not needed to ask a

question. I remembered, however, that in my day it was almost impossible to get people to go upon the farms. So I inquired:

"But how did you get people to move out to their estates? You could hardly give away farms remote from the town, when I used to drive through the state."

"That was the easiest thing about it. As I have said, there was much agitation of the subject before the amendment was adopted, and the advantages of a home upon one's own estate in the country, particularly for families with children, were fully set forth. But of far more influence than any such printed or oratorical reasoning was the example set by the best people of the state. It was, as I explained, the intellectual and social leaders who sustained the movement from the outset. Already, before the idea became popular, they had gone out and bought probably a thousand ancestral farms, scattered through the state. For a time it was almost a requisite in society to claim a grandfather who was a farmer, and to have bought and refitted the old farmhouse. But the thing did not end in a social 'fad,' as the word was then. There were thousands of intelligent, well-to-do families who did not affect 'society,' who yet had ancestral farms to which they could point. These people soon found that on those farms was the place to spend their vacations, rather than at costly and uncomfortable seaside resorts, or at mountain hotels. A season or two of the rest and freedom and happy childhood associations of these old homes made many a man a purchaser where he had been but a boarder. With everything to invite, instead of everything to annoy, the vacations of leisurely people lengthened until they were living longer in the country than in the city. With mails and telegraphs abundant, with pleasant people near, who knew all the new books, perhaps made some of them, and kept up with the world, what was the use of hurrying back to town? Then, when the movement for dividing up the land really took form and promised to succeed, sensible people reflected that, possession being nine points of the law, it was well to make one's own choice of a home. So they bought small tracts in such numbers that before the division began the holdings of the state had already tripled."

"And how of the effect upon the labor market?" I asked. "Has it met your expectations?"

"Perfectly. There has not been a strike in the Commonwealth for twenty years."

As dreams do not stand upon the proprieties in coming or going, I need not explain how I took leave of my courteous host and found myself back in my own study in prosaic 1890.



CO-OPERATION IN AGRICULTURE.

By James K. Reeve.

WHEN the Rugby, Tennessee, colony was being formed, some years ago, Boston gentlemen who were known to be interested in the project received many appeals from men living in the manufacturing towns of New England and elsewhere, asking for an opportunity and assistance toward joining the proposed movement. It was known that the movement was being projected upon an agricultural basis; and it is a noteworthy fact that at that period, when commerce and the manufactures were in a most flourishing condition, these appeals came from great industrial centres and from men who were competent to do their part in specific lines of employment. But they saw that the great principles of combination and centralization were binding them ever more inexorably to their Ixion's wheel, and they began to look about for means of escape. The erroneous impression had gone abroad that a co-operative scheme was on foot, that the society had some predilection toward a charitable basis, in that it proposed to extend a helping hand toward such as desired to better their condition and to widen their horizon by engaging in the primeval occupation. Through the press the idea gained ground that the society would purchase

land and assist people in locating thereon, in building up homes there for themselves, from the product of their own labor upon the soil, and exercise a general paternal supervision over the colonists during the initiatory and experimental stages of their development.

The idea was chimerical, and had it taken root in this form would probably have proved a delusion, and would have brought misery in its train greater than that which it might have sought to relieve. Aids to self-help must often have the ideal rather sternly pushed both from the direction of their efforts and from the expectations of their clientage. Upon this rock—the preponderance of the theoretical over the practical—many a philanthropic effort has come to wreck. In view of the fact, however, that such an impression did get abroad and that responses came so largely in answer to it, and of the further fact that so many of the gentlemen, both in England and America, who were connected with the enterprise, were of known philanthropic tendencies, it is rather to be wondered at that they were not more impressed by the possibilities of the aspects of the case as developed by their correspondents.

Co-operation between capital and labor,

capital furnishing the means for the employment of labor and judiciously guiding and assisting in its development for the mutual good, has been tried and its operations shown forth in almost every avenue of industry. That the idea could be applied in agriculture may strike many at first as an entirely new departure. Others will remember certain communistic schemes, and will say truly that these efforts, at least such of them as the world has heard of, which have been conducted with agriculture as a basis, have been uniformly unsuccessful. This has been due largely to the fact that the ideal has overbalanced the practical, both in their inception and execution. The communists at Brook Farm endeavored to turn their furrows by harnessing Pegasus to the plough; the French communists before them were so much engaged in constructing the ideal state of society that they turned no furrows at all.

The nearest to success that any of these endeavors have come — attempts at agricultural co-operation commingled with communism of property — is that of the society of Shakers. They have prospered for nearly a hundred years, and have accumulated a great property in various portions of the country, which has been prudently managed. But owing to the practice of celibacy and to the present lack of sympathy with their forms of communal isolation, it may be doubted whether they will be able to maintain their autonomy for another generation. They afford an interesting example of what may be accomplished by combination in agriculture. Capital was hardly a factor here in the beginning, except as it was represented by an abundance of labor which asked no recompense beyond its own support. Thus the surplus earnings went steadily toward creating a capital fund; and now, with labor grown scarcer, this capital takes its appropriate place in the combination.

If this sect had been founded only upon a basis of pure communism, it is doubtful if they would have maintained their existence even thus long. But the communities are wisely divided into families, each of which has individual interests to care for. Even though the gains are to be merged eventually into a common whole, this slight tie binding them to the idea that their labor and thrift are, in a manner, to benefit themselves first, has a visible

influence in promoting the success of the whole. Some remove from the purely communal form is necessary for the stimulation of the individual.

Instead of being a new and untried application of the principle, co-operation has in truth nowhere been so universally or so simply tested as in agriculture. The most general form of co-operation, and one that may be examined into anywhere where land is cultivated for its produce, is that where the owner of land places that as capital against the labor of his tenant. The tenant may be, and often is, wholly without capital. He may even be unskilled in agriculture, bringing nothing but his untrained labor into the partnership, to be guided and directed by capital. Again the tenant may contribute to the general fund not only his labor, but stock, implements, and wide knowledge and experience regarding the processes of agriculture. In this case the spirit of co-operation is better exemplified, as now capital and labor may intelligently confer together, agreeing upon the crops that shall be grown, methods to be pursued in their cultivation, etc. Capital protects itself by seeing that the land is not unduly cropped without proper restitution in the way of fertilizers, etc. Labor protects its own interests by so expending itself that the largest return shall be had in valuable crops. In this system there is every possible inducement for labor and capital to work together harmoniously, and to further the interests of each other. The system has limitless variations, which may be changed to suit the land, the individual, or the crops to be grown; but in all it may be reduced to the simple proposition of land (capital) against labor.

The division of profits under such co-operation is based upon the justest of all principles, not upon the amount of capital that is pitted against labor, but upon its real, and not its fictitious, earning power. This is the same footing upon which labor itself stands. Good land will produce (earn) more than poor land, with the same expenditure of labor. Therefore it should receive, and does without cavil, a larger proportionate share of the earnings.

In co-operative manufactures, labor is confronted by a gross amount of invested capital, whose possibly fictitious earnings of so many per cent per annum must be

provided for out of the common fund. To equalize this, labor should be capitalized at a sum upon which its earning power would equal the same per cent dividend that capital receives. Thus a laborer who was capable of earning six hundred dollars per annum would be the equivalent of ten thousand dollars of invested capital. That capital in co-operative manufactures does not pit itself against labor in this ratio goes without saying. Neither would it do so in land ; but capital invested in land has ordinarily a greater earning power than when invested in manufactures, and it is against this earning power that labor would contend, and not against the gross amount of capital itself. Thus, in affording a basis for co-operation with labor, capital could here accomplish more than in any other avenue of industry.

Land is as yet plentiful and cheap with us in many sections ; labor is superabundant. The intelligent employment of the two in combination will produce results satisfactory to capital, and will abundantly recompense labor, with an amelioration of many of the risks to which the former is exposed and many of the attendant evils which now encompass the latter in many other walks of life.

Labor drawn together in the cities, as it usually is when assisting in the development of great enterprises, is too often not only poorly housed, poorly fed, poorly clothed, but kept by the force of circumstances in an unwholesome moral and intellectual atmosphere. The laborer in the city is a social nonentity. His environment represses such hopes and aspirations as in a happier state might conduce to the development of the best that is in him. If some of the surplus labor of the cities, even of the best class, — that which is most able to cope satisfactorily with the drawbacks of its environment — could be employed in agricultural industries, these evils might be largely mitigated ; and as for what we commonly term the surplus population, the untrained and unclassified labor, the flotsam and jetsam from which we recruit our poorhouses, asylums, and jails — by the distribution of this upon the land, not only would the condition of the individual be improved, but the dangers imminent from the congestion of our cities would be visibly lessened.

No other bond is so conducive to good citizenship as the ownership of land. No matter how recent the immigrant, nor how unstable his character, if the soil upon which he stands is his, if the roof that shelters him is his, then the country becomes his country, and he an integral part of it.

A scheme of agricultural co-operation, in order to attain the highest success, should have as its ultimate purpose the acquirement of the land by the individual. Even were the chief aim not, as it should be, to benefit the individual, but rather to afford safe and profitable employment for capital, such an object would be more effective than any other in bringing out the best efforts and resources of each. The possession of a home is the incentive for which a man will labor beyond all others. This would prove an anchorage for many who might otherwise be unstable of purpose.

Certain European states have long utilized this idea in caring for their pauper element. Those having families, who manifest a desire to better their condition, are located upon public lands. They are given the occupancy of a dwelling, and a certain portion of land is allotted to them for cultivation ; tools and implements are provided for their use ; instruction is given them in the best methods of tilling the land, and close supervision is exercised to see that they make the best uses of the opportunities afforded them. At first they are wholly dependent upon the state ; gradually many become self-supporting ; then the state permits the purchase, upon easy terms of payment, of such land as they have shown a capacity to manage judiciously, and thus a portion of the pauper element is converted to good citizenship. This is not charity, but a wise measure of political economy.

In Roumania exists a large class of peasant proprietors, their holdings averaging but a few acres each. Their own lands being of insufficient extent to require their whole labor, or to wholly support themselves and their families, these peasants attach themselves to some of the large landed proprietors, and cultivate portions of the estate co-operatively. In this way a peasant village will sometimes take up and cultivate an entire estate, giving a primitive example of agricultural co-opera-

tion most pleasing to behold, because of the pleasant and paternal relations of the proprietor toward his dependents.

Recently a peculiar phase of agricultural co-operation has been seen in this country. In some portions of the West improved farms are being offered for sale upon an agreed basis of a certain portion of the crops for a period of years. Usually it is provided that a certain area shall be laid down in wheat each year, for a period of ten years, and one-half the proceeds applied each year upon the payment for the farm. Under such contract the debt is extinguished at the end of ten years, whatever the crops may have been. Here co-operation is exercised apparently for the sole purpose of home-building. Capital takes a secondary place, making itself subservient to, and dependent upon, for protection, the honesty of purpose and integrity of labor.

In the Blue Grass region of Kentucky it is a common practice for the land owner who has surplus pasturage to let his fields for grazing, taking in payment an agreed price for each pound that the stock shall gain while on his range. Here agriculture affords the basis for co-operation between invested capital and ready working capital.

The immense tobacco crop of the United States, which requires proportionately less land and more labor than most other crops, and which returns a larger sum per acre than any other crop of extended cultivation, is very largely grown by co-operation between the land owner and the laborer. The land owner in this case often furnishes working stock and implements, storage, and sometimes advances a sum of money monthly for the maintenance of the laborer until the crop is made ready for market. The profits in this work are often very large; but the laborers who engage in it are usually negroes who have never learned the arts of thrift; their earnings are dissipated almost as soon as received, and the beginning of each season finds them as poor as in the last, and dependent as then upon "advances" upon the prospective crop. Were these people thrifty, or were they under the careful supervision of some one interested in their welfare, so that a percentage of their earnings were saved for them each year and invested in the land, a little time would suffice for building up a class of small farmers who would

own and reside upon the land which they cultivate, and who would be vastly more desirable citizens than the class as it now stands.

Immediately after the war, in some portions of the South, when the control of the freed black labor and the further cultivation of the cotton staple were subjects of grave discussion, some men who retained their wits broke up the negro "quarters" on their plantations, distributed the negroes at convenient points upon the land, sold each head of a family a mule "on time," and put them at work cultivating allotted portions of their estates as free tenants "on shares." These experiments were very largely successful, and had this wise policy been more generally followed, it would have done much toward preventing the crime and suffering and misery that followed emancipation. The negro race, when made to feel the responsibilities of citizenship, when furnished a motive for steady application, and especially when put in friendly competition with others of their own people, have developed traits which show them to be amenable to the same ambitions that control others. Agriculture is an industry for which they are peculiarly fitted, and co-operative colonization could be advantageously adopted for relieving some portions of the South from the surplus black population. But the controlling power would need to be placed in hands which would govern firmly and wisely.

We have gone far enough to show that neither the idea nor its application is new. Labor, desiring to participate in the reward of its own toil beyond the mere bounds of a wage-worker, has more often found its opportunity and complement in land than elsewhere. But in such efforts it has largely been thrown upon its own resources, left unguided and unassisted; whereas, in co-operative manufactures, capital, strong, vigilant, trained in every avenue of the industry which is being prosecuted, is ever at hand to direct, advise, and encourage to the mutual good.

In co-operative manufactures capital is the predominating element. It precedes labor, has more at risk, can be more easily dissipated; if it suffers injury the combination quickly fails. With agriculture as a basis, and capital in land, labor would be the predominating element. The first ef-

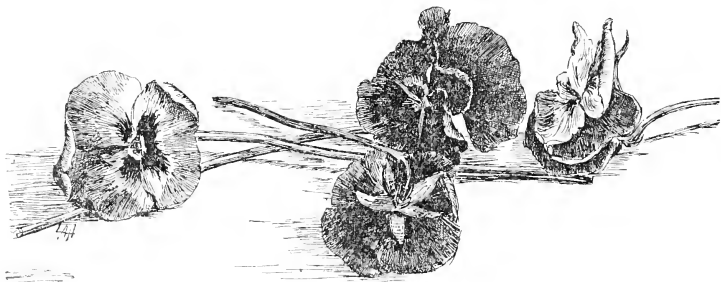
fort must now be directed toward protecting and sustaining that. The capital need not be so jealously guarded, for the land cannot melt away. Judicious direction of the enterprise must, of course, be assured, or profit fails, to the detriment of both. The labor being sustained, capital need not fear the sudden paralysis, protest, assignment, ruin, that so often come upon commerce with the suddenness of a thunder clap. Labor, but not capital, can create values. In any profit-sharing industry, or elsewhere, the more that labor can produce in proportion to the capital employed, the greater the profit that will result to the whole and the better will labor be rewarded in the division.

In agriculture, the more labor can be circumscribed, confined to the close cultivation of a limited area for the purpose of producing the most valuable things that can be grown from the soil,—say, as an example, medicinal roots and perfumers' flowers as one extreme, against corn and cattle as the other,—the greater the profit that will accrue both to land and labor. But the cultivation of the crops of the first extreme is limited by climate, soil, and market, and demands an amount of technical and scientific knowledge not always available. In the branches of agriculture bordering upon the other extreme, the labor of a single individual is equal to the cultivable needs of a large area. In these, cheap lands are necessary in order that capital may be fitly rewarded.

I have said that in agriculture capital may look for a better reward than in manufactures. I am aware that this proposition is open to question, so far as the high-priced farms of the older and more thickly

settled states are concerned; but open to no question at all as applied to lands in the West and South, and possibly to the farms of New England which have been abandoned before the tide of western emigration, and which may be purchased for a mere bagatelle. In no other industry could the same amount of capital furnish a basis for co-operation with so much labor. Ten thousand dollars, judiciously invested in low-priced lands, might engage in diversified agricultural industries the labor of half a hundred workmen.

A movement upon this line would be of value in helping preserve the ratio of population which should be engaged in agriculture. The tendency of the times is toward the withdrawal of the population from such pursuits, and if the tendency remains unchecked the proper balance between producer and consumer cannot be maintained much longer. Agriculture is not now overdone. We have really no surplus production of food; and with the increase of population and the decrease of the ratio of producer to consumer, it will not take long to effect a shortage. But far beyond all else, beyond wide questions of social or political economy, beyond the advantage to capital, lies the great fact of the benefit to the individual that might result from a scheme of agricultural co-operation judiciously conducted by private capital or by the state. Homes might be obtained in this way by men who never can hope for homes in any other; and though labor and a degree of poverty remain as their portion, it will not be the hopeless labor and the degrading poverty that so abound among the laboring elements of our cities.



COTTON FROM FIRST TO LAST.

By Edward E. Hale, D.D.

IN a little account of India, Herodotus says that it is the finest of all the countries of the East. He says that, with the exception of the horses, the beasts and birds in India are the largest in the world. He says the people get their gold by washing it out, while other people have to dig for theirs. And then, as the acme of their lazy prosperity, he says their wool grows on trees. "The trees there, in a state of nature, bear woolly fruit, which in beauty and in strength surpasses the wool from sheep, and the people of India wear clothes made from it."

This is the first allusion to cotton made in western literature. It is a little curious, indeed, that no distinct reference to it is to be found in the Bible, which runs back to much further than Herodotus. The Jews must have seen cotton awnings and probably cotton clothing in Babylon; and there could hardly have been an army from the East on the soil of Palestine, but embodied many cotton-clothed soldiers.

Herodotus, it will be seen, speaks of it by way of gratifying that curious natural wish of the human heart, that things may grow on trees. In all travellers' stories, their accounts of such marvels are the most attractive. Roast chickens, growing on trees, are a part of the bill of fare in Peter Wilkins. In the same category, Herodotus, wishing to commend India to his readers, tells them in brief that there is no need to feed or wash sheep,—none to clip their wool. An end to shepherds, and to wolves,—no nightly watches, no daily tramp for the recovery of ram or of lamb. All this disappears when he tells his readers that the wool grows on trees.

And alas, the readers believed him as much and as little as the readers of Peter Wilkins believed him!

It is a gentle reproof to our western braggadocio, that till the most recent times all our jennies and frames have never done that which could match with what the East Indian men and women did without any

wheels,—with their distaffs only, more than two thousand years ago, and nobody can tell how much more. The *Arabian Nights* are full of stories of muslin so delicate that pieces of it could be passed through a lady's ring,—and there was such muslin worn in India long before the time of the *Arabian Nights*. It was not until Hargreaves's time that English spun cotton could be used in a shuttle at all,—and it is only very recently that the fineness of the finest East Indian thread has been attained anywhere but in India. Perhaps this is a matter of climate. It is well known that our highly charged electrical air is unfavorable to the finest spinning. The muslin made by the East Indians is said by the Greek writers to make "transparent garments" when wet, and in modern times Mr. Ward speaks of muslin which is invisible when it lies on the grass wet with dew.

The colors and figures used by the Indians were, in many cases, very beautiful; and one is sorry to be told by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt that it has been necessary for the triumphant march of free trade gradually to destroy the ingenuity and skill which produced such fabrics. He tells us,—what every lover of beauty, industry, and art regrets to know,—that the industrious people around Madras, who once could carry their spinning with them and work at odd minutes on the most beautiful fabrics in the world, are now condemned to idleness by that great requisition of the economists, that men shall buy the cheapest instead of making the best. Of course, under the theory of free trade, the East Indian spinners should emigrate to Manchester, because the coal and iron are there, and should reduce the local wages by their competition. But this they have not yet chosen to do. And you and I are expected not to complain, while a generation or two of industrious people learn to live in indolence on five cents a day, so that a great theory may be fairly tested.

Readers will remember that some of the Indian names still hold. Muslin means something which was sold at Mosul. Calico

means something which came from Calicut. Our American use of calico for a printed cloth only is quite recent.

As to our dear New England. If any of the readers in Yankeeland care to send to Baltimore for some cotton-seed, ordering an early variety, — if they will soak this a little first and then plant it in hot-beds, say in the end of April, or early in May, — if they will transplant to the open garden the young plants when they are an inch or two high, they will have, before the end of summer, if their luck has been good, the showy white, yellow, and pink blossom which is the glory of the southern plantations in the time of bloom. Nay, all this can be had without the hot-bed, though then, of course, the blossom will come later and the seed will not ripen. But if your hot-bed work has been careful, and there are no early frosts in September, you may harvest a few bolls of ripe cotton-seed. Pick out the seed carefully, — there will be so little that you will not need to gin it, — and take it down in a basket to your father's mill. Ask that nice Jane Hutchinson to take it, just before work is stopped, and see if she cannot work it in on her spindles. She is a bright girl, and I think that she and the overseer and your father will be able to manage it among them, — and they will like to try. For the experiment of manufacture from New England-raised cotton has not, I think, been tried before; and Yankees love novelties. As matter of the routine of business, your father and the overseer and Jane Hutchinson would rather put a bale of uplands through the mill than your basketful.

It has been observed that in great critical years, cotton, had it been planted, would have ripened in New England. Thus the frosts of 1861 held off so that the cotton boll ripened here. As much as to say that the cotton of Carolina was king no longer.

BUT New England found uses for cotton long before there were any jennies or other spinning-frames. First of all, it was used, as Cortes had used it, and as Montezuma's ancestors had used it, to make corselets against Indian arrows. Put up a good quilted "comfortable" of your grandmother's for a mark, the next time you have an archery

party. There will be one great advantage; namely, that you can hit it, which is more than can be said of a target. An iron arrow, sharp pointed, will go through it. But you will find a flint arrow hardly ever cuts through; and by the time it has cut through, its force is very much abated.

Well, as I say, the Mexican princes had found this, and so their soldiers wore cotton-quilted armor. And Cortes was not above learning from them, and he clothed his men in cotton-quilted corselets to fight the Mexicans; and the Connecticut people were not above learning from both, so, after their Pequot war had taught them what cold flint could do, well driven home from a bow of walnut or ash, they sent to the West Indies for cotton for their corselets. This I learn from this wonderful new book on New England commerce, by Mr. Weeden, from which you may learn almost anything, and which the readers of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* will get the good of in more ways than one; for it contains all the elements of New England romance and poetry. The early imports into Connecticut and the Bay belong to the year 1640 or 1641. They rapidly increased. For the women who could spin flax found they could spin cotton. And there never was a house-mother in Yankeeland but who knew how convenient "cotton-wool" was in that great business of fighting winter, and keeping people warm at night. Winthrop says in 1643 of his neighbors, "They are setting on the manufacture of linen and cotton cloth." It is worth note that this is almost as early as our earliest mention of the manufacture of cotton in England. This mention is found in Bartholomew Roberts's book, published in 1641. But that refers to manufactures which had existed for some time. The Assembly of Connecticut, in 1642, orders the town of Windsor to take £110 worth of cotton from Mr. Hopkins, Wethersfield the same, and Hartford £200. This was probably to be used for corselets for their trainbands. The figures show how large were Mr. Hopkins's importations, which seem to have been, in some sort, on the public account. About the same time John Winthrop speaks of cotton from Barbadoes as abundant here.

As early as 1661, at the school for Indians at Martha's Vineyard, "wheels, cards, and cotton-wool" were provided; so that

the Vineyard red women were to be clad as Montezuma's princesses were.

THE curious will find ample food for study in the details given by Mr. Weeden of the steady import of cotton,—always from the West Indies, observe,—from the dates given above to the time of the first efforts to manufacture cotton by machinery, of which, and of the triumph resulting, he gives the narrative. Much of the cotton thus imported was doubtless used as wool, as cotton-wool is used now. But, as has been said, the fingers that could spin flax could spin cotton, and did. Cotton thread, as spun by the spinning-wheel and woman's fingers, was not regular enough to be shot back and forth in the shuttle, and the thread thus made was used for the woof only, the warp being made of linen. It is said that no fabrics, of which the whole substance was cotton, were made in England before 1760. The English or American spinner could not spin with the regularity of the East Indian girl.

Ben Franklin had watched the progress of spinning, and he once expressed the hope that he should live to see the invention of a machine which should spin as much thread in an hour or a day as two girls could. He lived to see much more than that. For, though he nowhere mentions it, I believe, it can scarcely be that he did not take some opportunity to do so, in his longest visit in England. For Hargreaves invented the spinning jenny in 1764, and set eight spindles in one frame to spinning light thread at one operation. As good an account as any, for the general reader, is that given by Miss Edgeworth in *Harry and Lucy*. This was written about 1823, when people were alive who had seen and worked the first jennies. Lucy's natural wish was that it might prove that the machine was named from some nice Jenny whom it had redeemed from drudgery. But this wish, it seems, cannot be gratified. "They do say" that the machine was named, as Whitney's was afterwards, a "gin" or an "engine," and that "jenny" is only a corruption from that word. This is a pity. One would rather trace it to the Djinns of the *Arabian Nights*, as Mr. Lowe and Captain Baker choose to spell them, whom we knew as "genii" when we were children. Djinn,

genie, gin, engine, or ingenium,—the philologists must let us believe that the root is in that solid little "gen," which is in the genesis of all things, and provides all the *ingenuity* of the world.

PAPERS in this magazine next month will lead the reader along to trace the marvelous *ingenuities* of Arkwright, of Crompton, and the later masters in this affair. My business is with the romance and poetry of it, which put their heads forth at every corner. None of them—not Ben Franklin himself—guessed that there was a lad in Westboro', in Massachusetts, mending fiddles, taking clocks to pieces and setting them going again, making knives and buttons for a livelihood, who was going to furnish all their mills with more grist than the world dreamed of. Eli Whitney was born the year before Hargreaves made the first spinning jenny. There are, I think, people in Westboro', his old home, who have seen him in his hale old age; for he died as late as 1826. The story used to be told of him there, that in his eagerness to learn how the family clock was made, he stayed at home from church one Sunday, under pretence of sickness. So soon as the family was well out of sight he seized the clock, took it to pieces, "learned the law of the instrument," and put it together again, before they returned. Happily for him, and perhaps for the world, the clock continued to perform well,—better than many other clocks which have thus been treated by the curious. His father made knives, and the risks of commerce in the Revolution gave a certain protection to this nascent industry. Eli Whitney himself earned enough at it to be able to go to Yale College, and graduated there in 1792,—at the very time by the way, I think in the very month, when Richard Arkwright died. The last time I spoke to Alpha Delta at Yale College, I took pleasure in reminding the boys that it was not a hundred years since one of their graduates, in six months after he left college, had made the invention which revolutionized the commerce, not to say the economical and social order of the world.

Years ago I was in correspondence with a near friend, an enthusiast, as I am, about scientific and technical education. He is

himself a university man through and through,—"all round." But in his enthusiasm he ventured to say, "Where would your manufacturing and commerce and politics be, were it not for Eli Whitney, the mechanic and inventor?" To whom I replied, "Yes, where? And what would Eli Whitney have been, had he not passed through Yale College?"

Well, Eli Whitney had spent all his money, and more, to go through college. And first of all he had his debts to pay. So he undertook to go to Georgia "to teach," and made an engagement with a Georgia planter, nowhere mentioned in the biographies, to be a tutor in his family. Whitney was detained by illness, and when he came to Georgia found that the Georgian had repudiated his engagement,—as wicked Georgians will; for be it said, with Mr. Grady's permission, there are bad Georgians and good Georgians. Perhaps it was that Whitney was too late. All fell out well, as you shall see. On the passage out, Whitney had made the acquaintance of Mrs. General Greene, the widow of the great second to Washington. She was returning from her place in Greenwich Garden—not far from where I am writing this all for you, Miss Reader—to Georgia, where the newborn state had given her husband a plantation. When Whitney found he had no home, she asked him to spend the winter with her; and he did so. On that visit the fortunes of empires turned

For one day, as she sat at work with her tambour frame, she said it was badly made, and often tore the delicate web. Whitney made her a better, which worked admirably. This gave her a high conception of his mechanical ability. He was reading law, as the winter passed, but he found time to make wonderful toys, and earned the reputation of a genius. Always that G E N.

One day in November, not yet six months from Commencement, a party of gentlemen at the house were discussing the depressed state of southern agriculture. They spoke of the difficulty of sending cotton to market. To separate a single pound of their cotton from the seed was considered a good day's work for a woman. And some one said it was a pity there was no machine for such work. "If

you want a machine," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend here. He can make anything." And she told of his achievements. As for Whitney, he had never seen cotton or cotton-seed, and said so. And the conversation seems to have dropped here. But the subject rested on his mind.

It is interesting to know that he could not find any cotton in the seed on Mrs. Greene's plantation. He had to go to Savannah, and after a long search through boats and warehouses, he found a small parcel which he carried back to her house for experiment. She set aside a basement room for his use. And, by the month of March he had made, first a working model, then a machine of working size, which operated to his entire satisfaction, and to the admiration of Mrs. Greene and of his classmate, Phineas Miller, who were his only confidants.

By the aid of this machine one person could separate as much cotton from the seed in a day, as a grown man or woman could in a year by hand picking. The great invention was made. An industry was given to the Gulf states, which ended in their supplying the world with cotton.

When Whitney invented this machine, the annual produce of the entire world, so far as it was known to commerce, was a million and a quarter bales. Of this amount the southern states furnished but little over five thousand bales. The same states now furnish six or seven million bales, and the product of all other countries is almost insignificant in comparison.

So magnificent were their exports, that a few leaders thought that cotton was King of the World. Under this notion they defied the United States in April, 1861, to learn in four years that in America The People is sovereign. How many of these leaders there were I do not know. Mr. Edward Everett used to say there were "about nine." This seemed as if he had counted them, and could have named them. But he never did name them in my hearing. There are not many of them left now.

With the stimulus Eli Whitney gave to all cotton industries, the work of Hargreaves, of Arkwright, of Bolton, and their successors took new proportions in Great Britain. Aladdin's lamp could not have

done so much for them. I have an impression that Napoleon once said that the cotton manufacture gave England the wealth which conquered him. I cannot put my eye upon the passage, but the remark, all the same, is true. The spinning jennies conquered, though poor Hargreaves was driven from his old home by indignant spinners who did not mean to be turned out from their old industry. He was on the tide, and they were resisting it. Scotland became interested in cotton manufacture. And the cotton establishment at New Lanark seemed to many sensible people to be the coming in of the millennium.

I knew old Robert Owen somewhat intimately in his old age. He it was who developed New Lanark, and by a little art one could make him talk of its successes and marvels.

He was born, fortunately, "to a moderate fortune." For I observe that a moderate fortune is an excellent thing for a reformer to have about him. He "caught on," as our excellent slang says, to the new business of cotton spinning, at Manchester. He married Miss Dale, the daughter of David Dale, himself a distinguished man, who had as early as 1786 established some spinning mills at New Lanark on the Clyde. Mr. Owen became proprietor of these mills in 1800, and, best of all, went to live there himself with his wife. In the course of fifteen years he had made a model community there, which attracted the attention of humane people all the world over. There were evidences enough, here and there, that factory life, the great invention of the century, might not be the best thing for women and children, unless somebody took care of their health and education, and, in general, for their welfare. The success of New Lanark really was, that Robert Owen, a generous, disinterested man, did take such care of his people, and did it on wise and far-sighted plans. If women, who had young children, worked in the mills, he had day-nurseries for the little ones, with people we should call kindergartners for the very youngest. For all the boys and girls who worked he had evening schools; and there were classes in these for men and for women. He introduced, in a hall arranged for the purpose, popular lectures on subjects of familiar interest, being, I

think, the first person who did so, by half a generation. He had great enthusiasm for music and arranged for a great deal of it. His work hours were from six in the morning till seven in the evening, which we think fatally long. But the provisions for health and comfort for the work people, including a liberal allowance for dinner, were such that the people who visited New Lanark did not challenge, so far as I know, the oppressiveness of this part of the system. A like hardship existed in every cotton mill in England at that time.

Now all this succeeded, as everything succeeds which rests on faith in man's co-operating with man, and on the wish to make people better and stronger and happier. New Lanark was a picture of "ease, happiness, neatness, and content." Owen himself was not for a moment satisfied with making twenty-five hundred people happy, contented, at ease, — training them to music and science while they earned their living. He soon conceived the idea that the whole world could be taken in hand in the same way, and should be.

When the peace of 1815 opened England to curious travellers from the rest of the world, New Lanark was in the prime of its success. Distinguished people used to be taken there to see the village as one of the lions of Britain. I think the Emperor Alexander was taken there about the time when his name was given to a little princess who is now queen. Her baptismal name, if anybody cares, is Alexandrina Victoria. But long before Robert Owen saw the Emperor Alexander, he had determined on the plans by which he would save the world. And having that confidence in Napoleon's star, which most of the English reformers of that day held, he took the occasion of Napoleon's leisure at the island of Elba, to call upon him there, and unfold his system. Napoleon was hospitable to intelligent strangers and to new proposals. And he showed so much intelligence in discussing socialism with Owen, that the philanthropist left Elba, sure that he had secured an important convert. He told me the whole story in some details, ending with the expression of his bitter regret that the allies could not have left Napoleon alone when he drove out Louis XVIII. "For it was his intention to use for peace the great powers

which up till now he had used for war." With Owen this meant that, had Napoleon been left to himself, he would have introduced the system of "family unions" all over France.

FAMILY Unions are now well-nigh forgotten in the successive plans of St. Simon and Fourier and the larger crowd of to-day. A Family Union was to be the people who lived on what a New Englander calls a township. These people, as a community, would establish a directory, which took the place of a benevolent parent, which Mr. Owen had taken at New Lanark. The Union would know better than the individual mother how to bring up her babies. So she would be permitted to work for the public and her baby would be cared for at the public nursery. This was the most absurd provision of the plan, and some of the details were sensible and attractive. From the Elba time down, Robert Owen gave but little of his time to the manufacture of cotton, or to the oversight of New Lanark. He came to America to found a Family Union at New Harmony, in Indiana. He left this, I think, under the charge of his son, Robert Dale Owen, who is still remembered as a fanciful, intelligent reformer and politician, who in the later years of his life was greatly interested in Spiritualism.

In 1844 Robert Owen, the father, then eighty-two years old, came to America for the last time. He wanted to press his plan for a fundamental reform of society on the American congress. The American congress was then being manipulated by John Tyler, and by people who owned Texan bonds, to give its consent to the annexation of Texas. It was not much interested in Family Unions. But, till the last week of the session, the dear old man was sure that light would break from the cloud and that a bill would be introduced and passed, appropriating \$5,000,000 and a township of government land for the establishment of a model Family Union.

He was delighted with the telegraph, which showed its first large successes that winter in practical work between Baltimore and Washington. He saw at once that this was all that the Family Unions needed to bring them into accord and harmony.

"You could send in advance that you were coming and your room would be ready

for you, and clothes laid out when you came."

I said one day, a little maliciously I am afraid, "Will it not be a little stupid, dear Mr. Owen, when it is all adjusted, and all the thousand million people in the world are divided off into unions of sixteen hundred and forty-four each?" His face blazed with delight, like Stephen's, as he heard another living person speak of this as possible. I doubt if he had ever had that ecstasy of joy before. I went on, "What in the world will they all do?"

For it was just dawning on the most advanced of us, that the highest aim of man is not gained by making all the thousand million work ten hours a day in cotton mills. I am sorry to say this light has not dawned on all the leaders to this day.

But it had dawned on dear old Owen. As if in beatific vision, looking into that future which the next month was to see begun by act of congress and John Tyler, he answered sweetly:

"Do? why, they'll travel. Think of the delight of travelling without expense, without fatigue, and without baggage."

"Without baggage!" A community of shirts and night-gowns, of pocket-knives, hair-brushes, and tooth-brushes. The answer gave one food for reflection.

The truth is, and that the Anglo-Saxon mind finds out, that you must quicken the individual to his utmost ability by giving him substantial independence; while for all those things which every individual needs — water, air, health, education, roads, and the rest — the community in full force must provide.

BUT we must not venture on the philosophies. "I do not want to talk about butterflies, nurse; I want to talk about widows." This is the wise remark of a little girl in *Venetia*. In the same way we do not want to talk about socialism, but we want to talk about cotton. In those days of Texan annexation King Cotton had the innings, and the people who were doing the fielding had to look sharp. Among the other prophecies of that time, you may find this in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:

"The southern states of America, in which the cotton-wool is raised, from their local defects and the character of the

lower classes, can NEVER become a manufacturing country."

"Never become" is strong and in a sense good; but still one remembers Captain Corcoran in *Pinafore*: "What, never?" "Hardly ever."

I have sometimes wished that some sensible man might be appointed "Professor of America," at Oxford, and another at Cambridge. Such people could teach them a good deal which they do not seem likely to know. But I see no chances of such appointments. Indeed, I know no American college where there is such an appointment: the more's the pity. If I had the honor of lecturing on the Purchas or Hakluyt foundation on America, I would teach them first of all that they must unlearn the use of "never" about the future of America. It is a very dangerous word, and "hardly ever" is much more convenient after forty years.

Thus the establishment of cotton factories in the southern states is now a matter of history. The manufacture has increased rapidly in the last ten years past, and it may be said that the stage of experiment is already passed. Where they at first manufactured a coarse grade of yarns and cloths they are now making a much finer article, so coming into closer competition with the northern mills. In former years the help in the mills were almost wholly from the north. But now the southern help have become competent, and are filling such positions as those of superintendent and other overseers in the mills. A great many of the corporations own most of the town where the mill is situated, they having their churches, libraries, general stores, and quite comfortable houses for their work people, so that everything appears prosperous and comfortable. I obtain these details from some of the gentlemen who have, with genuine forecast, worked for these results since the Civil War. They show how we must translate the "never" of the Encyclopædia.

MR. WEEDEN, at the end of his history of commerce, publishes some instructive and interesting reminiscences by Hon. H. N. Slater of Webster, regarding the early history of his father, Samuel Slater, whose apostleship we are about commemorating.

"The initial step towards cotton manufacturing in this country was taken when S. Slater, at the age of fourteen, in 1782, apprenticed himself to Strutt in England. Strutt was a partner of Arkwright, and had perhaps the best arranged mill, containing the new system of drawing, roving, and twisting cotton for warp and woof.

"He closed his apprenticeship in 1789, and was invited to come to the United States, as Pennsylvania wished to introduce cotton manufacture, a duty of ten per cent on the fabrics having been instituted under the new constitution. While in New York, however, Slater was induced to correspond with Moses Brown of Rhode Island, who replied, 'If thou canst do what thou sayest, I invite thee to come to Rhode Island, that I may have the credit and advantage of introducing cotton spinning.'

"The firm of Almy, Brown & Slater was formed, and started the manufacture of cotton yarns in Pawtucket in 1790, in all the perfection of the best mills in England. It was not imperfect, as has been supposed. Samuel Slater sent some yarns to his old master, who pronounced them as good as any. They were made from Surinam cotton, longer than our present Sea Island, and in fibre like silk.

"Cotton sewing thread was unknown in England, and we are indebted to the Wilkinson women in Pawtucket for the idea which initiated the invention. Using the yarn which had been spun in Pawtucket for a year and a half, these women conceived the idea of a thread which should take the place of linen. They twisted the yarns on their domestic spinning-wheel, and made the first cotton thread in 1792.

"In the sparse population, one of the chief difficulties of the early manufacturers was in procuring operatives, or 'help.' The mills succeeding Slater's were located farther in the interior on this account. Mr. Slater was obliged to seek operatives and induce them to emigrate to Pawtucket. The wages paid these operatives ranged from eighty cents to a hundred and forty cents per day.

"At first Salem was the chief market. Hartford was opened next, when the supply accumulated; then Philadelphia became the chief mart of all. New York or Boston hardly took any of the product."

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

WHETHER the annexation of Canada to the United States is a thing of the near future or not, the two countries are being drawn together to-day by multiplying business relations and common intellectual interests as never before. Whether one believes in the protective principle or in free trade, there is surely no good reason against such a policy of reciprocity between the United States and Canada as Mr. Blaine proposes in the case of the South American republics, or such a commercial union between the two countries as has been urged by Professor Goldwin Smith; for here the argument of "pauper labor," used with reference to the competition of the old and crowded European nations, is certainly without force. Whatever the political status or the tariff regulations may be or may become, our commercial relations with Canada are certainly destined to an immense development in the immediate future; and in this development New England, whose ports are the natural ports for the greater part of Canada, and whose cities must become the great termini for Canadian railroads, has a deeper and more particular interest than any other section of the country. Canada itself is clearly on the eve of a notable new era in industry, in trade, and in internal improvement, in the opening up of her almost limitless areas and resources to the world, which has been, and is for the most part, so remarkably ignorant of them. New England and the country cannot easily give too much time to learning more about Canada for some time to come. It is a pleasure to give the space which we do give in this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to Canadian intellectual life and to Canadian writers. It is a pleasure to know that the intellectual life of Canada keeps pace with the material development in the degree here revealed. If the showing is not all that our ambitious literary brothers over the line wish it were, it is certainly most creditable and promising.

* *

A CAUSE is seldom better helped than when it gets the laugh on its side. Good satire is an effective weapon. We doubt whether all the fervid eloquence of a dozen Anniversary Weeks did as much for anti-slavery as Hosea Biglow did when he lent his pen to the cause. A single line in *The Heathen Chinee* exposed to the apprehension and derision of the whole country the real animus of half the tirades against "Chinese cheap labor." We do not think that a keener piece of satire has appeared since the days of the *Biglow Papers* than the little poem entitled *Similar Cases*, by Miss Charlotte Perkins Stetson, published in a recent number of the *Nationalist*. It is surprising that the rare wit of these verses has not set them to jingling in the poet's column of every newspaper and in the gossip of every parlor. We are glad to let them ring upon our table. A very wholesome ring it is, as well as brilliant, and that is why we call attention to it. A man may be a socialist or an individualist, but all the same, if he have anything of the prophet and the believer in him, he will enjoy so trenchant

a thrust at the spirit that is content to argue against reforms by appeal to precedents: —

I.

"There was once a little animal, no bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus, and they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value when they thought of him at all.
For the lumpish Dinoceras and Coryphodont so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy in days of long ago.
Said the little Eohippus: "I am going to be a Horse!
And on my middle-finger-nails to run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail! I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high on the Psychozoic plain!"
The Coryphodont was horrified, the Dinoceras shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus, but he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter, and they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus "go and view his father's bones!"
Said they: "You always were as low and small as now we see,
And therefore it is evident you're always going to be!
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast with hoofs to gallop on!
Why, you'd have to change your nature!" said the Loxolophodon.
Then they fancied him disposed of, and retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued in "the Early Eocene."

II.

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape, far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do he always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him, and they gave him shoulders cool,
And, when they had to mention him, they said he was a fool.
Cried this pretentious ape one day: "I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt and fight, and conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees to make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon! I'm going to make a Fire!"
Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes with laughter wild and gay;
Then tried to catch that boastful one, but he always got away.

So they yelled at him in chorus, which he minded not a whit;
 And they pelted him with cocoanuts, which didn't seem to hit.
 And then they gave him reasons, which they thought of much avail,
 To prove how his preposterous attempt was sure to fail.
 Said the sages: "In the first place the thing can not be done!"
 And second, if it *could* be, it would not be any fun!
 And third and most conclusive, and admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature! We should like to see you try!"
 They chuckled then triumphantly, those lean and hairy shapes;
 For these things passed as arguments—with the Anthropoidal Apes!

III.

There was once a Neolithic Man, an enterprising wight,
 Who made his simple implements unusually bright.
 Unusually clever he, unusually brave,
 And he sketched delightful mammoths on the borders of his cave.
 To his Neolithic neighbors, who were startled and surprised,
 Said he: "My friends, in course of time, we shall be civilized!"
 We are going to live in cities and build churches and make laws!
 We are going to eat three times a day without the natural cause!
 We're going to turn life upside-down about a thing called gold!
 We're going to want the earth and take as much as we can hold!
 We're going to wear a pile of stuff outside our proper skins;
 We are going to have Diseases! and Accomplishments!! and Sins!!!"
 Then they all rose up in fury against their boastful friend;
 For prehistoric patience comes quickly to an end.
 Said one: "This is chimerical! Utopian! Absurd!"
 Said another: "What a stupid life! Too dull, upon my word!"
 Cried all: "Before such things can come, you idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!" and they all sat back and smiled.
 Thought they: "An answer to that last it will be hard to find!"
 It was a clinching argument—to the Neolithic Mind!"

* *

THE following interesting facts concerning the use which has been made of Longfellow's lyrics by the musical composers are communicated by Mr. T. G. La Moille of Valparaiso, Ind.:—

"It was fitting that Longfellow, himself such a lover of music and song, should have many musicians among his personal friends. Perhaps the three modern poets who have most inspired English song-writers are Moore, Tennyson, and Long-

fellow. Heine in relation to the German *lied* and Longfellow in relation to the English song may well be grouped together. Both in the simple song and the cantata form the works of Longfellow offer the composer opportunities which are not excelled among the poetical treasures offered in any land. British composers have used the lyrics of Longfellow even more than our American composers. A careful search through the issues of sixteen of the leading music-publishers of America and Europe, besides miscellaneous publications, reveals the fact that eighty-eight songs of Longfellow have been set to music, by scores of all sorts of composers, in two hundred and eighty-six settings. Of these, many in America are published by the Ditsons. In numerous instances the author's text has been, it must be said, shamefully and needlessly mutilated.

"The twenty-five of Longfellow's songs most in favor with the composers have had two hundred and four settings, and are by name and number, ranking downward, as follows: Stars of the Summer Night, 26; Beware! 24; The Rainy Day, 16; The Sea hath its Pearls, 14; Good night! Good night, Beloved! 13; A Psalm of Life, 11; The Arrow and the Song, 10; Daybreak, 10; Excelsior, 9; It is not always May, 7; Curfew, 7; The Reaper and the Flowers, 6; The Wreck of the Hesperus, 6; The Bridge, 5; Footsteps of Angels, 5; The Old Clock on the Stairs, 5; The Village Blacksmith, 4; The Open Window, 4; Resignation, 4; The Day is Done, 3; Hymn to the Night, 3; The Happiest Land, 3; The Hemlock Tree, 3; The Angel and the Child, 3; Aftermath, 3.

"The twenty-five songs most popular with the publishers are by name and number, ranking downward, as follows: The Bridge, 22; The Arrow and the Song, 12; Good night! Good night, Beloved! 12; Excelsior, 11; Stars of the Summer Night, 11; The Day is Done, 8; The Sea hath its Pearls, 8; Curfew, 7; Daybreak, 7; The Reaper and the Flowers, 6; The Wreck of the Hesperus, 6; The Legend of the Crossbill, 5; The Village Blacksmith, 5; The Open Window, 5; It is not always May, 5; A Psalm of Life, 5; The Rainy Day, 5; The Singers, 4; Hymn to the Night, 4; Resignation, 4; The Old Clock on the Stairs, 4; Beware! 4; Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, 3; The Angel and the Child, 3; Aftermath, 3.

"Among these many settings are solos, duets, trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and choruses, with and without accompaniments of various characters, in major and minor keys, of grades easy, medium, and difficult, with a great variety of key, compass, and effect."

* *

WE sometimes think that it would be an interesting thing to turn back to the files of the magazines of twenty years ago and make up the whole of one of our current numbers out of their contents. How many readers, one wonders, would ever know the difference! If we were to make up our next month's number in that way, we should throw into it, among the other good old things, the article which Robert Dale Owen wrote for *Old and New* twenty years ago, on "The Growth and Power of a Plant." That plant was cotton. It is just a hundred years since Samuel

Slater started his famous cotton factory at Pawtucket—the first really famous cotton factory in New England. Pawtucket will be celebrating the first of October, this cotton centennial, and the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE will certainly do all it can to help in the celebration. If cotton growing has been peculiarly the work of the South, cotton manufacture has been peculiarly the work of New England. How great still is the “power of the plant” in New England, Lowell, Lawrence, Lewiston, Manchester, Fall River, New Bedford and the busy Blackstone River show.

* * *

THE question of New England farming, and especially the question of the future of the hill towns, is one of the questions that is continually forcing itself to the front. This time it is Senator Hoar and John E. Russell who have been discussing it. Mr. Hoar declares that, generally speaking, farming in Massachusetts is not declining, that the farmers have only gone down the hills into the valleys, and that the statistical returns disprove the alleged decline. Mr. Russell, who is much of a farmer himself and who was for seven years secretary of the Massachusetts state board of agriculture, says that the statistics on which Senator Hoar probably relied are misleading, because the products of gardens, orchards, and greenhouses near the cities were not generally included in the agricultural returns of 1865 and 1875, but in those of 1885 they appeared. The 1885 census shows an increase of agricultural products in the state, with a notable decline in the population of the farming towns. Boston, in 1885, had become in point of product the second agricultural place in the state. Hadley, which had been first in 1875, was sixth in 1885. The increase is in market-gardening and similar provinces.

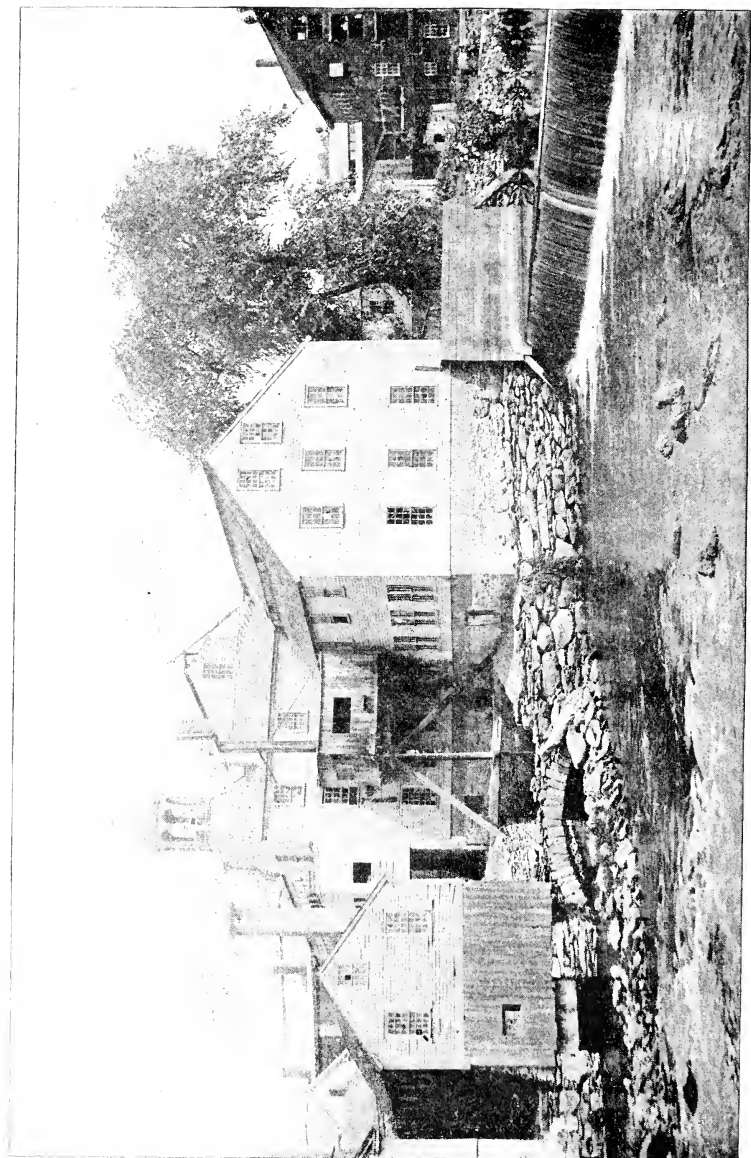
Whatever the general statistics, the decline of vast numbers of the old hill towns is indisputable. We do not believe that this decline will go on forever. We do not believe that it will continue much longer. Social reasons and economical reasons alike point to the revival of the country towns. And nothing is more to be desired. The life of New England will be happier, saner, and greatly stronger when, under new conditions, the farms on the old hills, now often the summer homes of busy men of affairs in the great towns,

flourish again. The conditions were never so favorable or tempting as to-day for such busy men to turn their eyes to the hill farms for summer homes. Mr. Chadwick, the Brooklyn poet-preacher, has spent his summers for many years in the town of Chesterfield, Massachusetts, between the Connecticut and the Berkshire hills. He never tires of writing about the old town; and the other day he wrote as follows:—

“Much as I drive, I always have a little pang in getting off and am always glad when I get back to our own ‘Hill-Top.’ For in truth, it is a wonderfully pleasant place. A more lovely outlook on the western hills could not be bought with money. That is an absurd way of putting it, for landscape beauty is a commodity which does not affect in any least degree the price of domiciles and farms in this vicinity. In a dozen, in a score of places hereabout I could buy a few acres ‘beautiful for situation,’—affording a view as lovely and entrancing as the heart of man could reasonably desire—for \$500, or \$1000 at the most. Looking westward at this moment, across two intervening fields, for one of which I have a hankering that Henry George would not approve, I see a homestead, a nice, big old house with all sorts and conditions of barns, and seventy acres of land, which can be bought for \$2000 or a little more. A few miles off, there is the loveliest meadow in the country round, with nearly two hundred acres of pasture and woodland, the house and barns standing on one of those old river-banks which are always so pretty,—all this for \$2000. And the meadow yields \$300 worth of hay this very year! I wonder what the bearing of these facts is on the land-theories of Mr. George, if they have any. There would seem to be land enough and to spare, if that is all that is required to herald the millennial dawn. I wonder more that men of moderate means, who can afford only three or four hundred dollars for the family summer, do not come and buy these deserted houses, of which there are scores in Hampshire County that sadden every road by which we go abroad.”

It is indeed to be wondered at. And this Hampshire County picture is a picture repeated in a dozen counties in New Hampshire and Vermont. We do not believe that this state of things can last; and we believe that few crusades are better worth preaching in New England to-day than the crusade in behalf of the old hill towns.





THE OLD SLATER MILL AT PAWTUCKET.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

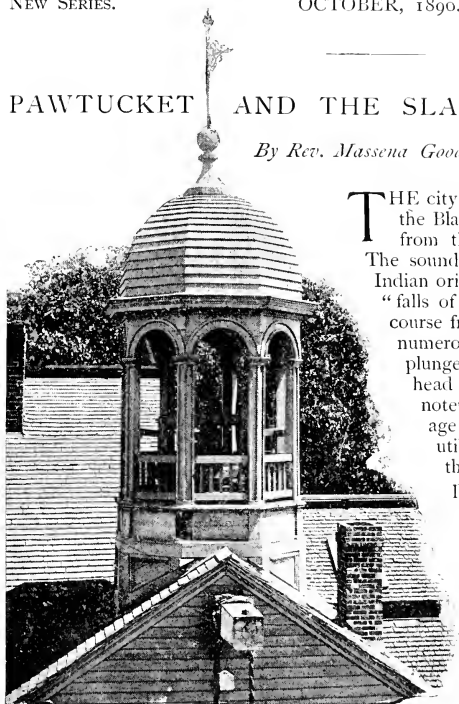
NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1890.

VOL. III. No. 2.

PAWTUCKET AND THE SLATER CENTENNIAL.

By Rev. Massena Goodrich.



THE city of Pawtucket lies on both sides of the Blackstone River. It takes its name from the lower cataract of that stream. The sound of the word shows that it is of Indian origin, and the name is said to signify "falls of water." The Blackstone, in its course from above Worcester, is chafed by numerous cascades, and makes its final plunge about four or five miles from the head of Narragansett Bay; and it is a noteworthy fact that a larger percentage of its available water-power is utilized than of any other stream in the land. Originally the western part of the city was a part of Providence. Roger Williams came hither in 1636, and called the territory which he bought of the Indians Providence Plantations. It was quite extensive for a single town. It embraced, indeed, all that is now known as Providence County, with the exception of Cumberland, and a part of Kent County.

Pawtucket itself, however,

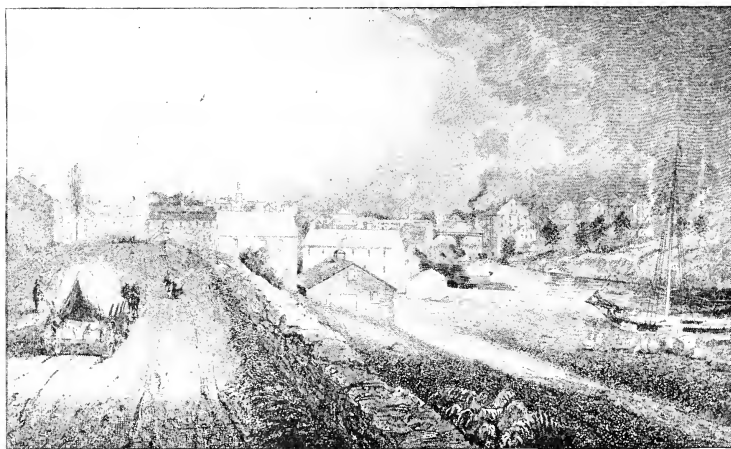
was originally settled by Joseph Jenks in 1655. Mr. Jenks was a young immigrant from England, and came first to Lynn. Famous as that city now is for the manufacture of shoes, it originally engaged in a different branch of business. Among the colonists who accompanied Governor Endicott to Massachusetts Bay, was a man bearing the name of Jenks. He was an iron-smith, and began the smelting of iron and the manufacture of implements of that metal in Lynn. His Christian name was Joseph also, and he seems to have been a man of inventive genius. At all events, he received the first patent that was granted in Massachusetts. The founder of Pawtucket was his son, and though left in his native land when his father emigrated, followed him in a few years. Of the same craft with his father, he was deterred from remaining in Lynn by a fear that was entertained that the forests in that neighborhood would soon become exhausted. It was before the days of anthracite coal, and iron had both to be smelted and worked by charcoal. If a new iron-master would enter the field in New England then, he must seek some other theatre of labor.

Williams had come to Rhode Island from Salem, and doubtless left many friends in that neighborhood who kept apprised of his movements. From them or from Williams himself it was doubtless learned that the Blackstone was overshadowed by virgin forests, whose wood would long supply material for charcoal. The younger Jenks therefore resolved to migrate to Providence. Plantations, and arrived here in 1655. He speedily built a forge just below the lowest falls, and began operations in the manufacture of iron. He was the father of a large family, four of them sons. Every one of them attained eminence. The oldest son, bearing the name of Joseph, was a veritable son of Anak in stature, and possessed a towering intellect as well. He spent a great deal of his time in public life, and was for four years governor of the colony of Rhode Island. Another son bore the name of Ebenezer, and was a clergyman. For some years indeed he was pastor of the First Church in Providence. It is not necessary to suppose that he was trained

they had piety and native eloquence, their fervor and readiness of utterance made them acceptable preachers. A third son was named William, and was a judge; and a fourth one bore the name of Nathaniel, and gloried in the title of major. Every one of them reared a stone chimney house, two of which remained as landmarks till within fifteen years.

The father and the energetic sons gathered around them a little band of industrious men, and established a hamlet on the western side of the river. Of course they were in peril at times from the Indians. The north part of Providence was burnt by the red men in the latter part of March, 1676, and Jenks's forge seems to have been destroyed in the foray. The defeat and death of King Philip soon after, however, brought peace to the young colony, and the hamlet rose from its ashes. Years ago, in a famous case brought before Judge Story, the judge rehearsed certain facts that had been established in the trial, as follows:—

“The lower dam was built as early as



Pawtucket in 1830. From an Old Print.

to any great extent in the learning of the schools; for, as Dr. Benedict once remarked to the writer, many of the Baptist clergymen of the eighteenth century were men who worked at some hand-craft during the week and preached on the Sabbath. If

the year 1718, by the proprietors on both sides of the river, and is indispensable for the use of these mills respectively. There was previously an old dam on the western side, extending about three-quarters of the way across the river, and a separate dam



View of Pawtucket from the Division Street Bridge.

for a saw-mill on the east side. The lower dam was a substitute for both. About

the year 1714, a canal was dug, or an old channel widened and cleared on the western side of the river, beginning at the river a few rods above the lower dam, and running round the west end thereof until it emptied into the river, about ten rods below the same dam. It has been long known by the name of Sergeant's Trench, and was originally cut for the passage of fish up and down the river. But having wholly failed for this purpose, about the year 1730 an anchor mill and dam were built across it by the then proprietors of the land; and between that period and the year 1790, several other dams and mills were built over the same, and since that period more expensive mills have been built there. In 1792 another dam was built across the river at a place above the head of the trench, and almost twenty rods above the lower dam; and the mills on the upper dam, as well as those on Sergeant's Trench, are now supplied with water by proper flumes, etc., from the pond formed by the upper dam."

This concise statement by Judge Story shows what means had been employed during a century and a half for utilizing the power of the Blackstone. Suffice it to remark in passing that the trench named caused an immense amount of contention, sometimes to the verge of bloodshed, and of litigation. The substitution of steam for water-power, however, has meanwhile lessened the temptation for controversy.

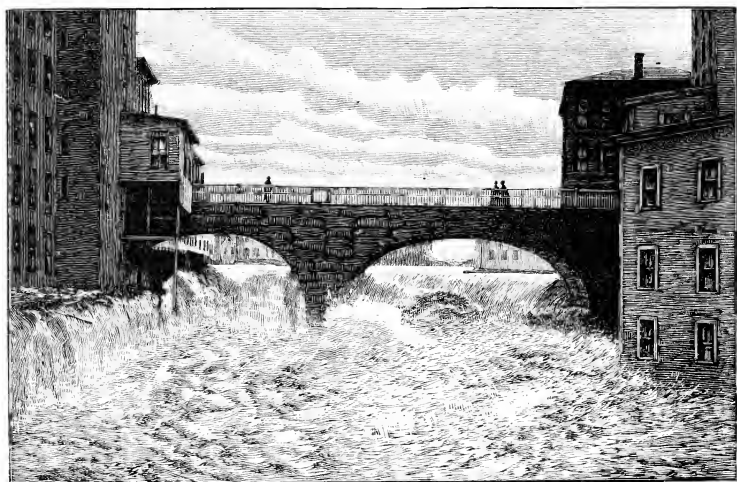
The Revolutionary War introduced a new branch of business in Pawtucket. At the very beginning of that war Stephen Jenks, a lineal descendant of the original settler, manufactured muskets for several compa-

nies of the colony, and doubtless continued to furnish a supply during the eight weary years of that strife. At the close of the Revolution a new actor appeared on the stage. Oziel Wilkinson was an energetic blacksmith, who for years lived in Smithfield. He did a great deal of work for merchants in Providence, and obtained much of his stock thence. Convenience dictated, therefore, that he remove to the hamlet of Pawtucket; but as the British long held the lower part of the state, and might make a foray at any time, Mr. Wilkinson remained further up the stream. But peace removed apprehension, and the sturdy Quaker came to Pawtucket. He had five sons, all blacksmiths, and they began with energy to increase the business of the place. Obtaining a part of the water-power, they began to make anchors and other heavy articles. As the steam-engine had not then been introduced into our land, trip-hammers run by water-power were in requisition to perform cumbersome work. Pawtucket was therefore famous for its iron manufactures.

In half a dozen years, however, after the removal of the Wilkinsons hither, another worker appeared, whose fame was finally to eclipse that of the earlier manufacturers. If iron had been king, a rival monarch was to challenge ascendancy. Cotton was to give Pawtucket enduring renown. Samuel Slater came to this city, hamlet as it then was, in 1789, and from the next year his fame and that of Pawtucket were inseparable. What was the precise service that he rendered to Pawtucket and our country? He was not an inventor, yet he conferred as substantial a boon on the

United States as though he had devised some wonderful implement. Everybody knows that our country, at the close of the Revolutionary War, was destitute of manufacturing skill. Our fathers were industrious farmers and bold navigators; some of them were ingenious mechanics; but it had been the policy of the parent government during their colonial existence to keep the colonies dependent on Great Britain. Even the most liberal of the British statesmen, anterior to the Revolu-

veniences which had ceased to be luxuries, and had become necessities? On grounds of economy it seemed cheaper to make our goods at home. Who could tell how extravagant the profits he was paying, unless he knew the real cost of the wares? Our fathers were anxious to diversify industry, and to share in the gains of manufacturing. Hence the purpose was formed in the outset to give manufacturing a local habitation and a name this side of the Atlantic. The second measure to which



Pawtucket Falls.

tion, avowed it as their policy to discourage all manufacturing in the colonies. Raw materials the colonies might supply, — the more liberally the better, — and exchange them with the mother country; but to that mother-land must they look for all clothes save homespun, and for every adornment of the home.

Though the Revolution sundered the political ties which bound the United States to Great Britain, the British were determined to hold our country in industrial vassalage. Our fathers were of course anxious to establish manufacturing here. Not only would it save them from costly outlay, but it would secure genuine freedom. War might break out again; whence, then, could we obtain those con-

Washington gave his sanction, an act approved on the 4th of July, 1789, was introduced by this preamble: "Whereas, it is necessary for the support of government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and for the encouragement and protection of manufacturers, that duties be laid on goods, wares, and merchandise imported."

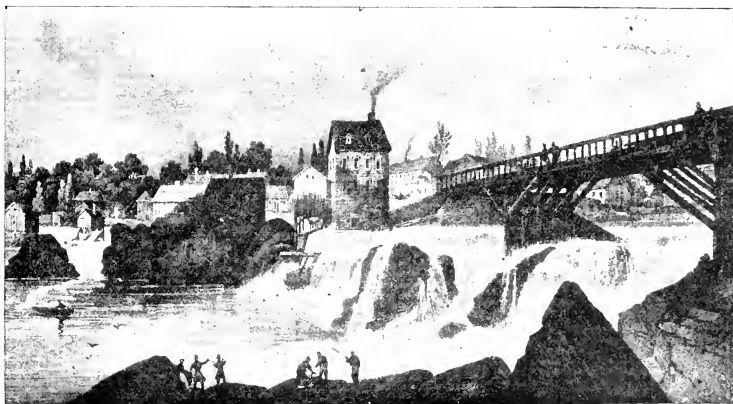
Anybody ignorant of the condition of affairs in the world a century ago would ask, was not manufacturing immediately established in America then? In our day the foreign inventor hurries to the United States to secure a patent and establish a branch of his business west of the Atlantic. The prospect of an extensive market gives speed to his movements. Were

there not scores of Englishmen a century ago ready to respond to our fathers' overtures, and transport their machinery hither? Doubtless there were, but a lion stood in their path. There was far less of popular liberty in Great Britain a century ago than now exists. As has been said, the magnates of that land were determined to keep us in industrial vassalage. They had a monopoly of certain branches of industry, and were determined to maintain it. Nobody, therefore, was allowed to impart information to any foreigner about any branch of manufacturing. Stringent laws, threatening fine and imprisonment, forbade any artisan, inventor, or manufacturer to send abroad any machine, model, or device that could enlighten others as to any branch of British industry.

American capitalists were meanwhile

the words of President Jackson, "The Father of American manufactures."

Most people know the salient facts in Slater's earlier history. He was born in Belper, in England, in 1768. At fourteen years of age he was bound as an apprentice to Jedediah Strutt, a manufacturer of cotton machinery at Milford, not far from Belper. Strutt was a partner of Sir Richard Arkwright for several years, and young Slater had therefore an opportunity to master the details of the construction of the cotton machinery then used in England. To perfect his skill, indeed, he served as general overseer, not only in making machinery, but in the manufacturing department of Strutt's establishment. Already he had dreams of emigration. He learned from an American paper that fell into his hands of the bounties offering in our land, and he laid up in a retentive memory every



The Falls and Vicinity in 1815.

FROM AN ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF HON. OLNEY ARNOLD.

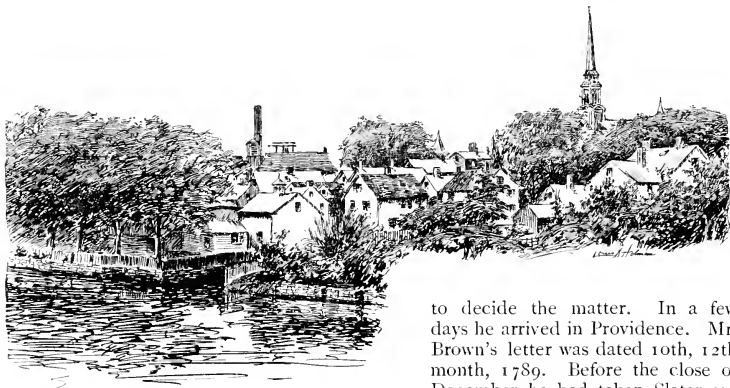
very anxious to introduce the spinning of cotton by power into our land. States proffered bounties. Advertisements appeared in newspapers, inviting artisans to seek our shores. In vain, for a time. Great Britain maintained her embargo. Inventors and artisans trying to embark for our shores were arrested, their models confiscated, themselves thrown into prison. But Samuel Slater foiled the restrictive arts, landed safely on our shores, reproduced the Arkwright machinery, and became, in

detail of the business in which he had been trained. He knew the risk of being detected with any model or drawing, and therefore took not a line that could betray his purpose. Almost by stealth he left England, in September, 1789, and reached New York within a couple of months.

His first experience was in New York, but the water-power in that neighborhood failed to satisfy him. Provisionally he made the acquaintance of the captain of a Providence packet. The steamboat had

not then been devised, nor had the days of railroads arrived, and vessels not only carried all the freight along the coast, but furnished to travellers transportation. The captain informed Mr. Slater that Moses Brown in Providence was making efforts to spin cotton, and the young immigrant quickly wrote to him. "I flatter myself,"

man's ability. He therefore gives him assurance that if he is willing to come and work Almy & Brown's little mill, and have the *credit* as well as advantage of perfecting the first water-mill in America, "we should be glad to engage thy care so long as it can be made profitable to both, and we can agree." It did not take Slater long



The River, below Exchange Street Bridge.

he wrote, "that in the business of cotton spinning I can give the greatest satisfaction, in making machinery, and in making yarn either for stockings or twist, as good as any that is made in England."

His letter brought a response from Mr. Brown. The worthy Quaker informs him that he had transferred the business to Almy & Brown, and speaks in a somewhat discouraging strain. "As the frame we have is the first attempt of the kind that has been made in America, it is too imperfect to afford much encouragement; we hardly know what to say to thee; but if thou thought thou couldst perfect and conduct them to profit, if thou wilt come and do it, thou shalt have all the profits made of them, over and above the interest of the money they cost, and the wear and tear of them. We will find stock and be repaid in yarn, as we may agree for six months. . . . We have secured only a temporary water convenience, but if we find the business profitable, can perpetuate one that is convenient."

In spite of his caution, the good Quaker was evidently anxious to test the young

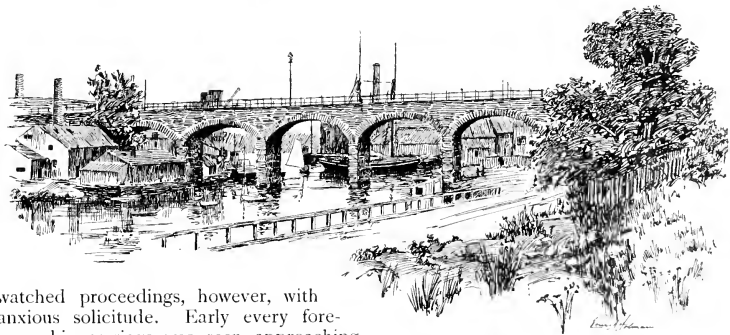
man's ability. In a few days he arrived in Providence. Mr. Brown's letter was dated 10th, 12th month, 1789. Before the close of December he had taken Slater out to Pawtucket. There had been a change in the municipal relations of this hamlet. A quarter of a century before a strip of Providence Plantations had been torn from the original town, and made a new town. It bore the name of North Providence, and Mr. Slater became a resident of the village of Pawtucket in the town of North Providence.

Mr. Brown committed his young friend to the hospitality of a man by the name of Sylvanus Brown, and left him for the night. On the next morning he appeared in Pawtucket, and submitted the machines of which he had written to the young Englishman's inspection. Slater was not enamored of them. "When Samuel saw the old machines," says Mr. Brown, "he felt downhearted, shook his head, and said, 'These will not do; they are good for nothing in their present condition; nor can they be made to answer.'" He was not the only disappointed one. The worthy Quaker's spirit, however, rose to the occasion, and he reminded his new friend of what he had written in his letter: "Thee said thee could make the machinery; why not do it?" The young man was ready for the attempt, but he pre-

scribed certain conditions. A skilful carpenter must be furnished to perform the wood-work, and he must be put under bonds neither to steal the patterns nor reveal the operations. A proper room must be provided and secrecy secured. "Under my proposals," said the confident youth, "if I do not make as good yarn as they do in England, I will have nothing for my services, but will throw the whole I have attempted over the bridge."

There was no delay in beginning. A dollar per day was allowed Mr. Slater for subsistence; a shop was obtained just off of what was then called Quaker Lane, now East Avenue; Mr. Sylvanus Brown was engaged as the desired wood-worker, and operations were begun with the beginning of the new year. The building was secluded from prying eyes by blinds, and the doors were kept carefully locked. An old colored man, bearing the name of Primus, or Primus Jenks, as he had once been a slave of one of the Jenks family, was selected to supply the needed power by turning a wheel. Afterwards David Wilkinson, a very ingenious blacksmith, a son of Oziel, was called in to furnish such iron work as was needed, and all others were carefully excluded. Moses Brown

machines, and the drawing and roping frames necessary to prepare for the spinning; and soon after he added a frame of forty-eight spindles. He surveyed the machines, and they exactly answered to those on which he had worked in Great Britain. But how small a circumstance may sometimes blight the fondest anticipations! Slater had obtained his cards from Worcester, from a reliable manufacturer, and they were adjusted in their place. But when the power was applied to the machines, it was found that the rolls of cotton would not drop from the cards, but clung fondly to them. Slater was amazed at the unlooked-for result. Half in despair, he dreaded reproach as a mere adventurer and arrant knave, and even thought of running away. But Sylvanus Brown dissuaded him from so rash a step. He asked, "Have you ever seen one of these carders work in your own country?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Then it can be made to work here." It so happened that it was about dinner time when the unwelcome experience occurred. Mr. Brown went to his house, and found that he must wait for a minute or two before eating. A pair of hand-cards that his wife had been using lay on the table, and he



The Division Street Bridge.

watched proceedings, however, with anxious solicitude. Early every forenoon his carriage was seen approaching from Providence and turning into Quaker Lane. It was a goodly vehicle, drawn by two horses, and driven by a colored driver. Meantime Slater taxed his memory, chalking on boards and planks the outline of his machines, and Sylvanus Brown executed his directions.

Labor and patience tell. In a few months Slater had completed a water frame of twenty-four spindles, two carding

took them up to examine them. He discovered as he did so that the teeth were bent at a different angle from those in the machines, and the thought occurred, perhaps if those cards be tilted a little, they will work. On returning to the shop he inserted a thin piece of wood beneath the card and the difficulty was obviated.

A new era had now opened for New England and America. Slater had reproduced the Arkwright patents. The avarice of Great Britain was thwarted. That adventurous, self-reliant youth, who for eight years in his native land had been burning into his memory the details of cotton spinning by power, had transplanted to the New World an industry which had made other nations tributary to Britain.

Friend Moses exults. A small mill standing on the southwestern abutment of the wooden bridge just above the site of Joseph Jenks's original forge was furnished, and a water-wheel relieved the muscles of

was the practice in the outset, indeed, to send out bags of cotton to be picked. It was often beaten by a stick, to free it from the seed. Judged by modern standards, however, this was a costly process. The cotton was sent out into the country, to Attleboro, Rehoboth, and other towns, and the manufacturer was compelled to pay four cents per pound for the picking, and he complained that what the pickers stole doubled the expense. It spite of such drawbacks, however, the cotton yarn of Almy, Brown & Slater found a market at a price fixed below what had been the previous cost. To be sure, there were

times when the market seemed glutted, and at one time, when five hundred pounds had accumulated, Friend Moses wrote in consternation to his darling young partner: "Thee must shut down thy wheels, Samuel, or thee will spin all my farms into cottonyarn."

The shop in which Mr. Slater made his first experiment no longer stands, we suppose. Twenty years ago or more the son of Sylvanus Brown,



The Old Slater Mansion.

Primus Jenks. The news soon spread through Rhode Island and Massachusetts that the problem was solved, and the country might hope for freedom from industrial vassalage to either Great Britain or any other land. A great many other inventions were yet to be made, indeed, before cotton spinning was perfected, but this was a stride in progress.

As illustrative of the fact that many other inventions were needed, it may be mentioned that the picker had not yet been devised. American cotton was as yet scantily produced, and it was but poorly cleaned. Slater preferred the West Indian cotton for some time on that account. It

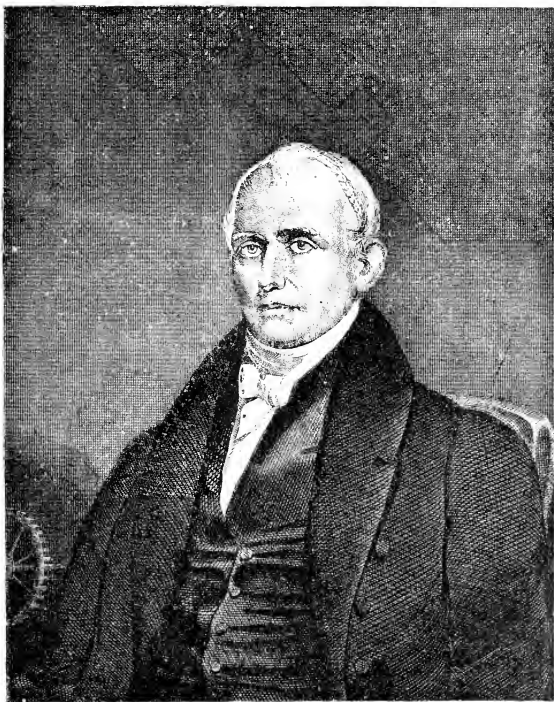
the proprietor of a large machine shop in Pawtucket, bought the building and proposed to set it up in the rear of the lot containing his works; but his death probably hindered the accomplishment. The diminutive mill wherein the machinery was first put in operation has also disappeared. It was swept away by a freshet in 1807. Before that, however, a new mill, now known as the Old Slater Mill, was reared just below the upper dam, and a few years afterward a second mill was built on the eastern side of the river.

A word or two as to the municipal relations of that eastern side may here be allowable. The Indian Sachem Philip

granted, in 1668, to Stephen Paine and others, a stretch of territory eight miles square. As the aborigines were not very accurate in measurement, the region was nearer ten miles square. It was called by the colonists Rehoboth. According to Gesenius, the word signifies streets, wide places, ample room. The town remained undivided till 1812. At that time a line

in Rhode Island. When Slater migrated hither, however, the territory lying to the east of the river was called Rehoboth.

An alienation took place in the course of a few years between Mr. Slater and Moses Brown. The young Englishman had meanwhile won the love of a daughter of Oziel Wilkinson and married her. This circumstance led to closer intimacy between



Samuel Slater.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN WHITE'S LIFE OF SLATER.

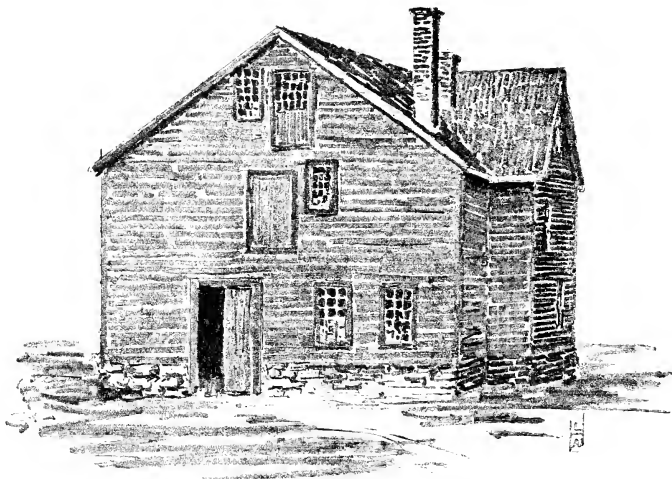
drawn north and south divided it into two parts, and the western portion obtained the name of Seekonk. In 1828 the latter town was divided by a line drawn east and west, and the northern portion took the name of Pawtucket. For years this town was in the Bay State, so that there was a town of Pawtucket in Massachusetts, and a village of Pawtucket in North Providence,

the Wilkinsons and Mr. Slater, and the second mill in what is now Pawtucket was built by them. It was in Rehoboth, however, and an advertisement is extant under date of July 15th, 1801, headed "Samuel Slater & Co.," wherein the partners, Oziel Wilkinson, Samuel Slater, Timothy Greene, and William Wilkinson — the latter two brothers-in-law of Slater — speak of "having

erected an extensive Manufactory at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, near Pawtucket Falls, four miles from Providence," and offer to supply "any quantity of yarn, of almost every number and description, as Warp, Filling, 2 and 3 threaded Stocking yarn, suitable for weaving and knitting, whitened or brown, wholesale or retail, at a short notice." This mill was built in 1799.

But Pawtucket was not allowed to retain

estimated at four-fifths of the raw material. The mills within the state employ upwards of one thousand looms, most of which are in private families, and wrought by females unoccupied by their domestic concerns. The cotton is picked by private families in the neighborhood of the mills, and in this state this branch gives employment to more than four hundred families a considerable portion of the year, to whom is paid



The Old Slater Mill.

a monopoly of the business of cotton spinning. Before the mill just named was erected, a mill was built in the town of Cumberland in a valley known as Robin Hollow. Other towns, of course, soon desired to share in the profits of the new industry. Ten years after the Rehoboth mill was reared, an intelligent observer writes in the following strain to a friend: "There are in this state (Rhode Island) sixteen cotton mills in operation, and seven more erected which have not yet begun to spin. Also outside the state, and within about thirty miles of this town (Providence), there are ten at work, and six not yet in operation. . . . The mills within the state contain between thirteen and fourteen thousand spindles, and consume about twelve thousand pounds of cotton weekly. The produce of yarn is

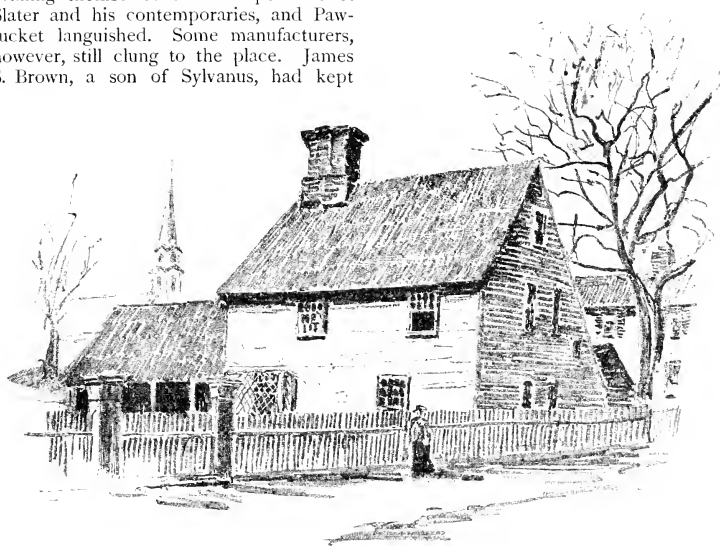
upwards of twenty thousand dollars annually."

Beside the two cotton mills already mentioned, others were built in Pawtucket by Oziel Wilkinson and other enterprising citizens. Lack of space forbids mentioning them in detail, but the names of Croade, Tyler, Starkweather, Walcott, Slack, Dr. Billings, Pitcher, Hovey, Arnold, Gay, Rand, and a score of Jenkses, recur to the memory of older citizens, or linger in tradition as active manufacturers or skilful inventors in the earlier portion of the century. They rest from their labors; but a letter from David Wilkinson, now extant, speaks of the variety of business done by himself and his associates. "We built machinery to go to almost every part of the country, — to Pomfret and Killingly, Connecticut; to Hartford, Vermont; to

Waltham, Norton, Raynham, Plymouth, Halifax, Plympton, Middleboro, and other places in Massachusetts; for Wall & Wells, Trenton, New Jersey; for Union & Gray, on the Patapsco; for the Warren factories, on the Gunpowder, near Baltimore; to Tarboro and Martinsburgh, North Carolina; to two factories in Georgia; to Louisiana, to Pittsburg, to Delaware, to Virginia, and other places. Indeed, Pawtucket was doing something for almost every part of the Union."

In 1829, however, there came a serious reverse. Business was entirely prostrated, and many of the most enterprising manufacturers forsook the place. Meantime large towns and cities had been built up, availing themselves of the experience of Slater and his contemporaries, and Pawtucket languished. Some manufacturers, however, still clung to the place. James S. Brown, a son of Sylvanus, had kept

But a conviction gradually fastened itself on the minds of enterprising citizens that it was desirable to diversify the business of Pawtucket. One of the first to act on this conviction was Colonel Jacob Dunnell. As early as 1836 he commenced printing calicoes, and gradually expanded his works, till at the time of his death, a few years ago, they were the largest perhaps in the country. With almost peerless skill and energy he perfected processes, and provided works for both printing and bleaching that are hardly rivalled in the land. They were about four acres in extent, but were largely consumed by fire about the middle of August, the present year. While smoke yet rose from the



Governor Jenks's Old Stone Chimney House, now destroyed.

making inventions for facilitating the manufacture of cotton, and built an extensive machine shop on the west side of the river. That shop is still carried on by his son. Mr. Zebulon White obtained possession of the patterns of the Wilkinsons, and established a foundry not far from the railroad station. It is now carried on with many enlargements by his son, Mr. Joshua S. White.

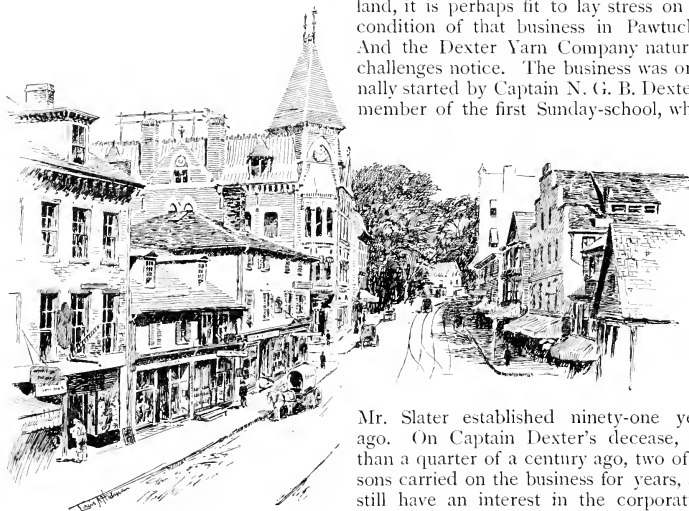
ruins, however, preparations began for rebuilding, and the works will probably be in running order in the close of September. During the last fifty years others have followed the same policy. Darius Goff and associates built extensive wadding works, which have become the largest in the country; the Pawtucket Haircloth Company established the manufacture of hair seating; Darius Goff & Sons have reared

large buildings and supplied machinery for making plush, and almost every kind of manufacturing is carried on in the city. It were hard to find in the land a place where so large a variety of goods is made.

Pawtucket retains its ancient renown for manufacturing both iron and cotton. The

years ago the Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island. He reared the most imposing edifice in the city, the Music Hall building, which stands on the site of Governor Jenks's stone chimney house.

But in this centennial year of the establishment of cotton manufacturing in our land, it is perhaps fit to lay stress on the condition of that business in Pawtucket. And the Dexter Yarn Company naturally challenges notice. The business was originally started by Captain N. G. B. Dexter, a member of the first Sunday-school, which



View in Main Street.

cotton business has given shape to much of the iron business. Beside Mr. Brown, who has already been spoken of, the Fales and Jenks Machine Company carry on an extensive machine shop and foundry. The Jenkses are descendants of the founder of the city. Mr. White has been already mentioned. Haskell & Company make great quantities of nuts, bolts, and like articles; and the Pawtucket Manufacturing Company, incorporated in 1882, manufacture bolts, cold punches, nuts, washers, and set screws. Other establishments, on a somewhat smaller scale, furnish many of the articles needed in the manufacture of cotton. The E. Jenks Manufacturing Company may be particularly named. Its specialty is the manufacture of ring-travellers and mill wire goods. Of the former they send forth millions annually. Of a different character is the establishment of the L. B. Darling Fertilizing Company. Mr. Darling, who gives name to the company, was a few

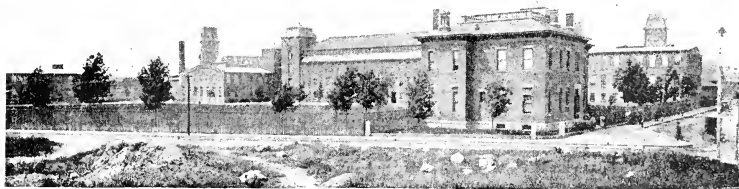
Mr. Slater established ninety-one years ago. On Captain Dexter's decease, less than a quarter of a century ago, two of his sons carried on the business for years, and still have an interest in the corporation. The Slater Cotton Company, too, demands mention. While it helps perpetuate the name of Samuel Slater, it can boast of making some of the finest cotton goods of the land. Conceived and started by W. F. and F. C. Sayles, it contains 52,000 spindles and 1125 looms, and employs about 600 persons. The same energetic firm started the Lorraine Mills seven or eight years ago. These mills are two in number, one manufacturing fine cotton dress-goods, the other fine worsted dress-goods. They run about 750 looms and employ about 750 workers. And it may be allowable to remark, as the Messrs. Sayles are citizens of Pawtucket, that they carry on a bleachery in a village about a mile from the city, which has won national fame from the excellence of the work it performs. The establishment is the largest of the kind in the world, and gives employment to 1500 laborers. Another large cotton mill is that of Greene & Daniels, which manufactures chiefly warps. The Littlefield Cotton Manufacturing Company,

and the U. S. Cotton Company, which has a large mill on Division Street, also are important corporations. And last, though not least of the larger establishments, is the Conant Thread Company. This was started in 1869. The parties originally constituting the corporation were beginning on a small scale ; but a representative of the celebrated Scotch firm of J. & P. Coates, seeking a place to plant a branch of the Coates establishment, proposed to build a larger mill. The first venture was so successful that larger investments were made, and the entire plant is now simply a branch of the Coates works. There are four huge mills and seven storehouses, dyeing-mills, etc. The mills contain about 190,000 spinning spindles and 90,000 twister spindles, and give employment to 2000 persons. It shows the facilities that Pawtucket proffers for manufacturing, that so shrewd a manufacturer as Mr. Coates should decide to invest his capital here.

There are other manufacturers of cotton goods in Pawtucket whose works would challenge description, were this intended for an exhaustive account. The Lebanon Mills, R. B. Gage & Co., and other parties, can be simply mentioned. And a host of enterprising workers in other branches must be passed over.

It will have been noticed that chief stress has been laid in this essay on the industrial history of Pawtucket. It is for its enter-

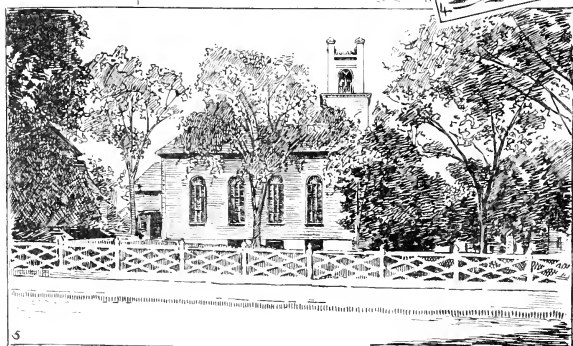
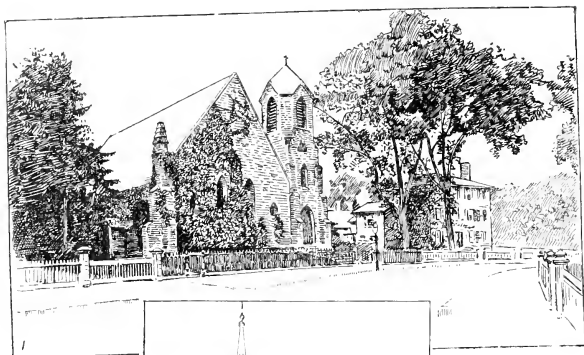
essential to the spinning of a fine thread, and Pawtucket is near the southern shore of New England, where the influence of breezes from the Gulf Stream is felt. The city boasts not, to be sure, of extensive water-power; but the steam-engine has become a rival of the cataract. If coal can be obtained cheaply, steam supplants the cascade. Now Pawtucket is situated but four or five miles from the head of Narragansett Bay, and the stream to the south, which is but a continuation of the Blackstone River, is navigable for schooners and coal barges. The general government is engaged in the work of broadening and deepening the channel. The end proposed is to furnish a mean depth of twelve feet of water at low tide, seventeen feet at high water. The estimated cost is about \$400,000, a part of which has already been expended. Two bridges have obstructed the navigation of the Pawtucket River, but their draws have been widened. Already the navigation of the river has become large. It is a pleasant sail down the stream, and local steamers in summer make daily excursions. Great quantities of coal, iron, and lumber, for the use not only of Pawtucket, but of contiguous and remote towns, arrive by water. The draw-tender of one of the bridges gives the number of craft passing to and from Pawtucket in 1887 as 684 steamers, 2356 tow-boats, 334 schooners, 492 barges, not to mention sail-boats. He



The Conant Thread Mills.

prise, indeed, and for its good fortune in welcoming or developing new branches of industry, that the city is chiefly eminent. A question may therefore arise as to what facilities it has for fostering new kinds of business. The region will probably remain indeed a centre of cotton manufacturing. A certain humidity in the atmosphere seems

opened the draw over 2000 times. In the specification of the imports, in the year 1882, a committee reports 86,000 tons of coal, 5300 tons of iron, 2,000,000 of brick ; of long lumber, 9,000,000 feet ; of short lumber, 3,000,000 feet ; and of spool lumber, about 2,000,000 feet, to have arrived ; and these figures become larger every year.



PAWTUCKET CHURCHES.

1. Trinity Church. 2. Park Place Congregational Church. 3. First Baptist Church. 4. First Congregational Church.
5. St. Paul's Church.

This leads to a few observations about the supply of water for domestic and mechanical purposes. Pure water in abundant supply is obtained from a stream called Abbott Run, flowing from the southern part of Massachusetts. About thirteen years ago the water-works system was begun. A Corliss pump lifted the water into a storage reservoir on Stump hill in Lincoln. That reservoir is 301 feet above tide water, and will hold twenty million gallons of water. As larger demand was made for water, two other pumps were constructed by the late Honorable George H. Corliss of Providence. The present combined capacity of the three pumps is twelve million gallons daily, though the average daily consumption is only four million. Besides supplying her own population, Pawtucket supplies the village of Central Falls, in Lincoln, the villages of Valley Falls, Lonsdale, Ashton, and Berkeley in Lincoln and Cumberland, and the village of Watchemoket in East Providence. The system is made subservient to the protection of the city from fire. Numerous mains are extended and hydrants provided, so that seventy streams can be poured on a fire at once, and a pressure of eighty pounds be maintained without diminishing the supply of water for the city. Superintendents of other water-works in the country acknowledge their inability to rival this. To ensure an ample quantity of water for prospective needs, the board of water commissioners purchased a lovely valley in the town of Cumberland for a storage basin. A broad road was thrown across the outlet for the accommodation of travel, and suitable gates were constructed to hold the water in check or allow its escape. That reserve basin has a capacity of 1,600,000,000 gallons. Half-a-dozen years ago, when a threatening fire in a timber and coal yard rained sparks in

showers on both Pawtucket and Central Falls, setting many a roof in flames, fifty streams of water poured without tiring, and saved the city from a grave conflagration. It may be added that the water is filtered through three feet of gravel and charcoal. Reference has been made above to the protection afforded by the water-works against fire. It must be added that the city has an effective paid fire department.

While Pawtucket can claim to be the mother of Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, Holyoke, and Lewiston, it challenges fame for Samuel Slater as the starter of one of the first Sunday-schools in the land. Pawtucket knows no place which can claim precedence of her in this matter. Mr. Slater established such a school in September, 1799. One Sunday morning, as he was going from his house, he heard seven of the boys employed in his mill debating about going to Smithfield to rob a farmer's orchard. Time was hanging heavy on their hands, and they proposed



Residence of Hon. Olney Arnold.

that diversion. Mr. Slater caught one of their remarks and asked, "Boys, what are you talking about?"

"Bill proposes that we go up to Smithfield, and rob Mr. Arnold's orchard; but Nat says he don't think it right to go off Sunday robbing orchards."

"No, nor I neither," said Mr. Slater. "I can tell you something better than that. Go into my house, and I will give you as

many apples as you want, and I will keep a Sunday-school."

They went in, and Mr. Slater kept a school after Raikes's pattern. Said Captain Dexter, years afterward, "Our lesson-books were five Wester's spelling-books, and our library consisted of three New Testaments." As common schools were not established in Rhode Island till nearly thirty years afterward, it was a boon to those lads to be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic,—the branches which Mr. Slater taught. After one of those boys had attained greater experience and skill, Mr. Slater hired him for two years to keep a Sunday-school for the lads in his mill.

No New England town is content with simply material advantages. The richest of cities would quickly become a Sodom, did it lack religious institutions. Pawtucket is not destitute of churches. The earliest church to organize in Pawtucket was a Baptist church, and there are now four churches of this denomination in the city. Besides these there are three Episcopal churches, four Roman Catholic, two Congregational, two Methodist, a Universalist church, a New Jerusalem church, one or two Quaker churches, and one of the body calling itself "Christian." There are altogether twenty-two churches, nearly every one of them having a house of worship; and in addition there are a number of chapels occupied by mission bodies. Many of the church buildings are spacious and handsome structures.

But religion in New England demands with itself general intelligence. "Beside the church spire stands the school." Where ignorance prevails, piety degenerates into superstition. What agencies has Pawtucket then for education? She has a good system of common schools. She boasts a high school, capable of fitting youth for college or for business; she has several grammar schools of good reputation, and an abundance of schools of lower grade. The city has made large outlays for good school-houses, and can say of her children as did the Roman matron, "These are my jewels." The city maintains four newspapers. The oldest is the *Gazette and Chronicle*, which boasts of an existence of over half a century and is published weekly. There are two dailies, the *Times* and the *Tribune*, and another weekly, the *Record*.

Pawtucket has also a public library. This institution was originally called the Pawtucket Library Association, and was chartered as a private institution in 1852. In 1876, however, the association disbanded, and gave its collection of books to the town of Pawtucket for the establishment of a public library. The number of volumes thus given was four thousand. A public-spirited citizen, G. L. Spencer, gave a room, rent free, in his spacious block, for five years. An adjoining room was hired, and furnished for a reading-room. Singularly enough, many looked on the movement as an experiment, but from the day of opening the library, September 1, 1876, doubt was seen to be superfluous. The library contains about eleven thousand well selected volumes, and the annual circulation is forty-five thousand; it has a reference department of twenty-five hundred volumes, which is constantly in request. The value of the library to the public schools cannot be estimated, but the teachers gratefully acknowledge the assistance and stimulus afforded by it to their pupils. The reading-room, supplied as it is with illustrated books of the best character, is both a favorite resort and a powerful educating agent. Visited as it is daily by scores of well-behaved children, ranging from six to fourteen years of age, it may justly be reckoned one of the conservative influences of the city.

Pawtucket has many conveniences which add to its attractiveness. Situated so near to Providence, it has facilities for access to that city. Horse-cars run every ten or fifteen minutes, and the steam-cars run oftener than hourly. A double track running past the station affords accommodation to both the Old Colony and the New York, Boston, and Providence railroads. The New York and New England forwards its trains from Valley Falls by the latter road. A hundred and fifty-four trains, including passenger and freight trains, daily pass the railroad station.

Of financial institutions Pawtucket has no lack. There are three national banks, one of which bears the name of Slater. Besides these there are three savings banks, having quite large deposits; and there is a Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Something has already been said concerning the municipal history of Pawtucket. The part west of the Blackstone

was first a part of Providence Plantations, and then from 1765 a portion of North Providence. The portion east of the river was originally a hamlet in Rehoboth, then a part of Seekonk, and finally made a distinct town. All this time it was a part of Massachusetts. In 1861, however, Massachusetts and Rhode Island made an exchange of territory, and the township east of the Blackstone became a part of Rhode Island. Everybody has heard the ancient proverb, "Lands separated by a narrow fifth abhor each other"; and it was long a matter of notoriety, as well as of regret, that the town of Pawtucket and the village of Pawtucket had an antipathy for each other. Though such was the case, however, it was found that necessities are mightier than rivalries. It was so obviously for the benefit of each section that the two be united, that consolidation was finally secured. By permission of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, the new town began its existence on May 1st, 1874. Population steadily increased, and in a few years there began to be a desire for a city form of government. So strong was the attachment, nevertheless, for the old-fashioned town government, that for ten years the place remained a town. But town-meetings became clamorous and unwieldy, and conservative citizens yielded their prejudices. About five years ago the town accepted the charter granted by the Assembly, and Honorable Frederick C. Sayles was chosen the first mayor. He was succeeded by Major A. K. Goodwin; and the latter was succeeded by Hugh J. Carroll, the present mayor.

The present population of Pawtucket is a little less than 28,000. Since the consolidation of the town and village there has been an increase of about fifty per cent. The people generally understand the true grounds of prosperity, and appreciate the dignity of labor. One happy circumstance is that most of the owners of the various mills and shops live in the city. The chief capitalists are men who earned, not inherited, their wealth. The profits of business have been largely invested or expended at home. This has contributed to thrift in the past, and gives promise of prosperity in the future.

A century has passed since Slater succeeded in his enterprise, and Pawtucket has grown from a little hamlet to a popu-

lous city. She has not had any very exciting experiences. Is there not, however, a common proverb, "Happy the people that have 'no annals'"? There may be startling incidents in a town's career, of destructive conflagrations, of invasions and grave outbreaks of passion, but such a town is not to be envied. Pawtucket has had a soberer career, but she is not on that account to be despised. Here honest industry has energetically labored; here invention has been stimulated and enterprise shown. Good, honest, hard work has here been done, and the city has sent forth to other communities arts and contrivances that have given men larger control over natural forces, and added to the conveniences and comforts of home. Peace has her victories no less than war. By bringing to our land a knowledge of one of England's industries, by hastening manufacturing here, Slater conferred a boon which no arithmetic can estimate.

What of the future? There is nothing to forbid the hope that Pawtucket will win larger prosperity. She has an intelligent population, trained to habits of industry. She has produced inventions in the past, and can count on others in the future. She has large capital, and skilful manufacturers to suggest how it can best be utilized. She has energetic churches and good schools. She has scores of appliances to make labor effective. She has facilities for obtaining raw materials, and for shipping abroad the fruits of her toil and skill, and the prestige of past success encourages to new enterprises. About twenty-six years ago the Rev. Dr. Taft, overtaking the writer, said: "The sight of yonder horse-cars wakes some reminiscences. Forty years ago I came to this place, and was one day passing up this street. I found a pair of bars obstructing my path about where Exchange Street now cuts North Main Street. I took them down, and went up a cart track to the chocolate mill in Central Falls. At that time people were saying," he continued, "that Pawtucket had attained its growth. All the water-power had been used up, and no increase of population could be looked for. But the town has kept on growing for forty years, and I know not why it may not grow equally rapidly for forty years to come." The good doctor's forecast was prophetic. Pawtucket has made steady strides for the

last quarter of a century. Central Falls, which was a little hamlet when the doctor made his first visit, has become a village of almost ten thousand inhabitants, and is not unlikely, ere many years, to be a part of Pawtucket. A rapid growth like that of some of the western cities is neither to be expected, nor perhaps to be desired.

Enough, if with the thrift confidentially to be reckoned on, the sons of such sires shall be emulous of their fathers' renown, and illustrate the truth of the ancient prophecy : "The work of righteousness shall be peace. . . . My people shall abide in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places."

AN OLD PURITAN POET.

By Helen Marshall North.

PERHAPS no better example of an upright, unswerving Puritan divine can be found in the early history of New England, rich as it is in the lives of such divines, than the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, author of *The Day of Doom*. The simple story of his early life is found in his diary. He was born in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1631; but his parents, who "feared God greatly," soon came to New England on account of religious persecution. "The Lord brought them hither," writes Mr. Wigglesworth, "and me along with them, being not full seven years old, and landed us at Charlestown." Soon we hear of the family at New Haven, where Mr. Ezekiel Cheever instructs the lad so well that in a year or two he "begins to make Latine." Although the father had but limited means, and was afflicted with "a lameness which grew on him to his dying day," yet after three or four years' absence from school the son is allowed to return, and "in 2 years and $\frac{3}{4}$," — he is exact to a fraction — he is ready for Harvard College. He seems to have been an affectionate and thoughtful son, for he was deeply moved by the self-denial of his father, whose estate was so small and who had such weakness of body that he stood in great need of the services of his only son. "Yet for my good he was content to deny himself of that comfort and assistance I might have lent him. And God let him live to see how acceptable to Himself this service was in giving up his only son to the Lord, for he lived til I was so far brought up that I was called to be a fellow of the Colledge, and until I had preached several times . . .

His estate too, was plainly doubled in 6 years' time."

In 1651, he was graduated with a class of ten, and was soon appointed tutor, a position which he held for three years. Among his pupils were the Rev. John Eliot and the Rev. Increase Mather, afterwards president of Harvard. To his faithfulness as a tutor Cotton Mather pays this tribute: "He used all means imaginable to make his pupils not only good scholars but also good Christians, and instil into them those things which might render them rich Blessings to the churches of God. Unto his Watchful and Painful Essays to keep them close unto their Academical Exercises, he added serious admonitions about their inward state."

His soul was severely tried, at times, by the conduct of his headstrong pupils, and while it requires a very lively imagination to picture the Rev. John Eliot or the Rev. Increase Mather indulging in the pranks which have been common to college youth of all ages, yet some, he writes, "are going a-gadding after vanity." Over one, in particular, he grieves, having found him, "in the forenoon, in ill company, playing music."

His active conscience, constantly brooding over his own petty sins and those of his restless charges, must have kept the good man in a perpetual state of anxiety. But we read, with reverence for his gentle, God-fearing spirit, of many trials from various sources, long and patiently endured, and of his fear lest some part of his duty should have been omitted. In November of his first year as tutor, he quaintly writes: "I had been much perplexed with

the ill-carriage of one of my pupils and had some thought of admonishing him openly. I besought the Lord beforehand, and He guided me to act in a fairer manner and issued my troubles to my satisfaction." Again: "Neglected to go and reprove some carnal mirth in the lowest Chamber, til it was too late, which I pray God to pardon." "March, 7: I was much perplexed in mind with many thoughts to and fro, about leaving the college, one while ready to resolve upon it almost, and again, quite another way: and I know not what to do, how to live here and keep a good conscience, because my hands are bound in point of discipline: my own weakness and pupils' forward negligence in the Hebrew, stil much exercise me."

Mr. Wigglesworth continued his theological studies while teaching, and in 1654 left the college to become pastor of the church at Malden, Massachusetts. In the following spring he was married to Miss Mary Reynor of Rowley. But ill health and discouragements pressed upon him. In December, 1659, his wife died,—"a great, cutting and astonishing stroke." His feebleness increased to such an extent that a voyage to Bermuda was proposed. Previous to his departure, while his sickly constitution so "prevailed on him that he could not preach to his tender flock," he wrote several "composures" for their benefit, among them, *The Day of Doom, or, a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment*. This remarkable poem, by which Mr. Wigglesworth is best known to us, became so popular that it was owned by one in every thirty-five in New England, and was read, studied, and committed to memory, along with the Bible and catechism, for nearly a century after its first publication. Indeed, it was the sage opinion of the Rev. Cotton Mather that it would continue to be read until the day of doom itself should arrive. Nine editions have been printed in this country and England, a degree of popularity unprecedented for a work of the kind.

In 1662, while engaged on this poem, which he proposes to "dress up in plain Meter for the edification of such Readers as are for truth," the author writes: "I desire with all my heart, to serve my Lord Christ . . . in finishing this work which I am preparing for the press . . . tho' my

endeavor should occasion loss, rather than outward advantage to myself."

The poem consists of 234 double stanzas, and is a concise but particular account of the final judgment, as it appeared to the prophetic gaze of Calvinistic New England. The opening lines describe the condition of mankind on the evening preceding that dread day:

Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay,
Calm was the season and carnal reason
Thought so 'twould last for aye.

The ungodly are portrayed as "wallowing in sin," and "even the Wise through sloth and frailty were slumbering." A terrible light suddenly breaks forth from the clouds, and straightway the Son of God appears, to judge the quick and the dead. The terror of the wicked, seeking in vain to hide from the "Flaming Eye," and turning to the rocks and the mountains, to dens and caves of the earth, for refuge, is so vividly set forth that our sympathies are at once enlisted in their behalf.

His winged Hosts fly through all coasts,
Together gathering
Both good and bad, both Quick and Dead,
And all to judgment bring.
Out of their holes these creeping Moles,
That hid themselves for fear,
By force they take and quickly make
Before the Judge appear.

The sheep and goats are now respectively placed on the right hand and the left, the former "in long white robes yclad," and we are asked to notice "how bright dust-heaps are made to shine." Everything being duly prepared, the Judge addresses those who are to be "Salvation's heirs."

My Sheep draw near, your Sentence hear,
Which is to you no dread,
* * * * *
Come blessed ones and sit on thrones
Judging the world with me.
* * * * *
The wicked grudge
And grind their teeth in vain.

Then follows a most heart-rending account of the distress of poor sinful wretches, as faithful in its minutest particular, as the Last Judgment of Buonarrotti. Indeed, the conception of the latter assists the imagination of the reader of

this "sulphurous poem," as Professor Coit Tyler very aptly terms it. In each we have the dread figure of the Judge as a centre, with terrified sinners cast headlong into the abyss of woe on one side, and on the other a serene company of saints assigned to thrones, or gliding comfortably away in complacent forgetfulness of their wretched friends. In the poem, however, there is a constant effort to follow the stern traditions of Calvin's creed, for the benefit of New England youth. Small wonder that one of them writes, in 1786: "I was wrapt in astonishment on reading, in *The Day of Doom*, the representation of infants pleading for relief from punishment of Adam's transgression, which caused me many an hour of intense mental agony."

Most graphically does our poet next describe the relentless scrutiny of the Judge, who brings to clear light "all secret acts, however long concealed"; also, "every word and thought and even erroneous notion." An opportunity is then given to the reprobate to show why they have rejected the offers of mercy, and their replies, which follow, constitute the most ingenious part of the poem. The excuses are given of "civil, honest men"; of those who plead the faults of church members; of an "impudenter sort," who say:

How could we cease thus to transgress
How could we Hell avoid,
Whom God's decree set out from thee
And sighed to be destroyed?

"Blind Heathen" and "non-elect infants" are also allowed to appear. The concluding arguments of the Judge, as conceived by the poet, must have been a real addition to the theological literature of the time. The "civil, honest men," who plead virtuous lives, are told that justice demands obedience to all of God's laws, one of which they have violated in rejecting Christ, and for this alone they deserve punishment. Those who made men's example a "Directory" are reminded that the Word of God, not the lives of imperfect men, was given them for guidance. Some plead for a second probation quite in the way of our modern theologians, but are silenced by the stern decree,

. . . grief's out of date
When life is at an end.

The doctrine of election is thus explained, to draw from it an argument for mercy:

You Sinful Crew, no other knew
But you might be elect;

* * * * *

You never knocked, yet say God locked
Against you Heaven's door.

* * * * *

Not for his Can is any man
Adjudged unto Hell,
But for his Will to do what's ill.

The claim of the heathen is also answered.

How came your mind to be so blind?
I once you knowledge gave,
Clearness of sight and judgment right.

* * * * *

You Sinful Crew have not been true
Unto the light of Nature,
Nor done the good you understood,
Nor owned your Creator.

But our compassion is especially excited in behalf of the non-elect infants,

Who never had, or good or bad,
Effected personally.

Not without a fair show of justice, even in the sight of the Judge, they plead that they are punished for Adam's sin, while Adam himself is comfortably let alone.

How could we sin that had not been,
Or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent
We never had the power.

The answering argument is a marvel of ingenuity:

If he had stood, then all his brood
Had been established
In God's true love, never to move
Nor once away to tread.

* * * * *

Would you have grieved to have received
Through Adam so much good?

* * * * *

Since then to share in his welfare
You could have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason
And in the punishment.

* * * * *

Yet to compare your sin with their
Who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
Though every sin's a crime.
A crime it is, therefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell:
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in Hell.

This truly unique poem concludes with a description of the punishment of the lost and the bliss of the saved. A huge, dismal lake is prepared, "where Fire and Brimstone flameth"; the victims are bound hand and foot with iron bands, and are cast into the lake forever. Their doom is thus announced :

Get you away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry:
Depart to Hell, there may you yell
And roar eternally.

And if any should depend upon the pity of his friends among the saved, that hope is summarily taken away :

Your godly friends are now more friends
To Christ than unto you.

* * * * *

The pious father had now much rather
His graceless son should lie
In Hell with devils, for all his evils
Burning eternally,
Than God Most High should injury
By sparing him sustain.

In the closing stanzas Mr. Wigglesworth allows his gentle, compassionate nature to find expression. That he firmly and sadly believed in the reality of the sterner doctrines of the church at that time there can be no doubt, but the beatific vision of the saints in glory seems in much better accord with what we know of the good man, and is described in these lines :

Thus with great joy and melody
To Heaven they all ascend,
Him there to praise with swelling lays
And Hymns that never end:
O glorious Place! where face to face
Jehovah may be seen,

* * * * *

Where the Sunshine and light Divine
Of God's bright countenance,
Doth rest upon them every one,
With sweetest influence.

A reading of the entire poem is necessary to perfect appreciation, and a reprint of the edition of 1715, from which these quotations have been made, is to be found in the libraries. Considered as a whole, *The Day of Doom* contains enough poetical passages to indicate the author's genius, but his earnest desire to impress sound doctrine on the minds of his readers has, without doubt, induced him to sacrifice poetry to theology in too many instances. And while much can be forgiven a man of such purity of motive, we must regard the

poem as a literary curiosity rather than a highly poetical production.

Leaving this blazing remembrance of his love and faithfulness in the hands of his flock, Mr. Wigglesworth sailed away to Bermuda, September, 1663, hoping for permanent recovery of health, or at least relief from present pains. He writes : "It was a full month ere we got hither, by which long and tedious voyage, no doubt, I received much hurt & got so much cold as took away much of the benefit of that sweet and temperate air & so hindered my recovery." But he experienced a comfortable return voyage, and writes with great delight, of the hearty welcome accorded him by his beloved people at Malden.

After remaining a widower for twenty years, Mr. Wigglesworth appears to have been beguiled by the fresh beauty of a young servant, whom he shortly married. At this time the Rev. Increase Mather, his former pupil, wrote to him : "The report is that you are designing to marry with your servant mayd, & that she is of obscure parentage and not 20 years old, & of no church, nor so much as Baptised." He then proceeds to offer six arguments against the marriage, one of which is this : "To take one that never was baptised into such nearness of Relacon, seemeth contrary to the Gospel, especially for a minister of Christ to do it. The like never was in New England, Nay, I question whether the like hath bin known in the Christian world. Though your affections should be too far gone in the matter, I doubt not but if you put the object out of your sight and look up to the Lord Jesus for supplies of grace, you will be enabled to overcome these Temptacons."

Further correspondence seems not to have altered the opinion of either. The Rev. Increase confesses that he might have been influenced in favor of young Martha Mudge, the objectionable servant maid, "if there were an eminency of grace discernible in your Damosel," from which we may possibly infer an interview between the minister and the maid, in which the latter was not suitably affected by the stately divine, and proved her lack of grace conclusively. The marriage was apparently a happy one, and several children blessed the union.

To Mrs. Sybil Avery, whom Mr. Wig-

glesworth married after the death of his second wife, he sent ten Considerations with his proposal of matrimony, "to clear up your way before you return an answer to the Motion which I have made to you. I hope you will . . . ponder them seriously."

His bodily afflictions were so numerous that the good man very wisely studied medicine, and treated his parishioners as well as himself to pills and powders. He died at the age of seventy-four, after many years of pain and weakness, which he endured with true Christian resignation. He

left the fragrant memory of an unselfish, patient, sincere Christian minister and lover of his kind, and a breath of this memory wafted down to us from a distance of more than two hundred years still holds its treasure of sweetness. We quote from his epitaph, supposed to have been written by Cotton Mather:

His Body, once so thin, was next to none;
From hence, he's to Unbodied Spirits flown.
Once his rare skill did all diseases heal;
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
He to his Paradise is joyful come
And waits with joy to see the Day of Doom.



SLEEPY HOLLOW—1890.

By T. H. Farnham.

[The new Croton aqueduct runs directly through Sleepy Hollow, rising, an unsightly excrescence, from the earth, and destroying the beauty of the valley.]

GONE is the spirit that could once entrance!
In vain I woo the witchery of that spell
That once o'erhung each haunted wood and dell
Of this enchanted spot. The old romance,
The tender charm of twilight's mystic hour,
Which conjured up wild Fancy's spectral brood
And filled with airy tongues the solitude,
Hath passed away, and vanished all its power.

Could no protecting genius then be found,
Mindful of hallowed memories, to stay
The fell destroyer's hand, whose ruthless sway
Has spread sad desolation o'er the ground?—
Some eerie spirit, who in by-gone years
Haunted the wood and rode upon the gale,
The fruitful source of many a wondrous tale,
Of fancied horrors and of childish fears?

While the lone brook that murmurs through the dale
Gives forth its music in a sadder tone,
Could he whose magic pen hath told the tale,
And round the spot a fadeless halo thrown,
Behold, unmoved by grief, the ruined vale,
Its beauty blighted and its glamour flown?

A HAMERTON TYPE-WRITER.

By *Eliza Orne White.*

RICHARD COPLEY ARMSTRONG, the rising young novelist, was sitting in his study in an attitude of profound thought. So absorbed was he as he bent over his type-writer, that he did not hear the announcement of his maid-of-all-work that dinner was ready. This appellation, by the way, is scarcely the right one to apply to the buxom matron of fifty who stood in the doorway with her arms a-kimbo and shouted, "Dinner, dinner, Mr. Richard!"

The young man raised his head at last, and said thoughtfully, "U, I, O, P, — that stands for 'You I owe; patience.'"

"He's gone clean daft over that little machine of his'n," said the unsympathetic Mrs. Bassett. "Patience! that is certainly just what *is* needed in this house; but as for owing me, you don't; you paid me every stiver of my wages last Saturday night."

Mr. Armstrong bent his head over the type-writer again, and murmured, "D, F, G, H; or, 'demented fool go home.' Oh, I had forgotten that you were here, Mrs. Bassett," he said good-naturedly. He had not been addressing her; he was merely trying to learn the alphabet of his type-writer, by associating words with the letters.

That evening he struggled for a long time over a note to his friend, John Lawson. It was written on the type-writer, and ran as follows:—

Dear Hack,

i am in despaor/my eyes have guvem out uterly/ the oxxulst says i must not writ one word. i infested in this type-writer at his suggestion be cause i am in the middle of my novel 2 AN EX periment in CHArity?" and the 2Metroopolis Maxagine 2is awaiting the next chapter. i am not allowed even too look at what i writ or at the type)writer kettters themselves, but am lerning to use the maxine as the blinddo. so if there are one or two mistakes in this epistel forgive them. MRs. BASsett is too illitter ate too help me. i have learned the letters from a man from the oggice of the 2Hamerton type)write2 so alli need is a little practise? vut it has taken me 4 hours to accomplish this brief note. for the love of heavem come and stay with me and be my ammennuens until iget the nest number of my novvek finixhed/

your devoted fiend ,
richard Copley armstrong/
december 5th, 1 ' ' (/

He received the following answer by return of mail:—

Dear richard:—

I adopt the small "r" since you so evidently prefer it. I am very, very sorry, my poor, devoted "fiend," but your dear old "literary?" hack is too deep in his own work to be able to spare any time for you. I wish he could. I will suggest that you get a professional type-writer to come to you every day until your novel is finished. Don't delude yourself, my dear boy, into thinking that you will be able to do work fit for the press, on your type-writer, alone, and unassisted.

Regretfully yours,

JACK.

P.S. The date of your letter is charmingly mysterious, and suggests that you have been sojourning in eternity rather than time.

As the outgrowth of the proposition made by John Lawson, a young lady came every morning at ten o'clock to the study of Richard Armstrong, and worked there patiently for three hours. I say patiently advisedly; for although Richard was generally a most charming companion and was thought fascinating by all women, fascination is not a quality that tells in a man when he has a rooted dislike to dictation and a nervous temperament.

After a week of progress, in company with the amanuensis, Richard received a letter from his friend containing these inquiries:—

Why do you never mention the type-writer? Is she young? Is she pretty? Is she satisfactory?

In answer, the exasperated Richard wrote the following note:—

Dear Jack:)

Will you be so hood as to remember in future that i am not allowed to use my eyes at all, and so canSt read my motes. Your letters have to be fead to me either by the type-write herself, or by my AUNT Hammah whose house i am manning at present. This excellent lady read your last epidle and was hoeffioed. AS she is going away for two months miss grey will read the others. miss GRKey is not pretty. She is nothing but a machine, a verry usefull skilful? and caluable Hamerton type-write, but no more. i think o of her as a part of the maxhine she works. It is a significant fact that both have the same appellation? both are type-writes.

Yours in great baste,

dick/

p/s/ Have i not improved greatly in my type-writing?

DEcember idth 1889/

It was true that Miss Grey was not pretty, but she had a charming face and simple, unobtrusive manners. She came day after day and took her place quietly in Richard's study, never talking unless she were addressed, but when she was consulted always suggesting some way of disentangling the knotty problem under discussion. Her voice was low and agreeable, and she was altogether a pleasant feature in Richard's solitary life. After a time he grew to look forward to her daily appearance, and to take a certain interest in her personality. He could not help himself; every woman interested him more or less, from his great-aunt down to the little girl who brought him his weekly washing. Miss Grey was far from being the contemporary of his aunt; she could not be more than twenty-five or six.

At the end of a fortnight Miss Grey and Mr. Armstrong had accomplished the number of his novel for which the *Metropolis Magazine* had been waiting so impatiently.

"I suppose you will not want me any longer," she said, as she put on her jacket and gloves preparatory to taking her departure.

"Indeed I shall; I am not going to get myself into such another tight box with my next number. I shall want you straight on until the end of the chapter—the novel, I mean."

"Monday is Christmas," she said, "so you probably will not care to have me come again for some days. I wish you a very merry Christmas," she added, as she extended her hand to him.

"I am not going home," he rejoined, keeping her hand absently in his for a moment, and then dropping it with a sigh; "and I shall not have a merry Christmas, but on the contrary a signally dismal one. Come on Christmas and help me to get through with the day," he added rapidly. He could see that her eyes were beautiful as well as kind, as she raised them to his with a questioning glance.

"I am sorry that you cannot go home," she said.

"I do not wish to go home," he returned quickly; "I don't want to be reminded of last Christmas."

Had Miss Grey expressed a keen interest in his revelations, it is probable that the young man would have stopped making them; but she said nothing more, and yet

he knew that she was sorry for him, and because of this fact, and for the reason that he had received no sympathy for a long time, he felt impelled to go on.

"Last Christmas I was engaged," he said, "but the girl whom I was to marry has married another man."

Afterward he thought what a fool he had been to tell this fact in his history to his amanuensis; and why, at least, could he not have accomplished the feat gracefully, instead of blurring it out in that school-boy fashion? He attacked his type-writer with virulence. D, F, stood emphatically for what he was himself, and it was with peculiar satisfaction that he said over and over again, "Demented fool, *demented fool*, go home."

His studies were interrupted at this point by Mrs. Bassett, who had thrust her bulky person into the range of his vision.

"Yes, sir," she said; "you've called me a 'demented fool' once too often: I'm taking of your advice, sir; I'm 'going home.'"

"Mrs. Bassett!" he cried, aghast, "I can't get along without you. I was not speaking to you; I was merely addressing the type-writer."

"It's all the same thing, sir. There is one 'demented fool' in this house, that's sure. If it's me, I'd better leave; but if it's you,—why, I never calculated to get along with folly, nor with demutation neither. Since that machine come, you've ben clean crazy. Take your choice. Keep your Hamerton type-writer, or keep me. Give it up, or give me up. I won't live in the same house with the uncanny thing any longer."

He took his choice, and as a consequence Mrs. Bassett departed, and the Hamerton type-writer remained.

On Christmas morning Richard Armstrong was almost too ill to get up. He managed, however, to stagger down stairs to his study. He laid his wretched feelings to the poorly cooked food which had followed upon Mrs. Bassett's departure. When Miss Grey came in the afternoon, she found him flushed and feverish, and in great pain.

"You must not try to work," she said, "and you must let me go for a doctor. I am afraid you have the *grippe*."

Richard, however, insisted upon dictating, as he said his brain had never been so

full of ideas. He grew more and more excited as they worked, until Frances Grey became seriously alarmed. Finally she heard a dull thud, and upon looking in his direction, she saw that he had fallen to the floor in a dead faint. She was now thoroughly frightened. She was a sufficiently good nurse to succeed in restoring her patient to partial consciousness, but almost as soon as he came out of his faint turn he grew delirious.

Mr. Armstrong and Miss Grey were alone in the house, and therefore she could not leave him to go for a doctor. What should she do? How could she obtain aid? She glanced at the tall, old-fashioned clock, whose hands were pointing to five minutes of four. She had not realized that they had worked so long, but twilight was in fact fast approaching, and she ought to be wending her way home.

She ran to the front window, and shouted "Help! help!" at the top of her voice. No response came, for Richard Armstrong lived in a house with as much land around it as if it were not situated in one of the nearest suburbs of a great city. She rang a bell which she found in the dining-room, but even its insistent peals produced no effect. After this she went back into the study to look at her patient, who was moaning and tossing restlessly on the sofa. At last she ran down the long avenue at full speed, crying, "Help, help!"

A little boy was sauntering past on the other side of the street. He eyed her with interest.

"Is it a fire, or a murder, Missis?" he asked.

"A gentleman is very ill," she said. "I will give you this half-dollar if you will go for the nearest doctor, and tell him to come here immediately, to this house,—you understand?—to see Mr. Richard Armstrong."

Half an hour passed, then another half-hour, and still another; yet neither boy nor doctor appeared. The tall old mahogany clock in the corner was striking six in its silvery voice. A clock seems so alive and companionable, that it is a disappointment to find it strikes in the same bland, unvarying way, when we ourselves are racked with anxiety. Frances Grey was tempted to stop the timepiece, that its measured, dignified ticking and its imperturbable striking might cease.

It was now as dark as if it were midnight. Miss Grey realized that there was little chance of her being rescued by her friends; for her landlady would think that she had gone directly to the house of Mrs. Grant, where she had promised to assist at some Christmas festivities. Laura Grant, on the other hand, would imagine that she was belated in some way, and would not feel anxious about her. Self-reliance was not an inborn quality with Frances Grey, but an acquired one; and she felt very lonely and helpless as she sat in Mr. Armstrong's study, watching his irregular breathing, and wondering whether the simple remedies at her command had been the right ones.

Half-past six, and still no doctor! She would make one more effort to secure a messenger. She was about putting on her fur cape when she heard a stifled voice from the sofa.

"Don't go," Richard begged. "Q, W, E, R, T, Y,—Queen, worthy, that's how I remember the letters,—worthy Queen, my Queen, don't go. U, I, O, P, patience. A, S, demented fool, go,—no, that is not so good as the other; what is the other?" He pressed his hand wearily to his head. "I have it now," he said at last: "Dear Frances Grey, heavenly jabberer, or was it jackknife? Don't go, heavenly jabberer."

Frances sank into an armchair and laughed hysterically.

"I am coming back," she said gently, when she had recovered her voice.

Richard, however, seized her hand, and would not let her go. Throughout all his delirious wanderings it seemed to comfort him to feel her presence.

The moments were like hours to Frances, and the hours like days. It was now eight o'clock, and she began to wonder if she would have to spend a long night alone with her charge. Could the boy have proved faithless? He had an honest face.

At length, just before nine o'clock, she heard the welcome sound of wheels on the gravel outside, and presently the doctor entered the room. He had been too busy with cases of *la grippe* to come any earlier in the day. He was a bluff and burly old gentleman, with a kind face, but a rough manner. He examined the patient carefully and listened to a description of his symptoms given by Miss Grey.

"It is a case of *grippe*," he said; "a

very extreme case, aggravated by some mental trouble. What has he on his mind?"

"The Hamerton type-writer," the patient moaned; "the best in the market, the most easily mastered by those who cannot see. Only one set of letters, but you must be careful to press the stop for the capitals Z, X, C, V, 'Zealous Xerxes collects violins'; that's how I remember them; but the question-marks and the periods are the hardest."

The doctor left the usual prescriptions for la grippe, and promised to call again on the following morning.

"I think your brother is not going to be very ill," he said, kindly.

"He is no relation of mine," said Miss Grey, "and not even a friend. I am merely his amanuensis, and I am alone in the house with him. You *must* send a nurse."

"It is impossible," the doctor rejoined. "All the nurses are engaged. I have not been able to get hold of one all day."

Frances implored him to at least find some woman to keep her company, that she might not have to bear the strain of a solitary, anxious night. "We ought to telegraph to his mother," she suggested.

"Yes," Dr. Marston agreed, "and I will send the telegram if you will write it out for me."

Frances sank helplessly into a chair. "I do not know in what part of the world she lives," she explained. "We will ask him; perhaps he may tell us, in a moment of intelligence."

The doctor approached Richard, and said distinctly, "Where does your mother live?"

The young man looked at him blandly, and murmured, with a beaming smile, his favorite refrain, "Demented fool, go home."

"Look here," said the doctor, "I won't be insulted."

"He is wandering in his mind, poor fellow!" Frances said. "I will ask him." She came close to him, and said gently, "Mr. Armstrong, it is I, Miss Grey, the type-writer."

"Best machine in the market," he muttered.

"Yes, the Hamerton is the best," she said, soothingly; "but we are talking of your mother, Mrs. Armstrong. Where does she live?"

"Be sure to press your interrogations, or you will get a figure 2," he observed, in a confiding tone; "a figure 2 looks badly in the manuscript."

"It is of no use," Frances said, with a sigh; "we must find out his mother's address in some other way."

"J, K, L stands for John Kingsley Lawson," Richard murmured.

"That is true. We can send the message through his friend, Mr. Lawson," Frances suggested, "and ask him to forward the news to Mrs. Armstrong."

That was the longest night that Frances Grey ever spent. The doctor sent one of his own servants to stay with her, but the woman was too frightened and inexperienced to be of any assistance. Mr. Armstrong was delirious the greater part of the night, but at length he fell into a troubled sleep, from which he would awake every few moments to mutter crazy ejaculations, or to seize Miss Grey's hand and beg her not to leave him. "Please stay, dear fool, until the end of the chapter," he said over and over again.

"Of course I will stay," Frances said, kindly, "as long as you want me; to the very last of the book, and it is going to be a great novel."

Toward morning he awoke again, and his mind seemed clearer. "Have I been very ill?" he asked. "My head is a trifle confused. I hope I was quite polite."

"You were, — most considerate," Frances said, in reassuring tones. It was a small matter to have been addressed in uncivil language by a man whose heart was in the right place, if his head were in the wrong one.

He sighed. "I am glad," he said, "I am very glad. I thought I might possibly have called you a 'dem — ' but it's all right since I didn't."

A sharp spasm of pain seized him. He looked up with a wan smile. "You said you would stay with me to the end of the chapter," he said, faintly. "Perhaps it is nearer being finished than we thought; perhaps it is time to write THE END, now."

"Oh, no," said Frances, bending over him with a tearful face; "you will be better, and your novel will be finished, and your mother is coming to-morrow."

He did get better. There were many weary days first, during which his mother and the doctor and Miss Grey had anxious

hearts, although they tried to keep cheerful faces; but at last he grew well enough to take his place again in the study, and to work a little on his novel.

Mrs. Armstrong was a fragile little woman, with too much sentiment for the comfort of her friends, and with the certainty that her son was the only really great American novelist. She was so fond of him that she was jealous of any other influence, and was morally certain that she could be his amanuensis quite as satisfactorily as his new friend. She had overpowered Frances by her gratitude and affection as long as Richard's life hung in the balance; but as soon as he was well on the way to recovery, she dismissed her in a somewhat cavalier fashion.

Richard had inherited his nervous temperament from his mother, and under the joint management of the mother and son the book remained at a standstill, and Mrs. Armstrong was at last forced reluctantly to admit that it might be best to send for the "type-writer," as otherwise the public would have to wait indefinitely for the completion of "the most glorious American novel." Frances Grey therefore was at last summoned, and she came at once, with no apparent feeling of ill-will, and took her place as quietly in the corner of the study as if she had never left it. She found Richard sitting in the large easy-chair, "himself again," although a little pale and thin.

"How good it is to get you back again!" he said, with one of his bright smiles. "I have missed you more than you would believe possible."

He watched her every motion with the same deep satisfaction with which a little boy bends his gaze on his good mamma who has chanced to be absent for a time. What attractive ways she had, and what a charming face! She was a woman whom any man might be proud to call his mother, or his sister; for she would be ideal in either relation. Only a very exceptional man would fall in love with her, Richard thought; for his sex in general were captivated by external charm, or a lively, fascinating manner. To love this woman, one must be on the farther side of an experience which had shown one the deceitfulness of mere personal charm. Richard felt himself to be the one uncommon man who appreciated her.

He began to dictate. They had reached

a somewhat dry part of the story, or at least a portion which depended for its interest on delicacy of touch rather than startling incident. The hero, Miles Gre-court, had come to a critical point in his experiment in charity. He had set up a small ragamuffin in the trade of bootblack-ing, notwithstanding the urchin's frequently expressed preference for another way of life, and he was now being rewarded by ingratitude.

"'You're an old humbug,' said the quasi-bootblack," Richard dictated, "'goin' around the world thinkin' to do folkses such a pile of good by makin' 'em happy in your way rather than their own. Now, as I told you, I've always had the dream of bein' a newspaper boy, but you insisted upon my bein' a bootblack.'" — Richard paused to give Miss Grey time to finish this sentence. — "It is of no use," he went on; "I love you in spite of everything. I may say to myself that it is only that I am dependent on you, but I cheat myself with words; I love you, I love you!"

Miss Grey's fingers flew rapidly over the keys, but she said, "Do you think that last sentence in character?"

"In character!" Richard repeated, savagely; "and pray why is it not in character?"

"Because I do not see why the bootblack changed his mind so suddenly."

"The bootblack! Hang the boot-black!" Richard exclaimed. "I am talking of myself and of you."

"And I am waiting for you to dictate the next paragraph," Frances said, in an icy tone. Her hands were on the keyboard of the type-writer. Richard seized the one that was nearest him.

"Look here, Miss Grey," he said, "will you listen quietly to what I have to say, and let that confounded machine alone?"

"Yes, Mr. Armstrong, if you, on your side, will remember that I am 'only a type-writer.'"

His very words, — but how could she have heard them? He must have said them in his delirium.

"Miss Grey," he went on, with a little break in his voice, "whatever I may have said when I was not myself, the fact remains that I love you; I have had dreary days without you; I cannot tell —"

"No, you cannot, you must not tell me any more. Believe me, I never dreamed

of this. I have liked you as a brother from the very first, because,—I could not tell you then, for it was a secret,—and afterwards Jack sent me a part of your letter, and as you thought of me as ‘only a type-writer,’ it seemed simpler to go on as we had begun. Do you understand now? It was through Mr. Lawson that I came to you.”

“So you are a friend of Jack’s. He

might have had the grace to tell me so in the beginning; but my dearest—”

“You do not understand. I am engaged to Jack Lawson.”

One ray of hope was still left to Richard.

“You are engaged to be his amanuensis,—his type-writer?” he inquired.

“I am engaged to be married to him; I have promised to stay with him ‘to the end of the chapter.’”

A PERFECT DAY.

By Clinton Scollard.

BLAND air, and leagues of immemorial blue;
No subtlest hint of whitening rime or cold;
A revel of rich colors, hue on hue,
From radiant crimson to soft shades of gold.

A vagueness in the undulant hill line,
The flutter of a bird's south-soaring wing,
Æolian harmonies in groves of pine,
And glad brook laughter like the mirth of spring.

A sense of gracious calm afar and near,
And yet a something wanting,—one fine ray
For consummation. Love, were *you* but here,
Then were the day indeed a perfect day.

LIMITATION.

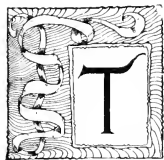
By H. P. Kimball.

YOU in your house and I in mine
Can just clasp hands across the way;
Can just remark if the weather be fine,
As we wish each other a very good day;
Can notice the puddles shine in the sun,
And how the passers-by splash on.

Then, since the street is narrow and small,
And the incidents few are soon o'ertold,
We may draw us back in our houses tall;
To go outside would be far too bold;—
To go outside, sweet friend of mine,
And to meet in the streets and our arms entwine.

THE COTTON INDUSTRY IN NEW ENGLAND.

By George Rich.



THE rise of cotton manufacturing in this country, like that of the other great industries, was effected only after a long series of experiments. For this reason no one town can claim the distinction of having been its birthplace. The new industrial spirit was beginning to make itself felt everywhere at the close of the last century. But the fields were new and untried, and much of the work, so far as concerned the immediate effort itself, was fruitless. Beverly, Massachusetts, however, may be said to have been the seat of the the first cotton factory in America. There it was that cotton spinning, further than the hand-card and one-thread wheel, was carried through its first struggles. Taking that, then, as the starting-point, the rise of the industry in New England may be roughly divided into three periods. The first embraces the dozen years prior to 1790, and might be called the experimental period; the second covers the time from 1790 to 1814, during which the perpetual spinning system was established and perfected; and the third the years immediately following 1814, which marked the introduction of the power-loom and the development of the modern factory.

To Massachusetts belongs the credit of having been the first to give aid and encouragement to the cotton industry. Philadelphia, however, was the original centre of the manufacturing movement in this country. Tench Cox, a prominent resident of that city, was the pioneer, and so untiring was he in his labors that he earned for himself the title of "Father of American Manufactures." It was he who first urged the cultivation of cotton in the South, at a time when the plant was scarcely seen outside of a flower garden, and who was most

active in the organization of a company for its manufacture. Through him, also, it was that the first spinning-jenny seen in America was exhibited at Philadelphia, in 1775. The jenny was constructed by one Christopher Tully, after the English plan of Hargreaves, and spun twenty-four threads. The "United Company of Philadelphia for Promoting American Manufactures" secured the machine and prepared to operate it. This company, as its name implies, had been formed through the instrumentality of Mr. Cox, for the purpose of encouraging home industries and giving employment to idle workmen. But it proved a business as well as philanthropic success. Besides operating Tully's jenny, some four



Tench Cox.

hundred women were employed by it in hand spinning and weaving. The stock, which had been originally fixed at £10, rose in two years to £17 6s 6d. Later the business passed into the hands of

Samuel Wetherell, one of the directors, and he during the Revolution turned from the spinning of cotton to the more profitable making of woollen fabrics.

Tully's machine was a rude and unsatis-

1786 some brass models prepared for Mr. Coxe were seized by the English customs officials. But relief came from another quarter. Hugh Orr, Esquire, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, had in his employ two Scotchmen, Robert and Alexander Barr, who were familiar with the English spinning system. Orr himself was something of an inventor. He manufactured the first muskets in this country and the first machine-made nails. The Barrs suggested their ability to reproduce these machines, and Orr had them build three, for carding, roving, and spinning. But Orr was public-spirited as well as progressive, and when the machines were completed he had a committee from the state legislature out to Bridgewater to examine them. The result was that the legislature, on November 16, 1786, made a grant of £200 to the machinists, and afterwards supplemented it by six tickets in a state land lottery, in which there were no blanks. This bounty was given, so the grant declared, "as a reward for their ingenuity in forming those machines and their public spirit in making them known to the commonwealth." This was probably the first stock-card in the country. A year later, Thomas Somers, an English midshipman, drifted to Bridgewater, and at Orr's direction constructed an imperfect form of Arkwright's water-frame. The general court made him a grant of £20. These machines were then placed in charge of Mr. Orr and were exhibited by him as the state's model.



Moses Brown.

*FROM A SILHOUETTE LOANED BY MR. MOSES GODDARD OF PROVIDENCE.

factory affair. Those who sought to improve it, however, had to contend against the greatest obstacles. Arkwright's patent was giving a decided impetus to the industry in England. But that country guarded the invention jealously and forbade every exportation of models; and the law was strictly enforced. A German in 1784 was fined £500 for trying to form a colony of English workmen for the Low Countries; and in

Many visited Bridgewater and examined these models. The immediate results were experiments in spinning at Providence, Rhode Island, and Beverly and Worcester, Massachusetts. Daniel Anthony was the one who secured the plans for Providence. He, with Andrew Dexter and Lewis Peck, had started a company in that city for the making of "homespun cloth," a stuff of linen warp and

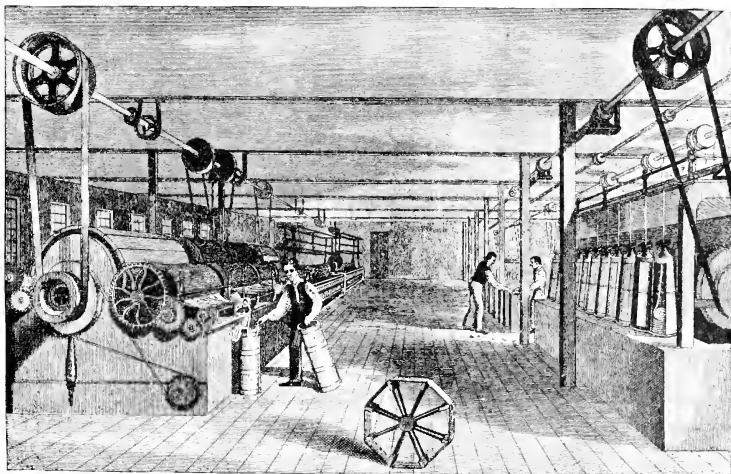
cotton filling. But the new venture proved unsuccessful and the machines passed into the hands of Almy & Brown, to be pronounced utterly worthless a few years later by Samuel Slater.

It was at Beverly that the first real advance was made. The Beverly Company was formed in 1787, and built a small brick factory on Bass River. The machinery consisted of one or more spinning-jennies and a carding machine. John Cabot and Joshua Fisher were the managers of the enterprise. General Washington, in the diary of his trip through New England in 1789, thus writes of a visit to it:—

In this manufactory, they have the new invented spinning and carding machines. One of the first supplies the warp, and four of the latter, one of which spins eighty-four threads at a time by one person. The cotton is prepared for these machines by being first (lightly) drawn to a thread on the common wheel. There

But the enterprise was not a financial success. The expenditures were large as compared with the receipts, the machinery rude, and as a result, the fabrics were of a coarse quality. The managers made an appeal to the legislature of the state in 1787, and secured an appropriation of £500. Again, in 1790, they petitioned for assistance, and the statement they then made is of much interest. It is too long to quote in full, but the introductory portion is as follows:—

The proprietors of the Beverly Cotton Manufactory beg leave to represent, that the establishment of a manufacture of cotton, in imitation of the most useful and improved stuffs which are formed of that material in Europe, and thence continually imported into this country at a very great expense, has been attempted by the said proprietors. This attempt commenced in the year 1787, from a consideration of the extensive public advantages to be obtained by it; and on this occasion your petitioners may be permitted to declare that in that view of the subject, the hazard of their private property,



Carding, Drawing, Roving, and Spinning, as introduced by Samuel Slater in 1790.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

is also another machine for doubling and twisting the threads for particular cloths; this also does many at a time. For winding the cotton from the spindles and preparing it for the warp, there is a reel which expedites the work greatly. A number of looms (fifteen or sixteen) were at work with spring shuttles, which do more than double work. In short, the whole seemed perfect and the cotton stuffs which they turn out excellent of their kind; warp and filling both cotton.

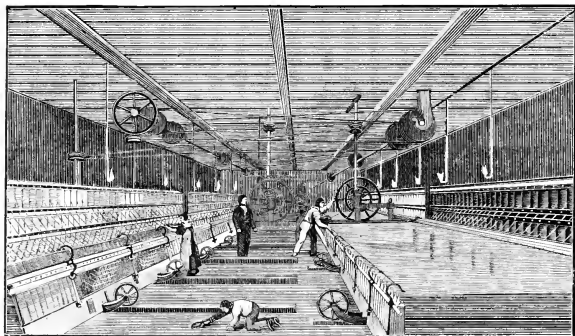
and the many obstacles which have since deprived them of every hope of present emolument to themselves were overlooked. The design has been prosecuted, although it has proved much more arduous and expensive than was first conceived, so far as to demonstrate that it is practicable; and that the manufacture, having been once established, will be sufficiently lucrative to support and extend itself, and will afford not only a supply for domestic consumption, but a staple for exportation.

The petitioners then call attention to the general use of imported goods in the country, and the consequent drain on the public currency. Their description of some of the advantages to come from the establishment of the industry is amusing reading to us of to-day. "The raw material," they say, "is procured in exchange for fish, the most valuable export in the possession of this state, and, at this time, in great need of encouragement. It must be evident that the cod-fishery will be essentially encouraged by extending the demand for the imports to be obtained by it. This manufacture finds employment and support for a great number of persons, and, among others, for infirm women and children."

The managers state that they have necessarily incurred a variety of expenses and losses, to which succeeding manufacturers will not be liable. Among the items is the extraordinary price of machines unknown to American mechanics, and only to be constructed after long and repeated ex-

to prevent rival manufacturers from securing them. Furthermore, the goods turned out lacked that finish and beauty which the English factories could show because of superior workmen and improved machinery. Messrs. Cabot and Fisher conclude:—

Your petitioners have ever conceived that the government of this commonwealth would at least indemnify them for these extraordinary expenses and losses, which cannot be reimbursed by any future success of their design, since the models of machines and the essential information obtained at their expense is open to every succeeding adventurer. The expenditure of the said proprietors has already amounted to nearly the sum of £4000, the value of their remaining stock is not equal to £2000, and a further, very considerable advancement is absolutely necessary to obtain that degree of perfection in this manufacture which alone can insure its success. This necessary addition to their stock will enable the proprietors to rival in beauty, perfection, and cheapness, the European manufactures, and in that case, they shall willingly trust in the prudence and patriotism of their countrymen for a preference. But the proprietors having already hazarded, some their whole fortunes, and others very large sums, are obliged to declare, without aid from this honorable court, no further advancement can be made, and, mortifying as it is, they feel themselves in the necessity of relinquishing a design highly beneficial to the public and undertaken by them from the purest motives. The intended aid by a grant of land made by a former legislature to the said petitioners has not in any degree answered the purpose of it.



Mule Spinning early in the Century.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

periments. An instance in point was the carding machine. The Beverly Company, when it was started in 1787, had to import a carder at a cost of \$1100, but within three years they could be bought for only \$200. Then, too, there was a great loss of material in the instruction of green workmen, and still more serious annoyance through the desertion of those who had become skilled in the use of the machines, and the necessity of paying higher wages

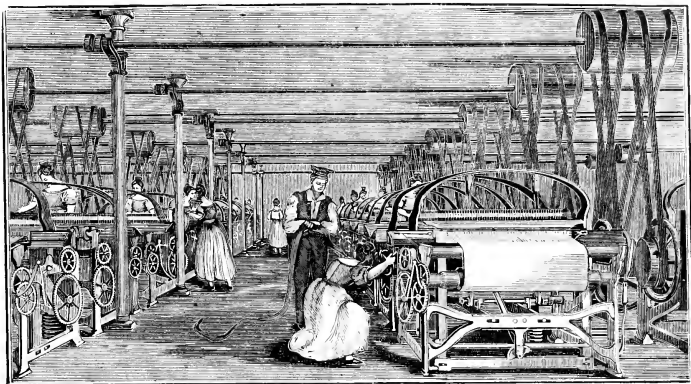
agement of Arts, Agriculture, and Manufactures, and Nathaniel Gorham, as its chairman, made a non-committal report, in which he recommended in conclusion, that the "petitioners have a grant of £1000 to be raised by lottery, on condition that they give bonds that the money be actually appropriated in such a way as will most effectually promote the manufacturing of cotton in this commonwealth." Messrs. Cabot and Fisher thus got their appropria-

The petition went to the House Committee for Encour-

tion, but the Beverly Company failed to improve even after it. The machinery was too imperfect to compete with that across the water.

Such was the situation when Samuel Slater arrived in this country at the close of the year 1789. Slater was fresh from the centre of the industry in England. Born in Derbyshire in 1768, he was early apprenticed to Jedediah Strutt, a Milford cotton manufacturer and a partner with Sir Richard Arkwright in the spinning

fortified by his long experience, gave him an equipment that no customs officials could seize. He landed in New York in November, 1789, and after some delay in that city, pushed on to Providence, Rhode Island. There Almy & Brown were trying to operate the card and jennies which they had bought from the old "home-spun cloth company." Slater looked them over and pronounced the whole lot utterly worthless. Moses Brown, the head of the firm, a worthy Friend, was rather astounded

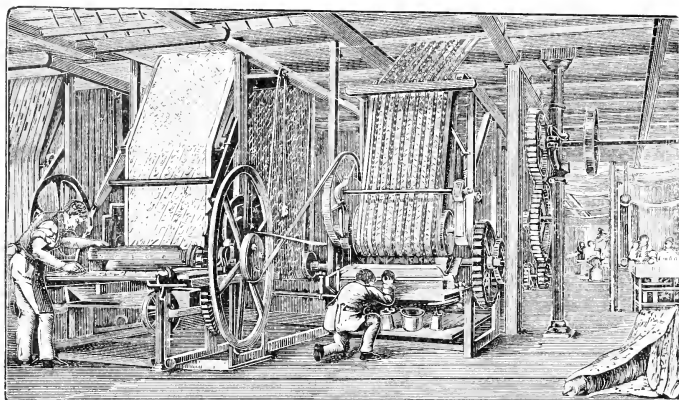


Power Loom Weaving early in the Century.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

business. This latter circumstance was a most important one. It gave young Slater every opportunity to master the details of the construction of the best cotton machinery then in use. During the last years of his apprenticeship he was a general overseer, not only in making machinery, but in the manufacturing department of Strutt's factory. But Slater was a pushing, energetic young fellow, and was not content with the position of even an overseer. He chanced upon a copy of an American newspaper, and there learned of the general interest that was being taken by this country in cotton manufacturing and the generous bounties promised those who should build satisfactory machinery. This determined him to emigrate hither. But he knew that he could carry with him neither models nor drawings. He was blessed, however, with a mathematical mind and a retentive memory. These,

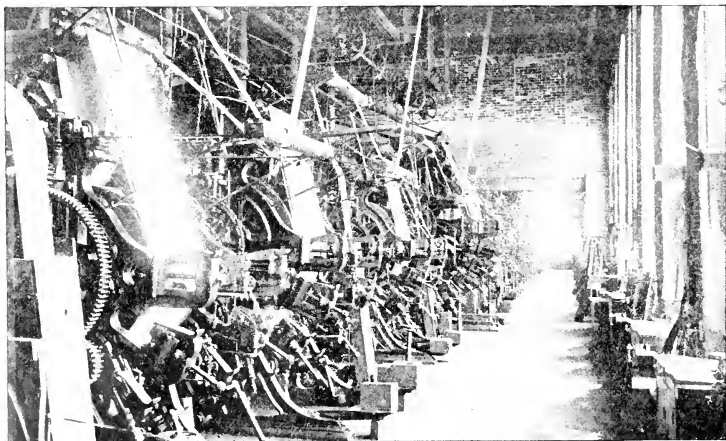
at the wholesale condemnation of his plant. He recovered, however, sufficiently to reply, "But thee hast said thee canst make the Arkwright machines; why not do it?" The result was that the young mechanic there contracted with Almy & Brown to produce a "perpetual card and spinning system" for them. On January 18, 1790, Mr. Brown drove Slater out to Pawtucket and there let him begin his work. They secured a shop by the Blackstone River, on what was then known as Quaker Lane. One can scarcely appreciate the difficulty of the task. All the plans had to be made from memory. Skilled machinists and modern tools for working wood and iron were wanting. Secrecy, furthermore, was necessary, lest some rival should get hold of and anticipate the plans. Sylvanus Brown was hired to do the wood-work, and David Wilkinson the metallic. These, with Slater and an old colored man, constituted



Calico Printing early in the Century. From an Old Print.

the force. Behind closed doors and barred windows this quartette worked for nearly a year before any of the machinery was ready for trial. On December 20, however, three cards, drawing and roving, together with seventy-two spindles, were complete. These were then taken to an old fulling mill and a test of them made. One does not have to use much imagination to revive the scene of that crisp December morning. The splendid curve

of the river as it sweeps through the town, the small, dimly lighted mill, the novel combination of wheels and pulleys and rollers, and the little knot of anxious workers about them, complete the picture. Slater, confident yet nervous, throws the belt over the wheel and then adds a few final touches; Wilkinson, with the keen interest of a clever machinist, inspects every detail and adjustment; while Brown and the colored man are by, ready to lend



Calico Printing in 1890. A View in the Merrimack Mills.

an assisting hand. A little apart stands the venerable Quaker, Moses Brown, hoping, yet doubtful of the success of the venture. None others know the nature of the operations within that closed door, or the importance that attaches to their result. The commendatory words of the Friend, "Samuel, thee hast done well," tell the story of the experiment.

The machinery at the fulling mill was run twenty months, and such a quantity of yarn was turned out that the proprietors thought they were going to be ruined. Indeed, Moses Brown wrote Slater when only five hundred pounds had accumulated, that he must shut down the gates, or he would spin all his farms into cotton yarn. But the worthy Friend must have been



John Slater.

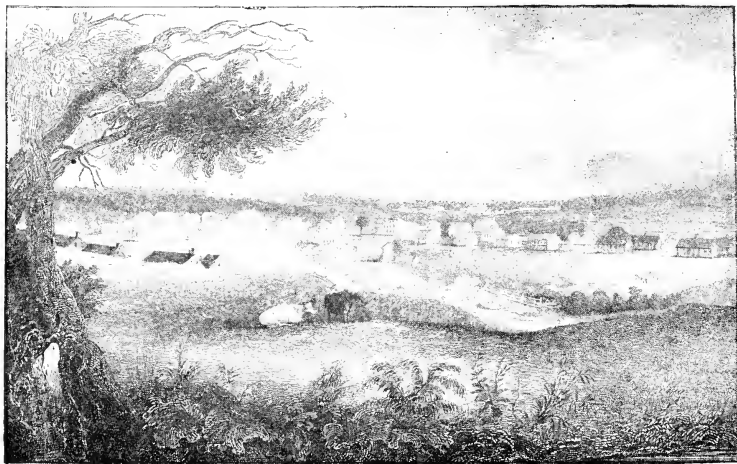
Slater's machines were all constructed on the Arkwright principle, a fact of peculiar significance. Edward Atkinson thus emphasizes it:—

In the whole treatment of cotton, as it is now practised in the finest factories of modern kind, there is but one original invention; all else is but a change or modification of prehistoric methods. That invention was one which Sir Richard Arkwright borrowed from a previous inventor and put in use about a century ago; namely, the extension of the strand prior to the twisting of the spindle. This was accomplished by the use of several pairs of rollers, one placed in front of the other, and those in front working at a higher speed than those behind.

somehow reassured, for the spinning went on until twenty thousand pounds of yarn had collected. Nothing but spinning was done at that time. The yarn was then sent out among the farmers to be woven into cloth. The current prices paid for this were from six to twelve cents per yard. In 1793 the firm, which had now become Almy, Brown & Slater, built a small mill at Pawtucket, which still remains, and is known as the "old factory." This ran seventy-two spindles at first, but the number was gradually increased. Slater, in 1798, formed a partnership with Oziel and William Wilkinson and Timothy Green, as

Samuel Slater & Co., and built another factory. His brother John joined him from England in 1806, bringing with him all the recent English improvements. The two brothers then started the factories at Smithfield, which have since grown into the modern Slatersville.

ping or the fisheries had then to turn to the various manufacturing industries. Factories and mills sprung up throughout all New England. The whir of the spinning-jenny became a common sound. The men who had received their training under Slater took this chance to branch out for



Webster in 1830.

The spinning system once established, its extension was rapid. At the close of the Revolution there sprang up all over the country societies for the promotion of various objects, such as agriculture, the arts, and the trades. It was the fashion for gentlemen of leisure to take an active part in some such movement. The result was that a knowledge of the new inventions and improvements was quickly and widely spread. American cotton was then of a very poor quality. The picker was a thing of the future, and the staple had to be sent into the country to be whipped and cleaned. The work was of necessity imperfectly done. Slater declined to use the home cotton when he began his operations, insisting on that imported from the West Indies. Finally, the war of 1812 shut off the stream of importations from Great Britain and forced the people of this country to depend upon themselves. Commerce was unnaturally checked. Thousands who had been employed in ship-

ping themselves. Slater himself was a rare business man, and untiring in the extension of his factories. He was a ceaseless worker. He used to say that "sixteen hours' labor a day, Sundays excepted, for twenty years, had been no more than fair exercise." But in that time, as Mr. John L. Hayes says in an article on the textile arts, he founded not only the art of cotton spinning, but also the manufacture of American textile machinery, and thus placed the modern worsted and woollen factory under great obligation to him. The great New York Mills at Utica originated in a small factory built in 1807-8 by B. S. Waldron, Jr., who had worked in Pawtucket. Another Pawtucket man named Robbins started the first factory in New Hampshire in 1804. Factories were started at Fitchburg and Watertown in 1807, and at Amoskeag Falls, New Hampshire, in 1810. In that year, also, the first Maine (then a province of Massachusetts) factory was started at Brunswick. Secretary Gallatin,

in his treasury report of April 17, 1810, thus writes of the growth of the manufacture : —

During the three succeeding years ten mills were erected or commenced in Rhode Island, and one in Connecticut, making altogether fifteen mills erected before the year 1808, working at the time 8000 spindles. Returns have been received from 87, which were erected at the end of the year 1809, 62 of which were in operation and worked 31,000 spindles, and the other 25 will be in operation in the course of the year 1810.

These factories were very generally distributed through the northeast. There were 109 factories in New England according to the census returns of 1810. Massachusetts had 54, New Hampshire 12, Vermont 1, Rhode Island 28, and Connecticut 14. There were then in New York 26 factories, in New Jersey 4, in Delaware 3, in Maryland 11, Kentucky 15, Tennessee 4, Ohio 2, and Pennsylvania 64. Under the impetus given the manufacture by the war, the capital invested in it in 1815 was estimated at \$40,000,000, and the operatives numbered 34,000 men and 66,000 women.

But there came now a second revolution in the industry. This was wrought by the introduction of the power-loom. Francis C. Lowell, of Boston, was the principal agent in this change. He was ably assisted, however, by Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Appleton, and Paul C. Moody. The power-loom was invented by Rev. Edmund Cartwright in 1785. But the looms did not come into general use on account of the necessity of stopping the machine every few minutes to dress the warp as it unrolled from the beam. This required the labor of an extra man for each loom and prevented the saving of any expense. But in 1802 Messrs. Johnson and Radcliffe, of Stockport, obviated this difficulty by the construction of a machine by which the dressing of the warp was completed before it went into the loom. Later, Messrs. Horrocks and Marsland, also of Stockport, adapted the loom so that it could be driven by steam, and Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, brought its working parts to nearly their present perfection. But all this was in England. In 1811, however, Mr. Lowell made a visit to

that country for the purpose of inspecting its factories. There he met Nathan Appleton. The two held a consultation as to the advisability of attempting the introduction of the looms into their own country. The upshot was that Mr. Lowell made a careful study of the English machinery and then returned home to reproduce and improve it. The experiments were begun at a store on Broad Street, Boston. He was aided in this work by Paul Moody, a skilled machinist from Amesbury. Moody proved a valuable man. Edward Everett said of him : —



Francis C. Lowell.

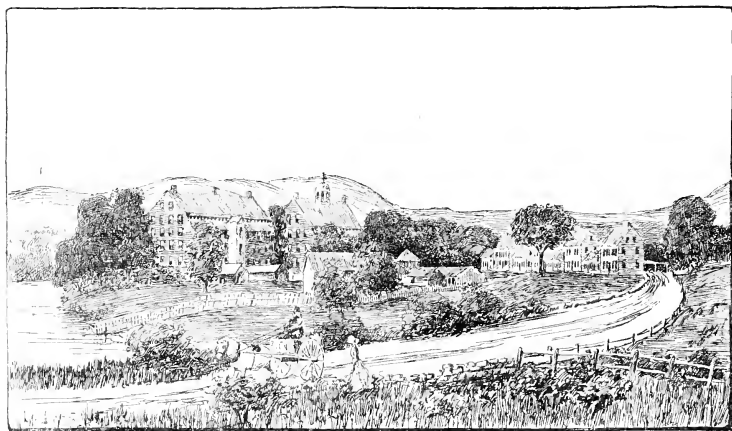
FROM A SILHOUETTE LOANED BY FRANCIS C. LOWELL, ESQ., OF BOSTON.

To the efforts of his self-taught mind, the early prosperity of the great manufacturing establishments at Waltham and Lowell is in no small degree due.

The Boston Manufacturing Company was now organized, with Messrs. Appleton, Jackson, and Lowell as the principal own-

ers in it. The capital stock was placed at \$400,000, and in 1813 they began to build a factory at the upper fall in Waltham, the site of the old Boies paper mill. The factory was four stories high, and ninety by forty feet in dimensions. Thither Lowell's machines, which differed essentially from the English ones, were taken, and their operation begun. Finding that it would be more profitable to combine the operation of spinning with the weaving, some seventeen hundred spindles were introduced, thus comprising within one establishment all the processes necessary for converting raw cotton into finished cloth. This was, without doubt, the first complete cotton factory in the world. But the Waltham people were a little slow in completing the manufacturing system. Rhode Island preceded them by ten years in the adoption of the crank-loom, and nearly a score of years in mule spinning. Judge Lyman, of Providence,

The factories of that day were smaller than the modern ones, and not so well lighted or ventilated; but the processes of manufacture were practically the same. The interior of a cotton factory, with its intricate and almost sentient machinery, must be a source of perpetual delight to a skilled mathematician. Indeed, some enthusiast has said that cotton machinery constitutes the poetry of mechanical action. But to the chance visitor the impression is one of confusion and wonder, and it requires some careful inspection before the medley of wheels and rollers and spindles begins to assume any definite relations to the finished cloth. The cotton in the course of this change from the raw state undergoes four general processes of treatment. These are cleaning, carding, spinning, and weaving. Really, however, it is advanced to the first stage of manufacture when it is ginned, and the cotton separated



The Old Mill at Waltham in 1820.

From an old picture

secured twelve of these Scotch looms through William Gilmore, and successfully operated them in 1817. This leads Samuel Batchelder to point out, in his notes on the early manufacture of cotton, that—

Mule spinning having been introduced in Rhode Island, the building of the power-loom by Gilmore completed the manufacturing system of that state within about three years from the time when the power-loom was put in operation at Waltham.

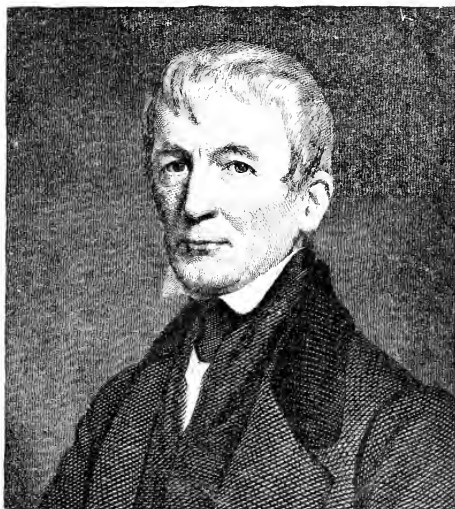
from the seeds. This has to be done near the place of its growth, and Whitney's saw-gin is the effective agent in it.¹ The bales, then, as they come from the South, are taken first to the mixing room. There the cotton is spread uniformly over a perfectly clean space upon the floor prepared for it.

¹ See article on *The Story of the Cotton-Gin*, by Edward Craig Bates, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for May, 1890, with picture of the original model of the cotton-gin.

Upon the layer thus made, the contents of another bale are emptied and spread, and the operation is continued until the pile is complete. This mountain of filmy fibre is termed the "bing," and the object of thus mixing is to secure uniformity in the character of the yarn. The quality of the cotton in each bale must necessarily vary despite all care used in sorting it. The yarn spun from it then would be uneven in strength and quality, and no little skill is required to produce the necessary uniformity. But the cotton in the bing is too impure for spinning until it has been cleaned and the fibres opened and loosened by whipping. The finest, which is intended for the most delicate yarns and laces, is beaten by hand with twigs over a wire screen, through which the impurities fall. The most of it, however, is passed through a sheet-iron tube into a revolving cylinder. This cylinder has an inner bottom wall of fine screen work and an internal mechanism of moving arms. There the cotton receives a violent beating, and the dust and sand and other foreign materials are pretty thoroughly shaken out, the cotton being afterwards projected by an air-blast upon an extended apron in great fluffy masses. But the work of cleansing even now is not complete. Leaves and nubs remain behind despite the snowy texture of the mass, and it is the office of the pickers to remove them. These pickers consist of a series of fluted rollers, revolving rapidly, and armed with blunted knife blades. These tear the cotton masses into minute fragments, and disintegrate every remaining impurity, while a powerful air draught seizes the lighter fibres and lodges them on the face of a revolving screen. Carried on this screen, the cotton is introduced to another set of beaters, from which it finally emerges in the shape of a delicate, filmy sheet of uniform thickness. These sheets are wound on rollers, and are then ready for the carding machine.

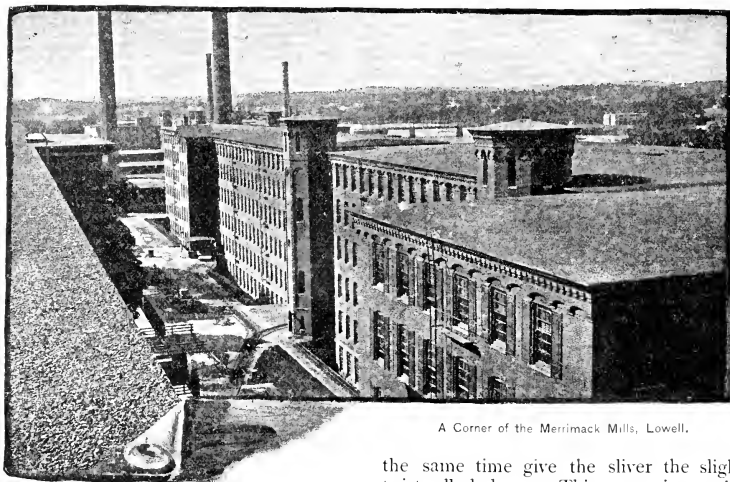
The carding machines are simply the hand-cards of our grandmothers, trans-

lating their rubbing motion into rotary motion. They extend the work of the picker; but instead of turning out the cotton in a sheet, they form it into a continuous strand. The machine consists of a large drum studded with minute wire teeth, and revolving within a box. This box is also lined with these card teeth, and occasionally four small cylinders are placed in



Patrick Tracy Jackson.

it besides, arranged so as to revolve in an opposite direction from the large one. The cotton apron is fed to the cards by a couple of slowly moving rollers, and by the former the fibres are straightened and arranged in parallel lines. On the opposite side of the carding machine from that on which the cotton enters, but revolving in a contrary direction, is another cylinder called the "doffer." The office of this is to receive the straightened and carded filaments and roll them into a single fleecy sheet. But when this latter cylinder has made half of a revolution, the cotton is stripped from it by a rapidly vibrating comb which runs the whole length of the doffer. These card-ends are termed the "sliver," and the result of the process is indicated by the fact that the apron has only about one one-hundredth of the thickness it possessed



A Corner of the Merrimack Mills, Lowell.

when it entered the cards. The card-ends are then passed through a funnel and rollers, so as to be further consolidated and elongated, and then delivered into tin cylinders. These cards, as a matter of fact, are usually worked in gangs of a dozen or more, and the transfer is made from them to the series of extension rollers by means of an endless belt.

This gives the first form of the thread, but it is much too coarse for use, and the spinning processes are necessary. The spinning-room presents a marked contrast to the carding-room with its cumbrous machines. Its machinery is a development of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, whose object was to draw out and twist the thread. The drawing frames perform the first of these functions, the roving machines further extend that and add a slight twist, while the mules complete the work. The drawing machine consists of a series of rollers and funnels. Three separate strands of the cotton ribbon are drawn together by the action of the fluted rollers and united into a single thread through a metallic tube. The second and third processes are but extensions of this, the product of one serving as the raw material for the other. The rovers or speeders are known respectively as the "slubber," the "intermediate," and "jack." These continue the work of the drawing frames and at

the same time give the sliver the slight twist alluded to. This necessitates the introduction of a spindle. The sliver is first subjected to a train of rolls and by them passed along until it is seized by the "flyer" attached to the revolving spindle. The flyer is a double-armed arrangement, one arm of which is swung round and round by the revolution of the spindle, thus imparting a twist to the thread, the other winding the thread thus twisted about the bobbin or spool at the head of the spindle. The spinning-mule has its essential train of rollers with the large frame in the background. The bobbins are placed in a creel upon this frame and their strand ends introduced between the rollers. In the foreground of the machine are the spindles arranged on small carriages in lines parallel with the rollers. In this way the rank of spindles can move forward and backward over the space which separates it from the roller-beam. The spindles, in the operation of the machine, are first run up to the roller-beam and the strand-ends attached. The carriage then moves out, the rollers delivering the thread, at first with a speed considerably greater than the surface motion of the front rollers, and the spindles at the same time revolve with moderate velocity, giving the strand some twist. When the carriage has covered about half of its path, the rollers cease to deliver the thread and the carriages move along slowly, extending the

roving, while the spindles begin to revolve with great rapidity, thus decidedly increasing the twist. This completed, the spindles are stopped and reversed for a few turns, the carriages move back again to the frame, the spun thread being automatically wound upon the bobbins, and the process recommences. The amount of twist given the thread depends upon the use to which it is to be put, warp requiring more than weft. The thread is then taken to the weaving room. That designed for warp is dressed and wound on the yarn-beam, while the weft thread is taken cop by cop and placed in the shuttle. The shuttle is to the loom what the needle is to the sewing-woman. The hand of the woman, however, can direct her needle so that its thread shall pass over one strand and under another. The shuttle lacks this intelligent guide, and the warp strands have to be so arranged that it can do it automatically. To do that is the function of the harness or heddles. This consists simply of a web of varnished hempen twines enclosed in a wooden or iron frame. Each couple of twines by a system of knotting is furnished with a small loop, so that the harness has a row of eyelets across its whole length. The warp at the back of the loom is passed through the two harnesses by means of a web-drawer, half through the eyes of one and half through those of the other. The ends of each pair of threads are then inserted in some dents in the "reed," a light wooden framework, and secured to the cloth beam. There are thus two banks of warp web playing upward and downward through the harnesses, with the opening space between them constantly changing. Through this space, which is called the "shed," the shuttle plays back and forth, the reed vibrating backward at every play of the shuttle cross-wise, thus forcing the weft threads closer together. The cloth as it comes from the loom is treated in various ways, such as bleaching, sizing, fulling, printing, according to the style and design of the goods.

We return to the Waltham manufacturers. They were greatly prospered. In

1816 they built a new factory, of double the capacity of the first, and in 1819 they purchased the property of the Waltham Cotton and Wool Factory, and added \$200,000 to their capital. But death had in the meantime stricken Mr. Lowell from their number, and Mr. Jackson became the controlling spirit in the enterprise. The success at Waltham led in 1822 to the incorporation of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company. Messrs. Jackson, Appleton, and Kirk Boott had previously visited the site of the Patucket Canal on the Merrimack River in Chelmsford. The location impressed them as being a most favorable one for their new venture. The canal and adjoining real estate were bought up at a cost of some \$49,000, and the foundation of the present city of Lowell



Nathan Appleton.

was then laid in the construction of their first factory. The name Lowell was given the place by Mr. Jackson, as a just tribute to his late associate.¹ Messrs. Jackson and Boott pushed their business with phenom-

¹ Concerning the exact circumstances of the naming of Lowell, see note in the *Editor's Table*.

enal energy and intelligence. Capital began to flow thither. New corporations were organized, and new factories built. How great and constant this growth has been during the sixty-eight years is indicated by the fact that the assessors' books for the last year place the city's valuation at more than \$62,000,000.

Fall River had about ten years the start of Lowell. Colonel Joseph Durfee made an unsuccessful attempt at cotton manufacturing there as early as 1811, but his plans were not realized until two years afterwards. Two companies were then organized,—the Fall River and the Troy,

which bear the names of the Borden, Durfees, Davols, and others was begun early.

Lawrence belonged to a much later period than either, owing its rise to the organization of the Essex Manufacturing Company in 1844, and its name to Abbott and Samuel Lawrence, who were largely interested in it. Biddeford and Lewiston in Maine, Manchester in New Hampshire, Holyoke in Massachusetts, all have about the same industrial history.

Cotton manufacturing has had its ups and downs like other industries. The changes in tariff legislation, general depression in business, and struggles at home and abroad, have all contributed to its advance or decline. Bishop, in his *History of American Manufactures*, estimates that in 1826 there were four hundred distinct factory buildings in New England, averaging seven hundred spindles and consuming 39,200,000 pounds of cotton. About one-third of these used the power-looms, while the others spun yarn and twist for the middle and western states. The factories in the other states at that time were placed at 275, and their consumption of cotton annually as about 20,000,000 pounds. The feature of the development from 1830 to 1840 was the increase in the capacity of the factories already built, rather than the building of new ones. In 1850 there were 1094



David Anthony.

David Anthony was the working spirit in the former, and Oliver Chace in the latter, and to the practical knowledge and energy of these two the early success of the industry in Fall River is due. As at Lowell, the excellent water-power drew manufactures thither, and the great net-work of mills

factories in the United States, employing 92,286 operatives, consuming 288,558,000 pounds of cotton, and realizing a product of \$65,500,000 upon an invested capital of \$74,500,000. The growth during the successive decades is shown by the following table : —

| | 1860 | 1870 | 1880 |
|-----------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| Factories . | 1,091 | 956 | 1,005 |
| Looms . | 126,313 | 157,810 | 229,784 |
| Spindles . | 5,235,727 | 7,132,415 | 19,713,677 |
| Operatives . | 122,028 | 135,309 | 195,472 |
| Capital . | \$98,586,200 | \$140,700,291 | \$219,505,794 |
| Wages . | \$23,938,230 | \$39,044,132 | \$45,014,419 |
| All materials . | \$57,285,534 | \$111,736,936 | \$113,765,537 |
| Products . | \$115,681,774 | \$177,489,739 | \$210,950,383 |

The amount of raw cotton used in 1880 was about 770,000,000 pounds, against some 398,000,000 in 1870, and 422,000,000 pounds in 1850. The apparent decline between 1860 and 1870 is accounted for by the natural tendency of industries to concentrate, and the fact that during the war many of the cotton factories were converted into woolen mills.

The detailed statistics for the decade from 1880 to 1890 are yet to be prepared. The number of spindles in operation, however, is estimated at about 14,500,000. A remarkable feature is the hold the industry is securing in the South. In 1888 there were 1,250,000 spindles there. There are now in those states 336 mills, with 40,819 looms and 1,819,291 spindles. The cotton crop this year is the largest the country has ever produced. The official figures place it at 7,311,322 bales; 265,489 bales greater than the highest figures of previous years, and 373,032 bales in excess of last year. The estimated value of this magnificent yield is \$500,000,000.

In Lowell are centred seven large corporations, with a capital stock of \$10,600,000. These are the Merrimac Manufacturing Company, with 156,480 spindles and 4607 looms, and producing 1,000,000 yards of dyed and printed cloth per week; the Hamilton Manufacturing Company, with 109,816 spindles and 3131 looms,

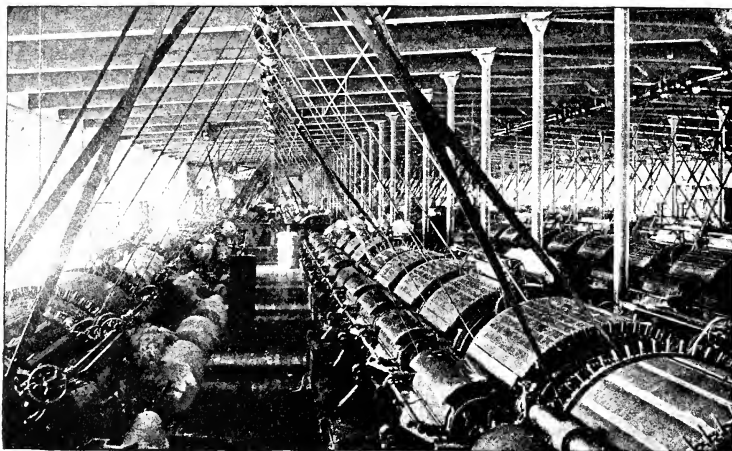
and a weekly productive capacity of 714,000 yards; the Appleton Company, with 50,280 spindles and 1639 looms, and a weekly productive capacity of 350,000 yards; the Lawrence Manufacturing Company, with 120,000 spindles and 3432 looms, and a weekly productive capacity of 696,526 yards; the Boott Cotton Mill,



Oliver Chace.

with 148,412 spindles and 4000 looms, and producing weekly 775,000 yards; the Massachusetts Cotton Mill, with 126,648 spindles and 3728 looms, and producing weekly 90,000 yards; and the Tremont and Suffolk Mills, with 114,000 spindles and 3800 looms, producing weekly 560,230 yards. These seven mills consume weekly about 1,496,293 pounds of cotton. They employ 9901 women and girls and 4699 men and boys, and the wages paid each week aggregate more than \$83,000.

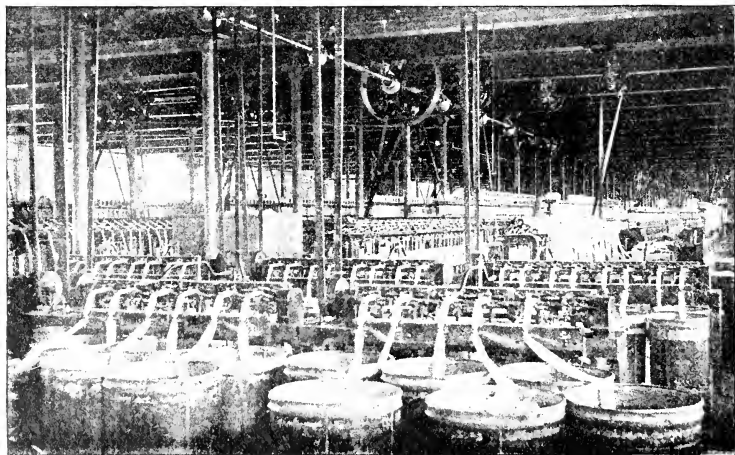
The Pacific Mills are the largest in Lawrence. These were started in 1852, and make largely prints and cotton. The mills



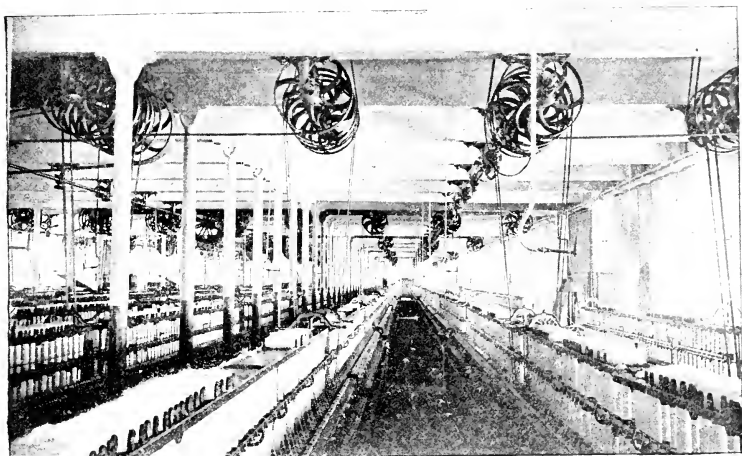
Carding — First Stage.

contain 180,000 cotton spindles, 4000 looms, and thirty printing machines. The Pacific mills carry a capital of \$2,500,000. The Atlantic mills, which were started in 1846, stand next, with a capital of \$1,000,000. Sheetings and shirtings are their specialty, and 101,344 spindles and 2001 looms are operated. The Everett and Pemberton

are two other large corporations. Factory life at Lawrence has been shadowed by one sad calamity in its early history. This was the fall of the Pemberton mill in January, 1860. There were 700 operatives in the five stories at the time of its collapse, and less than one-quarter of them escaped without injury. The death



Carding — Second Stage.



Ring Spinning.

list aggregated 114, and the injured more than 400.

There are about forty cotton corporations at Fall River. The King Philip mills were started in 1871, and are capitalized at \$1,000,000. They contain 103,440 spindles and 2300 looms. The Border City Manufacturing Company, capitalized

at \$1,000,000, and operating 118,016 spindles and 2700 looms; the Davol mills, with 35,304 spindles and 924 looms; the Pocasset, with 68,084 spindles and 1575 looms; the Sagamore, with 89,904 spindles and 2176 looms; the Stafford, with 82,496 spindles and 2104 looms; the Durfee, the Merchants, and the Union, are all



Weaving.



Abbott Lawrence.

leading corporations among the large number of great Fall River corporations. The American Print Works here are of special interest and importance. The whole great city of Fall River is devoted almost exclusively to the cotton industry. William C. Davol, one of the organizers of the Davol corporation, played an important part in the development of the industry at Fall River. In 1838 he visited England, and there saw the Sharp and Roberts self-acting mule. He immediately entered upon the construction of these English machines, and after much delay and difficult work he succeeded in not only making them but improving them. His success subjected him to the trials which usually fall to the lot of an inventor.

Rival manufacturers tried to steal patterns of the machinery, and suits followed over the patents; but in the end Mr. Davol established his claim to the invention.

New Bedford is becoming a considerable cotton centre. Located here are the Wamsutta, the Potomska, the Grinnell Manufacturing Company, and the Howland Mill corporation. The Wamsutta mills were started in 1847, and make largely fine shirtings, sheetings, and muslins. They are capitalized for \$3,000,000, and contain 204,000 spindles and 4500 looms. The Potomska mills are more recent, having been started in 1871. They contain 108,120 spindles and 2713 looms, and carry a capital of \$1,200,000.

Messrs. B. B. and R. Knight have mills

at Hebronville and Dodgeville, Massachusetts, besides many along the various streams in Rhode Island. The Knights are perhaps the most extensive cotton manufacturers in America to-day. The Browns and Goddards of Providence are the owners of immense factories on the Blackstone river in the villages above Pawtucket.¹ There are large corporations also at Chicopee, such as the Dwight, with 120,000 spindles, and the Chicopee Manufacturing Company, with 67,000 spindles; and at Holyoke, the principal one of which is the Lyman mill, with a capital of \$1,470,000, and operating 82,000 spindles.

The Amoskeag, the Amory, the Manchester, and the Stark are the leading corporations at Manchester, New Hampshire. The Amoskeag was started in 1831, is capitalized for \$4,000,000, and operates 225,000 spindles and 7500 looms. It makes tickings, ginghams, and fine goods. The Androscoggin and the Bates are the two leading corporations at Lewiston, Maine. The former produces cotton goods of all kinds, while the latter makes a specialty of ginghams, damasks, and seersuckers. The Bates Manufacturing Company is the first in point of organization, it having been started in 1852. It occupies four large five-story factories, containing 69,000 spindles and 1664 looms. The company has a capital of \$1,000,000, and employs some 1800 operatives. The Androscoggin corporation is eight years younger. It has three large mills, besides storehouses, engine-house, and cotton-house. Its capital is \$1,000,000, the same as that of the Bates; some 62,000 spindles and 1438 looms are operated, and 1000 persons are employed in the mills. This corporation turns out about 210,000 yards of cotton cloth and 60,000 bags weekly.²

The Slater family in late years has largely transferred its interests to Connecticut, and several thriving factory villages there owe their



The Pacific Upper Mills, Lawrence.

origin to its enterprise and industry. Prominent among Connecticut mills are the Ponemah at Norwich. They are capitalized at \$1,500,000, and operate 117,000 spindles and 2766 looms. The Slaters have become identified with Norwich, and their philanthropy is marked. One of them has given \$1,000,000 for the education of the freedmen in the South, and a

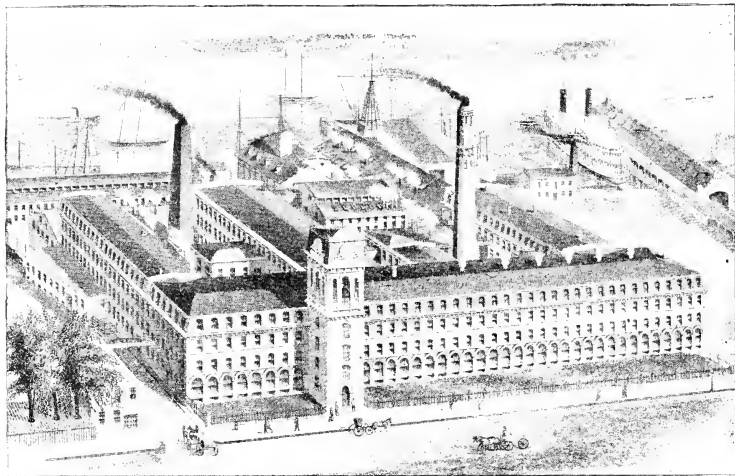
¹ A special illustrated article on "The Busy Blackstone River" is to appear in an early number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, which will be in a measure supplementary to this article. — *Editors.*

² The above statistics for Lowell and Fall River are from local handbooks. Those for the other cities are based on Dockham's Textile Reports for 1890.

younger member of the family has presented his city with a magnificent art museum.

With the establishment of the great manufactures have come new and varied social conditions. To these changes, however, only a glance can here be given. The germ of the textile factory existed in the old carding and fulling mill; but it was not until Lowell and Jackson had made a success of their enterprise at Waltham that

of labor. Calculations have been made which show that under the modern system one person can perform as much work as could fifty under the old individual system. The disputed point is the moral effect of the system upon the character of the people involved in the changes produced by it. Colonel Carroll D. Wright made a careful investigation of this matter for the census of 1880. The points especially considered by him were whether the sys-



The American Print Works, Fall River.

tem necessitates the employing of women and children to an injurious extent; whether it leads to thriftlessness and poverty, swells the criminal list, or produces intellectual degeneracy. He thus summarizes the result of his inquiries: "It is obvious, from all the facts presented, that the factory system has not affected society so badly as has been generally believed; and if in its introduction it has brought evils to light, it has at the same time not only sought to remove them, but has done much to remove others. The unheard of powers it has given labor, the wealth that has sprung from it, are not the sole property of any class or body of men. They constitute a kind of common fund, which, though unequally divided, 'as are all the gifts of Nature to finite understanding,'

that system of manufacture was completed. Originally both the spinning and weaving of the cotton had been done by the farmers' wives and daughters at their homes. Slater's spinning-frame and the power-loom wrested both these from the housewife. It was not without a struggle, however, that she relinquished her hand-loom and the money it had brought to the family purse. So eminent a man as Thomas Jefferson was for a long time the champion of these home industries. But the current of events was against them. This concentration of the processes of manufacture necessitated the concentration of operatives, and the manufacturing village or city was the result. No one doubts the economic advantages of the factory system, with its cheaper conveniences and minute division

ought 'at least to satisfy the material and many of the moral wants of society.' The weal or the woe of the operative population depends largely upon the temper in which employers carry responsibilities entrusted to them."

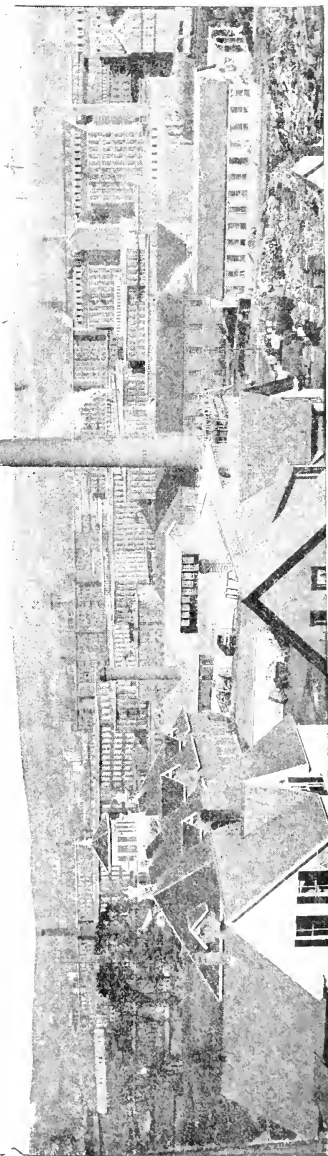
The New England factory population has undergone several revolutions. Originally it was composed almost wholly of the sons and daughters of the New England farmers. Thirty years ago one could scarcely find a country village in Maine, New Hampshire, or Vermont, that had not furnished its quota to Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester. But with the opening up of more congenial and remunerative employments, this class deserted the factories, and their places were taken by the Irish, English, and German immigrants. This class was a thrifty one, however, and soon saved up enough to enable them to buy the small farms which the more pushing New England yeomen had deserted for the boundless West. They

have been succeeded by French Canadians, and the predominating life. These, too, feel the spell of energy and ambition. prophecy. What will do for the cotton can be only a maturation. Certainly be done in the invention and machinery. The are continually ways to reduce production, and the waking to life under the touch of a new hand. That the next century will show a record of such wonderful progress in this field as the past one has done may be doubtful. Yet "it is the unexpected that happens."

It is interesting to go back to the early days of cotton manufacturing in New England, and see how the new social and moral problems raised by the drawing age of machinery then affected people's minds. We quote a single passage from White's *Life of Slater*:—

"In the progress of manufactures among us, every department becomes interested in its prosperity; the operatives receive a greater emolument for their services than in any other part of the world, whilst capital receives but a small interest, compared with other branches of industry. With such a power established

in turn by the this race is now element in factory life. American energy. This article is no the next century cotton industry ter of speculation much can yet way of new improved machinery discovering the cost of production. The great South is waking to life under the touch of a new hand.



The Amoskeag Mills, Manchester, New Hampshire.

merely by selfishness, morality is promoted so far and no further than interest; but the promotion of morals becomes their



William C. Davol.

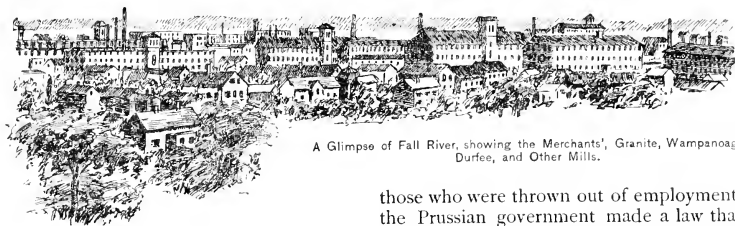
interest. And if religion appears sometimes in name or in sectarianism more than in reality, still its promotion is for the interest of the whole community. It is said, on the presumption that the capitalists are aiming solely at personal wealth, the facility for acquiring a fair compensation becomes less and less at every pressure. A rise of wages is then adapted to convenience or pleasure. But it must be remembered that the pressure bears as heavy on the employer as the employed, and renders him liable to lose all the earnings of many years of labor, and the savings of much self-denial, and render him poor and dependent. There are two sides to this question, and the operatives in good times ought to lay up for time of need. Then they would not be obliged to bring their labor into market the best way they can, to obtain their daily bread. To take advantage of such a position is one of the greatest immoralities. The liability of its consequences are as bad in creating discord and producing civil commotions. But the owners of factories are not known to stop their mills till obliged

by dire necessity: they generally run them till they become bankrupt. The real power belongs to the laboring class; no one ought to expect to employ this without paying for it, and no one does expect it. It is power when rightly used, and most often ceases to be so when abused. Those who are so thoughtless, negligent, or squandering, as to trust wholly to the present occasion for a bare subsistence, can hardly be thought powerful compared with what they would be did not necessity compel them to take what they can get for the present occasion. It is a mistaken notion to suppose the manufacturing interest promoted by creating poverty, or, in the end, by heavy reduction of wages. The articles manufactured very soon sink in like proportion, and the profits are swallowed up in the payment of the operative. Besides these consequences, the ability to purchase does not exist, a consideration which more or less affects the value of every article brought into market. Our day has witnessed the surprising effects of the ingenuity of man, in calling into existence and putting in operation labor-saving machinery. If it would be, in reality, promoting human existence and human happiness, in our



Stephen Davol.

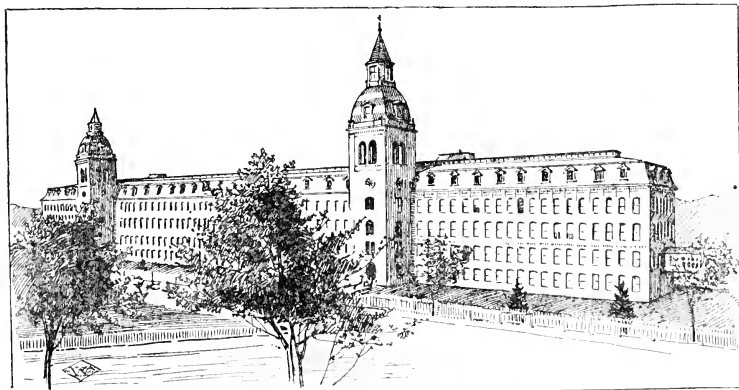
present character and condition, that our food should come to us ready made, our



A Glimpse of Fall River, showing the Merchants', Granite, Wampanoag, Durfee, and Other Mills.

habitations ready built, our conveyances already in motion, and our understandings already improved — the nearer we approach such a state of things the better. But if not — if the desire and pursuit of objects be no less blessings than their possession — if human nature be bettered, and the grand object of existence benefited by employment — there must be a point beyond which to obtain food and clothing and other things, without application, would be objectionable. To be moral and desirable, labor-saving machinery must bring along with it some particular benefit to the community, as well as to individuals. This may be such as more than compensates for the many losses which are sustained in some countries, in consequence of the improvement. When it was proposed to introduce printing into the Prussian dominions, the king objected by saying, it would throw forty thousand amanuenses out of employment. After printing went into operation, to ameliorate the condition of

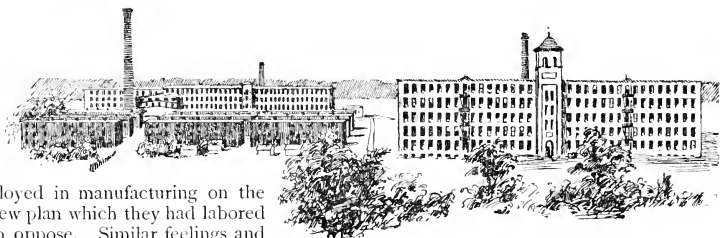
those who were thrown out of employment, the Prussian government made a law that the initial letters should be omitted by the printers in order that they might be executed by the amanuenses at a high compensation. That they performed these letters with great ingenuity, and in a manner difficult to be imitated, may be seen from a copy of a Bible now in possession of the antiquarian society at Worcester, Mass. It must have been a calamity for so many to be thrown from their pursuits, and be deprived of the means of getting a livelihood. The benefit resulting from the introduction compensated for this loss, more than ten-fold. This is one among many instances of human invention, which wonderfully adds to the dignity and happiness of mankind. The first introduction of Hargreaves' and of Arkwright's machinery into England was not only met with objections, but with popular vengeance. It threatened a speedy destruction to every jenny and water-frame in England, and so in appearance carried in its motions frightful evils. The anticipated evils actually happened : hand spin-



The Ponemah Mills, near Norwich, Connecticut.

ning met with a speedy overthrow, and those who had earned a few pence per day in following it, were compelled to resort to other employments, and perhaps to be em-

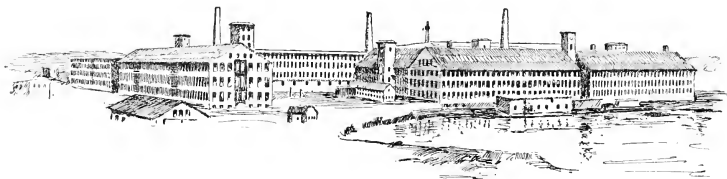
and abuses. It is evidently an abuse to collect a mass of vicious population, and keep them in a state of ignorance and irreligion. When this is done, the whole



The Border City Mills, Fall River.

ployed in manufacturing on the new plan which they had labored to oppose. Similar feelings and similar consequences have happened and are still happening in America. Manufacturing, instead of going on quietly and single-handed in private families, with immense labor, grows into large establishments, which employ and bring into association masses of population. This position is moral or immoral according as it furnishes proper stimulants for industry and for exertion, and for improving and directing the mental powers and principles. With little or no inducements or expectation of emerging from a state of ignorance, with no schools, no moral or religious instruction, the liability is great for an introduction of all the evils which the opposers of manufacturing establishments have often predicted. It is well known that vice grows worse by contact with its kind. If it can be proved that manufacturing establishments tend to accumulate, consolidate, and perpetuate vicious propensities, and their consequences, on the community, this will serve as no inconsiderable drawback upon the appar-

community have a right to complain. If it can be shown that such things are frequently done, it is contended that they are not necessary consequences of manufacturing establishments. The owners of such establishments have it in their power to change the current of vice from its filthy and offensive channel, and make peace, order, and comfort among those they employ. The dependence between the employed and employers should be mutual. But by employing vicious, improvident, and indigent characters, the dependence falls mostly on one side; yet it is a benefit to the community that such a class should find employment and support. Though in some countries oppression ensues, poverty and vice show their dismal and disorderly features, and then the honest, upright, and intelligent are driven from the establishment, and perhaps from the employment, better things can be spoken of this country, where the



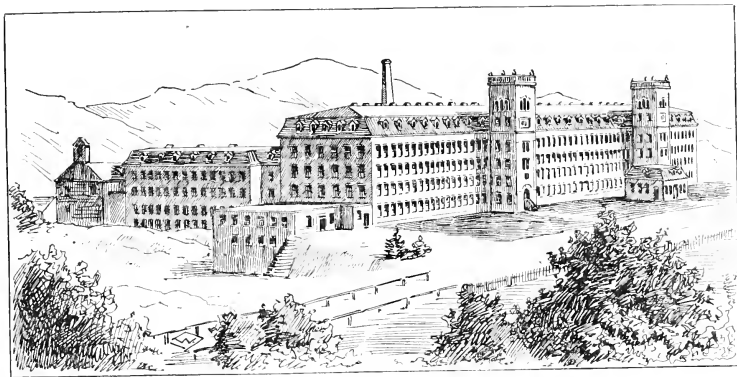
The Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford.

ent prosperity which is indicated in their immediate vicinity. If found so, the condition must be charged directly to the establishments or to their consequences

honest, upright, and intelligent have always a preference. Such are leaving the Old World; they are disappearing, and many of them are in the West, engaged in

other employments. Pursuing such a policy, by and by only the dregs are left, and then, without looking for the causes, it appears that factories have been the immediate cause of all the mischief. On a candid inquiry, it is seen to be the abuse,

by Arkwright & Strutt in England, taking the oversight of the instruction and morals of those he employed, and instituting and keeping up Sabbath-schools, he successfully combated the natural tendency of accumulating vice, ignorance, and poverty. Such



The Androscoggin Mills, Lewiston, Maine.

and therefore not chargeable to a proper use. Slater, the founder of the cotton manufacture in America, abundantly demonstrated that under right management they had no immoral tendency. On the contrary, he made it appear that they might be serviceable to the most moral purposes. Following the plan instituted

remedies not only prevented their occurrence, but had a tendency to remove them, when they actually existed. Industry, directed by honest and intelligent views, and honorably rewarded, holds a high rank among moral causes. To maintain good order and sound government, it is more efficient than the sword or bayonet."

A STUDY OF ANNE HUTCHINSON.

By Edward E. Hale, D.D.

IT is clear enough that, in 1631, after the hardships of the first winter in Massachusetts, certain depression of feeling existed among the friends of the colony in England, as it certainly existed in the colony itself. The emigration of that year is very small. But in the next year the English Puritans began to look again with favor on New England, and year by year the arrivals were larger and larger. In 1634 some gentlemen of rank began to correspond. They were on the liberal line in religion, but they wanted to

preserve the privileges of English noblemen, and the correspondence is curious, as they ask how largely such privileges would be respected, and as the assistants, who have already learned a little of the disposition of a democracy, courteously reply. Of this movement, the principal visible result which has been left in history was the settlement made on the Connecticut River, of which the younger Winthrop became the chief. Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brooke, and other gentlemen finally made their establishment there.

But most of the settlers who were to go there arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and the large emigration of 1634 and 1635 must be considered as having been affected considerably by the interest of those who eventually established the colony of Connecticut. Among others who came over on this new tide of enthusiasm was Henry Vane, the same who was afterwards executed, the same who has received his highest honor from Milton's pen:—

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms
 repelled
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be
 spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and
 gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each
 means,
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which
 few have done:
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

Vane was only twenty-four years of age. His father's name was known and honored among the Puritans; his arrival itself showed that the colony was not to be forgotten by distinguished people "at home," and his personal bearing soon won enthusiastic support. This showed itself in his election as governor at the first annual meeting after his arrival; an election which, naturally enough, did not meet with much favor from Winthrop, whom he displaced, and perhaps not from most of the other magistrates who had pulled through the hard work of the beginning.

To this hour nothing is so disagreeable to an American as to receive advice from a person who has just arrived from England. Nothing is so certain, on the other hand, as that the persons who have just arrived from England are most eager to offer their advice to the persons whom they find speaking their own language in America. Mr. Lowell has described this passion of theirs with admirable humor in his paper "On a Certain Air of Condescension observable in all Foreigners." When this condescension is exhibited by a Bohemian or other stranger from the continent of Europe, it is generally uttered in very

broken English, and there is something in the humor of the matter which helps the American who hears to bear it tolerantly. But when it is addressed to him in his own language, he is more apt to be irritated. He does not take it kindly, and the resentment which he expresses in return is apt to be much more than the occasion demands; certainly more than is deserved by the kind feeling with which such advice is generally offered, and the blunt unconsciousness that any offence is given.

The terrible quarrel which broke the little state asunder after the arrival of the emigration of 1634, is, perhaps, inexplicable. But it is probable that there was in it, as one element of importance, the indignation which those felt who were already "old settlers" when they found themselves criticised by the new arrivals. An unfortunate phrase of Anne Hutchinson's is cited, in which she expressed a certain dismay as she saw the houses which surrounded her. We may be quite sure that Englishmen of good condition, landing together, could not help telling those who came before what they should have done. If they did not, they were quite unlike any Englishmen who have come since their time.

There had been a reaction of feeling caused by the mortality of the first year, and the discovery that the salt marshes and rocky hills and diluvial gravels of New England did not make Paradise. But after this passed and the energy of Winthrop, Dudley, and the rest of the "six hundred" had made a foothold in the Bay, this new wave of interest swept in—moving, as has been seen, some people of distinguished rank. Now the six hundred who had begun the work needed allies and needed capital, but even then the answer which Winthrop drafted to the gentlemen who wanted to come over, and asked whether their dignity would be respected, was cautious and not over-encouraging. To us, who know that the feudal system generally goes to pieces in about half an hour after any experimenter lands with it as a part of his luggage, the correspondence is amusing.

It is in the westward movement of this second wave, which brought Vane in 1634, that there came John Cotton, who

had long been solicited to come, Anne Hutchinson and her husband, John Wheelwright, her brother, Lothrop, Symmes, and several other preachers. The arrival of a new element of such social distinction moulded the history of the little state for years. Vane did not arrive till a year after Cotton and Mrs. Hutchinson, but his sympathies were with them, and his influence, for the year that he lived in Boston, was thrown on their side of the controversy which followed. The reader must bear in mind all along that this controversy, though it is veiled under theological names which we scarcely understand, and carried on with an unintelligible fanaticism on both sides, was at the same time a contest between Boston and the other towns, and that there should probably be traced in it a distinct element of the jealousy with which eight or ten country towns regarded the place which was already assuming the airs of a capital city. All that is really known about the outbreak of this controversy is that Cotton was regarded by every one as the most distinguished of the preachers, and he had, almost of course, been called to be the teacher of the church in Boston. Until his arrival that church had satisfied itself with the ministrations of a pastor, John Wilson. The name "Boston" had been given to the peninsula with some reference to the hope that Cotton would arrive; but, before his arrival, so doubtful were its prospects, that the wits of the colony already named it "Lost-town." With Cotton's arrival in 1633 all this was changed; every one thronged from the neighborhood to his Thursday lecture; his known eloquence and position gave him a decided lead in the councils of the infant state, and the necessity, which was almost a geographical necessity, that the meetings of the General Court should be held at Boston, began to mark that settlement as the capital. The contest between Winthrop and Dudley about building at Cambridge may be partly referred, perhaps, to the rise of an early jealousy.

As soon as Mrs. Hutchinson arrived, in September, 1634, the whole church of Boston, with a few exceptions, joined themselves to her with enthusiasm. It seems curious now to speak of a body of people "joining themselves" to a woman who came in no public capacity. But

what happened was that Mrs. Hutchinson opened what we should call religious conferences,—first for women only, and then for women and men together. The small minority consisted of Winthrop and four other persons in the church, who allied themselves loyally to Wilson, the old teacher of the church. There was no formal quarrel between Cotton and Wilson, and to Wilson's credit it ought to be said that he has left on record no trace of jealousy separating him from the man who was undoubtedly his intellectual superior. None the less is it sure that Cotton was a very eloquent preacher, that he had been called to the church to be its teacher, while the more humble details of pastoral care were entrusted to Wilson as pastor. It need not be wondered at, then, if Wilson, to say the least, was in a position to see extravagances in Cotton's public statements, and to receive, perhaps with more sympathy than was wise, complaints which any person made, regarding such extravagances. As Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings continued, in the fervor of her religious experience and the enthusiasm of her language, admiring Cotton as she did, to such an extent that she had crossed the ocean in order that she might hear him and be near him, it is certain also that she permitted herself to criticise most or all of the preachers of the Bay, and to intimate that the gospel which they proclaimed was not so satisfying as that of Cotton, and as that which she herself could interpret.

Here is an evident bit of that disposition to give advice which, as has been said, the new emigrant from England invariably shows. It is a part of the law of the instrument and must be accepted as such. It is equally certain that in the colony at large Anne Hutchinson lost favor by the sweeping criticisms which she made, adverse to the religious statement which she found well received in the community.

From a period very soon after her arrival in 1634 till she was exiled by the General Court, who held a special meeting to hear her defence, is a period of nearly three years. Of the discussions of that period, we have more than enough, if one regard their present interest. They are preserved by her friends and by her enemies, and yet from them all it would be impossible to-day to say precisely what

were the theological differences which were involved.

As to the other differences, however, it is clear enough that there were the rough "old settlers," who had been here four years or more, with their sunburned faces, their well-worn corduroys, and their hard hands, contrasting with the new-comers, who brought the last sweet word of Puritan England; there were nine or ten or eleven country towns all jealous of Boston; there were as many ministers who found people would go off on Thursdays to hear Cotton.

Such were the sets of people, ready for a collision in life where there was so little to talk about as that of the little, newly founded towns. Of the ten or twelve towns the population was still hardly ten thousand. In larger circles of social life the collision might have been as to the disposal of a ribbon by the governor, or the right of precedence over the lady whom Sir Henry Vane handed to table. But with these people it turned on the gravest points of speculation, and beneath smoke and fire there was a heated mass of profound conviction, so intense in its fervor that it is impossible to speak slightly of any word of the controversy which followed. That controversy rent the little state, and Boston particularly, to their foundations.

1st Whether sanctification precedes justification.

2d Whether the person of the Holy Ghost dwells with a justified person, and

3d How far a devout Christian receives from God immediate revelations of his will: these may be said to be the three questions between Anne Hutchinson and her accusers, as they eventually chose to state them. They exiled her from their colony at last, on the civil charge that she disturbed their peace.

Of the three theological questions thus proposed, not by herself but by her accusers, it would be fair to say that none of our readers understands either of the two first, unless he has been professionally trained in the language of that time. Indeed, it is quite clear that her accusers themselves could not quite agree what they held — on subjects where human language is, from its very origin, unable to make precise expression.

With regard to the question whether the

person of the Holy Spirit resides in the person of a believer, both parties finally determined that they had so little Scripture statement for their discussion that it were best to withdraw it. The second question, whether "sanctification" is an evidence of "justification," proved insoluble. "Mrs. Hutchinson was understood to maintain the negative, that is, she was regarded as affirming that a state in which man is justified before God precedes and is independent of his obedience to the law of holiness." That is to say, she was charged with holding that any person who proved his "justification" by referring to any means of outward sanctification, was under "a covenant of works."

Now a covenant of works was what both parties detested, as they detested any violation of the ten commandments.

Our own time is, fortunately, profoundly indifferent to such niceties of expression. The questions involved in them enter, as they must always enter, into the inquiries of young life. And every person of conscience forms, as he should form, his own theory as to the relations which he holds to God, and which God holds to him. But the world has come so far that it knows that human language is inadequate to complete statement of that relation. And, on the whole, the world is so eager to see and find life in its men and women, that it does not analyze very critically the verbal statements which many of them make as to the origin of high determination in their hearts. But the people around Anne Hutchinson had not wrought out the experiments which have brought the world of the nineteenth century to this level of indifferences or toleration.

It seems necessary to say thus much of the language of the controversy itself, that the reader may understand the steps of the drama — sometimes amusing, always pathetic, and in the end tragic — which wove itself around the life of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson in Boston.

She was the daughter of a Puritan minister named Marbury. She married William Hutchinson early in the century. They were people of good blood and family and lived with comfort at Alford, about twenty-five miles from Boston in Lincolnshire in England. It is supposed that the

family of Mr. Hutchinson was connected with that of John Hutchinson, the regicide.¹ The history of Boston would never have shown the name of this interesting lady, nor that of her husband, but for their enthusiastic interest in the preacher, Cotton, and in the gospel as he proclaimed it. The Hutchinsons—and it was a large family group—were among a very considerable number of people who were willing to go to the new country if Cotton came, and would never have come if he had not. When he finally crossed the ocean, in 1633, in the ship *Griffin*, one of his fellow-passengers was Edward Hutchinson, the brother of Anne Hutchinson's husband. Other Hutchinsons had preceded them, one at least of that name being in the original emigration with Winthrop. In the ship with William and Anne Hutchinson came several other children. They arrived in the *Griffin* on the 18th of September, 1634. William Hutchinson united with the First Church in Boston the next month. There was some hesitation about the admission of Anne Hutchinson, with which the history of the controversy properly begins; but this was readily adjusted. Mrs. Hutchinson, when she saw the meanness of Boston on her arrival, said frankly that she should never have come but for her admiration for Mr. Cotton and her wish to live under his ministry; but it does not appear that any immediate ill-feeling resulted from this expression or from the doubts which delayed her admission into the church. She made herself of use in the little town; it would seem as if their property was sufficient for them to live with comfort and maintain a cordial hospitality. Mrs. Hutchinson soon became a favorite among the women, and finding that there was nothing of what we should now call mothers' meetings or a woman's conference, she instituted in her own house such a religious gathering for her own sex. There had been similar clubs of men before, and such clubs existed for more than a century. Mrs. Hutchinson's class or club was popular; it was conducted with spirit, and clearly enough it became one of the interesting *reunions* of Boston. Its success was such that another meeting was established at her house in which women and men met together.

¹ But Mr. Savage says that this is not proved.

Her biographers have touched on the question whether personal beauty was one of the charms which rendered her so attractive. Dr. Ellis says, with very keen observation, that, as no reference is made to this among the writers on either side, it may be inferred that she was not a beautiful woman. But against this ingenious remark, it is to be observed that very remarkable personal beauty has for at least a century past been evident in the immediate descendants of her blood.

There were two of her meetings held every week, one for women alone, and after these had become popular, one for men and women both. A large number of persons resorted to these, to the number of fifty, sixty, or eighty at once. But neither of the ministers of the town or of the neighborhood were invited, or were present.

The custom which thus grew up made precisely what in modern phrase is called a "salon," when we speak of Madame Récamier, or of other brilliant women in Paris. And the success of Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings was such as to bring about a revolution, which, as has been said, did more injury to the town of Boston than anything which happened to it up to the time of the Stamp Act. Perhaps this might be said of the injury inflicted on the whole colony of Massachusetts.

But such, alas! are the limitations of history that we know almost nothing of what passed at these assemblies which were fated to be so critical. One clever letter of two pages, from any bright young woman who attended them, would tell us more of what the meetings really were than we know from all the accusations of Mrs. Hutchinson's enemies or from her own brief and contemptuous defences. This is certain, that they must have been entertaining. They were called "lectures"; but precisely what subjects were chosen, or how they were arranged, whether Mrs. Hutchinson "conversed alone," or whether others conversed also, does not appear. Undoubtedly, she commented on Scripture. But what was more unfavorable to the public peace, was her repeating from memory the sermons she had heard, and making her own commentaries upon them. Mrs. Hutchinson was undoubtedly a woman of rare genius, and her religious experience had been so real

that she spoke easily and strongly on her intimate relations with God. From the report of her own trial, with which the tragedy of her life in Boston ends, it is clear that she was quick and bright, that she readily turned an attack upon him who made it with a quick repartee. This full report is the work of a friend of hers, and so far it may be trusted. Weld, who was her enemy, says that she had a "ready wit and a bold spirit,"—he has to admit her "profitable and sober carriage,"—and that by her kindly and tender ministrations to the sick she had won the regards of many of the women of Boston.

Winthrop, however, who disliked her thoroughly, says, "She was more bold than a man, though in understanding and judgment inferior to many women."¹

Whatever she meant when she began her lectures, and whatever she said which gave them their popularity, it is now impossible to tell. But it would happen once and again, so often indeed that she sealed her fate in doing it, that in repeating sermons which she had heard from various preachers in the Bay, she did not hesitate to criticise them in an unfriendly spirit. She said in brief that these preachers preached a "covenant of works." Now this phrase was as a red rag when it was flaunted in the face of an old-fashioned Puritan. His fathers had despised the Roman Church for its ceremonies, and now for near a hundred years had been proclaiming because of that ceremonial that it relied on a "covenant of works." Anybody who knows how stiffly the government of Massachusetts then required regular church attendance, an exasperating observance of "the Sabbath," and even made church membership a test of fitness of citizenship, can see what a handle it gave to bright Anne Hutchinson, when she said or implied that their preachers had introduced a new "covenant of works" in place of the old one. But the charge was none the more palatable because, in substance, it was true. Yet as the basis of their written theology, so far as it was expressed in words, these preachers held, as their most distinguished evangelical descendants have held, that the works or ritual are nothing but an external

sign of a real union with God, and that their worth, for any purpose, is of no value in comparison with the inestimable conviction that the man is at one with Him.

Mrs. Hutchinson had come from England, had made her husband come, and had brought with them their children, all because John Cotton had come and was to preach to the church in Boston. So she says, at least, and this must be taken as the ruling motive. Now, by way of preparation for John Cotton's arrival, John Wilson was relegated to the office of "pastor,"—equal perhaps in nominal dignity, but really engaging him more to services of ministry proper than to those of "teaching or exhortation" or the public duties of a preacher or "prophet." The name "prophet" and the duty of prophesying were familiarly spoken of among these people. Cotton was to continue the famous Thursday Lecture, which he had established in Boston in England. Let the reader remember that no other single grievance so goaded the Puritans into exile as did the refusal of the English authorities to permit the popular preachers to address their people on week days. It was as if the Secretary of the Interior in our day should have forbidden Mr. Beecher, or Mr. Parker, or Dr. Storrs to deliver an address to a general audience, and should have sent them to prison when they did so. Grateful as it was to Mrs. Hutchinson to listen again to the words of her old oracle, it may be well imagined that she found the hour long when Mr. Wilson's turn came to preach. For the first year she had but little of that grievance. For the pastor, Mr. Wilson, was for part or all of that time in England. But in the same ship with Sir Henry Vane he returned, on the 6th of October, 1635. When she came, in her lectures, to comment upon him, her criticisms on his sermons were not favorable. After a little he and she were avowed enemies. For this she probably cared too little, for all the Boston church excepting five were on her side. In particular, she had the sympathy and support of the popular young governor, Sir Henry Vane, and she thought she had the sympathy and support of her friend and master, Cotton. In fact, alas, Cotton did not stand by her; and the tragedy includes the dramatic accessory of a disloyal friend. But it must be remem-

¹ Winthrop did not suspect what Coleridge was so ready to affirm, that "the understanding is the lowest of the human faculties."

bered that Mrs. Hutchinson was, perhaps, a hard person to stand by. It is probable that she spoke from impressions rather than opinions, and that these impressions varied from time to time.

On her voyage from England, in the close cabin of the *Griffin*,—which like a Griffin of romance brought such woes to Boston,—Mrs. Hutchinson and the preacher Symmes had unfriendly passages which he never forgot. She had received an impression about the length of the voyage, and she said so. This was brought up in testimony against her afterward by Symmes, with articles of theology which belonged to the view she made so charming of the intimate personal communion between God and his children. It may happily be said in passing, that from one extreme of Christendom to the other, every believing man and woman to-day is happy in such views. They are no longer questionable or heresies. So soon as they landed, Symmes made public his suspicions of her unsoundness of faith, with such result that while her husband was readily and at once received to the communion of the First Church, she was not received till a month afterwards, that there might be time for fit inquiry. The inquiry was satisfactory, and she became a member of the church. But any one who knows New England of the old type knows that any such delay and inquiry would expose the subject of it to a certain observation or scrutiny for many years. Mrs. Hutchinson's brilliant conversation and her public life quickened such scrutiny.

But, as has been said, she made herself useful to the women around her. She was a friend, a kind and efficient nurse, when their children were born; and her lectures gave entertainment in the long winter and the longer springtime of Boston. Nothing transpired for two years which required the notice of Winthrop's pen in his diary; and Winthrop was willing to notice some details which were insignificant. The arrival of Vane, a year after, brought new elements of animosity into the little state; and it may be guessed that with these animosities the real battle began.

It is quite possible, and even probable, that expressions as strong as Anne Hutchinson used, regarding her intimacy with God, might now be heard in any pulpit of America on any Sunday. She sought for

God's help eagerly and she had found it, and she told those who heard her that she had found it and that they must find it. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to make the reader of to-day understand how such earnest expressions, either describing intimacy with God or recommending those who heard her to seek it, could become matter of political inquiry among the rulers of a state. But at that time all Protestant Europe remembered the extravagances which had shown themselves in the course of the last century, where men had declared that they had the immediate authority of God for what they did, and had declined to submit to Bible, church, or rulers. The rulers of this little state knew very well that they were most jealously watched by what was still the government of England; and knowing how earnestly they had themselves declared that they were seeking the present direction of a present God, they were simply afraid of being confounded with the extravagances of what were familiarly known as the Antinomians and the Familists. The moment, therefore, they had occasion to find fault with Anne Hutchinson, it was easy for them to persuade themselves that her enthusiastic expressions were dangerous to the state. It is by the experiences which Europe had had of the extremes of fanaticism that we are to explain their readiness for drawing a series of purely theological expressions into the question or view of the civil tribunals. In the final trial of Mrs. Hutchinson, great stress was laid upon an assertion which she had made on the voyage, that she had had a divine revelation as to its length. Her friends appealed to a similar divine revelation which Thomas Hooker, a famous preacher, had said he received about the political condition of England. It is clear, therefore, that they were willing to take the ground that such a revelation was possible.

The inevitable conflict was perhaps precipitated by the arrival of Mr. John Wheelwright in Boston. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Hutchinson, having married the sister of her husband. He was, like Cotton, an enthusiastic preacher of the doctrine of the possible real presence of God with his children, and was disposed to refer those who heard him to immediate communion with the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Hutchinson intimates once and again that

from the public preaching of Wheelwright and of Cotton she had derived the light and life which quickened her own religious experience. So eminent was Wheelwright, and so well-known his eloquence and fervor, that at first there was a disposition in the Boston church to settle him as a preacher or teacher with Cotton, so that that church would have had three ministers. Nor does it quite appear how the tide of enthusiasm in this direction was turned, for it would seem that a majority of the church were really desirous to take this step. But it was determined that they would not increase the number of their clergy, and arrangements were made that Mr. Wheelwright should preach to the church at Mount Wollaston, now called Braintree. But he preached enough in Boston to excite the whole colony, and indeed to display the flag around which the final battle for religious liberty was fought and was lost.

On the 20th of January, 1637, a public fast had been proclaimed throughout all the churches, on account of their dissensions and the trouble with the Pequots. Wheelwright preached on that occasion to his church at Wollaston a sermon which did not help the matter.

Complaints were made before the General Court that this sermon was seditious; the Court proceeded to try that question, and found Wheelwright guilty. Upon this, Vane and some others sent in a protest, which, however, the Court did not accept. Finally, on the 2d of November, 1637,

Mr. John Wheelwright, being formally convicted of contempt and sedition, and now justifying himself and his former practice, being a disturbance of the civil peace, is by the Court disfranchised and banished, having fourteen days to settle his affairs, and if within that time he depart not the patent, he promises to render himself to Mr. Stoughton at his house, to be kept till he be disposed of; and Mr. Hough undertook to satisfy any charge that he, Mr. Stoughton, or the country should be at.

After this sentence, Mrs. Hutchinson,

Being convented for traducing the ministers and their ministry in this country, she declared voluntarily her revelations for their ground, and that she should be delivered and the Court ruined, with their posterity. And thereupon was banished, and meanwhile was committed to Mr. Joseph Weld, until the Court should dispose of her.

With this vote, public action against Anne Hutchinson ceased. The reader must observe that the "Court" acted as a court for the trial of a criminal, and not in its capacity of legislature, which is happily the only duty of the legislature of Massachusetts to-day. Poor Anne Hutchinson spent that winter in Roxbury; but in the next year her exile began, and eventually she and many of her children were killed in an Indian uprising. I am sorry to say that the Massachusetts writers opposed to her regarded the massacre as a divine judgment upon her. It is difficult to draw any lesson from the whole story. But it does serve as one illustration of a hundred of the tremendous seriousnesses of moral purpose which was wrought in with all the fortunes of the infant state.

PELHAM HILLS.

By Alice Ward Bailey.

DEEP purple in the gray of morn,
Rose-tipped in radiance of dawn,
Flecked with soft shadows all the day,
And gilded in the sunset ray,
You tell the hours, as each fulfils
Its measure, faithful Pelham Hills.

The springtime decks you with its green,
By summer turned to richer sheen;
The autumn paints you violet;
And winter's crown is on you set.

Each season clothes you as it wills,—
Herald of each, brave Pelham Hills.

But deeper yet your life-tide flows,
And unrevealed by buds and snows ;
The narrow pathways 'twixt the pines,
The hollow where the lakelet shines,
Or where the brook its light song trills.—
There beats your pulse, fair Pelham Hills.

And they who know you, heart to heart,
Who've owned to you the joy, the smart,
Ambitions changing with the years,
Decreasing hopes, increasing fears,
Feel that you hold them, like the rills
Hid in your clefts, true Pelham Hills.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AS A WRITER.

By John F. Genung, Ph.D.

IT was not as a man of action, though he was the acknowledged leader of the greatest movement of the century in the Church of England ; nor as a scholar, though his researches in the early history and teaching of the Christian Church were patient and profound ; nor yet as an agitator and controversialist, though none could strike more telling blows in a cause than he, that Cardinal Newman impressed himself most deeply on his age. In all these directions his work was strangely lacking in the element of permanence. Those lines of subtle reasoning by which he persuaded himself were such as very few could ever hold by. The dogmatic conclusions to which he was impelled, though irresistible to him, are to the common English mind quite untenable. The whole movement of which he was source and centre, having passed on into new forms and issues, has left him these many years stranded in seclusion at Edgbaston. Yet it would be a mistake to say that his work has ceased to be vital. The spirit in which he wrought still gives life. On his page quivers the same thrill as of old, the thrill, not of imposing ecclesiasticism, nor of Romanizing tendencies, but of the deep heart of humanity itself. Cardinal Newman had in a pre-eminent degree the power, like that of the apostles at Pente-

cost, of speaking "to every man in the language wherein he was born." This it is that makes all sects and shades of religious belief, standing round his grave, mourn for him and cherish him as belonging to all. This, too, is the note of literary utterance, as distinguished from the utterance of a sect or of a movement : to have in it the universal spirit, to vitalize truth for all men. It is by no means the least of Cardinal Newman's distinctions that the world accords him the homage due to a great man of letters, a supreme master of our English tongue, whose page, to use his own words, was "the lucid mirror of his mind and life." High praise this, when we reflect—of *such* a mind and life ! No greater Englishman, so far as many important qualities go, was left living when he died ; nor has this nineteenth century seen a greater in his command of English style, though it is the century of Ruskin, and Arnold, and Carlyle, and Macaulay, and De-Quincey.

Yet I doubt not many who belong to the class of "general readers" are asking to-day, What did he write ?—as several with whom I have spoken have even vaguely identified him with General Grant's favorite pastor. He was not "the idle singer of an empty day," nor are his

works such as are left lying on sofas and seaside hammocks. Everybody has sung his hymn, *Lead, kindly Light*: but beyond this his "fit audience" in America is few. How many can even make a beginning in naming the titles of his thirty-six published volumes, or recall works of his in the seven classes under which they are described in the catalogues, — of sermons, treatises, essays, works historical, works theological, works polemical, works literary? Yet none of his works are of the ponderous order; in all of them we discern the charm of a natural, simple, flexible style, and the glow of a vigorous yet saintly mind thoroughly in earnest. A few volumes of the thirty-six will suffice to acquaint the reader with the dominant characteristics of his mind; for, as has been truly said, "nowhere has there been a life so completely all of a piece, so patiently carved out of one pure block of purpose, as Cardinal Newman's." Of these volumes no one can afford to miss the eight volumes of *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, those marvellous utterances which, though severely simple in style and closely read from manuscript without attempt at action or eloquence, drew reverent crowds of thoughtful men to St. Mary's church, and shed over Oxford such a serious and sacred awe as has been observed in places where a great revival of religious life and consecration is in progress. The flippant reader must of necessity be wholly at loss to account for their power; nor, indeed, can any of us fully realize it, unable as we are to enter into all the thoughts and heart-searchings that were in the air when they were preached. But certain it is that no other pulpit addresses of this century, with the possible exception of Frederick William Robertson's, can be compared with them for the profound influence they exerted. It is the memory of these sermons, mainly, which even yet makes St. Mary's, where they were preached, and the venerable quadrangles of Oriel, where Newman had his modest rooms, and Littlemore, where with a few close friends he found seclusion, places of pious pilgrimage. After these sermons, or rather along with them, is to be mentioned the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, that unique spiritual autobiography wherein, after having passed from Evangelicalism through High Churchism into Roman Catholicism, Newman lays bare the secret history of his

soul "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," and draws the English mind, which had misunderstood and misjudged him, into that hearty love which, though it may be tardy, it is gladly willing to accord to thorough honesty and consistency of purpose. The volume of lectures entitled *Idea of a University* contains some of Newman's best writing, notably in the lecture on "Literature," which, besides being a splendid piece of prose, may not unfitly be regarded as a noble *apologia pro stilo suo*. Of course those who have sung his *Lead, kindly Light* will enjoy the meditative spirit and chaste style of his *Verses on Various Occasions*, among which they will find especially impressive his longest poem, *The Dream of Gerontius*. Let me not unduly extend the list; it is rather hard to stop; but I do not like to leave unmentioned his historical tale *Callista*, which, among the trivial and sensational tales of the day, makes upon my mind a good deal such an impression as does Beethoven's *Fidelio* among the operas.

A great writer's talk about literary style may or may not approach the subject comprehensively, but it is pretty sure, at least, to betray the ideal that in his own work he puts highest. We will recall Carlyle's praise of an open, loving heart as the best guide to vigorous glowing description, and his assertion, not discordant with his practice, that "other secret for being 'graphic' is there none worth having: but this is an all sufficient one." Not long ago John Morley was lauding "that golden art—the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation"; and we do not have to go outside of his books for examples. Only the other day Mr. Woodbury, in his *Talks with Emerson*, revealed to us Emerson's plea for a condensed, trenchant, unorganized prose like his own. But we should have to look far to find a higher ideal, or one more nobly carried out in his own practice, than Cardinal Newman has laid down in the lecture I have just mentioned on "Literature."

A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows

how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of expression. He is master of the two-fold *Logos*, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity.

Here we have Newman's guiding principle as a man of letters. All his life he labored, with the skill born of severe culture, poetic taste, and holy purpose, to give forth adequately what he had within him; and when we consider how much there was within him, of insight, of spiritual acumen, of deep feeling, of kindly humor, we have, at least, some meagre data for estimating the leading characteristics of his literary expression.

But more distinctively, what was it within him that spoke with most power and unction to the world? Every voice has its register where its notes are purest; every eye its field or angle of clearest vision; every pen its vocabulary wherein the style is most truly the man. Where Newman was clearest-eyed and trumpet-tongued was not in his dialectical power, marvellous though that was; not in his resolute return from the liberalizing tendencies of the day along the path of mediævalism in religion. In these activities of his we may almost say the deeper spirit scorned while it utilized his written word. The deeper spirit itself of his life may perhaps best be defined in that remarkable utterance of his where he speaks of his "rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings — myself and my Creator." It was when he spoke in some phase of this consciousness that the world most willingly and wonderingly accorded him ears to hear. For his converseance with the things of God and the invisible world was so constant and intimate as to impart a kind of realism to his language when these were the subject; he walked in a world of ministering spirits, wondrous divine agencies, so near and real

that mysteries the most profound were no obstacle to his faith. Distrustful of material phenomena and absolutely certain of the unseen, he would match any doubt of the supernatural with as great or greater mystery of earth. This may be illustrated by a passage in his sermon on "The Invisible World," a passage much quoted and admired: —

We are then in a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing so. If this seems strange to any one, let him reflect that we are undeniably taking part in a third world, which we do indeed see, but about which we do not know more than about the angelic hosts, — the world of brute animals. Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, seem to retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend upon them in various important ways; we use their labor, we eat their flesh. This however relates to such of them as come near us: cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything which Scripture says about the angels? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? and is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?

So it was that with the freshness and power of realistic vision his voice came to men from the region of "the everlasting face to face with God." With still greater power and cogency, perhaps, he sounded the depths and shoals of man's spiritual nature, as he held up to the light what he had patiently and pitilessly discovered in that other "absolute and luminously self-evident

being"—himself. All the prides and rebellions, all the vanities and foibles, the petty humors and cavils, the spiritual revulsions and quivering awe in the great white light of heaven, of souls that by nature were wholly sinful and corrupt but redeemed by grace—these he portrays with something of the delight of a natural historian. What he found in himself was what belonged universally to the race; and the keen interest with which his heart was glowing could not but spread through his words to other hearts.

Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;
'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race
Which in each brother's history reads its own.

So he writes in his sonnet entitled *Messina*, to which he has prefixed as motto Terence's line, "Homo sum; humani nil à me alienum puto." This clear-eyed, intense sympathy with his kind, and the accuracy of his delineations, are especially notable, perhaps, in his descriptions of spiritual states or processes, conversion, or the dawn of belief, or approach to God. His *Apologia* is the history of conversion and inner transition, as vividly real, if not so gorgeous, as one of De Quincey's opium dreams. The following passage, from *Calista*, shows to some degree the same characteristics:—

After a time, Callista said, "Polemo, do you believe in one God?"

"Certainly," he answered; "I believe in one eternal, self-existing something."

"Well," she said, "I feel that God within my heart. I feel myself in his presence. He says to me, 'Do this: Don't do that.' You may tell me that this dictate is a mere law of my nature, as is to joy or to grieve. I cannot understand this. No, it is the echo of a person speaking to me. Nothing shall persuade me that it does not ultimately proceed from a person external to me. It carries with it its proof of its divine origin. My nature feels towards it as towards a person. When I obey it, I feel a satisfaction; when I disobey, a soreness—just like that which I feel in pleasing or offending some revered friend. So you see, Polemo, I believe in what is more than a mere 'something.' I believe in what is more real to me than sun, moon, stars, and the fair earth, and the voice of friends. You will say, Who is he? Has he ever told you anything about himself? Alas, no!—the more's the pity! But I will not give up what I have, because I have not more. An echo implies a voice; a voice a speaker. That speaker I love and I fear."

Here she was exhausted, and overcome too, poor Callista, with her own emotions.

"Oh, that I could find him!" she exclaimed, passionately. "On the right hand and on the left

I grope, but touch him not. Why dost thou fight against me?—why dost thou scare and perplex me, O first and only Fair? I have thee not, and I need thee."

His *Dream of Gerontius*, which has been called the greatest poem on death in the English language, portrays with great imaginative power the mysterious moment of dissolution.

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone"; and then a sigh went round the room.

And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.

"It is impossible," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "to find any life in this century so singly and simply devoted to spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. There have been more heroic lives, more laborious

lives, more apparently beneficent lives, — the lives of soldiers, martyrs, missionaries, all lived nobly in the sight of God, — but none of them at once so detached from the common human interests, and yet so natural, genial, and human as Newman's." In these few and inadequate quotations I have tried to enter that spiritual region where he was so truly at home and, indicating wherein his vision was clearest, account in some measure for that "perfect spiritual sympathy" which, along with "intellectual distrust," he has so strangely inspired in the minds of his contemporaries.

To turn now more specifically to the qualities of his style, I am inclined, after considerable thought, to put first and highest that "incommunicable simplicity" to which, in his earnestly portrayed ideal, he attributed such a charm. His words go straight to their mark, doing their work without trick or mannerism, and are chosen with such transparent fitness that we have to stop and think whether they make a style at all. Yet they are not always short and easy words. Short or long, the word fits the case; it seems to have grown there, a natural product. With this quality inhere also the qualities of purity and delicacy of diction, the words being fitted to a chastened and meditative conception of things. Not without a certain restraint, too, as if the writer were keeping a tight rein on his emotions, and as if in all that he wrote, as when he wrote his *Apologia*, the words "*secretum meum mihi*" were ringing in his ears. Yet nothing of this is loud and obtrusive; we take the thought, unimpeded by any crude mechanism of expression, and accord unconscious praise by forgetting the perfection of the art that conceals itself. If any one thinks such simplicity an easy or trivial achievement, let him try it. A student of the late Francis Wayland once said in his class-room, "Why, I don't see anything so wonderful in the *Proverbs of Solomon*; any one could make such things as those." "Make some," was the doctor's laconic reply; but the enlarged edition of the *Book of Proverbs* has not yet appeared.

What other qualities I have to note in Cardinal Newman's style can be gathered together, I think, under the general term flexibility. Nothing is more exquisitely pervasive, more characteristic of all his work than this. To all the bendings and

curves of the thought, to all the requirements of the emotion, vigorous or lofty or sharp or subtle, his words respond with marvellous precision. Here, too, the man is proclaimed in his ideal. "Whatever be his subject," he says of the great author, "high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake." Let me quote a few more words, at once example and description of his conception.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution.

This is it: to realize by a subtle sympathy just what the subject needs, and then out of his store of skill, and knowledge, and poetic creativeness to marry idea and word in an indissoluble union. When the requirement is trenchant, forthright, piercing strength, of word and phrase, Newman does not fall below his task. Witness, for example, the following reply to Kingsley, from the preface to the *Apologia*: —

I am at war with him; but there is such a thing as legitimate warfare: war has its laws; there are things which may fairly be done, and things which may not be done. I say it with shame and with stern sorrow; — he has attempted a great transgression; he has attempted (as I may call it) to *poison the wells*. . . . Now these insinuations and questions shall be answered in their proper places; here I will but say that I scorn and detest lying, and quibbling, and double-tongued practice, and slyness, and cunning, and smoothness, and cant, and pretence, quite as much as any Protestants hate them: and I pray to be kept from the snare of them. But all this is just now by the by; my present subject is my accuser; what I insist upon here is this unmanly attempt of his, in his concluding pages, to cut the ground from under my feet; — to poison by anticipation the public mind against me, John Henry Newman, and to infuse into the imaginations of my readers, suspicion and mistrust of everything that I may say in reply to him. This I call *poisoning the wells*.

To the same flexible sympathy with his subject I may refer that delicate, kindly, elusive humor, which plays over the surface of much of his writing. Is it not a

kind of sense of humor, or at least of delicate human feeling, that leads him in *Callista*, which is a tale of the third century, to make his characters talk in natural, every-day language, so different from the "forsooth" and "By Hercules" style which rants about sesterces and old Falerian? Unobtrusive, however, it all is, even in those passages that permit a lighter treatment, betraying only by the occasional turn of a phrase that the author was smiling inside as he penned the words. Take, for instance, the following, from *Callista* :—

The dinner had not been altogether suitable to modern ideas of good living. The grapes from Tacape, and the dates from the Lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the watermelons, address themselves to the imagination of an Englishman, as well as of an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap or honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine, called *melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found upon the coast of the Syrtis. He would have been struck, too, with the sweetness of the mutton; but he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate of which they consisted. He would have felt he ought to admire the roes of mullets, pressed and dried, from Mauritania; but he would have thought twice before he tried the lion cutlets, though they had the flavor of veal, and the additional *godt* of being imperial property, and poached from a preserve. But when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of— (alas! alas! it *must* be said, with whatever apology for its introduction)—in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with tomatoes, with its head between its forepaws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighboring forest. However, to that festive board our Briton was not invited, for he had some previous engagement that evening, either of painting himself with woad, or of hiding himself to the chin in the fens; so that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the party, and the good humor and easy conversation which was the effect of such excellent cheer.

One more aspect of this flexible adaptation of word to subject and emotion I must not leave altogether unmentioned. "When his heart is touched it thrills along his verse." Principal Shairp has named Cardinal Newman as one of the great prose-poets of the century. Many magnificent passages in his sermons and other writings, to say nothing of the general richness of conception and chaste imaginativeness of his prose, forbid us to deny him

that title. The whole strange course of his life is a poem, far more truly than a cold consistent logical system; none but an eminently poetical and eminently unworldly mind would have followed that "kindly light" until it rested over the silent oratory at Edgbaston. His consummate skill and taste in language are conceded; and none would recognize more heartily than those who knew him best the intensity of conviction and emotion, the large glowing views of all things pure and beautiful, and the tender heart "fruitful and friendly for all human kind," which are potent to make that skill blossom into poetic expression. One passage I must quote in illustration; it shall be the last of my citations. It is the much-loved passage in his sermon on the *Parting of Friends*, preached when he took leave of the English Church :—

And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.

It seems to me that, whether we consider the delicate rhythm and flow of the clauses, or the exquisite fitness of the words, or the chaste elevation of conception and emotion, the very spirit of poetry breathes through this yearning utterance.

Such, then, I conceive to be, in its two most evident and comprehensive features, the literary style of Cardinal Newman. A style eminently simple, doing its work, whatever it is, without fuss and parade, and with fitting parsimony or fulness, plainness or richness, in its use of material; a style wonderfully flexible, responding pliantly to every mood of thought, every breath of emotion, whether the informing spirit be indignant strength, or genial humor, or melting tenderness, or creating imagination. And the style is the man.

Here I must take leave of the subject,



Cardinal Newman.

FROM A LATE BIRMINGHAM PHOTOGRAPH.

having said, after all, but little of what might have been said. I have contemplated Cardinal Newman only as a writer; and even of his literary activity I have left important aspects unnoticed, having chosen merely to mention and quote such works as are most likely to interest the general reader. We will bear in mind that in lines of activity quite apart from his work as a man of letters he had greatnesses and limitations many. His significance, so far as it has to do with external

things, with controversies, with rigid dogmas, with details of ecclesiastical order, is already many years outlived; but if in time to come any would recall the influences, not too numerous, which in this hard materialized century have wrought to make men mind the things of the spirit, or if any would remember how our language has been finely moulded to give reality and sacredness to things unseen, they will cherish with love and honor the name of John Henry Newman.

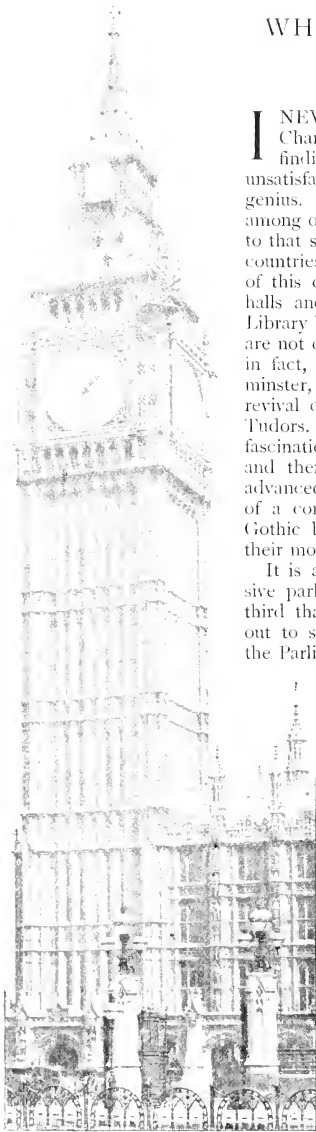
WHERE ENGLAND LEGISLATES.

By Ashton R. Willard.

I NEVER return in fancy to the great houses which Sir Charles Barry built for the English Parliament without finding a new pleasure in the reminiscence, strange and unsatisfactory in some ways as is this great monument of his genius. Barry himself is an interesting man for one thing, among others, because he is said to have given popularity to that style in building which invaded America and other countries in artistic dependence upon England, in the middle of this century, which was quite extensively used for city halls and court-houses, and of which the Boston Public Library building is an illustration. His Parliament buildings are not of this character. They are as far removed from it, in fact, as is possible. This government palace at Westminster, built between 1840 and 1860, purports to be a revival of the Gothic as it flourished in the reign of the Tudors. Imagine the English mind as still in its early fascination over the rediscovery of mediæval architecture, and then imagine the joy with which, when it was first advanced, they would have hailed and did hail the prospect of a construction which should take the art of the later Gothic builders where they left it and carry it far beyond their most elaborate achievement.

It is a large pile of buildings and one of the most extensive parliament houses in the world, longer by nearly one-third than our own Capitol at Washington, which stretches out to something like a seventh of a mile in length. But the Parliament buildings include a greater variety of accom-

modations, among other things the residence of the speaker and various other officials, while our own Capitol is purely an assemblage of legislative and judicial working-rooms. The speaker's residence has windows upon the clock-tower end of the river-front, the front which rises in such a stately manner from the terrace. All this part of the building can be seen to great advantage if one will expend "tuppence" upon the little passenger steamers which touch at Westminster Bridge pier and again at Lambeth pier, a short distance farther up stream, where one may wait for a return boat. The whole great front can be inspected at exactly the proper distance and with nothing to interrupt the view. There is obvious symmetry here, the central mass rising higher than the adjoining portions of wall, which on either hand connect it with the symmetrically disposed pavilions with their twin towers. There is nothing antagonistic to the principles of Gothic architecture in this, for the Gothic builders, when their art was a living art, conceived their monumental buildings in symmetry, as well as the classic architects,



The Clock Tower.

and the un-symmetry which afterward came about is to be charged in many cases to lack of funds or the incongruous additions of later epochs.

On the corner farthest from the clock-tower, fronting on Old Palace Yard, which

difficult to understand, unless because the whole Cromwellian episode is, to the loyalty of the present British mind, so dead that it stands out to them simply as an incident of curious historical interest.

Another king-destroyer is indirectly me-



Westminster Hall.

lies between the Parliament buildings and the Abbey, is the huge Victoria Tower, through which the Queen enters when she comes to open or close Parliament, if the opening or closing is to be executed with all the state of which that ceremonial is capable. It is also close by the Victoria Tower that the American public enters; and the American public once within the portal passes over much the same route on its way to the House of Lords, over which the Queen herself passes. There is the preliminary visit to the Robing Room, with its carvings and its frescoes. There is the Royal Gallery, not a gallery at all in the sense in which childhood pictures the word, but a room nearly as large as the House of Lords itself, and intervening between it and the Robing Room, — a sort of place which is beautiful for no other purpose apparently than to be looked at. It is a strange experience to see a figure of Cromwell in this hall of the royalty which he overthrew. Why it was ever allowed a place there it is

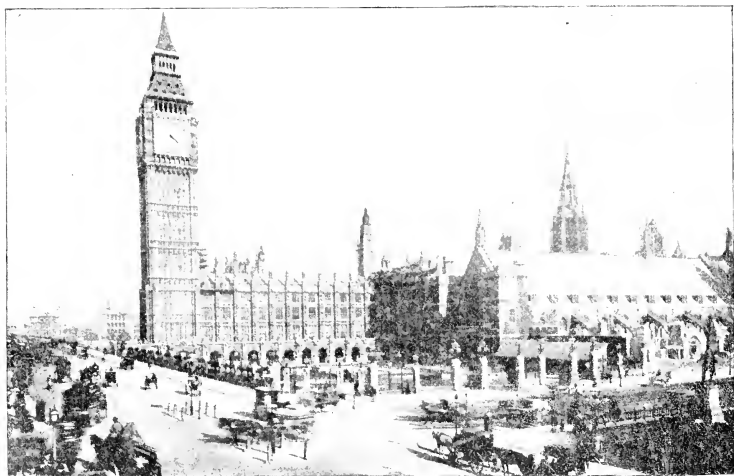
moralized upon the walls, but in a more becoming way, as it is one of the moments of glorification over his overthrow that the artist has selected. Wellington and Blücher are meeting after the battle of Waterloo. This is in a great fresco by Maclise, "fresco" not merely in the sense of being a painting upon wall surface, but fresco in the stricter and more ancient sense of being color applied to plaster when it is *fresh*; for the Italian word means this. The art is one which languished after the days of the great renaissance painters. It lacks the brilliancy of a painting in oil, but if skilfully applied has greater permanence, and was revived in England especially for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

More interesting in some ways are the decorations of the Princes' Chamber, the next room in the line of the royal progress, and the only one which intervenes before the Chamber of Peers. There is a rare fascination about that half-way stage be-

tween plastic art and graphic art, the *alto-relievo* panel. Bronze panels in high relief surround the Princes' Chamber at the top of the wainscot, representing some of the most familiar scenes in English history, and representing them with such pronounced traits that the visitor with the most superficial knowledge of British annals and British story cannot fail to recognize some of them. The artists exercised rare discretion in the selection of these topics which appeal so immediately to the mind of every one. There is Raleigh laying down his cloak, that Elizabeth's royal foot may not touch the mire. There is Mary Stuart in that dramatic incident of her life when she is escaping from her imprisonment at Loch Leven Castle, an incident which has been made familiar to so many thousands of English and American readers by Sir Walter Scott's description of it in *The Abbot*. There is the

side of the partition, seems too large for the place it occupies, and its glaring whiteness a discordant note in the general harmony of tints. Victoria sits here in marble, with an allegorical figure on either side, representing, I think, Justice and Mercy.

The House of Lords itself does not seem to be arranged with a view to the greatest dramatic possibilities, although it serves as the setting for the most picturesque of legislative ceremonials indulged in at present by any English-speaking people, the last foothold, in fact, in a legislative hall, of that pomp and circumstance which belong to the Middle Ages. For here at a royal opening come Clarenceux King of Arms and Norroy King of Arms and the pursuivants of the Heralds' College, Portcullis and Bluemantle and Rouge Dragon and Rouge Croix, in the attire which befits such mediæval and fantastic



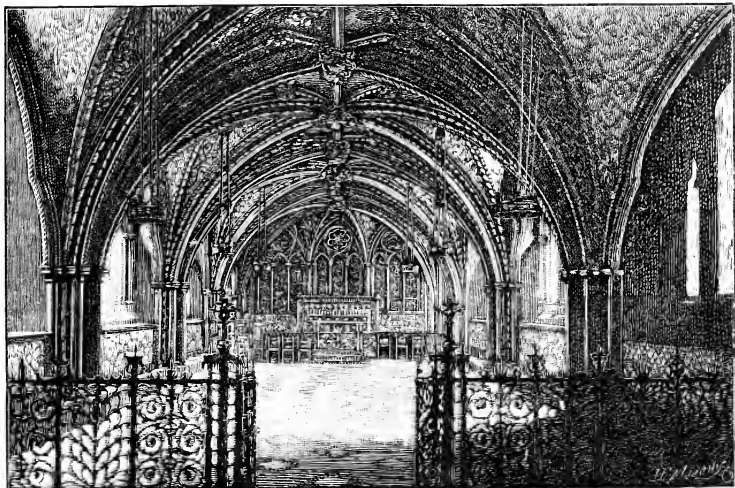
The Houses of Parliament as approached from Whitehall.

meeting of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, one of the most pictorial, perhaps, because one of the most purely theatrical of historical incidents. The marble group against the wall opposite the door by which one enters from the Royal Gallery, and directly back to back with the throne on the other

titles, and, introduced by these who are but the outer hem of ceremonial, a host of dignitaries in all the millinery with which fancy clothes them. The throne itself seems to lack dignity. We speak of "the throne" as an abstraction, but here indeed in this hall where the Queen addresses her Lords and Commons seems to

be *the* throne of England, in preference to any chair of state in audience rooms of royal residences or even the coronation chair at the Abbey. One expects to find it placed imposingly upon a high dais mounted by many steps, perhaps somewhat as is the speaker's seat in the House of Representatives at Washington. The

English throne, the reality in any form in which it could actually be called into existence would fall short of what one's imagination requires. But there are dignified seats to be seen which come much closer to the ideal than this construction of gilding and embroidery. More worthy, for example, is such a seat as that marble one,



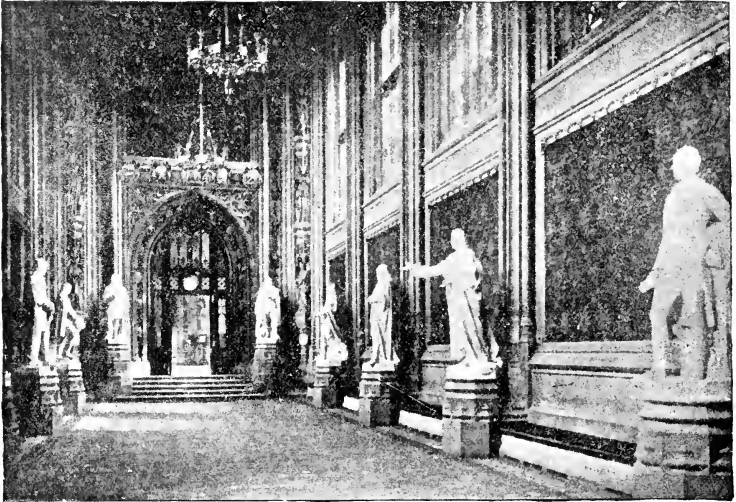
St. Stephen's Chapel.

speaker's seat at our own Capitol would, if the desk were removed, be a far more imposing chair of state than this at Westminster. The Queen's seat stands removed only three steps from the floor, an affair of gilded wood and upholstery. Above it are embroidered or represented in color the royal arms; not the assuming coat which many of her ancestors bore, with the "lilies of France" introduced in the quarterings, though that is to be found elsewhere about the Parliament buildings, but the less pretentious and more British coat, associating simply the harp and the rampant lion with the three lions "*passant-guardant*." The chair a step lower to the right is for Albert Edward, and the corresponding one to the left was, I think, assigned to the Prince Consort. Necessarily in case of anything about which so many romantic, poetical, and historical associations cluster as the

severely simple in its lines, but flawless in material, which stands alone in the apse of the great basilica outside the walls at Rome, as worthily and enduringly surrounded as it is itself constructed, the Roman idea of a judgment-seat handed down by uninterrupted tradition from Roman times. Many of the details of the House of Lords are governed by tradition, even the color of the benches, which are covered with red. This was the color a hundred years ago, as I find stated, when the Lords were sitting in the quarters first provided for them after the Union, in the old Court of Requests, and I know not how long before. The woosack or square ottoman with the back-rest in the middle, in front of the throne, is covered with the same color, and so are the ottomans behind it, — or shall it be said in front, if we imagine ourselves at a standpoint near

the entrance door opposite the throne? This entrance door communicates with the lobby of the Peers' chamber, and with a space used among other things to afford standing room for some hat and coat racks. Among the labels affixed to these racks one reads such names as these: "D. of

government? This central octagon both within and without is treated architecturally in the wish to conform to Tudor-Gothic traditions. It aims to be a rotunda, but Tudor Gothic does not favor the circle on ground plan, and so it is polygonal. It aims to have a dome, but Gothic does not



St. Stephen's Hall.

Devonshire," "D. of Portland," "M. of Salisbury." It seems like undue trifling with dignity to abbreviate these titles in this way, but there are certain necessities of space which make it convenient that there is no more to say; which make it possible, for example, to meet the emergency by a bare "M. of Salisbury" instead of saying "Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil," or by a simple "D. of Portland" instead of writing out at length, "William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish Bentinck."

As one leaves this lobby, the atmosphere of royalty and of privilege-by-birth melts away rapidly, and not many steps bring one into the central octagon, which is the point of convergence of the principal arteries of the building, and from which a passage-way, the duplicate of that just left and in continuance of the same line, leads to the House of Commons,—may one say, to the real seat of English legislation and

favor the circle in sky line, and so it is carried up into a spire by many pinnacles visible in the views from the river. The Commons' corridor and the Peers' corridor do not alone converge here; for as at Washington doorways lead at the two other quarter-points of the circle, on the one hand to libraries and minor apartments, and on the other hand to a principal entrance,—the entrance for which Barry was so ingenious as to make the old House of Commons serve as a conduit.

It is not veritably the old House of Commons, but a reproduction of it. In a day which takes one very far back in English history, in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III., a chapel was built at Westminster, and called St. Stephen's, the name of a still earlier one. At a later day the English Commons, for whom no king had thought of preparing a home in an orderly manner, took possession of this same chapel

and held its sessions in it. And such was the inertia of this body that for three hundred years it did not leave it, and did not leave it then until it was burned over its head in 1834. After this, so much did old associations seem to render this old debating hall sacred, that the idea was conceived of raising it from its ashes and making it serve a new purpose in the modern building. It was rebuilt, connected by an appropriate broad and dignified passage-way running across the end of Westminster Hall and communicating with it, to the street, and so made a stately means of ingress to the central rotunda of the great pile.

It was in this chapel, now called St. Stephen's Hall, upon one of the benches built against its side, between the statues of statesmen who once poured forth their eloquence here, that I took my place along with many others to await my turn of being admitted to the House of Commons. The

galleries are entered by ticket, which members and certain other persons are privileged to give, and the possessors of these pieces of paper or cardboard range themselves not exactly in a queue, but what is in principle the same as the queue which gathers in a theatre lobby when the privilege of seeing some star of unusual magnitude is about to be dispensed from the box office. The first man on the ground—and all are men—takes his place on the bench at the farther end on the left, near the door admitting to the rotunda, his successor takes his place beside him, and so the benches are filled down one side and up the other. After waiting some time for the procession to start,—it marched like a gang of convicts,—and

some time then for my turn to reach the wicket, where our "passports" were subjected to scrutiny, I learned for the first time that I was the recipient of some particular privilege, and that it was necessary for me to return and enter the gallery from another door from the lobby of the House,

the same lobby which corresponds in the symmetrical disposition of the building with the small space just without the door of the House of Lords. It is here that a corridor from the speaker's quarters—quarters which as above mentioned include his residence—joins the main system of corridors, and gives him access to the House of Commons when he makes his state entrance at the beginning of each day's session. It was a state entrance indeed, and it is to be doubted whether Speaker Reed for a year's salary would permit himself to be made the central figure of such a piece of antiquated mummery, or allow himself to be seen in such a guise as that in which Speaker Peel enters the House. It is undoubtedly shorn of much of its ancient pomp and circumstance, but the head of the Commons still enters the daily scene of his labors with a large gilt, crown-surmounted mace borne before



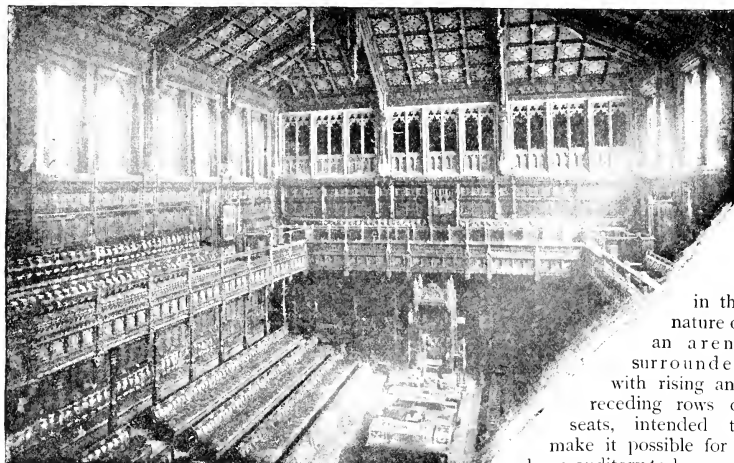
Statue of Hampden in St. Stephen's Hall.

him, attired himself in a large white wig and a black gown, and followed by a train-bearer, who holds one corner of the skirt of his garment in either hand and extends it as far as its limited width and limited length will permit.

The English House of Commons affords

in many ways interesting points of comparison with our own House of Representatives at Washington, both in the mere material matter of its environment, if the long word may be pardoned, and as a debating body. As to "environment," one of the first things which impresses the American visitor, who may chance to have a degree of familiarity with things at Washington, is the small size of the House. The hall in which the Commons deliberate is only seventy feet by forty-five. In different handbooks these dimensions may be

Representatives has a registered membership of three hundred and thirty-four (including the territorial delegates), the House of Commons has a registered membership of six hundred and seventy, or twice as many. Obviously very different ideas prevail in the two countries as to what is desirable in a parliamentary session-room. The speaker's seat at London is in a low chair at the end, instead of in the middle of the side, as at Washington. Another striking contrast is in the amount of gallery space. The hall at Washington is more



The House of Commons.

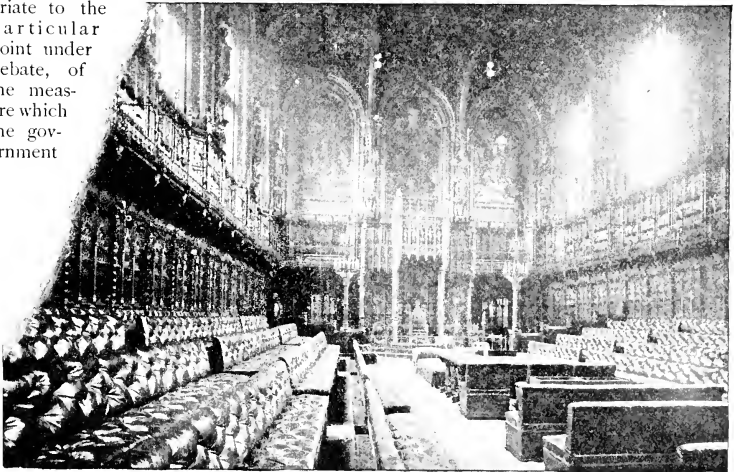
found stated with slight variation, but they are substantially what I have given. And the ceiling is of nearly the same dimensions as the floor, for there is no receding at the height of the gallery level on the sides. The floor dimensions of the House of Representatives at Washington are one hundred and thirty-nine by ninety-three feet — large enough to permit of setting down the House of Commons four times within its area. The Washington chamber is potentially much larger, because of the recession of the galleries, amphitheatre-wise, without any line of columns or other obstruction to cut off the space so added from the effective size of the hall. In comparing the size of these rooms it is interesting to note that while the House of

in the nature of an arena surrounded with rising and receding rows of seats, intended to make it possible for a large auditory to hear and witness what goes on. At London there is evidently very little concern felt for the public. Preferably they may stay away. If they wish to come, they may pray for the boon of being allowed to witness the process of making the laws which are to govern them, and receive it as a privilege which only a very limited number may enjoy at any one time. Everything in the galleries is cramped. The press reporters enter each his little stall and apparently sit down on a seat attached to the door by which they enter. No ladies are visible. A few seats are provided for them, but they are as carefully hid behind a grating as if we were on the shores of the Bosphorus instead of on the shores of the Thames. Theoretically they are not supposed to be present at all.

It is a strange sensation to actually witness and listen to these men of whom we read so much, who occupy so large a place in our eastward vision. From tradition, from the force of habit, and with the very best reason, our gaze that way centres more upon the English House of Commons than upon any debating club in Europe. There is a peculiar naturalness about it all, as each man in turn takes the floor and makes some utterance precisely in the rôle which all our newspaper reading assigns to him. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, known to us as a famous temperance advocate, rises and asks the government, or gives notice that he shall ask the government, whether the daily allowance of a certain amount of grog is held out as an inducement to recruits in the military or naval service. Mr. Parnell rises and expresses his objection to some phase, appropriate to the particular point under debate, of the measure which the government

forfeits and earnest, and it is distinctly apparent that there is a mind of tremendous grasp behind the unassumingly uttered and apparently unstudied words which the reporters in the galleries are hurriedly taking down; but there is nothing dramatic, no exuberance of gesture, no highly colored language, nothing theatrical, nothing spectacular, about it. Perhaps with a great man whom we read of a great deal without seeing, it is somewhat the same as it is with the throne, as I was just saying. The advance idea is too extravagant; the reality must necessarily pale a little before it.

In department the legislative body which is supposed to be the model of our House of Representatives may still continue to be the model. It is not probable that the after-type will come up to it at any time in the near future. There may be times when



The House of Lords.

has under way to alter the condition of affairs in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone speaks also upon the Irish question. He spoke indeed twice on the occasion which I have in mind, in a manner which justified his reputation, and yet which leaves one saying, "He is but a man, after all." So great a character finds his greatness more in the life history of his accomplishment than in any one personal exhibition of legislative skill or debating capacity. His manner is

a visitor would look upon our House of Representatives and go away with the impression that it was an orderly body. But continuous observation for any length of time destroys that impression. The stenographic voices of the reading-clerks at Washington would create amazement at Westminster. In the little hall, and before a body comparatively so quiet, there would be little need for such a display of lung power. Applause, however, is not unfre-

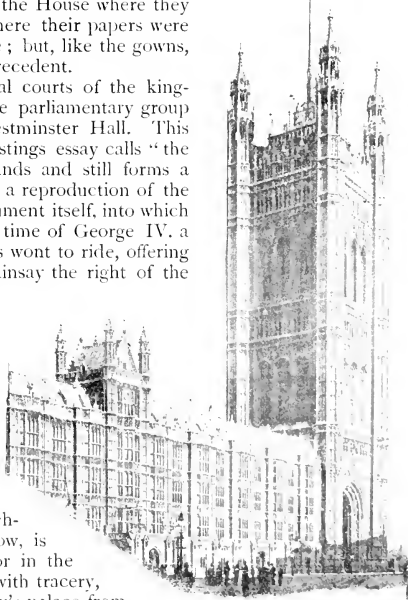


THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE RIVER. WESTMINSTER ABBEY AT THE LEFT.

quent, though the untrained American ear fails at first to apprehend that these gruff murmurs which come to him are the words of encouragement which are printed in the newspapers as "Hear, hear." They are little more than aspired explosions of breath, uttered very rapidly in pairs, with a strong emphasis on the first one, not by any means a shout or a call. It is an oddity to see the hats on, though all the members do not wear their hats. It was strange, too, to see what one might call the brains of the House condensed on the two front benches upon either side of the speaker, the "Government" upon his right, the Opposition upon his left.

The Commons have no desks. If they wish to write, they must go to the library, or some of the minor apartments. It is the same in the House of Lords: and upon going one day to see the House of Lords sitting as a court, I was curious to discover in what way this awkwardness would be obviated, for members of a judicial tribunal need some space for papers and conveniences for making occasional memoranda. The House of Lords sitting as a court is a different thing from the House of Lords sitting as a deliberative body. Theoretically this branch of the British Parliament is the court of last resort in certain cases. We have at present no close parallel to it in this country. In England volumes of decided cases are periodically published, which purport to be decisions of the House of Lords. On the occasion when I looked upon their deliberations in this capacity, the Lord Chancellor sat upon the woosack, which was moved forward to the middle of the House. Sitting upon the front benches upon either side were three or four men with small tables before them, brought in for their convenience. These were the "lords" who for this particular purpose constituted the House. They were highly intelligent looking men, but wore no coronets. If they had, they would have assorted ill with their cutaway coats. None were gowned except the Lord Chancellor, who wore both gown and wig. The counsel at the bar should be also excepted, for English barristers still follow this ancient practice in the matter of costume. The bar of the House where they stood addressing the law lords, and where their papers were spread out, was an incommodious place; but, like the gowns, it may be in conformity with ancient precedent.

It is well known that all the principal courts of the kingdom used to be at Westminster, in the parliamentary group of buildings, clustering close upon Westminster Hall. This hall, which Macaulay in his Warren Hastings essay calls "the great hall of William Rufus," still stands and still forms a part of the legislative group. It is not a reproduction of the ancient building, but the veritable monument itself, into which at coronation festivities so late as the time of George IV. a champion in armor upon horseback was wont to ride, offering to do battle with any one who would gainsay the right of the king to his throne. It was part of the plan in erecting the present Houses of Parliament to bring Westminster Hall into the line of communication with the modern buildings, and one may now pass through the hall, up an imposing flight of steps at the end, through what I imagine to have been originally the great southern window, into the corridor which communicates immediately with St. Stephen's Hall. The great archway of the window, if it was the window, is now empty, but just across the corridor in the same line there is a great window filled with tracery, which is conspicuous in the view of Barry's palace from Old Palace Yard. It was necessary to arrange a flight of



The Victoria Tower.

steps at the end of the hall to communicate with St. Stephen's, because St. Stephen's with the benches and the statues of statesmen is a second level or second story. Beneath it, upon a level or nearly upon a level with the floor of Westminster Hall, is a heavily vaulted crypt, not destroyed in the burning of the rest, for it is as imperishable as a bank vault. With the reconstruction of St. Stephen's above, came new ornamentation of this room, which is at present decorated in very high colors and is arranged as a chapel with an altar at the end.

The portal of Westminster Hall opposite the stairs leads one out into the enclosure called New Palace Yard, which is dominated by the clock tower. In views of the parliamentary group from this end or from Westminster Bridge, the clock tower is a more conspicuous object than the Victoria Tower at the other corner, and seems higher. A glance at the top stories and then at the ground stories,

shows one how large the dial must be and what ponderous machinery must be required to move the hands around. A chime of four bells, the first three notes of the major scale with a deep fourth bell tuned to the dominant, ring out the quarter hours by adding up four phrases, each built upon these four notes. That is, the quarter-hour begins with one phrase, the half-hour has the first phrase and the second, the third quarter these two and one more, and the even hour all the four phrases. This combination of notes is often used for a chime. It came to my ears afterward from the minster towers at York with a powerful suggestion of night stillnesses in London. Miles away from Westminster and its Parliament house, if one is not immediately upon a rattling thoroughfare, the stranger and the dweller in the English capital hears the night hours marked off by these four musical phrases endlessly adding themselves up.



AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

By James Knapp Reeve.

THE study of agriculture in some sort is doubtless about as old as the occupation. Virgil's couplet,

"Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause,"

was written almost two thousand years ago. But not until comparatively recent times was begun the painstaking study of the laws of nature as they pertain to the action of plant life. During the intervening centuries, men have eaten the fruits of the earth, and their senses have been gladdened by its flowers; the seasons have come and gone, working ever anew the miracle of the sprouting seed and fruiting tree; men have seen how, with the slightest assistance from their hand, Nature has untiringly renewed the means of sustenance;

and because she does this, they have seemed to rest content with the simple accomplishment of the fact. This is only the more strange when we consider that while agriculture was sleeping, the most abstruse sciences were being eagerly followed, the fine arts were reaching their highest development, commerce was flourishing, and new worlds were discovered.

It was toward the close of the seventeenth century that a light began to break, which was eventually to give new meaning and dignity to agriculture. Parliamentary agitation in Great Britain regarding the control of corn products, frequent widespread distress throughout the agricultural communities, and the generally unsatisfactory condition of the agriculturist, combined to make men consider what

causes might tend toward an amelioration of existing evils. A natural conclusion was that the best remedy lay in increasing the product of the soil; the necessity for which conclusion is apparent when we consider that English farmers were then content if their harvest returned the seed increased three or four fold.

In considering methods by which the desired end might be attained, it became necessary to ascertain something of the habits of plant growth and the causes that would conduce to strength and vigorous production. This opened up an immense field for research, involving a knowledge of the elements of plant food, where contained and how conveyed into the growing plant, the texture and composition of soils, effects of fertilizing and cultivation, and eventually all the questions which agricultural science has since discussed.

The awakening was not in any sense general, but for a long time was confined within narrow limits. Converts to the new theories were obtained even more slowly than has customarily been the case with the development of advanced thought.

The first organized effort toward improving the condition of agriculture by building upon the solid foundation of knowledge cannot be traced farther back than 1723, when a number of land-holders in Scotland established the "Society of Improvers in Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland." This association was largely composed of "Gentlemen Farmers,"—in other words, of the landed aristocracy,—and naturally gave attention mainly to questions affecting their peculiar interests. Matters touching the welfare of the tenantry or pertinent to the small farmer were hardly within its scope, and the society consequently did not attract to itself any large following.

The "Bath and West of England Society," established in 1777, was the first that systematically undertook to disseminate agricultural information; and this movement did not assume any large proportion until the formation of the "National Board of Agriculture" in 1793.

The principal work first undertaken by these and similar institutions was to collect facts and statistics by means of which comparisons could be drawn between the results of diverse practices in different districts, to the end that when an exceptionally good result was ascertained, others might

be incited toward the same methods. This impelled the investigation of causes—an effort to determine *why* one practice was preferable to another. This stage of development was well illustrated by the adoption of the motto, "Practice with Science," as the keynote to the work and motives of the Royal Agricultural Society.

Various spasmodic efforts were made to attract attention to the benefits to be derived from the practical application of chemical science to the purposes of agriculture, but no definite steps were taken in that direction until Liebig awoke the popular interest by the publication of his famous treatise, in 1840. As a direct result of his teachings, the first "agricultural chemical association" was organized in Mid-Lothian within two years thereafter. From that time the development of scientific agriculture has been steadily progressive. Both in Europe and America agricultural schools have been opened and liberally endowed. Experiment stations under government auspices and experiment farms owned and managed by individuals have done much toward diffusing a more general knowledge regarding the higher levels of agricultural work, as well as to teach the means by which they may be gained.

While farther on we shall speak of the practical results accomplished, it may be doubted if any single end attained is more noteworthy than the changed impression of the popular mind regarding the occupation of agriculture. It is this spirit that the agricultural schools are fostering. Every graduate becomes a leavening influence toward the elevation of the mass. How important a factor this leaven is becoming may be judged from the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education, which states the total number of students in the agricultural schools of this country to be 10,085. It is true that not all of these intend devoting themselves to agricultural pursuits, or are even following the strictly agricultural courses of the schools. But educated under and in direct companionship with the spirit and influences of these places, it is impossible that they should not in some measure catch the afflatus. This is illustrated by the recent report of one eminent institution, which states that many young men who come there to pursue studies in other branches

find themselves insensibly drawn toward the agricultural course, and finally making that the ground of their attendance, go from the college eventually to the occupations of husbandry, instead of to law, medicine, or commerce.

The history of the rise and progress of agricultural education in this country is a story of the enthusiasm and devotion of the few opposing the class prejudice of the many; and though the former have gained the day, so that agricultural education is one of the watchwords of the present generation, there still remain signs of what the opposition was a few decades since. The phrase that "any fool can farm" has been repeated with endless and senseless iteration, and still sums up as well as anything, perhaps, the argument against agricultural education.

Prominent among those who helped inaugurate this movement in the United States was the late Marshall P. Wilder. As long ago as 1849, in an address delivered before the Norfolk Agricultural Society, he advocated the establishment of a school where "scientific and practical agriculture should be taught." Mainly through his exertions, a bill was prepared the following year and submitted to the legislature of Massachusetts, providing for the establishment of an agricultural college and experimental farm. This bill was passed by the Senate without a dissenting vote, but was rejected by the House.

About the same time the State Agricultural Society of Michigan was considering a similar project, and in January, 1850, a committee from that body memorialized the legislature for the establishment of an institution where should be taught "those branches of education which will tend to render agriculture not only a useful, but a learned and liberal profession, and its cultivators not the bone and sinew merely, but ornaments of society." While there was no direct result from this appeal, except the awakening of public interest in the movement, it may be noted here that this, and the subsequent increasing agitation of the subject, finally secured for Michigan the first school in this country where the sole object was intelligent investigation and the application of science in agriculture. Other states followed closely in this lead, and the sentiment in favor of higher agricultural education was becoming

so widespread that in 1862 Congress passed a bill which had been originally submitted by Hon. Justin S. Morrill four years previously, granting a large amount of the public lands to the respective states for the purpose of establishing colleges "where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such a manner as the legislatures of the respective states may prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

While the wisdom of this grant is now recognized beyond question, it may not be out of place to glance for a moment at the motives which prompted its inception, so far as we may judge from the language of the act.

The time had already arrived when the dangers of a privileged class were menacing that equality which our Constitution designed should be the blessing of our people. It is trite to say the rich were growing richer, the poor, poorer. For the rich there were privileges in the way of education, which opened to each succeeding generation the most desirable walks of life. The various branches of the liberal arts and professions were being constantly recruited from the more fortunate class, while the new generations of the industrial classes were being relegated more and more to hard conditions from which there was not great hope of escaping, and in which there was not great chance of bettering themselves. This bill, designed to enlarge and multiply the opportunities of a liberal education for these classes, had in view not only such education as might tend to lift many wholly beyond the range of manual employment, but to lift such employment itself to a higher level, so that it might be a fit employment for the liberally educated man. This view seems to have escaped the notice of those who have broadly criticised our system of agricultural colleges because they include in the curriculum studies and courses not strictly utilitarian. It was not the intention of the founders to attract thither young men from the farm and the shop and mould them strictly into better farmers and mechanics, but to place before them

in schools created especially for their benefit opportunities for reaching the highest walk in their own occupation, or to pass from that altogether and become fitted for any of the "several pursuits and professions of life." Industrial education was, however, the object chiefly aimed at: the mind, the eye, and the hand were to be trained conjointly, to the end that the man should be a sentient, thinking being while at his work. It is this principle, the forming and directing of proper habits of observation, that is the foundation of all industrial teaching.

The act of 1862 was designed to afford the individual states aid in proportion to their population. The apportionment of the lands granted was based upon a certain quantity (30,000 acres) for each senator and representative in Congress. Land scrip was issued to the states that accepted the grant and complied with its provisions, which scrip was sold under their own direction. The sums received varied, depending upon the sagacity and business acumen of the agents. The income now being received by the respective states from the endowment fund thus created ranges from \$3000 to \$35,000 per annum.

As Congress limited the application of these funds solely to the support and maintenance of the school after it should be established, excepting that not more than one-tenth of the principal might be applied to purchase land upon which to locate it, the states were themselves compelled to provide the needed buildings and equipment. In some instances this was done by special grants of the legislatures, in others by private or municipal gifts, and in still others the fund was given to some already existing institution and its character so remodelled as to meet the demands of the bill. The latter action does not seem to have been in accord with the spirit of the measure, although meeting its requirements technically. These schools seem generally to have been least successful in promoting agricultural education. Agriculture was made the subject of a separate technical course, and not being in full harmony with the pre-established objects of the institution, usually became soon relegated to the position of a secondary interest. In some of the schools primarily organized as "agricultural and mechanical colleges" there are upward of

three hundred students pursuing the regular agricultural courses, while in the other class the students so engaged form only a small percentage of the whole.

The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1885-6, referred to above, names forty-eight colleges (in some states the fund was divided between two schools) endowed from the National Land Grant and operating under its provisions, besides forty-two other "schools of science" working wholly or partly in the same line. The total number of instructors in the former is given at 527, and in the latter at 447; and the number of students at 5822 and 4263 respectively.

Leaving now the consideration of present methods and aims in our own country, let us take a retrospective glance at the status of agricultural education in Europe and at the origin of the movement there.

The first school in the world for teaching agriculture was founded by Emanuel von Fellenberg, upon his estate near Berne, Switzerland, in the latter part of the last century. About the same time Prince Schwartzenberg established a similar school upon his estate at Kruman in Bohemia. As this comprised an extent of some 300,000 acres, it must have afforded ample facilities for extensive practical study. In 1803 a school of agriculture was established at Prague; in 1806, the school of Möglen in Prussia; in 1809, that of Grätz in the Austrian province of Styria; in 1818, that of Hohenheim in Wurtemberg; in 1821, Rouville in France; in 1822, that of Schleissheim in Bavaria; in 1827, that of Grignon, France, and Templemoyle in Ireland; in 1829, Tharand in Saxony; in 1830, Edena in Prussia; in 1833, the agricultural college of St. Petersburg, that of Grand Ionan in Brittany, and Litchenhof in Bavaria; in 1835, one at Geisberg in the Duchy of Nassau; in 1838, Glasnevin in Ireland; in 1848, Cracow in Poland, and the famous farm schools of France. Within a single decade thereafter there were of agricultural schools and colleges — in Great Britain 67, in France 75, in Russia 46, in Austria 7, in Italy 2, in Denmark 4, in Belgium 9, in Germany 124, and in all Europe about 360.

The methods pursued by these institutions are so varied that we cannot follow each in detail, but will merely show the more salient features of a few principal

ones. Within its prescribed limits, the Royal Agricultural College of England will serve as a typical example. It was established at Cirencester in 1849, and while it might be inferred from the title to be under the care of the state, it is wholly the private enterprise of the Royal Agricultural Society. It is located upon one of Lord Bathurst's farms, which is rented to a tenant with conditions that students of the college shall have ample facilities for observing and studying all operations. The principal object is to train young men for the positions of land agents or stewards for the great estates; secondly, to make farmers.

The course is one of four years, and board and tuition are £125 per annum, so it may readily be seen that the school is not intended for working farmers. The curriculum may be termed broadly practical, embracing such branches as would be of most direct benefit in the management of a large landed estate. The facilities for practical illustration of class-room work are unusually good, including workshops where the various operations of farm mechanics are pursued; stables for experimental feeding, where cattle of different ages and breeds are kept and fed for the double purpose of testing the value of different feeding rations, and the fattening qualities of the separate races. In the veterinary department is a hospital, with facilities for dissecting animals, which is done by the veterinary professor in the presence of his classes. The museum, botanical garden, and chemical laboratories are fully equipped. The farm is well supplied with buildings which illustrate the requirements in this line of farms differently conducted.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the Cirencester College consists in the method and thoroughness with which the field lectures are conducted. In fact, the entire course of instruction is comprised of lectures, class-room recitation being unknown. The field lectures are given by the professors of the various departments, who take their classes into the field in which the particular operation of husbandry which they wish to illustrate is being performed. There the necessity for the operation is explained, and the best way of accomplishing it is practically elucidated. The lectures cover an exceedingly wide range of subjects, as the endeavor of the college is

to fit its graduates to cope successfully with any problem that may arise in the entire British system of agriculture.

The system of agricultural education in Germany is more complete than in any other country of Europe, and comprises, first, primary agricultural schools; second, intermediate agricultural academies; third, agricultural colleges; fourth, agricultural departments of the universities. The system is generously supported by the government, and appreciated by the people. It endeavors to cover the entire range of the subject, from the practical education of the farmer to the development of the agricultural scientist. Yet it does not so well illustrate the education of the industrial classes as does the system pursued in France, which merits fuller description.

The operation of the Napoleonic code, requiring the division of all agricultural holdings among the heirs of a decedent, has tended to make France a nation not only of small farmers, but of minute farmers. The very closest cultivation of their lands is consequently compelled by the stress of circumstances, and it is to generally diffuse a knowledge of such necessary methods that their course of agricultural education is specially adapted.

The national and provincial colleges do not differ greatly in their design from those of other countries; but the primary or farm schools are to be commended for their practical utility. They are under governmental patronage, and most of them have now been in operation about forty years. The design is to conduct one in each of the eighty-six departments of France, upon farms which well represent the industries of each particular section.

The director is chosen from among the best farmers of the district. His staff comprises a bailiff, gardener, veterinary surgeon, and—according to the specialty of the district—a shepherd, vine-grower, dairyman, etc. Pupils are taken from the country families, and the number in each school is limited by the accommodations of the farmhouse and the capacity of the farm for affording them work. The last report at hand puts the average number at thirty-two, ranging from twenty-one to sixty-five. The pupils must be not less than sixteen years of age upon entrance, and able to pass examination upon subjects taught in the primary schools. They all

work upon the farm, and receive classroom instruction upon agricultural subjects, farm accounts, and land measurement.

A somewhat radical method of compelling successful management of the farms and keeping before the pupils the fact that good farming is the thing aimed at consists in withdrawing government support, if for two successive years the aggregate product falls below the average of other farms in the same district.

Other schools and systems have certain features of peculiar excellence. The museums of the Royal Agricultural College at Popplestorf, Prussia, are especially rich in illustrative and comparative collections of grains, roots, grasses, seeds, wools, farm machinery, veterinary models, and apiarian supplies. The Royal Institute for fruit and vine culture at Geisenheim, on the Rhine, offers unequalled facilities for horticultural work. The Royal Forest School of Bavaria, and the department of forestry in the Bavarian University at Munich, teach forestry and its allied sciences with extreme thoroughness.

Thus, while agricultural education with ourselves is yet in some degree experimental, in the older states of Europe it has been brought to a perfection that leaves little to be desired; and while none of these schools may combine all desirable qualities, in some individual one any branch of agricultural art may be pursued to completeness; that is, to the limit of knowledge yet acquired.

Latterly, we are able to say that no other government has been so generous or comprehensive in its efforts to assist the cause of agricultural education as our own. When our efforts have been systematized by time, and our young enthusiasm has found the proper direction, we may reasonably hope to evolve the model institution.

Second only to the colleges as an educational factor are the agricultural experiment stations; differing in this, that whereas the former aimed to train and educate men about to enter upon the pursuit of agriculture, the latter aim to discover and to add to the fund of the knowledge which is of importance to those already engaged in it.

The first station was established little more than half a century ago by M. Jean-Baptiste Bousingault, professor of rural

economy at the Conservatory of Arts at Paris, upon his estate at Bechellron, near Strasburg. In 1843 Mr. John Bennet Lawes began experimenting in a small way, and was subsequently joined by Dr. Gilbert, in company with whom, upon the experimental farm at Rothamstead, he inaugurated tests of Baron Liebig's theories regarding the mineral and organic food of plants. Together they have since conducted the most elaborate and systematic work in agricultural experimentation that the world has yet witnessed, and their contributions to the science of agriculture are invaluable.

The first station originated by farmers for their own use was started in 1852 by the Leipsic Agricultural Society at Moeckern. Within two years a second station was opened at Chemnitz, and since then they have increased rapidly. In 1879 there were 75 in Germany, 16 in Austria, 10 in Italy, 6 in Sweden, 3 each in Russia, France, and Switzerland, 2 in Belgium, and 1 each in Holland, Denmark, Scotland, and Spain. As our first station, located at New Haven, was not opened until 1877, it will be again seen that an important work was well under way in Europe before it began to receive tardy recognition here. The New Haven station was soon followed by others in North Carolina, New Jersey, Georgia, and other states. Experimental work was also being performed to some extent in connection with the agricultural colleges, but only by the aid of irregular appropriations made by the individual states. This has now been well remedied by the recent act of Congress (approved March 2, 1887), entitled, "An act to establish agricultural experiment stations in connection with the colleges established in the several states under the provisions of an act approved July 2, 1862, and of the acts supplementary thereto."

This act states "that in order to aid in acquiring and diffusing among the people of the United States useful and practical information on subjects connected with agriculture, and to promote scientific investigation and experiment respecting the principles and applications of agricultural science, there shall be established, under direction of the college or colleges, or agricultural department of colleges in each state or territory established, or which

may hereafter be established, in accordance with the act approved July 2, 1862, a department to be known as an Agricultural Experiment Station." The bill further provides "that it shall be the object and duty of said experiment stations to conduct original researches or verify experiments on the physiology of plants and animals; the diseases to which they are severally subject, with the remedies for same; the chemical composition of useful plants at their different stages of growth; the comparative advantages of rotative cropping as pursued under a varying series of crops; the capacity of new trees or plants for acclimation; the analysis of soils and water; the chemical composition of manures, natural or artificial, with experiments designed to test their comparative effects on crops of different kinds; and other researches or experiments bearing directly on the agricultural industry of the United States." For the prosecution of this work the act appropriates the sum of \$15,000 per annum for each state or territory availing itself of its aid, an amount as large as can be practically and economically utilized in the present stage of experimental development.

The plans which the various stations will adopt for carrying on the work will be diverse, and perhaps in some cases diffusive, until experience shall show the most direct method of attaining desired ends. But whatever the work attempted, and whether the primary result is success or failure, the stations must prove most valuable adjuncts to the colleges, by placing directly before the students the work of exact scientific experimentation.

Having thus briefly traced the history of agricultural education in general, let us look more closely at what is being done at home by such institutions as have passed their novitiate.

While all of our agricultural colleges give particular attention to industrial training and the study of the applied sciences, it must not be supposed that all the students in them are pursuing such branches. The design has been to make these institutions broad and liberal, and to furnish special facilities for elective courses, and in very few of them are the industrial branches compulsory. The aim is largely to keep them in the foreground, so that students may become familiar with their

advantages and attracted toward them. In some of the schools, however, the study of the industrial branches is compulsory, forming in such cases the regular course, and not special courses. In such the school has usually been primarily organized as an independent "college of agriculture," and not made merely an annex or department of a university. This seems to be the better plan upon which to conduct schools designed at all to furnish facilities for industrial education; for by this means the occupation is made the motive for the education, and while the latter is not narrowed by the former, it is so shaped as to afford the auxiliaries most needed. The kindred studies of botany and horticulture, agricultural chemistry, zoölogy, geology, entomology, and physics will naturally attract the agricultural student; and where some amount of actual work is required, the benefit derived from immediate application in the field of the theoretical instruction of the class-room cannot be too greatly magnified.

Congress doubtless intended, in the act of 1862, to consider impartially the claims of agriculture and the mechanic arts. But the earliest work of the schools was usually largely in the direction of agriculture, almost to the exclusion of the other interests; so much so, indeed, that they became known almost universally as agricultural colleges. This was not with *malice prepense*; the causes may be found in the inherent conditions of organization. To meet the agricultural needs, the college was usually provided with a considerable tract of land. Thus was obtained at once the workshop of this department. The tendency of the management was often toward making this a "model farm" and a paying department of the college. At that time, also, the development of our agriculture was felt to be a more vital issue than the study of mechanics or physics.

These schools are now definitely established in almost every state and territory in the Union, and are attracting annually thousands of young men. What is the work they are striving to accomplish? First, to teach that physical labor is not necessarily drudgery; second, to teach the direct practical application of theoretic knowledge and the faculty of analyzing the processes of nature; further, to show that

the occupation is an art, a science, a profession, and that when so regarded much of the work that otherwise might be regarded as drudgery becomes absorbing scientific experiment.

The mental application required in sifting the relations of cause and effect call into play the keenest powers of analysis. The method of reasoning is wholly retro-active; from the accomplished fact it must work back to the very primary constituents of the material investigated. From a small portion of earth, a few square feet of surface, is growing a vine. It has a vigorous stalk, and on it are borne clusters of green and ripe fruits, varying in size and shades of color, through green, red, and purple. This earth, so far as the eye can see, or any of the senses discover, is the same that it was last year, or the year before, or for aught we know, a hundred years before. Into it was put, one day, an almost infinitesimal seed, and from time to time it has received moisture from dews and rains, — nothing more than man, unaided by science, can discover. Whence, then, this addition of matter, of solids and fluids, of colors, of odors, of taste? The causes of such contrasting results are not openly visible. It is for the student to discover whether they lie in the soil, the method of cultivation, the condition of the atmosphere, or elsewhere.

The facilities for instruction at our best schools are elaborate and comprehensive, although they have not yet reached the completeness of some of the older ones of Europe. As object lessons, we have usually a farm varying in extent, but ordinarily comprising some hundreds of acres. This is used for experimental purposes and the illustration of practical principles of agriculture. Good specimens of the different breeds of domestic animals are kept to serve the same ends. Such portions of the farm as are not devoted to experiment are managed with a view to the greatest productiveness. The barns and outbuildings are constructed for the proper housing of stock, crops, and implements, and are provided with the best labor-saving devices, conveniences for feeding, for saving manures, etc. Manufacturers of agricultural implements and improvements frequently send samples of new inventions, that they may be tested in actual use and secure the approval of the

college. Some colleges are equipped with silos, storage cellars for roots, model dairy houses, steam power for grinding, cooking feed, threshing, etc. The museums contain growing collections of material for illustrating every branch of agriculture, and for studying its progress by comparisons. The laboratories are equipped with the best modern appliances for scientific research. The libraries, while yet very small in some institutions, are making good progress toward becoming complete reference libraries for agricultural study.

Most of the colleges have two courses in agriculture. The first, leading to the degree of bachelor of science in agriculture, is one of four years, and is intended not only to give the student practical and scientific agricultural knowledge, but to afford that rounded training which will fit him as well to become the man of affairs, and to fill acceptably any position in which circumstances may place him; the shorter, generally two years, course, especially adapted for farmers' sons, for whom the longer course demands too much in the way of time and expense. To this are admitted such young men as already have some practical knowledge of agricultural work, a fair English education, sufficient to enable them to readily assimilate the instruction offered; and they must usually select the major portion of their studies from the elective studies in agriculture. These students are afforded equal facilities with those in the regular course, and even in this short time are enabled to attend full courses of lectures under the professor of agriculture, agricultural chemistry, and veterinary science, and so become well grounded in agricultural science. They will also receive the greatest possible benefit from the practical work undertaken by the classes. For instance, correct principles of tile drainage are as little understood by the ordinary farmer as any work that he is called upon to do. A recent annual report of one of our colleges states that "a system of drainage for the western portion of the farm has been adopted, and the work well begun by laying the main drain, 1500 feet in length. . . . It is proposed to gradually complete the work, by laying the laterals, section by section, as practical work for successive classes of students." Another report tells that the work of surveying a

route across the college farm for a proposed railroad is being done by the students.

As the sickle has given way to the reaping-machine, and the plough made from a crooked stick to the finished implement

of iron and steel, so must blind empiricism in agricultural methods give way before the advance of real knowledge. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land, and agriculture must not longer remain hid from him, like a snail in its shell.



THE MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

By President Henry H. Goodell.

IN 1862, when the nation was struggling with the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever seen, Congress, with a wise foresight seldom equalled, and a reversal of the old motto, "In time of peace prepare for war," calmly turned from the perplexing questions of the conflict and considered and passed an act, donating to the "several states and territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts" public lands, equalling in amount thirty thousand acres for each senator and representative then in Congress. In return for this donation it stipulated two things: First, that the income of the fund derived from the sale of those lands should be held inviolably for purposes of instruction; and, second, that military instruction should be given, for which a regular army officer would be detailed by the United States government. Under the provisions of this endowment fifty-two colleges and schools have been established either as independent organizations or as colleges of universities already existing, with a teaching force of about 900, and an attendance of some 15,000 students.

Let it be clearly understood at the outset that these are not exclusively *agricultural* colleges, but institutions designed for the benefit of the industrial classes. "Without excluding any studies recognized as forming part of a liberal education, they are directed to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, with the declared object of providing for those classes a liberal and practical education in the various pursuits and professions in life." It has resulted from this that, adapting themselves to the individual needs of their respective states,

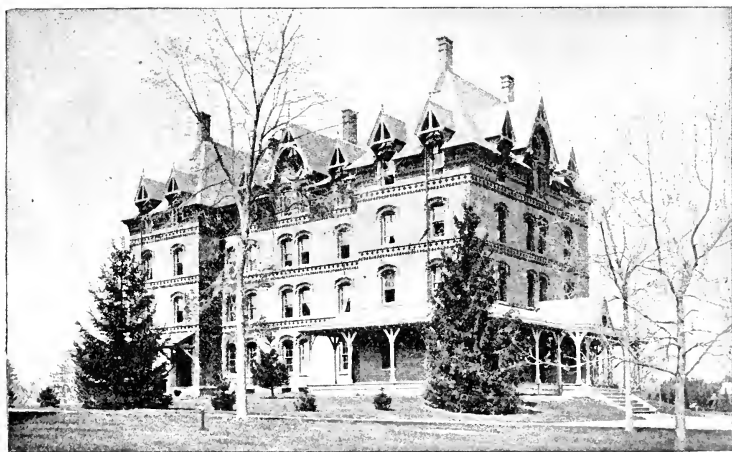
some are exclusively agricultural, while others combine the agricultural with the mechanical. Three things are named in the organic law: agriculture, mechanic arts, and military tactics. The name "agricultural" used alone is therefore as misleading as that of "mechanical" or "military" would be.

A quarter of a century has passed since the passage of the act, and sufficient time has now elapsed to show its merits or defects. The grant was originally based upon representation in population, resulting in very unequal endowments, the smaller states receiving a much smaller amount than the larger ones, while the expenses of maintenance were about the same. Again, it was found that institutions for teaching natural science required a much larger outlay for the "plant" and for their annual work than purely literary institutions. The scientific work required to be done in the course of instruction and experiment demanded an extensive equipment in the way of laboratories, machine shops, apparatus, farms to be used for purposes of experiment, cattle to be tested for their qualities, etc. In the twenty-five years past the field of science had so greatly enlarged, and the demands made upon the colleges so greatly increased, that none but the wealthier institutions could keep pace with them, or even measurably answer the requirements of the times. To provide then for this growing demand for instruction in the sciences, with special reference to their applications in the industries of life, and to compensate for the inadequateness of the original endowment, Congress has this year passed an act, supplementing that of 1862, in further aid of the agricultural and mechanical colleges, granting an equal

amount to each state. In doing this it has but followed the general tendency of the age. "The government of every leading country outside of the United States has recognized the necessity of providing on a large and generous scale for the establishment and maintenance of scientific instruction of every grade, from the primary to the highest, and it is everywhere regarded as one of the first duties of statesmanship to see that the citizens of the country are not left behind in the race of modern competition for lack of any resource that science can bring to their aid. The margin of profit in the competition of modern industries is so small and so closely calculated that *the best instructed people will be the winning people.*"

The Massachusetts Agricultural College is located at Amherst. The act of incorpo-

seven years. The appointed members are divided into seven classes, so that two vacancies in their number regularly occur each year. The board was organized November 8, 1863, with John A. Andrew as president, Allen W. Dodge as vice-president, and Charles L. Flint as secretary. The question of the location of the college was the occasion of considerable debate. A number of influential men, including Governor Andrew, Professor Agassiz, and President Thomas Hill, favored making the agricultural college a department of Harvard. The decision of the legislature and the trustees was in favor of a separate institution. It was characteristic of our great war governor, that no sooner was the decision of the legislature in favor of a separate institution made than, abandoning all his previous opinions,



North College.

ration by which it was established became a law April 29, 1863, while the acceptance of the congressional grant was declared eleven days before. The college is under the control of a board of trustees, consisting of the governor of the commonwealth, the secretary of the Board of Education, the secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and the president of the faculty, as *ex-officio* members, and fourteen others appointed by the governor for a term of

he entered heartily into this plan and co-operated to the extent of his power. Several towns offered to comply with the requirement of the legislature, that \$75,000 for the erection of buildings be pledged before any portion of the public funds should be given to the college. Amherst was finally selected. On the 29th of November, 1864, the Hon. Henry F. French was elected president of the college. He was a man thoroughly identified with

agricultural pursuits, had written a work on drainage, and was widely known by his contributions to the different journals. It was felt that his knowledge of the subject



General View of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

and his large experience in men and affairs ensured his success ; but he failed to meet the demands of the situation ; and after two years, a difference of opinion having arisen between himself and the trustees as to the proper site for the college buildings, he resigned. Ill luck seemed destined to pursue the college at its founding ; for his successor, Professor Paul A. Chadbourne, for many years an enthusiastic and successful instructor in the natural sciences at Williams College, was compelled to resign in a few months, by reason of ill health. The trustees then elected Professor William S. Clark, who had been for years interested in the movement for agricultural education, and who was at that time filling the chair of chemistry and botany in Amherst College. He was a man of singular enthusiasm and energy, and to him more than to any one else the college owes the measure of success it has attained. The course of study marked out by him has been substantially followed ever since. Resolved on having the best, he quickly gathered about him a corps of instructors that made the college at once leap into prominence ; and the series of novel experiments he conducted relating to the circulation of sap in plants and the expansive force exerted by the vegetable cell in its growth, caused the gifted Agassiz to remark that if the college had done nothing else, this alone was sufficient to compensate the state for all its outlay. The squash he had selected for observation, in its iron harness, lifting five thousand pounds before it ceased to grow, excited attention far and wide, and was visited by hundreds.¹ But his best work was as an educator. Bringing to the lecture-room that intense enthusiasm and personal magnetism so characteristic of the man, he quickly established a bond of sympathy between teacher and scholar that was never broken. The same bril-

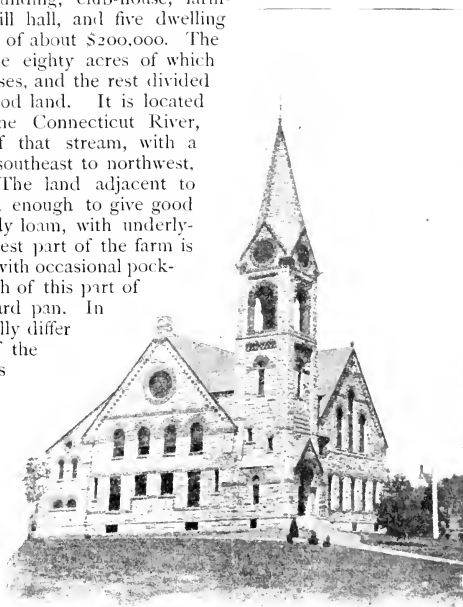
¹ See College Report, 1875.

liant qualities that attracted men in the outside world made themselves felt in his teaching. The dry details of science were enlivened by the light play of his fancy, and the charming method of his teaching seldom failed to arouse the dulllest intellect.

The college was opened to receive students on the 2d of October, 1867, and forty-seven students were admitted before the close of the first term. Never will the writer of this article forget the remark of President Clark, as we drove over together, on the opening day, to the place of examination: "I do not know of a single man that is coming to-day, but I believe the heart of the old Bay State will beat true to the opportunity presented it." And when we found twenty-seven young men awaiting the ordeal, his joy knew no bounds, and I think he was inclined to admit the whole number at once, without further trial. During his administration the perpetual fund for the maintenance of the college was largely increased by the generosity of the state, new buildings were erected, and the faculty was enlarged. The college also entered into an agreement to represent the agricultural department of Boston University, the matriculants of the one being eligible to take the diploma of the other.

The buildings of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at the present time include a laboratory, botanic museum, two plant houses, dormitories containing recitation-rooms, a chapel-library building, club-house, farm-house with barn and sheds, drill hall, and five dwelling houses, representing a total value of about \$200,000. The farm consists of 384 acres, some eighty acres of which are set off for experimental purposes, and the rest divided between cultivated, grass, and wood land. It is located on the eastern water-shed of the Connecticut River, bounded west by a tributary of that stream, with a rivulet running through it from southeast to northwest, emptying into the tributary. The land adjacent to these streams is rolling and high enough to give good drainage; the soil, a heavy, sandy loam, with underlying clay. The eastern and highest part of the farm is drift, covered with gravelly loam, with occasional pockets of heavy, sandy loam. Much of this part of the farm has a substratum of hard pan. In short, the soil does not materially differ from that found in other parts of the state, always excepting such as is peculiar to particular localities, as the sand of Cape Cod, etc. Seventy to eighty head of live stock are kept, including representatives of Ayrshires, Guernseys, Holstein-Friesians, Jerseys, Shorthorns, Percherons, Southdown sheep, and small Yorkshire swine.

While all the departments are fairly well equipped, the agricultural and horticultural, as would naturally be expected, are best supplied, and no pains are spared to practically drive home the teachings of the recitation-room. As the agricultural department has its barns and different breeds of cattle, its labor-saving implements and silos, so the horticultural has its green-houses and nurseries, its herbaria and models. Orchards of fifteen to twenty acres, containing all the standard varieties of small and large fruits, lie in immediate proximity, and for further practical study there is a vineyard containing thirty to forty varieties of fully tested grapes: a nursery of 30,000 to 40,000 trees, shrubs, and vines in various stages of growth: a

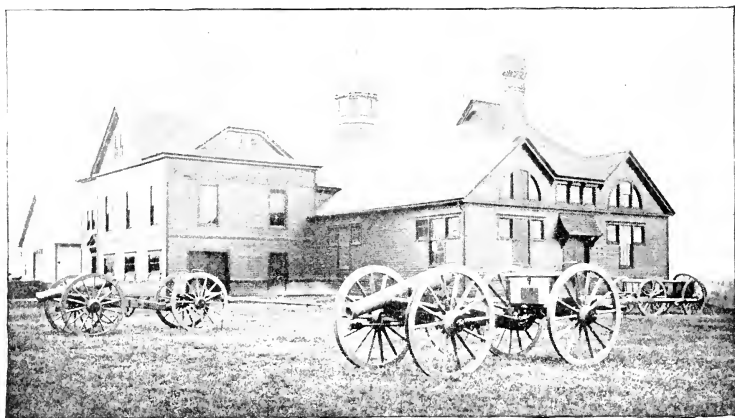


The Chapel.

market garden : and a grove covering several acres, affording ample opportunity for observations in practical forestry. Methods of planting, training, and pruning, budding, layering and grafting, gathering and packing fruits are taught by field exercises, the students doing a large part of the work. The botanical department, naturally joined with the horticultural, is in like manner well supplied. In the museum is the Knowlton herbarium, collected by W. W. Denslow of New York, consisting of over 15,000 species of plants from all parts of the world ; a collection of models of nearly all the leading varieties of apples and pears ; hundreds of sections of wood, cut so as to show their individual structure ; specimens of abnormal and peculiar forms of stems, fruits, and vegetables ; together with many specimens and models prepared for illustrating the growth and structure of plants. Sections of trees joined together like the

study of the growth and structure of the common plants cultivated in the greenhouse and the garden or on the farm. Valuable adjuncts to the recitation-room are the conservatories containing a large collection of tropical productions, together with all the leading plants used for house culture, cut flowers, and outdoor ornamentation. The same practical work is engaged in here, and the student is expected to make himself familiar with the different methods of propagating, hybridizing, and cultivating useful and ornamental plants. All kinds of garden and farm garden crops are grown in this department, special attention being given to the treatment of market-garden crops, the selection of varieties, and the growth of seed.

Located on the college grounds are two experiment stations, the one established and maintained by the state, the other by the United States government, entitled the Hatch Experiment Station of the Massa-



The Armory.

Siamese twins stand side by side, with the "giant squash" in its iron harness, while along the walls are suspended gigantic specimens of marine algae. For use in the lecture rooms are diagrams and charts containing over 3000 figures, illustrating structural and systematic botany ; and immediately adjacent is the laboratory fitted up with tables and compound microscopes, where the students engage in practical

chusetts Agricultural College. The former is under a board of control made up of eleven members, four of whom are members *ex-officio*, and the rest elected respectively by the Board of Agriculture, the Massachusetts State Horticultural Society, the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, the trustees of the Agricultural College, and the State Grange, to represent their organizations. The latter forms a

department of the college, controlled by its trustees and subject to their direction. Each is distinct from the other in its organization and work. The Hatch Experiment Station devotes itself to the investigation of meteorological phenomena as affecting plant growth, economic ento-

Under the provisions of this act the station at Amherst was organized, March 2, 1888, with four departments,—the agricultural, horticultural, entomological, and meteorological. By an arrangement with the state station all questions of a chemical nature are referred to it for investigation,



The Botanic Museum.

The Chemical Laboratory.

Laboratory of Vegetable Pathology.

mology, and the practical questions of every kind arising in horticulture and agriculture, while the state station turns its attention to questions of analysis, food rations, diseases of plants, and the like. With its accustomed liberality the state has erected and equipped, at an expense of about \$30,000, a fine laboratory and a building with a glass house attached, to be used exclusively for the investigation of such diseases as the smut, the mildew, and the scab. This station has been in existence about eight years, and has recently issued its seventh annual report, filled with information of value to the farmer.

The Hatch Experiment Station is of more recent origin, being created by an act of Congress, passed February 25, 1887, appropriating \$15,000 annually to each state and territory for the purpose of establishing and maintaining an experiment department in connection with the colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts, to be known and designated as an "agricultural experiment station."

thereby saving the expense of erecting and equipping another laboratory. Each department has a building of its own allotted exclusively to its own use. In the meteorological department a full set of self-recording instruments has been placed, where daily and hourly observations of all meteorological phenomena are taken and kept. The horticultural department has its greenhouses, in which tests of fertilizers under glass are made, and where experimentation is continued throughout the year. The agricultural department has its barn fitted up in the most approved way for conducting tests in feeding, or investigating questions pertaining to the dairy. The entomological department has its insectary, where plants are grown and the life histories of their insect enemies studied, while at the same time trial is being made of the best methods of applying different insecticides. The general policy of the station has been to furnish information on such subjects as were attracting the attention of the public, and to investigate questions of

practical importance. It issues regular quarterly bulletins, and special ones, as occasion seems to demand; thus, when the gypsy moth appeared in the eastern part of the state a special illustrated bulletin, describing the insect, its destructive habits, and the best remedies for combating it, was prepared and sent to every tax-payer in the infested district and the adjacent towns. All these bulletins are sent free to each

their explanation, we have endeavored to rear our superstructure of agricultural education: agriculture, our foundation; botany, chemistry, veterinary, and mathematics, our four corner stones; while the walls are built high with horticulture, market-gardening, and forestry on the one side, physiology, etymology, and the comparative anatomy of the domestic animals on the second, mechanics, physics, and mete-



House and Barn, State Experiment Station.

newspaper in the state, and to such residents engaged in farming as may request the same. The college for many years prior to the establishment of these stations had been carrying on experiments in a limited way, and the investigations of Goessmann, Stockbridge, Maynard, and Clark have been of immense value to the farmers of the state, and are recognized throughout the country.

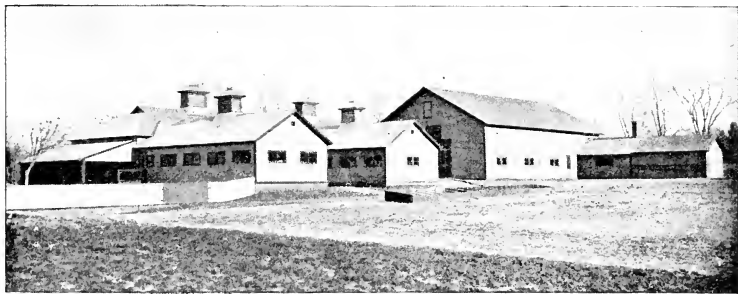
We are told that "agriculture is not a patchwork of all the natural sciences, but is itself a vast subject upon which the various natural sciences shed their rays of light," and that the teacher of agriculture can do little more than indicate the points of contact between his own great subject and the sciences which surround it, leaving the explanations to those into whose domains they properly fall. With this broad definition of agriculture,—itself a science, complete in itself, yet touching all sciences and all branches of knowledge,—and taking as our guide the law that the teacher of agriculture can but indicate these points of contact and leave to others

orology on the third, and a study of the English language, political economy, and constitutional history on the fourth. These separate lines of study, each distinct in itself, yet each aiding in the interpretation or solution of the difficult problems met with, require a four-year course. They proceed hand in hand, and the completion of a study in one department is coincident with that in another. Mutual help is the watchword; each for all and all for each, in the laying broad and deep the foundation, and building up the solid structure. Thus, when the relations of the weather—of heat, air, moisture—to farming are considered, on the botanical side are being studied the structure of the plant, its organs, the relations of its root system to soil and moisture; on the chemical, the elements important in an agricultural point of view and their properties; and on the mathematical, such algebra and geometry as will lead to practical work in drainage and surveying. So, too, when soils and tillage are being considered, are studied in like manner those plants beneficial or inju-

rious to man, general geology, and the insects hurtful or otherwise to the crops. In short, the effort is made to have each course supplement and harmonize with the other, and the different studies so fit into each other as to make one rounded whole. But let it be understood that while the greatest effort and the largest expense have been bestowed upon the agricultural department, the authorities of the college entirely disclaim any attempt to narrow its graduates down to a choice of that profession alone. The opportunity for acquiring a valuable education, which shall fit one for the practical duties of life, is open to all, and all are welcomed, whatever the profession they may ultimately pursue. Believing that the training of her young men in all that pertains to the use of arms, in the duties of the officer in handling and instructing troops, and in the construction of fortifications, would be of immense value to the commonwealth, the state has made ample provision for this department. A fine drill hall and armory have been erected, and arms and equipments issued. The United States details one of its offi-

cers of the United States has ever since been annually paid over to it from the treasury of the commonwealth. This action of the legislature relieves the college from the necessity of giving instruction in that department, and has resulted in making the college more purely agricultural than any other in the country. Realizing the necessity of providing a higher education within the reach of those in moderate or straitened circumstances, the state has thrown wide the doors of its college and furnished every facility for acquiring such education at a minimum cost. Its tuition has been made practically free, and by the establishment of a labor fund, out of which a portion of the expenses can be paid in honest work, it has brought within the reach of a class of deserving young men forming the best possible material for manhood and citizenship an education obtainable in no other way.

The college has had many earnest friends, but it has also encountered much opposition. The importance of a technical education has until recently been hardly appreciated by the farmers of the

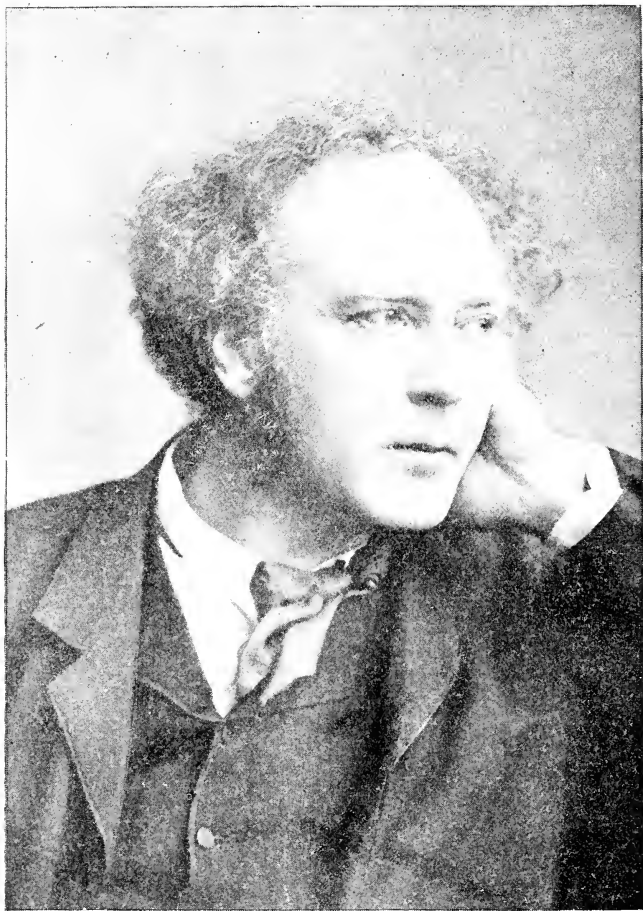


Rear View of the Barns.

cers for duty at the college, who is reckoned as one of the faculty, and who is responsible for the efficiency and good order of the department.

It will have been noticed that in the course of instruction no mention is made of the mechanic arts. At the time of the legislative acceptance of the national grant the Institute of Technology in Boston was already established, and it was deemed wiser to extend aid to it than to start a new school. Accordingly, one-third of the income derived from the maintenance fund

estate. The rapidity with which the native population has emigrated to the western states, leaving their farms in the hands of an alien population, has been a factor of great importance in this connection. In 1870 a determined attempt was made to stop all further grants of money from the state; and several years later it was proposed to make the Agricultural College a department of Amherst College. The only result of these attempts, however, has been to establish it on a firmer basis than ever, and give to it renewed life and vigor.



Stopford A. Brooke.

FROM A RECENT LONDON PHOTOGRAPH.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

By William Clarke.

OF all the prominent men in London there is none who to many of us is so satisfactory in every respect as Stopford Brooke. As the author of one of the best biographies in the language, the *Life of Robertson of Brighton*, as a

preacher who is sought after by countless flocks of visitors to London every year, and whose sermons are read all over the English-speaking world, as a poet and as a critic, as the writer of those two little literary gems, the *Primer of English Liter-*

ature and the Milton monograph,—in all these capacities, Mr. Brooke is widely known and highly esteemed.

But mere literary achievement, however admirable, must ever yield the palm to a great and genuine manhood, to a large and lofty type of character; and it is essentially in this that Mr. Brooke is deemed so satisfactory by those fortunate enough to be counted among his friends. His nature is laid out on a generous and splendid scale. His fine bodily frame, crowned with its noble head, is the fitting temple of such a spirit as his. When worn and depressed, there is no one with whom mere contact does one such real good. One feels the virtue coming from him as the woman in the story is said to have felt it stream from the person of Jesus. You are in touch with one who is full of life, seething with spiritual energy; and you feel, even under the black pall of London smoke, that amid those grinding millions there is at least one man alive.

Whether as writer, preacher, biographer, reformer, or friend, Mr. Brooke is always a poet. He has not written much verse, and what he has written has probably not been very widely read. But one may say of him what Emerson said about himself to Miss Peabody: "I am not a great poet, but whatever there is of me is poet." He is incapable alike in his books of a commonplace sentence, and in his conversation of a commonplace expression. The common and the familiar are for him transformed as they were for his beloved Turner, and become "golden exhalations of the dawn." He always seems to view mankind and the order of things in their ideal aspects; and for him the bright beams which shone upon his boyhood have never yet faded "into the light of common day." He can scarcely hear a simple tale of ordinary life among the poor without finding in it a tragedy or romance; for his mind instinctively passes by the commonplace detail and seizes on the essential heart of the matter and weaves around it a network of wonder, so that you blush for your former stolid apathy, and feel that henceforth for you nothing that is human is alien or indifferent. Yes, Mr. Brooke has the heart and mind of a poet.

Mr. Brooke owes not a little to his Irish birth and early surroundings. Whatever the victims of New York aldermen and

ward politicians (who probably get as good a government as they deserve) may say, Ireland unquestionably produces some of the most charming and original men and women in the world. Three such men it has been my special privilege to know,—my dear old friend, John Kingsley, friend and comrade of Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, dead now upwards of two years; Michael Davitt, whose heroic nature has endeared him to millions throughout the world; and Mr. Stopford Brooke. Whenever I note the low aims and self-seeking designs of Irish politicians on either side of the Atlantic, whenever I hear the shrill and angry screeches from Mr. Goldwin Smith's Toronto home, I think also of the other side of the shield and of the fact that Mr. Brooke is a warm and genuine Irish Nationalist.

The Irish mind is more simple and sympathetic than that of England, and the contact of the people with nature more direct and vital. England, as Emerson observed, seems "finished with a pencil" instead of a plough. The small country is over-civilized. The mass of the people live in big, ugly towns, and many of them have lost their feeling for the country, as is seen by the fact that when on chance occasions they go there, they contrive to make it as much like town as possible. The English are immersed in affairs, in bondage to the unremitting despotism of trade. Their aristocracy, it is true, and their unemployed proletariat have alike nothing to do, so they take to providing material for the divorce and police courts. But otherwise the island is overrun with business, and ne'er a man of them has either time or inclination to possess his soul before he dies. The English capitalists of the last century effectually prevented Ireland from sharing this experience, when they destroyed Irish manufactures. The result is that only in one corner of Ireland do you find the same kind of hard-headed, unimaginative business man you know of in Manchester and Glasgow, and of whose Philistine nature and practical judgment you are so heartily tired. The world is made for such men, says Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen; and looking at the present course of things, I am afraid he is right. But meanwhile, before the Philistine millennium is reached, when, as Matthew Arnold has it, we shall all yawn in each other's faces, I

am glad to think there are a few places left where we can "sit by the shores of old romance" and, amid the complexity and over-culture of the day, catch the nature poetry of an older age. One such place is uncultured, bare, beautiful Celtic Ireland, with its barbarism, and quiet, and soft climate, and absence of hurry and tumult and cotton-mills and heaps of refuse and constant trains, and all the other glories of English civilization.

Mr. Brooke is an Irishman, with his gayety, humor, poetry, dislike of routine, lightness of touch, but with a broad and deep modern culture added; a culture which he assimilates and uses, but which does not overmaster him or obliterate his original character. He possesses culture, but is possessed only by ideas. He had the education which Trinity College, Dublin, gives or gave forty years ago to a young Irish gentleman; but he has told his friends that his youth was blessed by a very fair share of happy ignorance. He knew nothing of modern history, and was not so much as aware that Ireland had any history of her own until his college days; and as his father had a theory that novel-reading, though good for himself, was not edifying to young people, the growing boy with his hunger for romance was driven to surreptitious means of obtaining the forbidden fruit. Mr. Brooke dates an important development in his intellectual life from the time when he and his brother used to read Emerson's Essays in a garret in their grandmother's house in Dublin.

In his most suggestive book, *Theology in the English Poets*, as well as in some lectures which he has recently given in London, Mr. Brooke has laid down the doctrine that any new poetic expression is likely to form itself in a period of political convulsion, when some new organic shape, hailed by many and dreaded by others, is coming to the birth. Thus the poetry of Byron and Shelley and the earlier poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge was born in the storm and stress of the French Revolution; while Tennyson and Browning were pluming their wings in the hopeful reform era of sixty years ago. In like manner Mr. Brooke's own manhood was ripening in a time of public ferment and generous enthusiasm. While the glowing embers of 1832 had long become

dead ashes, a spirit of revolt and heroism was being kindled in other lands in the movement for Italian unity and the struggle against American slavery. With both these movements Mr. Brooke became an ardent sympathizer; and so the native idealism of his character received scope and outlet and grew into a generous love for man and a deep faith in human progress. The perpetual hope for a better age, always quenched but always again kindled at the torch of idealism, the same hope which in the closing years of the last century animated Cowper and Burns and the young Wordsworth, this hope was shared too by Stopford Brooke, and in his more mature years he shares it still.

Like all idealists, Mr. Brooke has a thoroughly synthetical mind. I remember his once warning me against the habit, too prevalent in England, of small, acute, peddling literary criticism, which finds its account in pulling some fairly good work in pieces to show how clever and knowing a fellow the critic is. He held up for imitation the kindly, constructive French criticism of Sainte-Beuve, and recommended me always to find out and proclaim, as the best French critics do, the positive merits of any book, rather than search minutely for its defects. The advice was characteristic of Mr. Brooke's mental attitude. He is at war with the spirit of destructive analysis which marks our time as it did that of the Greek sophists. He has the soul of the poet and artist, and instinctively dislikes the point of view of the laboratory or dissecting-room. Yet he is deeply interested in some branches of science, has been a close student of Darwin, and is well read in geology. But I suppose that it is Darwin's constructive rather than his critical side which interests Mr. Brooke; for Darwin does not so much parcel out the organic world into separate groups as combine the groups under common laws, and hence aids perhaps the poet and idealist to a greater and more far-reaching view of the world. The "fingering slave" who won Wordsworth's scorn would incur also Mr. Brooke's dislike. Perhaps neither does full justice to such a dry and dull person as Holmes's "Scarabee," without whose aid, after all, the greater men of science could not achieve their larger tasks.

Mr. Brooke has no quarrel with the analytic mind when, like the shoemaker, it sticks to its last. But when it deals with the greater and more subtle objects of human consciousness, such as the state, humanity, domestic love, religion, as it does largely in much of our present-day realistic literature, then it calls forth Mr. Brooke's energetic protests. Not that he opposes realism in art, for he is a profound admirer of Tolstoi, whose *La Puissance des Ténèbres* he commended to me as one of the most powerful and artistic products of modern times, almost Greek in its conception and method. But his theory is that the greatest facts of life, the deepest realities of the world, are most real to those who adopt an attitude of belief and love; and, like Goethe, he accepts the reverence for that which is above, around, and beneath us as the ground for all that is greatest in man. He would have neither undue introspection, which tends to morbid quietism, nor undue criticism, through whose clumsy fingers the noblest gifts of life are permitted to slip.

Mr. Brooke has all his life been a comprehensive student of art. I do not know that he has that wonderfully minute knowledge of every variety of Italian art which was possessed by Robert Browning, who was his friend; but his oft-repeated visits to Venice and Florence have given him a familiarity shared by few with Venetian and early Florentine art, while he knows the pictures to be found within the old churches of many a quaint Italian city. One of Mr. Brooke's choice possessions is a complete set of the *Liber Studiorum*, to match which he has the lovely early editions of Ruskin. The warm personal friend of Burne-Jones and William Morris, and a close student of both the poems and pictures of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Brooke shared in the religious passion for art expressed by the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in *The Germ*, a copy of which he possesses in his library. Distrustful of the analytic and mercantile instincts of his time, when wealthy capitalists first coin money by defiling natural beauty and then spend it on expensive portraits by Millais, which are hung up duly on the walls of the Academy, Mr. Brooke shares very largely the views expressed by William Morris in his *Hopes and Fears for Art*. And this brings me

to Mr. Brooke's views on social and political matters.

When in 1880 Mr. Brooke shook from his feet the dust of Anglicanism, he explained clearly to his friends and the world the reasons for the step he had taken. He objected not merely to the theology but to the politics of the English State Church. Himself a convinced democrat, he felt that Anglicanism was a weapon of political reaction as well as an agency of intellectual insincerity. Dean Stanley and other excellent but accommodating persons plied the usual arguments for staying to "liberalize" the church. "Do you think," said Mr. Brooke to Dean Stanley, "that there is any chance of James Martineau being made Archbishop of Canterbury?" The dean was obliged to confess that such an appointment could scarcely be looked for until the very eve of the Greek Kalends. "Then," replied Mr. Brooke, "of what use is it to talk of comprehension and equality, when you know that these are mere empty words?"

On its political side the Anglican Church is an organization for the propagation of Toryism. No religious body can show a meaner record than this church since it assumed the main outlines of its present form at the time of the so-called English Reformation, when the most unscrupulous of kings and of statesmen determined to use it as an engine of government. Bound to the monarchy through its system of making bishops, and to a decaying aristocratic system through its method of church patronage, the Anglican Church has been mainly the subservient tool of the upper classes. To preserve its endowments it will ally itself to-day with the worst elements of English society, and in point of fact habitually does so. For more than three centuries the people have waited in vain to hear from its prelates a trumpet-call to progress and righteousness, and have been treated instead to stale homilies about the duty of contentment and obedience. The great humanitarian movements against the slave trade, against a brutal and degrading penal system, against wholesale murder by due process of law, against popular ignorance, against the robbery of Demos to fill the pockets of Plutos,—all these and other great movements were carried on by laymen, by Howard, and Clarkson, and Romilly, and Mill, and they

all encountered the apathy or hostility of the Anglican dignitaries. The Catholic Church can justly boast of its noble efforts to limit serfdom and to found a rational criminal jurisprudence. But what has the Anglican Church to boast of? Three centuries of virulent hostility to almost everything that can be positively proved to have enlarged and dignified human life.

It is not a question of individuals, but of a system. Many Anglican clergymen are excellent men, but their system is bound up with class rule, as the best among them, like Dr. Arnold, have confessed. The only consistent theory of Anglicanism ever propounded is that contained in Coleridge's *Church and State*. The church is not a church in the legitimate sense of the term; it is an institution set up and maintained by the governing class for the propagation of what that class understands as culture. Its culture happens, owing to historical causes, to be expressed in terms of Christian symbolism; but, as Coleridge submits, national culture and not Christianity is the essence of it. When, therefore, any simple soul expresses astonishment that the Anglican pseudo-followers of a Jewish carpenter can sit in the House of Lords, live in palaces and draw immense incomes, while their "brethren in Christ" are working fifteen hours a day for bare bread in an empty garret, without any apparent consciousness of the incongruity of the situation, he must be told that these personages are not primarily Christian pastors, but Anglican prelates, and that their first duty is not at all to the memory of their Master, but to the temporal powers that provide them with the luxuries which they enjoy. The Galilean tradition may be carried on among the poorest curates in the large towns, but the bench of bishops is as innocent of it as the Bank of England.

It is easy to see that Mr. Brooke, full of passion and energy, idealist in every nerve and fibre of his body, indignant at the crimes committed by the rich against the poor, and contemptuous of that slothful luxury which is often called lettered piety, should become more and more dissatisfied with his *milieu*. It was, no doubt, hard for him to wrench the bonds asunder which bound him to the church in which his father was an eloquent and respected minister; all the more as he was one of the

Queen's chaplains and had a high reputation as the most brilliant leader of the broad church school. But to him, as to others, "there came a voice without reply," and the democrat went out from the church of the plutocracy, greatly to the satisfaction and building-up of every honest English soul.

Earnest men, however, are everywhere beginning to see that they cannot rest contented in mere democracy, as understood even a generation ago. Individualist democracy may answer very well for a time in a simple agricultural community like the United States of sixty years ago, when every one has access to the land, and when there is a fairly general equality of fortune. One can in like manner conceive the rural democracies of Norway and Switzerland existing for a long time untouched. But the permanent progressive life of mankind resides not in such simple communities as these. Had the United States continued to remain a congeries of scattered agricultural settlements, they would have possessed absolutely no significance for mankind. With the clash of social forces began a new life and a new literature for America. And so it is everywhere. Culture and the intellectual life come to maturity in cities, and spiritual growth involves social complexity. The new seed may, it is true, be sown by quiet lake or mountain side, but it only arrives at full measure amid the stirring scenes of civic life.

Now the simple individualist democracy which answers the needs of a simple rural society supplies absolutely no answer to the problems of a complex, interdependent society. Hence it is that we see the break-down of the earlier democracy everywhere. Those old people who worked arduously and sincerely for the older democracy are saddened and bewildered by the newer growths which seem to them hostile to liberty, as they understand the word. They chafe at increased state interference with a hypothetical "personal liberty" which, misled by eighteenth-century phrases, they suppose to have a real existence; and they gloomily predict, as I heard an English politician predict not long ago, that shaving will soon be regulated by act of Parliament. These poor people are everywhere engaged, under the banner of Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a perfectly futile attack on the irresistible forces

of socialism. For the change is everywhere, the civilized world over, from individualism to socialism; or, in other words, from an unorganized to an organized democracy; from a crowd of unrelated units to a phalanx of disciplined comrades.

The literature of our time is permeated with this idea just as truly as our politics. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Tennyson, William Morris, and (in his latter years, when his father's spiritual poison had been eliminated from his system) John Stuart Mill, are all penetrated with the new organic conception of society, with the thought that "we are members one of another." "Benthamism" seems more old-fashioned and defunct than an Egyptian mummy; so much so that we are scarcely, perhaps, inclined to give it credit for its real merits.

In this new movement Mr. Brooke finds a source of inspiration. He confesses that he is not an economist, and does not understand the economic side of the new movement; but as a poet he feels its ideal and human side. He has seen much of the misery and poverty of London, where, be it remembered, one person in every five dies in a workhouse or a hospital, and he knows how hopeless it is for "private enterprise" and "private charity," and all the other individualist nostrums, to cope with the ever-widening problems of this complex society. He is, therefore, heartily in sympathy with the movements for the extension of state and municipal functions, for the public appropriation of ground values, for the shortening of the hours of labor, and for the public provision of healthy homes, with the appliances of culture for the masses of the people. Upon these subjects he constantly preaches, and says out plainly what he has to say, whether his hearers like it or not. There is no public wrong which he does not denounce from the pulpit, whether it be Beaconsfield's cynical support of the "unspeakable Turk," or Gallifet's indiscriminate butchery of the Communists, or the brutal assault made by the London police on the working classes in Trafalgar Square. He is the true preacher of righteousness, not content to refer the outcast to golden streets and palm branches in another world, but, like St. Basil and St. Ambrose, pledged to justice here and now for the humblest member of the common family of man.

In the department of literature Mr. Brooke has yet to give his most important work to the world. He has long been engaged on a comprehensive study of the pre-Shakespearean literature of England, which will, I venture to predict, add, when completed, a noble gem to the literary treasure-house of our time. Mr. Brooke is a profound student of English literature. His *Selections from Shelley* and his *Milton* reveal his sympathetic study of England's great lyric and epic poets; and I never listened to a more eloquent and convincing defence of Shelley's poetry, especially in reply to Matthew Arnold's criticism, than was contained in Mr. Brooke's splendid address, some four years ago, to the Shelley Society. This address called forth from Mr. Andrew Lang a very amusing parody at Mr. Arnold's expense. Shelley attracts Mr. Brooke because he is, as his admirer says, "full of resurrection power." "There was one thing at least," writes Mr. Brooke, "that Shelley grasped and realized with force in poetry,—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth, as the results of love; the sovereign right of love to be the ruler of the universe, and the certainty of its victory,—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only centre, in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole race, he speaks of them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from them, strength is then instructive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity." Professor Freeman, in his austere way, sternly rebuked the "chatter about Shelley" which was invading Oxford, as he rebuked a lady acquaintance of mine for caring about artistic blue pots. But some of us are so constructed that we would prefer "chatter about Shelley," so long as it is Mr. Brooke who chatters, even to the learned and excellent historical writings of Mr. Freeman.

I do not believe that a more perfect little book was ever written than Mr. Brooke's monograph on Milton, whether we consider the compressed narrative, the wise judgments, the note of profound admiration, mingled with occasional rebuke, the lucid

analysis of *Paradise Lost*, or the conception of the historic movement in which Milton took part. Compare this excellent little book with that of Mark Pattison on Milton in the "English Men of Letters" series, especially in its treatment of Milton's relation to public events. Mr. Pattison's work is that of a mere scholarly critic; Mr. Brooke's that of a man of insight. To Mr. Brooke "Milton and his work remain apart in lonely grandeur. In one aspect he had no predecessor and no follower; and we, who attempt, at so vast a distance, to look up to the height on which he sits with Homer and Dante, feel we may paint the life, but hardly dare to analyze the work, of the great singer and maker whose name shines only less brightly than Shakespeare's on the long and splendid roll of the poets of England."

It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Brooke has bestowed more study even on Milton and Shelley than he has on Wordsworth, who, he says, "does possess a philosophy, and its range is wide as the universe." By far the larger portion of his volume on *Theology in the English Poets* is devoted to Wordsworth, the remainder being given to Cowper, Coleridge, and Burns. A second series on Blake, Shelley, Keats, and Byron was promised, but has not yet seen the light. In Wordsworth "the whole of the natural theology of the eighteenth century disappears,"—the theology which found its final expression in Paley, who likened nature to a watch, made by a "great Artificer" and set going. This mechanical and static notion was replaced in the mind of Wordsworth by a dynamical and pantheistic conception, which prepared men for the theory of natural evolution so universally held by intelligent persons to-day. And Wordsworth was not only the priest of nature, but the poet of man. Although he became a political reactionary, and denounced in his age what he had admired in his youth, yet he forsook the form rather than the substance of true progressive ideas. He perceived—as who does not perceive now—the shallow philosophy, the lack of social bond, the short-sighted optimism of the Revolution; and he fell back on those primal human qualities, in the absence of which no social fabric can endure, and devoted himself to their development and support. All this and more Mr. Brooke has traced

with the hand of a master and the affection of a disciple, in the essays relating to Wordsworth, and in the lectures on *Poetry and the French Revolution*, recently delivered in London.

Mr. Brooke's study of our modern poetry has led him to brood much over the French Revolution—that tremendous Nemesis inflicted on culpable rulers by an aroused people, that "truth clad in hell-fire." In his volume of poems, published two years ago, he has a poem called *Versailles (1784)*, in which the "young Scotch musketeer," Leslie, has a vision of the coming horrors. His friend watched him in sleep, after the revelry of the Carnival at Versailles had died away.

I watched, and marked above his head the moon,
That shone like pearl amid the western heaven,
Suddenly swallowed up by a vast cloud
With edges like red lightning, but the rest
Of the sky and stars was clear, and the rushing
noise
Now louder swelled, like cataracts of rain.

The young Leslie tosses upon his bed crying "Horror! horror!" wakes, and tells his awful dream.

"You heard," he said, "that rushing sigh of wind,
And then the awful cry, far off, as if
The world had groaned and died.—I heard, and
trance
Fell on my brain, and in the trance I saw
The square below me in the moonlight fill
With nobles, dames, and maidens, pages, all
The mighty names of France, and midst them
walked
The king and queen; not ours, but those that come
Hereafter; and I heard soft speech of love
And laughter please the night,—when momentarily
The moon went out, and from the darkness
streamed
A hissing flood of rain, that where it fell
Changed into blood, and 'twixt the courtyard
stones
Blood welled as water from a mountain moss;
And the gay crowd, unwitting, walked in it.
Bubbling it rose past ankle, knee, and waist,
From waist to throat, and still they walked as if
They knew it not, until a fierce wind lashed
The crimson sea, and beat it into waves.
And when its waves smote on their faces then
They knew, and shrieked, but all in vain; the
blood
Storming upon them, whelmed and drowned them
all.
At which a blinding lightning, like a knife,
Gashed the cloud's breast, and dooming thunder
pealed."

Mr. Brooke's little volume of poems contains love lyrics, ballads, and narratives or dramatic incidents clothed in the form

of verse. Perhaps the two most striking poems are *The Lioness*, an impressive version of a story which Mr. Brooke heard, and *The Crofter's Wife*, which, with *The Sempstress*, reveals its author's deep sympathy with the poor who are called on to make such a desperate struggle for life. Not a little of the book is inspired by Venice, picture after picture of which is drawn, all of them beautiful.

Mr. Brooke's poetry, whether pensive or joyous, is, like all his teaching, inspired with the thirst for "more life and fuller." Although so much of the book is devoted to love poems, it is not love alone which suffices. Nor is it duty or knowledge. Such is the burden of the two quatrains, *The Tree of Life*.

There were three fruits upon the tree;
Love, Knowledge, Duty — most of men
Take Love first — then they know — and then
Find Duty, best of all the three.

But he plucked Duty from the tree
The first — and Knowledge then he got,
And then seized Love, and he forgot
Duty and Knowledge — whence was misery.

Nor is mere purity the end; purity which may be dry as the sand, empty as the deserted shell, barren as the cold and watery moon. This is the note in *The Jungfrau's Cry*: —

Alas! cold sunlight, stars, and heaven,
My high companions, call.
The ice-clad life is pure and stern —
I am weary of it all.

Fulness of life, as the final and complete end, transcends and includes all minor and partial ends. It is that, and not the affirmation of any special virtue or the negation of any particular vice, which he who seeks for growth will really care for. It is the renewal of life in man which is the perpetual miracle, as it is the source of all the world's most real progress. To touch the hidden springs of life is the sacred office of the poet, as it is also the mysterious function of nature: —

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream, —
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So says Mr. Brooke in the beautiful little lyric of four verses, *The Earth and Man*; and this fittingly concludes what I have to say concerning his poetical work.

I like to look back upon the fortnightly meetings of the debating society over which Mr. Brooke used to preside, and at which I was a pretty regular attendant. We discussed all subjects in heaven and earth, scientific, literary, political, social, philosophic; and finally socialism came in, like Charles I.'s head, and could not be ejected. No matter what the subject was, it drifted into socialism. One evening it was "modern novels," which led to a defence of the realism of Zola as a necessary and wholesome account of the real facts of modern life. What did these facts imply? Obviously they implied the need for a reconstruction of society; and then we were at it, hammer and tongs, with the "law of rent," and "surplus value," and "wage-slavery," and all the rest of it. Or we fell to discussing "Ireland," or the speeches and writings of the late lamented Beaconsfield, and it was just the same. "The trail of the serpent was over it all." We struggled manfully against our destiny, but our puny efforts were of no avail. Had socialism met with any vigorous and intelligent opponent in our midst, something might have been done; but as we all found ourselves committed to socialism "more or less," we thought it better to suffer the society to lapse; and it "died of socialism."

The most interesting part of the evening was when Mr. Brooke summed up the discussion, except on these occasions when he himself read a paper. He gave us some delightful essays on *Tennyson's Women*, on *Rossetti's Poetry*, on *Darwin*, on *The Millais Exhibit*, and on several Shakespearean plays. His summing up was always full, epigrammatic, suggestive, and brilliant. I wish I could recall the many clever things said, and the many fine thoughts expressed at these meetings, which stimulated, in a quite unusual way, several of the most active young men now in London. Occasionally some well-known outsider came to take part in a discussion of special interest to him, or even to open it; and I recall among the visitors Mr. Bryce, Dr. Martineau, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Dr. Lander Brunton, and others.

As a result of his deep consideration for the poor, Mr. Brooke has interested himself for some time in providing some means of recreation for those whose lives are so

joyless, and whose opportunities are so few; while his eldest daughter has managed with rare ability and devotion a Children's Holiday Fund, to provide several hundred poor children of the slums with a month in the country every summer. I have heard pathetic stories of these holidays; of one boy who voluntarily gave up his place to another who needed the country air more; of a little cripple who was tended carefully by his comrades; of a little fellow from some dark London court who had never seen a pig before, and was lost in wonder and delight at the uncouth creature's ways; of mothers selling some object of apparel to provide their little boys or girls with small coins, so that they might not go quite empty-handed. The children are all taken from the board-schools of a certain London area, so many being selected each year, are duly examined by a medical officer to ensure cleanliness, and, some morning at the end of July, are sent off in batches from the various London termini to their "country fathers" and "country mothers," as the children call the kind people who receive them in their rural homes, for a whole glorious month to play in the fields and grow strong. The children's experiences form the chief subject of conversation in many an otherwise cheerless London home for the next twelve months.

Mr. Brooke has recently started a club for working girls in central London, a fine old house in dignified Fitzroy Square, where Clive Newcome and the old colonel lived, having been chosen. The club is open every evening and is largely managed by the girls themselves. Such institutions are sorely needed in London, where thousands of young girls, after a long day of monotonous work, have no place to go but their own small bed-rooms or the streets. I have heard of cases where the girls have begged to be allowed to stay inside a business establishment after it was closed, for the sake of light and warmth, although they had been on their feet all day for twelve hours. These same girls for their exhaustive toil are paid about two dollars a week, while the shareholders in

the company that employs them chuckle over their twenty-five per cent dividends. And the girls are expected to be quick, obedient, good-natured, and polite all day long! While some professional philanthropists (an odious class with which England literally swarms) go crusading around the world, tilting at windmills and interfering with barbarous people who are much happier when left alone, Mr. Brooke addresses himself to this real slavery of which English girls are the victims near his own door. He is not and never will be one of those "blind guides who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and who render the very name of philanthropy disgusting.

In person Mr. Brooke is tall and handsome. Although now fifty-eight years of age, he looks much younger; for he seems to have the secret of perpetual youth. His striking head with its mobile expression, eager, bright eyes, and splendid dome of forehead, with light wavy hair here and there lightly touched with gray, is an attractive object, as well as the subject of frequent photographs to be seen in the London shop windows. It is pre-eminently the face of a man of courage. Intellect, sympathy, emotion are all there in an unusual degree; but above all moral courage, the expression of a sincere mind, seems to me its most striking quality. One might put in Mr. Brooke's mouth the grand words of Danton: "*Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!*" It is the expression of his life, the life of a brave man, who had sufficient single-mindedness, sufficient love of truth and of man to rid himself of a false and reactionary theological and political environment, to quit the vitiated atmosphere of a church made by and for narrower souls than his. And he gave up place and preferment, not for a life of silence and emptiness like some, or for a career of petty quibbling and carping criticism like others, but for the best work of which his nature was capable. He has added to the permanent stock of that moral health upon which England can alone rely amid the mass of corruption and mammonism piled up around her heart.

JOHN TONER'S SCHEME.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.



JOHN TONER had ploughed the bare, bleak hills of his New England farm for years with the vain hope that better times were coming. Situated in a picturesque

part of the country, and surrounded by green hills and streams and land-locked ponds, the farm had attractions and associations that partly compensated for its failure to yield good profits. The natural beauty of the place that first lured the early Puritan settlers to clear it for cultivation had been reformed and transformed by the supplemental improvements of several generations of Toners. The original farm had possessed all of the primeval beauty of that virgin region, with only the bare necessities and comforts of a dwelling-place added to it by the hand of man; but careful economy, prudent work, and wise forethought had enabled the successive owners to improve it gradually with all of the various stationary appurtenances of modern farming. Like an old notched tree, with the bark creased and ruffled here and there to mark the successive yearly growths, or to hide clumsily the connection between the old stock and new graft or bud, the farm had old and new buildings, patched and re-patched, to mark the various stages of evolution through which it had passed. Instead of deforming the place in the eyes of John Toner, these various semi-dilapidated, antique structures enhanced the attractiveness of the farm. They were his inheritance from his long line of ancestors. The peculiar mark of each succeeding generation of Toners had been made on the place; and though some of them in the eyes of modern farmers would not be called improvements, they were venerated for their close association with the past. They were heirlooms, bequeathed to John Toner and his heirs.

But they had other marks of significance, which were very important to the hard-working owner of the place. They were

indelible proofs that the bleak hills had yielded sufficient profits to his ancestors to enable them to live, and to increase their stock capital by adding permanent improvements to the farm. Though the improvements were never so small, they represented an actual surplus of profits over and above the bare necessities of life. In the present condition of things such an achievement seemed an impossibility. Instead of adding to the farm each year, John Toner found himself forced to increase the debt on the place, which had been left to him by his father to pay off. He had received the mortgage from his father with the solemn determination to dispose of it in a few years; but subsequent events proved his task was not an easy one. The first year's profits were needed for improvements, and those of the second and third years were required for machinery and implements. Then came a period of agricultural depression. The railroads had opened up the great West, and the products of that section were flooding the eastern markets. Prices fell to such a low figure that the crops hardly returned enough to the eastern farmers to pay for the expense of tillage.

John Toner suffered with the rest, and each year he found his accounts woefully one-sided. He struggled along bravely, economizing almost to the verge of miserly self-denial, but the inexorable laws which govern a rapidly shifting commerce kept pace with him, and continued to force him to the wall. The mortgage had to be increased annually, though always reluctantly. The old type of New England farmer continued to till the soil under such adverse circumstances, hoping and trusting for better days. The strain was great; it always is when old things have to be adapted to new conditions. Some abandoned their farms, and sought work in the villages and cities; but the more conservative could not be forced from their old homes. The ties of association were stronger than the pangs of poverty and close economy.

"I can't leave the old farm," explained

John Toner to an old friend, who had deserted the New England hills to work in a factory town. "I love these fields and hills and woods, and I should pine away and die if I should coop myself up in some city. I must have fresh air and plenty of room; they agree with my constitution."

He raised his strong muscular arms over his head, and expanded a broad chest to give emphasis to his words. It was a quiet spring morning, and he had been following the plough across the brown fields since sunrise. The early spring birds, jubilant over their return from their southern winter, were quarrelling in the broad loamy furrows which the plough had turned, while the woods and marshes were vocal with the croaks and cries of various living things. It was the awakening time of the year, and new hope and life seemed to be emitted from every sentient object.

"I don't feel exactly at home in Mill-burgh either," replied Solomon Casey, leaning idly on the top rail of the fence; "but one must live, and a living can't be made on these farms. You know that, too. You're going back every year, and pretty soon you'll lose your farm through a foreclosure. Then you'll be forced to seek work elsewhere. You'll have to come to the city."

"Are you any better off now than you were when on the farm?" Toner asked inquisitively.

"Yes, in this way," stammered his friend, "I know what to depend upon, and I can make both ends meet."

"But you're out of work now?"

"Yes; the factory has closed down for a short time; but it will open again in a week or two. It gives me a chance to visit my old home once more. It's cheaper living here, too."

"I suppose so," answered the young farmer, meditatively. "Your expenses are higher, and your work is uncertain. The factory may be closed at any time, and you thrown out of work, without a chance of getting more for some time. No, no, Solomon, I would rather take my chances on the farm. I don't see as your condition is any better than mine. It is hard work making a living up here, but then life is bright and happy among the green hills and woods. Our health is good, and we enjoy our work. I am going to make

both ends meet this year if work and economy can do it. If I can do that I shall feel satisfied."

"You never did like to make changes, John," replied Solomon, with a quiet smile of superior knowledge on his face, "and you haven't got out of the old rut yet."

"Changes are bad sometimes," was the quiet answer. "Sudden and great changes are very bad. It upsets your life and plans. It seems as if all your past work and training counted for nothing then. It seems to me that we should make changes slowly, and with a good deal of care."

"Yes, you're right there; but when the time for the change has come, the chance should be seized. I have seized mine, and it has turned out well. I am now going to make another change."

"Another one?"

"Yes, another. I'm going to get married. When I go back to work I mean to take a wife with me. Bessie Chandler will enjoy the city life, and I'm going to ask her to become my wife. She's always had a liking for me, I think. She's always said she would like to live in the city. I'm making the best of my visit here, and as soon as I find out when the factory is to open again, I shall ask her to become my wife. She'll make a good wife, won't she, John?"

The bronzed cheek of the sturdy farmer paled a little as the question was asked him, and when he replied, his voice was a little husky.

"She will make a good wife, Solomon," he said slowly.

"You and Bessie have always been close friends," said Solomon, looking his friend steadily in the face.

"Yes, we've been good friends," John Toner replied.

A mutual silence followed, and the two men looked absently at the long lines of furrows which had been turned over so neatly and evenly by the plough. The brown earth was rejoicing in the warm sun-bath of the spring morning. Solomon Casey, with a true farmer's interest, looked over the fields critically, and then in a changed voice said, "Good prospects for a big crop this year, John?"

"Fair," was the quiet reply.

"Going to run much of the land to corn?"

"Not so much as usual. I will plant this field with corn, and get my hay from the next lot. I'm going into the fruit business more this season. It's a sort of an experiment, but I think there's money in it. There's no money in corn, wheat, or oats in the East, for they come in from the western fields by the carload; but I've been studying the problem lately, and I've concluded there is some money in fruits. I'm going into it on a small scale this year, and if it pays, I will do more in that line next season."

"This is a good farm for fruits," Solomon said, and he moved from his resting-place on the fence. "I hope you'll make a success of it, John; I do, with all my heart. But I must be moving. It's about time the mail came in. I am expecting something from the factory every day."

He sauntered down the road, whistling to himself, and switching the dust from the wayside plants with a birch stick. John Toner watched his receding form for a few minutes, and then turned to his work. Back and forth across the field he followed the plough, mechanically watching the brown earth roll over so evenly before the sharp ploughshare. There was no change, no interruption, nothing to divert his attention; but while his hands guided the plough his thoughts dwelt upon other subjects. With patient energy he continued his monotonous labor, feeling no weariness. The sun passed over his head, and began its downward course in the western heavens. The hungry, thirsty, and jaded horses finally called the man to his senses, and with an expression of sympathy for them he loosed them from the plough and led them to the brook.

The animals were more in need of food and water than the ploughman. After feeding them liberally John Toner opened his own lunch basket, but he could not eat. He bathed his forehead with water from the brook, and sipped a little of the water from his hands. While the horses continued their midday feast, he wandered around the field, making observations here and there. All that afternoon he worked uninterruptedly. He drove the horses to their utmost strength, and when night came on, they were exhausted; but John Toner was still vigorous. He spent considerable time in rubbing them down and feeding them as a reward for their day's

hard labor. He did not feel hungry, and was in no hurry to eat his late supper.

The spring work on a farm is always hard, and it must be pushed along rapidly for the early crops. John Toner was prepared for such work, and he was up every morning bright and early, driving things in a way that tired beast and man. Acre after acre of land was turned over by the plough, until the bare hills of his farm presented a lively aspect.

"You've got a big start of us this year," remarked a neighbor, as he passed the fields one day. "I wish my land was all ploughed and ready for the harrow. You're a great worker, John."

"I wish to pay off that mortgage as soon as possible," replied John Toner, quietly, not heeding the compliment.

"That mortgage again! I fear you're letting that mortgage worry you too much, John. You're looking a little thin and anxious-like about the eyes. I wouldn't let that bother me. It will come out all right in the end. It's no use killing yourself over it."

"I know; but I want it paid off," the young man replied. "I shall make a desperate effort to do it this year."

"Well, well, I like his spirit," the neighbor soliloquized, as he walked away down the road. "He's got his father's grit in him. It comes by inheritance, I suppose."

"What comes by inheritance, Uncle Nathan?" a voice suddenly asked, breaking into the old man's soliloquy.

"What, is that you, Bessie?" Uncle Nathan asked, turning about abruptly, and facing a girl just in the dawn of womanhood.

Bessie Chandler had a fair, healthy complexion, flushed with the warm sun and with exercise. In her plump arms she held a mass of wild flowers and green leaves, while more flowers and leaves decked her hat. Her eyes shone brightly from beneath her prominent eyebrows, enhancing her quiet beauty. She was a modern Priscilla, with more of gayety than the older one.

"You frightened me, you witch," the old man exclaimed with feigned harshness. "I haven't the nerves that I had when I was young. Then the girls couldn't frighten me."

"How is your rheumatism now, Uncle Nathan? We all feel so sorry for you."

"Tut, tut! rheumatism is a kind of complaint that sympathy can't help. But I guess there's a man over there that you can help."

He jerked his finger over his shoulder, and Bessie glanced toward John Toner working in the field. Her eyes dropped instantly, while a flush rose to her cheeks.

"He says that mortgage is bothering him now, but I suspect something else weighs on his mind. See if you can't help him, Bessie. He's a good fellow, is John Toner."

"Why, Uncle Nathan, what can I do? John is a very good friend of mine, but —"

"Tut, tut, girl."

He broke away abruptly, and hobbled down the road as fast as his rheumatic limbs would permit. Bessie stood watching him for a time, and then continued her walk in the opposite direction, which took her past the field where John Toner was working. The two met close by the lower bars.

"I have been picking some spring flowers, John," she said, "and I have a wild rose here for you."

John Toner took it awkwardly, and stammered forth some unintelligible reply. He did not know just what to do with it, and his embarrassment was only increased when the girl, with a merry peal of laughter, said, —

"Here, let me pin it on your coat."

He submitted meekly to the operation, bending a little to enable her to reach his shoulder.

"There, now you look better," Bessie said, with a finishing touch. "It goes well with your complexion."

He had never been quite so embarrassed before in the presence of Bessie Chandler, but he presently managed to say steadily, —

"Uncle Nathan Ridgeway just left me. He says I'm ahead of all the other farmers."

"Yes, I met Uncle Nathan, and he praised you up."

"Did he?" He cast a grateful look in the direction the old man had taken, and then said calmly, —

"Solomon Casey was up here last week. He's doing very well in the city, and thinks it's better than the country. I love the country, and could never live anywhere else. You would like the city better, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," the girl replied to this pointed question. "Sometimes I think I would like the city, and then again I don't. I've never lived in the city, you know. It's nice to see more people. If one has any nice things out here, there's nobody to see them."

"No; that's true," assented John Toner, in a hard, dry voice, which had the effect of making Bessie think that she had made a mistake.

"I mean, excepting a few friends," she added. But her companion did not catch the force of her remark, if there was any force in it. He was gazing toward a distant hill that was dimly outlined against the sky.

"I understand that Solomon —"

He turned around abruptly, and grasped the plough-handles. Bessie Chandler's face flushed at this sudden stop to the conversation, but she said quickly, —

"You will be up to the house some night this week, won't you, John? We've been looking for you every night."

"No, I can't," he replied shortly. "My work will keep me from going anywhere for a while."

The horses suddenly started, and the plough plunged into the soil. Once or twice John Toner was on the point of turning back to his fair companion; but instead he said good by over his shoulder. The horses became unruly, and all the attention and skill of the ploughman were demanded to keep them in the furrow. When he faced about, Bessie was walking away in the opposite direction. He reached the rail-fence against which she had leaned, and mopped the sweat from his heated brow. For a long time he remained standing there, lost in thought.

The bright spring days lengthened into the sultry ones of summer. The rich green of the budding trees and plants changed into a more sombre hue, and the flowers shed their petals to give room for the half-formed fruits and berries. The seeds had sprung up under the warm sun, and fields of corn and wheat were nodding their heads in the gentle breezes. Hot days made the plants wilt and droop, but the cooling air of the nights and the mountain breezes revived all things. Finally the harvesting time. The men went afield and gathered their crops, often, indeed, in sweltering heat. Life was too

busy for them to note the monotonous routine of their daily work, and after the refreshing slumber of each night they went forth to their harvesting with light hearts and willing steps. The rush of the harvest work served as a panacea for other ills. The farmers enjoyed the work for the work's sake, and thought little of the doubtful profits which the season's crops might yield. John Toner threw his heart and soul into his busy farm life to quiet a longing and unrest which preyed heavily upon his mind. Since the spring days, great changes had been made in his life, which left him more lonely and unsatisfied than ever before. A quiet wedding — which he did not attend, though an invitation had been pressed upon him to act as "best man" — had taken place in the village. Solomon Casey had kept his word, and when he returned to the city he carried away with him as his bride Bessie Chandler. John Toner watched the departure of the couple, as they received the good wishes of their friends, and then he returned to his work, sad, lonely, heavy-hearted.

The sweetness of life on the old farm seemed suddenly to have all gone, and the old objects of pride to have lost all their former power to please. There was nothing for him to do but to take up the old routine, and to forget his disappointment in his work. He drove the work in his old tireless, energetic way. He could not brook idleness, and on stormy days he paced the narrow quarters of his home restlessly, watching the clouds, to see if they were likely to break away. Often he would throw a rubber cloak over his shoulders, and go out to wander around his fields between the showers. In his narrow, uneventful life his disappointment took such hold upon him that it threatened to warp his nature, and to transform him into another man. The depth and power of such sorrows is according to the character of the man and the character of his life and the things which come into it.

When the harvest time was over, and the autumn tints foretold the approach of winter, John Toner shuddered with a nameless dread. The moaning of the winds as they swept the dry leaves from the trees found an echo in his own heart. Less and less work was required of him on the farm. The crops were harvested and marketed,

the fall ploughing done, and nothing remained but for the farmers to take their long period of enforced idleness. This was intolerable to John Toner. He devised schemes for improving his farm until late in the year; but he knew that the wintry storms would soon drive him indoors, and force him to the idleness which he dreaded.

There was one satisfying thing. He had made both ends meet at the end of the year. He had done more. His accounts showed that he was several hundred dollars ahead. This amount represented the clear profits he had made from his little scheme of fruit-growing. His plan had been so successful that all of his neighbors determined to enter upon the same kind of work the following spring. This corn and wheat growing section threatened to be suddenly turned into a great fruit garden. John Toner was far-sighted enough to see the sure result of any such sudden transformation. His fruits had simply gone toward the supply of the home market — large towns within a few miles of his home, which depended chiefly upon more distant sources of supply. The demand in these places was limited, and a glut in their markets would mean almost total loss to some of his neighbors.

The idea of devoting his attention to solving the farming problem for himself and his neighbors seized upon his mind with the force of novelty. He threw himself into it with his usual energy. All of the farmers for miles around were called together, and an organization formed for the advancement of their mutual interests. At the various meetings of the society the opinions and experiences of all the members were given. All were well acquainted with the facts. The annual exodus to the factory towns and cities was an index of the depressed state of agriculture in their section of the country. A few of the farmers, by raising different kinds of crops, succeeded in getting good prices for a part of their produce, and thus came out ahead at the end of the year; but the majority barely made a living. Competition from the West was killing their business. These were the generally accepted ideas. But John Toner had a more hopeful view of the situation. He had formed the organization not simply to get the views of others, but to carry out a plan of his own.

"I made a great success last year in raising a few small fruits," he explained to his neighbors, "and that gave me the keynote to my scheme. Next year everybody who heard of my success will go into the small fruit business, and there will be tons of fruits shipped from this region. The result will be that the markets here will be glutted, and prices will fall so low that it will not pay to pick the fruits after they are grown. If all the rest go into that, I shall not. I will raise other crops."

"But what can we do?" grumbled some. "Somebody can make money out of fruits, and we don't propose to yield up our chance."

"I don't ask you to," replied John Toner. "But first listen to my plan. Every year there is a dearth of some crops in our markets, and an over-supply of others. While prices for some are high, those for others are low. If these could be equalized, there would be fair profits for all. But this cannot be done without the co-operation of the farmers of large sections. We must band together. A small section of the country can begin, and thus regulate the markets nearest it; but the plan can never be absolutely successful until there is co-operation all over the country. All of the industrial classes co-operate, and study their conditions. Farming is likewise undergoing a change. Large farms in the West are now owned by wealthy capitalists, and everything is reduced to such a system that they can raise products cheaper than we can. No time and labor are lost in raising diversified crops, but a great deal is economized by devoting the whole effort to a certain crop,—it may be wheat, corn, or fruits. These are raised in perfection, and the condition of the market for these crops is studied all the time. The owners are in intelligent communication with the leading cities, and when there is a glut in one and a dearth in another, their products are rapidly shifted. One part of the country does not suffer while another part is over-supplied. Specialized farming pays. Our fathers farmed according to their times, and they made it pay; but we have got to change our plans to suit new times. The only solution to the problem in the East that I can see is to organize and let each county represent a large farm. This farm can be divided up into small holdings, and

worked by the owners in common with the rest. There is no surrendering up of rights and liberties, but simply a consent to work for the common good, and so for the individual good.

"To begin with, we cannot expect to compete successfully with the West in raising wheat and corn. The small quantity that we sell at home pays us, but that which we ship to the larger markets seldom does. Our land is not as well adapted to these crops as the land in the West. Let us raise less of these crops, just enough to supply the near markets, and never enough to ship to distant places.

"It is necessary for intelligent co-operation to know the extent of all the farms, and the character of the soil. We shall find some peculiarly adapted to small-fruit growing, others to large-fruit growing, while others will yield the most when devoted to vegetables, or grain, or grass. Each farmer should grow only such crops as his land is fit for; and the amount of land devoted to any special crop should be regulated by the condition of the markets. "Grains should be raised in a limited quantity. The home demand is not great, but it must be supplied, and it is better to buy the grains from our neighbors than to go to distant places. When enough land is brought under cultivation for these crops to supply this demand, we have reached the paying limit of these crops. With vegetables and fruits it will be different. Each farmer should have a small space devoted to these products to supply his own table, but none should raise them for the market excepting those who have been appointed by the organization. Diversified crops of small and large fruits, and different vegetables, will then be raised in abundance. The market will not then be glutted with one thing this year, and denied it next.

"We must also have intelligent representatives in the cities. We can afford to be in telegraphic communication with these agents, and then know just when to pick and ship our goods, and where to send them. One man working independently can easily be robbed of his share of profits; but an organization can demand concessions that private individuals could never get. In such an organization we do not surrender any real liberty. All the liberty that we are to surrender is simply

the liberty to do anything with our farm that will have a tendency to injure the future prospects of the whole community, including our own."

This was the initial step of the farmers' organization that John Toner founded. Some of the ideas were crude, and only half conceived; subsequent experience and thought corrected many of the errors. The organization entered into the work enthusiastically. The time had come when something had to be done with the farms to improve them or dispose of them, and the hour was ripe for the introduction of such a scheme. All that winter John Toner worked away at the problem. He kept himself so busy at it that he had little time to brood over his sorrow. Yet often in the midst of his work that sorrow would sweep over him, and almost paralyze his thoughts. Sometimes he heard from Solomon Casey and Bessie; he learned that they were living happily together, and that the joy which he hoped would belong to him some day was being reaped by his old friend.

The inauguration of any scheme of co-operation is always accompanied by mistakes at first. It takes time to adjust things to new conditions, and the first year found John Toner's experiment a comparative failure. The assignment of crops had not been wise. The organization had its difficulties, also, with railroads and agents, which ate up profits. During the second winter Uncle Nathan and John Toner visited several towns together to make better arrangements for the society. The next season opened auspiciously.

Time and occupation did what time and occupation can to heal John Toner's sorrow; and though there was a sadness about his life, his word and smile were always pleasant. Suffering had worked out its results in his life. It had deepened and broadened his thoughts and sympathies so that a definite, larger aim in life had influenced his character, carrying him out of the narrow circle of feelings and activities into the broader field where a man feels that he is partly, at least, his brother's keeper. But at a time when he was beginning to feel that he could endure life once more, Uncle Nathan stopped at the house one morning, and said, —

"Have you heard the news, John?"

To his negative reply the old man re-

sponded, happy after a fashion in feeling himself the first to tell the piece of news, —

"It's bad, very bad; and took us all unexpected."

"But what is it?"

"Solomon Casey is dead, and his widow and child are left without any means to support themselves."

For a moment the bronzed face of the stalwart young farmer paled, and his hand trembled so that it even attracted the attention of Uncle Nathan.

"Something must be done for them," said Uncle Nathan.

"Something must be done at once," answered John Toner, recovering himself. "Bessie does not know that Solomon's farm is heavily mortgaged to me. She can come and live on it with her boy, and the rent she gets for the land will keep her well. She need never know but it all comes from Solomon. I do not need the money now."

"But — John — don't you have some tender feeling for Bessie? You used to have."

It was an unfortunate remark, stirring all the pride of the young farmer. After Solomon Casey's funeral, Bessie and her boy returned to the old town — Bessie pale and worn and sad. Her life had robbed her of much of her former beauty, and in her sorrow she was glad to get back to the green hills. John Toner seemed almost to avoid her after the first. Their meetings were brief and commonplace. Their lives took different courses, and they saw almost as little of each other as if distance still separated them. John Toner continued to busy himself with the affairs of the new organization, which, with his farm labors, kept all of his time and attention occupied. He could soon see the good, practical results. The farming industry in his region revived and flourished once more. By refraining from growing crops for the markets which were especially adapted to the West, and by devoting all of their attention to the crops suited to their section, the co-operating farmers were enabled to get fair prices for all their products. Their organization soon had imitators; other counties banded together in a co-operative scheme. It was the ambition of John Toner's life to unite these organizations in one brotherhood. As the wider sphere of work opened up, he felt the greater re-

sponsibility resting upon him, and he entertained doubts at times as to the ultimate results. He had made a success of his scheme on a small scale, but there were graver obstacles to overcome when it was attempted to extend it. He worked hard to organize the clubs of different sections of his state, but sectional jealousies repeatedly thwarted his efforts. The cupidity of leaders of other organizations opened his eyes to the new difficulties before him. For two years he devoted his attention to the formation of a state organization, which in the end crumbled before his eyes. Disappointed and discouraged, he returned to his quiet farm life once more, and interested himself in his local organization. His faith in a state or national organization of farmers for mutual protection and benefit was shaken; or, if he still believed it, he felt that he was not the man to carry out the scheme to success.

His own farm had been in some ways neglected while he was laboring in the general interest, and he now returned to it with new zeal. He had travelled a good deal about the New England states, and had caught many suggestions for the improvement of his own place.

"You want to settle down now and make yourself happy," Uncle Nathan said to him one day. "You've worked hard enough for others. Work for yourself a little. You've earned a rest."

"I feel as if I needed rest," John Toner replied. "I am run down. But I shall soon pick up again here on the farm."

"This air'll cure everything but rheumatiz," said Uncle Nathan. "Why, there's Bessie, Solomon's widow, when she came back she was all run down. But she's braced up, and looks as well as ever. It's wonderful."

"Bessie is well, is she?"

"Yes, she's well, and so's her boy. But Bessie's lonesome. I don't see why somebody don't marry her. If somebody else don't propose to her soon, I'm going to. She might take pity on my rheumatiz."

John looked toward the hills in the west and was silent.

"Do you know, John," — the old man persisted, — "that though you may be wise in some things, you're blind in others? You want a wife, you want Bessie, and Bessie needs a husband. she needs you. Why don't you call it square? She would have married you instead of Solomon if you'd only proposed in time. Now she's waiting for you again, and you're just as backward as ever. It's my opinion that she's loved you ever since she was a school-girl, and you've loved her. Now don't let anything separate you any longer. Don't let any other man step in. Let her come to this home of yours, and make things comfortable. We'll give you a big celebration, all of us."

After this little speech Uncle Nathan hurried away, without waiting to see the effect of it on his friend. He had relieved his mind, and he felt satisfied. John Toner meditated over the matter. The thought that Bessie might have loved him all these years made his heart swell. He recalled every little scene of their early lives. He gave a new interpretation to many a word of hers, and his eyes shone with un wonted light. He felt his steps growing lighter, and everything about him appeared new. He thought of the past, with its pleasant and unpleasant memories; and of the future, with its possible promise for happiness and joy.

In the springtime John Toner's hope became a certainty. The farmers for many miles around turned out to the little wedding in the country church, and every one of them brought some sort of present, — the children bringing flowers. Bessie was as bright and beautiful at her second wedding as at her first. John Toner was a nobler looking bridegroom than he could have been then. His grave, dignified face showed in every feature the refining influence of pain, and thought, and aspiration. His life with its sorrow had not been in vain; and with co-operative home-making now added to co-operative farming, and the new force which happiness gives to a good man, what further growth in usefulness was not possible for him?

ISABEL, ELSIE, AND I.

By Annie Howells Fr  chette.



MARCH 21st.—The house is settled, and we seem to be “taking root” successfully. I’ve been sitting a long time at my window, looking across the river at the slopes which are so marvel-

lously green with the wheat of last fall’s sowing, and I’ve been humming as I looked,

“Sweet fields beyond the rolling flood
Seem clothed in living green.”

When the mud dries a little, father says we will cross over and drive up among the hills and see the country. I don’t know whether I want to go. I fear a closer view would show me sharp stones and ugly ruts — “galls,” they call them here — and briers; and besides, I might disturb my ghosts. Now I only see a velvety surface, over which long spirit lines of soldiers in blue vanish, and I hear, with ears akin to my ghost-seeing eyes, phantom music from the drums and the gleaming bugles,

“As the armies march away.”

This country makes the war real to me, but almost everything else vague. I wonder if we shall be happy here. Elsie stands bareheaded in the spring sunshine (spring, though March!), and says it warms her through and through; and she stretches out her hands and takes in an armful of the bright air, and declares she never wants to see the North again, and wishes she knew who the handsome young fellow is we so often meet as we go to the post-office. He always has a flower in his coat. Elsie will soon know; she always does find out who handsome young fellows are.

Of course, while she is wishing and I am dreaming, Isabel is doing. What a wonderful girl she is! She has already made friends on all the neighboring farms. In our walks and drives she has found reasons for tapping at many a half-open door (the Southern door seems chronically ajar), ostensibly to ask the way, or for a glass of

water (when the glass comes, it is usually a gourd!), but really because her neighborly soul cannot endure without a friendly atmosphere. Sometimes the people are shy and often uncouth, but they are human beings, and Isabel loves all mankind. Upon these occasions she leaves Elsie and me perched in the cart or on a fence, resting ourselves after a long trudge; and after a five minutes’ absence we see her emerge with a sun-bonneted woman, or a lank man in his shirt sleeves, and they go to look at the garden or the pigs; or they disappear into some tumble-down stable, to see a calf or get a setting of eggs; or else the people produce a spade and begin digging up some plant or bush, — we are sure it will have some odd local name. All the time we hear her cheery, happy voice, talking away as if she had always known them. No wonder people love her. She harmonizes with whatever is good in everything and everybody.

April 2d.—Oh, this wonderful new world! This morning, when we had finished breakfast, father proposed that we should go for a walk. We told him it was bad housekeeping to go gadding off in the morning, before the work was done. But the spirit of the South is already upon father, and he said: “Never mind the housekeeping. I want to strike across the woods to the east, and explore the river-bank. Bring baskets and trowels, for we are sure to come across flowers that you’ll want to dig up.” So like obedient girls we hurried off, only saying that we were glad and thankful that hundreds of miles stretched between us and our old thrifty neighbors, that they could not see our rapid demoralization.

We went through the woods and reached the river-bank, — and such discoveries as we made! A hundred plants and flowers that were new to us, some in full bloom and others in bud; over our heads a cloud of dogwood and red-buds; and here and there, against the delicate green of the young leaves, a glossy, solid holly tree. As we came to an opening in the woods we saw and heard our first mocking-bird.

He was upon the top of a high tree, singing gloriously. He seemed to exult in his power of melody, and just as we thought his song finished, he went into ecstasies over his music, and flung himself into the air, whirling over and over, only to alight and begin again. I never want to hear a caged mocking-bird again.

While we girls were shouting out our delight, and father was standing with his hat in his hand (whether as an acknowledgment of the bird or the heat, I don't know), we heard voices, and two men came into sight. Of course we all looked at them, and father and they greeted each other as if they had met before,—and it afterwards appeared that they had met at the post-office. They carried guns. The older began at once to apologize to father for not having called upon him, and begged to be allowed to introduce himself. He was Col. Powell Gilbert, and his companion was "My son, Dan, a lazy fellow who ought long ago to have paid his respects to you, sir."

Colonel Gilbert has been a very handsome man, with the air of former elegance still about him. His son is handsome, but by no means elegant. They both have soft, pleasant voices, but "Dan's" English could be better than it is. He has lovely eyes, though.

We were all going in the same direction ; so after a few minutes' talk we moved on,—father and Colonel Gilbert first, Isabel and I next, and Elsie and Dan following. That girl is a perfect magnet. He is the handsome young fellow we have seen going by with the flower in his coat.

We came out upon a steep bluff which overlooked the river ; and what a view burst upon us ! Just below us the river was broad and shallow, filled with bowlders, around which the swift water swung or broke in ruddy foam—for it is not the clear sparkling water of the North. Beyond, the land rolled back in soft heights until it uplifted itself into hills, which stretched away to grow into the Blue Ridge. From the cliff upon which we stood hung great clumps of rosy pinks, and the ground under our feet was covered with what our new acquaintances called "turkey violets." They are the connecting links between pansies and modest blue violets. A bed of them shows a hundred fairy faces,— "real

Brownies," as Elsie said. I don't think the young man knew what she meant, for he smiled inquiringly as he stooped to gather a bunch of them for her.

After standing a few minutes to enjoy the view with us, the two gentlemen said good by, and disappeared among the bushes ; and presently we heard their guns far up the river.

April 10th.—I have come in from the porch, where I've watched father and Isabel and Elsie drive away to return the visit of the Gilbert household. We have found out about all there is to know of them, and, as Isabel says, we felt no shame in doing so ; for ask as many questions as you please of any one here, you are sure to have one more asked of you in return. Talk of Yankees being inquisitive ! They are "nowhere" as compared with our Southern neighbors. Not that they impress one as prying—rather, they only seem interested in you, and friendly.

Col. Powell Gilbert is late of the Southern army. What would Pillsbury Wood, or Theodora Weld Smith, or any of our old neighbors say, to see us "hob-nobbing with rebels" ? He is a widower, and his maiden sister keeps house for him ; and she, with the son, makes up the family. They all came the day after we met them in the woods, and they *stayed to tea*. It seemed very nice and sociable, but queer. I don't at all expect to see father and the girls back until bedtime.

I wonder if we are going to have a love affair precipitated upon us ! Elsie with her usual singleness of purpose has appropriated the son. He is to teach her to ride, and she has already given him his first lesson in tennis. He takes kindly to it, as I fancy he does to everything but hard work. His father looks much more the tennis player by birth, though. They are oddly alike, and yet unlike. I fancy they were exactly the same kind of babies ; but one was born the heir to several thousand acres and as many hundred slaves, while the other came just in time to inherit the results of the lost cause. The father had years of European life and travel ; the son hardly gives a thought to Europe. The father was college bred, and I fancy that what little education the son has he extracted from the local schools. But he is not uncouth ; he is gentle and well mannered by nature. About all the difference

after all is, the father went through the polishing process and the son did not. However, I don't know that I am obliged to keep a diary devoted to the Gilbert family.

Yesterday father and I went to see some Northern people, who have just bought a little farm three miles from us. They are from Michigan, and the woman—poor soul—is wretchedly homesick. They are young, and came expecting to make their fortune. The man is tall and brown and used to hard work, but he looks as if he didn't know where to begin first. He is discouraged, and when we came away followed us to the buggy and said that if his wife didn't soon cheer up, he'd have to take her home. Father immediately seemed responsible—as he always does for people's troubles—and said, "I'll send my daughter to see her." Isabel is father's panacea.

May 1st.—I am sorry to see the intervals between entries growing longer. It makes me fear that this journal will share the fate of all its predecessors; though there is this in its favor,—there seems to be plenty to write about now-a-days.

Just as I anticipated, they *did* stay until bedtime. Isabel told me all about the Gilbert establishment. It is rather poverty stricken and—with suitable lamentations over her prying eyes—she confesses that it is also rather dusty and cobwebby. The old garden, she says, is lovely, with dilapidated summer-houses, box-edged walks, licorice vines and jasmynes trailing everywhere, and great magnolia trees. In the parlor is a tinkling old piano of *ante bellum* days, and upon it Elsie played, and Dan picked up a genuine plantation banjo which was lying on a chair, and accompanied her.

In accordance with father's promise, Isabel and I went to see the Michigan people. I need not say that she had reconciled them to their new home before we came away. She began by rearranging the kitchen, and finding out why the stove wouldn't draw,—I verily believe the poor woman (Mrs. Geddis, her name is) had made up her mind it was because there was a picture of Stonewall Jackson on the oven door. Mr. Geddis was sent upon the roof to look down the chimney, and after dislodging a few bricks, all went merry as a marriage bell. Then we helped Mrs.

Geddis unpack and put up some white curtains, over which she shed a few tears, remembering how she and her mother had "done them up" just before leaving Michigan. While I helped with the curtains, Isabel went over the farm with Mr. Geddis, and on their return talked so enthusiastically about it, that they became quite enamored of their new home, and we left them in fine spirits. She is a wonderful girl!

Upon reaching home we found Dan Gilbert with Elsie on the porch. He had come over to talk with father about trying to get Northern capital to work some fine granite on his father's place; but father being on a distant part of the farm, he was talking to Elsie instead—not about granite, I fancy.

May 8th.—The Geddises were here on Sunday, and had a truly refreshing time. They basked in Isabel's sunshine, and after supper we sat out under the trees and talked of our other homes, and father talked in his comforting, helpful way, and presently Colonel Gilbert and Dan came riding up, and said they had come for the evening. The Colonel was very polite to poor flurried Mrs. Geddis (who was greatly impressed by him), and kind to her husband, and entertained us by telling some thrilling war experiences of his. We had a happy, cheery evening, and the Geddises departed, evidently feeling themselves to have been in a whirl of gayety. I'm glad to know that Colonel Gilbert remembered his promise to them, to send them a setting of turkey eggs the next day.

They all left at the same time, and in the confusion of going something very awkward happened. We had said good by all round in that mixed-up way people do when there is a buggy and two horses and several darkies crowding in amongst them, and the moon is going behind clouds, and there are shadows of bushes all around. Elsie and I were both in white, and I suppose that was how it happened. Any way, I was standing by Dan Gilbert's horse, patting its neck, and he came along from saying good night to father, and I held out my hand to him. He took it and pressed it tight and whispered, "You've talked to every one but me to-night."

What *will* he think when he finds out it was I? My heart flew! I don't suppose

Elsie would have minded it half so much, she is so used to having loving reproaches from her admirers — and she makes so light of them. But I can imagine how deeply in love with him one might be, he looked so handsome even in the dim light. Elsie *can't* possibly be flirting with him.

June 2d. — It is very odd how suddenly people will settle into each other's lives! Here it is just two months to-day since we met the Gilberts, and we have really grown so dependent upon each other! Isabel and I were talking about it last night as we sat in our room, and listened to father and Gilbert *père*, and sister and Gilbert *fils* talking in the garden below. I was not well and Isabel had come up to sit with me. I had been feeling depressed because lately I've had a suspicion that Colonel Gilbert is growing to like Isabel. He said to father the other day, that he was an enviable man with his three daughters, and that he could not help coveting some of his riches, — and immediately he began to praise Isabel. I don't know what we should do if she should marry. We should be like a crew without a pilot. I've always expected Elsie to marry, and although I love her dearly, I would not care; indeed, I should be glad, for I can't imagine her being an "old maid." But for Isabel to belong to other people! — oh, that would be awful!

I told Isabel with many tears what I had been making myself miserable over, and she kissed me, and laughed and said, "You need have no fears, little sister; I've never yet seen any man I'd leave father for, and besides the Gilberts will have to be satisfied with *one* of us." Then we discussed the *pro* and *con* of Elsie's affair, and we decided that Dan was very much in love with her.

June 16th. — Last week Dan Gilbert proposed that we should have a picnic at "The Ruins," a poor old dilapidated stone house, which stands upon a bluff overlooking the river, about ten miles from here. Naturally, ruins are no novelty in the South; but this one enjoys the distinction of having been a ruin long before the war. He has often told us about it, and father was full of curiosity to see it, so our party was easily made up. We four, the three Gilberts and some cousins of theirs, the Randolphs, who are rather nice people, — Miss Willy Randolph (*Willy* seems to be a fa-

vorite name for girls in this part of the world) is a lovely girl, or would be if only she would not powder, — and Dr. Michand and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddis.

Our house was the starting point. Of course Colonel and Dan Gilbert rode. So did Willy Randolph and her brother Lee, and Elsie and I rode with them. Mrs. Randolph and Miss Gilbert, or "Miss Sally," as she is called by the whole neighborhood, took our places in the carriage.

We started early, so as to avoid the heat, and as our way lay through a pine forest, most of the time along the river-side, it was cool and refreshing. Our riding party was badly arranged. If Elsie and Dan rode together, that would leave either a brother and sister, or an uncle and niece to one another's company. I was just turning this over in my mind and trying to arrange it, when Elsie trotted off with a gay nod to Lee Randolph, and "Are you to look after me, Mr. Randolph?" I thought for a moment I was to fall to Dan's care, and I didn't fancy that at all — for I confess that I've felt awkward with him ever since the night he mistook me for Elsie. Sometimes I've thought he suspected his mistake, for the first time we met after he looked at me so searchingly, and I know I blushed ridiculously, for my cheeks burnt. I have got to avoiding him since. Elsie has noticed it, and has asked me why I don't like him. I *do* like him, and I assured her so. I wouldn't want the dear girl to think I do not like her lover. Well! Willy Randolph followed Elsie's example and called out, "Come on, Dan, don't let them go ahead of us!" and that left me to Colonel Gilbert. I was very glad. He is a good talker, and he must have been very fascinating when he was Dan's age. I wonder what sort of a man Dan would have been if he had always been rich and reared in luxury. As it is, he is a very sweet, unselfish fellow — just the kind of man to adore Elsie, who will allow him to sacrifice himself to her as much as he wishes.

The picnic was a great success; the place was romantically and beautifully situated, and the sadness of a ruined homestead had its charm. Mrs. Randolph told us all about the people who used to live there — cousins of hers, of course. While she was talking, Dan came to where I was sitting, and asked me to let him show me

a view I had not yet seen, and I went. After standing and looking long over the lonely but beautiful scene, Dan said :

"Come, sit down and rest ; you had a climb to get here."

I sat down on a mossy stone, and he threw himself on the grass beside me.

"You look lazy," I said.

"And you don't like lazy men, do you?"

"I may like them, but I don't approve of them."

"Is that the reason you don't approve of me?"

"Now you are personal, as well as lazy-looking. Remember, I only said you *looked* lazy."

"Did I look lazy when I was carrying your parasol up the hill for you?"

"I didn't look at you."

"You never do look at me."

"What, never?" I quoted.

"Well — hardly ever," he replied, unknowingly following the text.

"Did you ever hear *Pinafore*?"

He shook his head.

"I never heard an opera."

"Oh, how dreadful!" I exclaimed.

"I should like to hear one. I love music, though I don't know anything about it."

"But you sing well ; you have a beautiful voice."

"I'm glad I have something you approve of. Do you think you would respect me any more if I sat bolt upright?"

"No, I don't know that I should."

"Well, then I won't make myself uncomfortable if there is nothing to be gained by it — besides —

"The bright summer day
Will soon fade away,"

he began in his soft voice, when Elsie's clear, high soprano rang out from beyond a clump of azalia bushes, finishing, —

"So remember that I love you,
And be true, dear,"

as she, with Willy and Lee Randolph, came into view. It was well they came, for Elsie has demoralized him so, that he probably thinks all Northern girls like to have nonsense talked to them.

June 20th. — We have had quite an exciting time since my last entry. When we reached home from our picnic we found two gentlemen from New York waiting to

see father about the much-talked-of granite on Colonel Gilbert's place. They stayed all night, and father drove over with them the next morning to examine it, and since then we have lived on granite. We have not seen the Colonel, and have only caught sight of Dan once or twice riding past with one of the New Yorkers. Poor fellow ! he looked very rustic by comparison. Elsie and Willy Randolph rode to the quarry the day before yesterday, and reported the gentlemen almost too busy to look at or speak to them. What a blessing it would be if Dan found himself transformed into a man of affairs ! But I suppose Elsie would miss him if he wasn't forever idling about here. Indeed, we all miss him.

June 21st. — Last night Dan Gilbert and Mr. Gordon, the engineer from New York, rode over to spend the evening. They seem to have become great friends. The quarry is to be "opened" (I believe they term it) and worked by Northern capital. Father is as happy as if he were the owner himself. Dan must feel pretty sure of Elsie, for last night she flirted outrageously with Mr. Gordon, and it didn't seem to trouble him in the least. He only said to me, "What a beautiful little thing she is," and of him, "He is a splendid fellow — only a year older than I am, and he has been a busy man for the last ten years."

August 20th. — Almost two months have passed since I've written a word. We seem to have been very dull of late, — at least I have. The opening of the granite quarry seems to have changed things greatly. Colonel Gilbert, when he comes, never tells us war stories any more ; he and father talk of cubic yards, and derricks, and granite paving-stones, and contracts, and all sorts of uninteresting things. Dan hardly comes at all. I think he is even growing indifferent to Elsie, he is so taken up ; he has charge of the works. Mr. Gordon is still with the Gilberts, and he often calls. Oh, dear ! I am dull. There is nothing to write about. When Elsie had a love affair on hand, it was much more interesting.

August 23d. — This afternoon I was coming from the post-office, when Dan Gilbert came riding behind me. He jumped off his horse and walked beside me. I said he was really a stranger, and he answered, "Well, you see I've got over being a lazy fellow."

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"Oh, immensely," he answered, laughing. "Do you approve of me more than you used to?"

"Do you approve of yourself?" I asked, very severely.

"Why, yes, if you do."

Then we walked on, laughing and chatting of nothing in particular, until our paths separated. He looked very handsome as he rode away.

August 25th.—Something startling indeed has happened. Elsie is engaged! This morning two letters came bearing the New York postmark, — one for father and one for her. They were from Mr. Gordon. He went back last week and being likely to be detained several weeks — so Elsie says — found himself unable to endure uncertainty, and so wrote, offering himself. Elsie is always herself — cool and unabashed. She likes him, and so does father; consequently I suppose he is to be my brother-in-law. When she first told me (we were alone, as Isabel had gone to see her week-old namesake, Isabel Geddis), I exclaimed, —

"But Elsie, what about Dan Gilbert?"

Elsie looked simply amazed.

"Why *surely* you didn't think I'd waste myself on Dan Gilbert! What a crazy loon!"

September 3d. — I must write or I shall go mad. This morning just after breakfast we heard Elsie speaking to some one who had galloped to the porch. Then she rushed in, white and scared, crying to father that one of the men from the quarry had just gone on for a doctor, and wanted father to go at once to the Gilberts. Dan was dead; a great piece of granite had fallen on him. In a moment it seemed father had gone, and Isabel with him. Elsie walked the floor, crying and wringing her hands, and talking about "dear Dan." Then she ran off to her room to write the dreadful news to Mr. Gordon; and I am alone. When I got up this morning I thought how beautiful and full of life the day was; now it all seems terrible. I can only think of that poor fellow lying dead. Over in the direction of the quarry I can see the derricks standing motionless. Of course everything must have stopped. How different it all is from what it was that day at the picnic — the last day he was "a lazy fellow"! What was the use

of his being killed? Why might not the old thriftless, idle life have gone on? Why did I always try to be superior to him — and forever preach activity to him? How handsome he looked that night he spoke to me for Elsie! How *can* Elsie write to her lover about him? He spoke to me the last time we met about her engagement. He said very quietly that his friend Gordon had succeeded and he had failed (I wonder if he ever asked Elsie to marry him), and then he laughed and said something about Northern and Southern energy. Poor fellow! I wish I had never teased him; I did not think he would have cared — and perhaps he did not. I hope he only referred to it so often because I was so uninteresting to him that he could not think of anything else to say to me. I am glad now that he never liked me. I could —

Evening. — What a comfort it is to be able to write that he was not killed. He is cruelly hurt, though, and was unconscious for a long time. But he knew father and Isabel before they came away, and spoke to them. Isabel has gone back to stay with Miss Sally to-night, and in the morning I am to go and take her place. I feel as if I had lived years since this morning. I am tired, and yet I cannot sleep. How terrible death is when it comes near one we — have known, and seen much of, and who seems to be glad to live! Father says he *will* live, and that he will not be crippled.

September 7th. — It is no wonder that I have sat thinking for an hour since I wrote the date. It is no use for one to try to write *what* I have lived through to-day; I will only write *about* it — for sometime I — *we* — shall be glad to read it all.

Four days ago I came to stay with Miss Sally, and relieve her of the care of the house, so she could devote all her time to Dan. I did not see him until this morning. She was obliged to be away for an hour, and asked me to sit where I could hear him call if he should want anything. He had been restless all night, and was sleeping soundly, so she thought he would never know she had left him. Colonel Gilbert was asleep in his room, for he had been up all night with Dan. I had not been ten minutes in his room before he roused up, and called for his aunt. I went quickly to him and told him that Miss

Sally had been obliged to go and see to the apples that were being picked, and I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

At first he hardly seemed to know me ; then he said, "Oh, Miss Nettie, is it you?" and reached out his hand and seemed very glad to see me. Poor fellow ! he looked so white and so different from the way he looked in the old days of health.

"I'm loafing as usual, you see," he said.

"Oh, please don't say that—I'm so sorry—I felt so dreadfully when I thought you were dead, and remembered—I would have given anything—I wished then—I thought I would give all the world for the chance to tell you how sorry I was—and that I didn't despise you as you seemed to think—Oh ! I'm so glad you are alive !"

I was dreadfully frightened after I had spoken ; for his face flushed and he caught my hand.

"Did you *care* ?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert, can you think I would *not* care ?"—and I began to cry.

"*Why* were you sorry ? Was it because a man had been killed—or because *I* was dead ?"

"It was because *you* were dead,—and—because everything would always seem different." I didn't realize what I was saying.

"Nettie, Nettie," he cried, "do *I* make the world different to you ? Tell me, darling."—And before I knew it I was down on my knees beside him, and his arm was round my neck.

"Dear, dear Dan, you *are* all the world to me."

I never knew it until that moment. Now I seem always to have loved him. I know now that that first morning when we met in the woods, and he gave the turkey violets to Elsie, I wished he had given them to me.

Miss Sally was gone more than an hour, and we talked every minute of the time—or at least I did. I told him about the evening he mistook me for Elsie—and he said it was no mistake at all ; that he knew he was speaking to me ; that he thought I wanted him to understand I did not care for him in the least. He told me he had never thought of Elsie as his wife ; that she was a gay, happy little thing, and he would like her very much as a sister ; and about father and Isabel he thinks just as I do. Indeed, we think alike about many things.

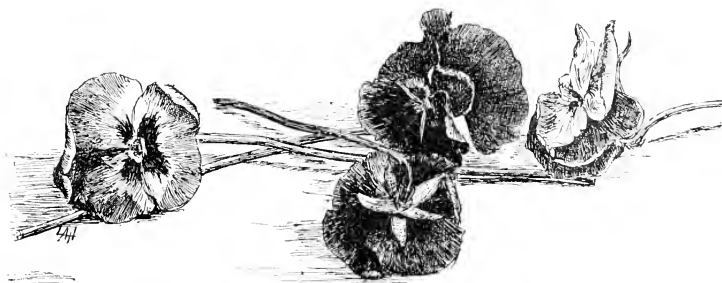
A little later Colonel Gilbert came in from his nap, and asked, "Well, my poor boy, how are you feeling now ?"

Dan smiled brightly, and answered, "I'm not a poor boy any longer, father ; I feel very rich and generous, for I can give you what you've always wanted—a daughter."

The dear old colonel took me in his arms and kissed me, and said, "I'm very glad, very glad, my dear."

September 10th.—I am at home again. I've told father and the girls. I told Isabel how it happened, and she laughed and said, "Well, there is one thing, dear, you'll have to expect. When he gets well and uppish, he'll often tell you that you left nothing for him to do but to propose to you."

Well, he may.



THE SONG ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.¹

By Jessie F. O'Donnell.

LIKE a bird of prey the midnight spreads her black and brooding wings,
Where throughout the trampled woodlands still the smoke of battle clings.

Blazing shells shriek through the forest and an instant light the scene,
And heart-breaking, through the darkness, in the ghastly hush between,

Come the groans of wounded soldiers helpless on the blood-soaked ground.
There is horror in the silence, there is horror in the sound !

Pitiless the rain from heaven has beat on us lying here,
But the storm's rude hand is lifted, and once more the sky is clear ;

And the silver stars are crowding to the watch-towers in the sky,
Whence the spirits of dead soldiers mark their patriot comrades die.

Through the terror of the stillness, through the anguish of the moans,
Come the words, half-sung, half-whispered, in exultant, hopeful tones : —

*“ When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies — ”*

Heads are lifted, groans are stifled, wounded men forget their pain,
E'en the dying wait to listen to that sweet and holy strain : —

*“ I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes ”*

Faint the soldier's voice is growing, but another, clear and strong,
Then another, and another, swell the tide of solemn song : —

*“ When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.”*

O'er the field the weary soldiers catch the failing, faltering notes,
Till that song of praise and triumph echoes from a hundred throats.

Dying men smile as they sing it, with their last-drawn earthly breath,
And their souls go out in music to the shadowland of death : —

*“ Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ! ”*

¹ Headley relates, in his *Life of General Grant*, that as the wounded were borne from the field of Shiloh, a fatally wounded captain, after speaking of his sufferings through the preceding night, said : “ I could not help singing that beautiful hymn : — ‘ When I can read my title clear.’ And there was a Christian brother in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the terrible battle-field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the field of battle ring with hymns of praise to God.”

Oh, my soul ! take thou the lesson ! On the battle-field where Wrong
For a season Right has vanquished, lift thy voice in hopeful song.

Though the storms have beat upon thee, though thy wounds are deep and red,
Clear the sky is growing o'er thee, stars of hope shine out o'erhead.

Spirit-comrades watch thy struggles ; — let them hear the hero ring
Through thy voice, triumphant, hopeful ; — in the darkness sing, soul, sing !

*" There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast ! "*

Sing, my soul ! no prize worth winning e'er was gained without a scar,
Every word drives back a storm-cloud, every note brings out a star !



THE INDIAN QUESTION PAST AND PRESENT.

By Herbert Welsh.

Secretary of the Indian Rights Association.

THE charge of a Century of Dishonor, a term which has been applied to our century of national dealings with the Indian, is a serious indictment to bring against a nation and an age. How far is such an indictment just ? The American people, the colonists of the original states and their decendants, inherited much of the world's best civilization, of humane sentiments, of sound education, and of free institutions. As men go, they were religious, conscientious, and enlightened people, the majority of whom were of English origin, with a minority of French, Dutch, and German ; but all, broadly speaking, had left the land of their birth from the desire partly for religious and partly for civil liberty. The Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the Friends or Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Scotch-Irish and Germans of the same state, the Huguenots of South Carolina, represented quite as high an average of enlightenment and morality as could then be found in the civilized world. Can it be true that the dealings of these men and of their decendants, who inherited their traditions and institutions, with the native people, whom they found on the shores and in the forests of the new land, were such as to

justly taint them with the stain of dishonor ? It is generally conceded that the public men developed by the colonial period in America were of a very high order of private and of public virtue, men who as patriots and as statesmen rank with the great men of the world and of time. Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, and the patriots with whom they were associated, and of whom they were representative, were the men who lifted the colonies into the dignity of a nation and left the impress of their political genius and their exalted public virtue upon the nation's future life. If a nation of whom these men were the founders could be guilty of a century of dishonor, can honor anywhere be found in national dealings, either in our own or in other times ? Just what is the responsibility of the nation in the more remote and in the nearer past, for the undoubted wrongs and outrages which have been inflicted upon the Indians of our seaboard states, and of our western and more recently developed territory, is a question of historical and practical interest. A right understanding of this matter is necessary both to a just decision upon our national responsibility for the incessant troubles occurring between the white and the red race in the

past, and also for a clear judgment as to what our duty is toward the Indian population which still remains upon our hands. We are concerned with this past of our Indian history principally because of the light which it throws upon the present,—that present in which we live and move, the duties and the opportunities of which to conscientious and intelligent men and women are of supreme importance.

The most positive and conspicuous cause of trouble between the white colonists of America and the native tribes lay in the fact that the whites were of different, and usually of hostile, nationalities, bringing with them to these shores the sharpest and most irreconcilable differences of religious belief, sensitiveness as to national honor, and desire for the acquisition of territory. Those Indian wars which were among the most bloody, and massacres which did most to inflame the minds of the colonists with an extreme and inextinguishable hatred of the Indian, were inspired and guided by the whites themselves. In the long struggle for mastery in the new world, which lasted with varying fortunes for a century, and culminated in Wolfe's and England's victory over Montcalm on the heights of Abraham, France did not hesitate to employ savage allies. French tomahawks and scalping-knives struck down and mutilated English women and children in the exposed settlements of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, and Virginia. French officers were in command at Deerfield, at Fort William Henry, at Braddock's defeat; nor does history record that they put forth any effort to prevent the horrors perpetrated by their Indian allies. As in the opinion of Henry the Fourth, Paris was well worth a mass, it was doubtless the judgment of these courteous and in many respects excellent French gentlemen, that America was well worth a scruple of humanity. Nor was England, in her moment of need, notwithstanding the eloquent and indignant protest of Chatham, more scrupulous. The savage Iroquois were called to her aid to subdue the colonists struggling for independence. English tomahawks and scalping-knives were red with our fathers' blood at Wyoming, at Oriskany, at the Minnisink; nor does history record that the British or Tory officers then in command sought to restrain their murderous

use. Indeed, the colonists themselves in some instances employed Indian allies in their struggle with England. In a word, no moral reproach falls upon the Indian for the perpetration of many of the worst atrocities committed through the colonial history, which does not rest with equal or greater weight upon two of the most civilized and Christian nations of modern times. It was this difference of the colonists in race, and this desperate struggle for supremacy, which made the inauguration and the successful pursuit of any policy for the civilization and Christianization of the Indian impossible. Indeed, such were the conditions of colonial history that any other result than that which actually occurred would have been surprising. Even if it had been a question of a single powerful and civilized nation dealing with a large number of savage tribes, it would have been extremely difficult to have maintained continued peaceful relations between the two bodies so widely separated in interests and customs. The Indian could not be expected to accept the destruction of his food-supply and the occupation of his land by an invading race, without making a strong effort to prevent the catastrophe. He could look to no other tribunal in the contest but that of force, and to that he appealed. It would have required a clear understanding of the obligations of a civilized nation upon the one hand, with the steady fulfilment of its promises of compensation to the savage tribes for lands relinquished by them, and on the other an equally steady acquiescence in the necessity for retirement further and further from the sea-coast, or the complete abandonment of the old hunter life. It would have been remarkable even under such favorable conditions as these, if the desired result of friendship between both races and the elevation of the weaker had ensued; but in view of the constant occupation of Indians by whites of varied hostile nations of Europe, contending for the possession of the continent and led continually to appeal to the savage tribes to effect the ruin of each other, and to advance rival European interests by violence, it is not wonderful that the result was what it has been, deplorable as that result is. For such a result no one man was responsible; it was the outcome of

the varied and complex conditions of humanity and civilization, in which good and evil passions struggled in never-ending conflict. It is only by the wide, deep, unprejudiced study of history, and by the equally careful investigation of the facts and experiences of life, that we can come to a clear understanding of the truth in this matter. All the wrong, and all the right, was not on the side of the Indian nor on the side of the white man.

There were conspicuous instances of the noblest Christian devotion and self-sacrifice upon the part of faithful missionaries, who sought to lift the darkened and undisciplined savage mind out of the misery of heathenism into the liberty of Christian light and conduct. These efforts on the part of different bodies of Christians, though in most instances they have left but few permanent results, are full of instruction and encouragement for those who will consider them carefully and without bias. The most conspicuous and important of these efforts to convert the Indians to the belief and morality of Christianity were those of the Jesuits among the Algonquin tribes of Canada and the Iroquois or Six Nations of Central New York, Eliot among the Pequots of New England, and the Friends or Quakers and the Moravians among the Delawares of Pennsylvania. Nothing could exceed the heroism and picturesque devotion of those early Jesuit missionaries. They endured frightful tortures at the hands of the Iroquois with unabated desire to win converts to their faith. They won, however, few permanent triumphs, for neither did they understand nor did the conditions permit that sort of training necessary to change the savage to the civilized man. Certainly the brightest spot in all our dark dealings and struggles with the Indian tribes was the unbroken treaty of William Penn with the Delawares of Pennsylvania. That distinguished man, righteous and wise beyond his time, determined upon a policy of friendliness and fair dealing with the Indians, which was so successfully carried out that for seventy years the peace between the two races was unbroken; during that period neither the blood of the red man nor of the white was shed. Eliot had gathered from among the Pequots and others in the neighborhood of the present town of Newton a large number of converts who were known as

"the praying bands"; but King Philip's War so exasperated the colonists against the Indians that these bands were broken up and dispersed.

Of all the efforts to Christianize the Indians, none were undertaken in a wiser and more Christlike spirit, and none met with greater present success and better promise of permanent success, than the missions of the Moravians among the Delawares. The converts of these devoted men, who of all Christian bodies manifested conspicuously zeal without bigotry and earnestness without intolerance, were converts in deed as in profession. Indeed, they seem to have shown a far truer appreciation of the purpose of the gospel than many nominal Christians by whom they were surrounded. These innocent people, as in the case of Eliot's converts, suffered for the misdeeds of their wild brethren; for the losses which the frontier whites sustained through the outbreak of Pontiac so incensed the rough white population near them, that they murdered many who had sought refuge in the jail at Lancaster; and one year later a similar massacre was perpetrated at Gnadenhütten on the shores of the Ohio. Those who escaped this first brutal butchery, in which women and children as well as men were driven into a pen and murdered, were forced to fly with their missionaries to seek the protection of the British governor and garrison at Philadelphia. They were pelted with mud and stones by their persecutors, as they stood for hours waiting for the barrack doors to open. When some one inquired how they endured such treatment with so much patience they answered simply, "We thought of the sufferings of Christ upon the cross, and believed that if he endured so much for us we could endure a little for him," — a practical application of the gospel by the weaker race that might well have taught the stronger a lesson.

There are obvious and valuable lessons to be drawn from the history of Christian missions among the Indians, from Penn's treaty and friendly relations with them, and from the equally remarkable but little known relations existing between Governor Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, and Tomachichi, chief of the Yamacraws. History proves beyond a doubt that justice and love have found a way to the hearts of savage men, and that the re-

sponse which Indians have given where such treatment has been shown them has been quite equal to that usually expected of a civilized race. The histories of the Moravian missionaries show many incidents of humanity among the Indians, their capability of affection, and their general good faith. Had theirs uniformly been that wise and just treatment which they received in a few isolated instances, the results would have been far different and far happier. In considering the whole colonial period of our dealings with the Indians, we can only conclude that the general morality of the times was wholly unequal to the task of maintaining just and peaceable relations with a savage, and consequently weak, people. Nor in pursuing our subject down to the present day can we reach a less humiliating conclusion.

And now what are we to say of this Indian question after it has passed from the colonial period into that of our nationality? To attempt more than a sketch of its history would be impossible here; but it will, I trust, be possible to give a clear idea of its general nature. The situation from the start was hopeless. It was an irrepressible conflict, the seeds of which had been planted far back in the early days of white occupation. To prevent, upon territory guaranteed to the Indians, the intrusion first of hunters and then of settlers was impossible. Washington earnestly desired to accomplish this result, and recommended to Congress that no settlements should be made west of a clearly marked boundary line, and that no purchase of land from the Indians except by the government should be permitted. This recommendation was disregarded, and another Indian war was the result. In the earliest treaties made by the United States with Indian tribes, where boundaries were distinctly marked, the lands designated were given to the Indians *forever*, and whites were to be left to the mercy of the Indians for punishment. Such was the case in the treaty of January 21, 1785, between the United States and the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Delawares, and such were the provisions of other treaties made at this period. The utter disregard of these treaties upon the part of the whites led to the Indian wars which resulted in the defeat of General St. Clair and the massacre of his troops, and in the victory of General

Wayne over the Miamis. These wars were illustrative of every war which has occurred between the Indians and ourselves from that time to this. The same miserable story has been repeated with unbroken similarity through all the terrible border conflicts of the century. A treaty would be made promising such and such lands to the Indians, to be theirs as long as "water ran and grass grew." Such and such goods were to be given them in return for land taken. The ink in which the treaty was written was scarcely dry before our unrestrained and unrestrainable settlers would proceed to violate its terms. This invariably led to irritation and to individual acts of revenge on the part of the Indians,—and then followed war. All along our advancing line of western settlement there ran a red fringe of blood and fire. It was this which led to St. Clair's Indian war and his defeat, to Wayne's victory over the Miamis, to the troubles between the United States and Tecumseh, the battle of Tippecanoe, and to the losses which our people suffered from Tecumseh's alliance with the British in the War of 1812. Failure to pay annuities due the Sioux Indians by the government was one of the causes that led to the awful Minnesota massacre of 1862. The Sitting Bull campaign, which culminated in the Custer massacre, was the direct result of violation of treaty agreement, through the invasion of the Black Hills by prospectors in search of gold. The removal of the Cherokees from Georgia by United States troops and their settlement in the Indian territory was one of the most unjustifiable outrages that our history records, and one of the few that provoked no bloodshed. The Cherokees had made great advance in civilized habits; they cultivated their lands, they had built school-houses, and for years had been under the influence of Christian missionaries. The demand for their removal by the United States on the part of Georgia was dictated wholly by greed, was contrary to treaty provisions, and was without excuse. The discussion agitated the whole country, but finally Congress yielded, and General Scott was ordered to remove these unhappy people from the land of their fathers, and so to destroy their civilization just as it was beginning to bear fruit. The march through the wilderness caused the death of at least half of the tribe. It is

unnecessary to do more than glance at the long list of cases of injustice, cruelty, wretchedness, and folly, which the history of our national dealings with the Indians reveals. As I have said, these transactions are nearly all of the same kind. Their essential nature does not vary materially.

What are the plain, reliable lessons that we may learn from this unhappy record of a century? Of what may we be really sure, and what will serve us in forming a clear view of the present aspect of the Indian question? This much, at least, is wholly trustworthy:—

1st. There was no sound and settled policy which looked toward winning an enduring friendship with the Indian tribes, establishing confidence between the two races, and eventually securing the civilization of the Indians. It is extraordinary that the government should continue to make promises in treaty after treaty, with tribe after tribe, that never could be kept. It is by no means extraordinary that the Indians, finding how utterly unworthy of trust were the promises made them, how continually they were deceived, how constant were the invasions of their territory, and, moreover, having no redress by law, should have taken the only course left them—frantic hate, violence, and murder, and having exhausted brief passion, should have sunk into apathy, debauchery, and despair.

2d. The individual, unrestrained character of our people, their remoteness from the seat of government, the enormous extent of our frontier, the weakness of national authority, made it very difficult for our government to control the action of its citizens. To a greater or less degree it made every man to become a law unto himself, and made him both ignorant and regardless of national promises.

3d. In the nature of things, the average man of the civilized race can have but little sympathy for or understanding of the uncivilized man. Language, habits, thought, all separate them. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed. There is a natural tendency for the civilized man to be a barbarian to the savage. It is the same instinct which prompts in a boy cruelty to helpless animals. The bad, weak side of human nature gets the upper hand. It requires imagination, Christian principle, and an unusually strong sense

of justice, to triumph over these baser instincts. There were good and humane men who saw plainly the injustice and wickedness with which the Indians were treated, who deeply regretted it, and did what they could by their own personal exertions to change the course of things; but they were too weak and too few to produce an appreciable result. The stream of tendency was too swift and too strong to be breasted. The nation was too busy with material development and with questions of another nature to afford the luxury of a conscience. Then, too, the belief that the Indian belonged to a doomed race, and that he was incapable of civilization, was so prevalent and so firmly entrenched in the minds of our people as to make them palliate national injustice as the inevitable adjunct of a conclusion that was unavoidable. The general popular view of the Indian was one of aversion and horror. He was always associated with the scalping-knife and tomahawk, and the murder of women and children. He was believed to be no better than a wolf or panther, wholly cruel, blood-thirsty, and irreclaimable.

I have sketched two periods in the history of the occupation of America by the white race, and of our dealings with the Indian tribes—two periods distinct and yet related. The first is the *colonial period*, in which I have shown how the seeds of future trouble and violence were sown by the occupation of Indian lands, by the struggles of the colonists and various nationalities for supremacy on the American continent, and by their employment in these struggles of Indian allies, by their failure, except in isolated cases, to treat the Indians with justice, and by their wanton murder of those native converts who had been redeemed from savage life by Christian missionaries. The second is the *national period*, during which the injustice of the colonial period continued in the constant making of treaties which from their nature could not be kept, and which were constantly broken, in the pressure of the uncivilized Indians westward, and even in the removal of Indians rapidly progressing in civilization, such as the Cherokees of Georgia. We now come to the consideration of the third and last period of the Indian question, the period in which a large number of thinking and

conscientious people in the United States have come seriously to consider whether it is not incumbent upon the nation to take prompt and comprehensive measures for the protection and civilization of the remaining Indians, to consider carefully the mistakes of the past, and to take steps for their avoidance in the future. What are the causes which originated this movement, what is its present aspect, and what are likely to be its results?

The movement for the humane solution of the Indian question originated partly in the changed position of the Indian tribes, and partly in the prompt perception by a few far-seeing men of the fact that such a change had taken place, and that there was pressing need, both from the white and from the Indian point of view, for consideration of its nature and for meeting its demands. During the colonial and early national period, civilization drove the Indian from the sea-coast westward—west of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi. There were great open tracts west of them. So long as they had the deer of the forest and the buffalo of the prairie to subsist upon, there was no urgent practical necessity either for the white man or for the Indian to consider the question of civilizing the Indian, of teaching him the essentials of religion and morality, a knowledge of systematic labor, of farming, of trades, of domestic life, of giving him the protection of law, and of according him a right to own his land as an individual. But when the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo no longer existed as a food-supply, when all the western wilderness was swept over by the tides of immigration, when the Indian had no West to retreat to, but was surrounded on all sides by the dominant race, when he was faced with the alternative of starvation or work, and when the United States was equally confronted with the problem of his civilization or his permanent pauperism, then it was apparent that a new condition of affairs had arisen.

We may fairly assume that the beginning of the third period of our dealings with the Indians dates from General Grant's second presidential term, when he called the attention of the country to the helpless situation of the Indian tribes, and asked the Christian bodies to come forward and assist in the work of their civilization. This call at once aroused popular

attention. It ushered in a better and brighter period—a dawn that has even yet not fully broken into day. Important preparatory work had been accomplished among the great Dakota or Sioux people of the Northwest by the Congregational and Presbyterian missionaries, Dr. Riggs and Dr. Williamson, whose greatest work was the translation of the Bible into the Dakota tongue. The fervid eloquence also of Bishop Whipple, which had reached far beyond the church walls of his communion, did much to awaken popular sympathy for the Indian. General Grant's appeal immediately led to new and important steps. Representative and humane men from many of the large cities went in a body to Washington, to thank President Grant for his words and to offer their services to him in carrying his plans into effect. This visit led to the formation of the Board of Indian Commissioners, composed of philanthropic gentlemen who served without pay and acted as an advisory board to the President and the Secretary of the Interior. This board was without executive power, and was only expected to assist the administration by information and advice. Its members accepted their duties with enthusiasm, but soon found that they had undertaken a Herculean task.

The Indian Bureau at that time was a nest of corruption. Jobbery, speculation, and inefficiency flourished. Contractors for provisions and all sorts of supplies swindled the government and the Indian. Indian agents were largely selected from among broken-down politicians. They were generally unsuited to their duties, and were in many instances flagrantly corrupt. A governor of one of our great states laughingly said, "Whenever a man comes to me for a place in the government service who is fit for nothing else, I give him a place in the Indian service." The impudence of some of these men was so great that one of them, who had robbed the government of \$80,000, excused himself in a public address by saying that all the money had been spent in Dakota—the territory in which he afterward lived;—as though this benefit to the locality excused his crime. The Board of Indian Commissioners, by visits to the Indian country and by careful inspection of supplies, accomplished much in the line of

reform ; but they had small sympathy from the heads of the Indian Bureau, who frequently thwarted their efforts to expose and punish guilty men. Suit for libel to the amount of \$100,000 was brought against one member of the board by a dishonest timber contractor, who was trying to cheat the government out of that amount of money, for having written to the Secretary of the Interior his opinion that the contract was fraudulent. The Secretary placed this letter—a letter written for his information for the protection of the government—in the hands of the contractor, thereby enabling him to bring suit. Nor was the President himself willing to remove officers of the Interior Department, when such action was necessary to protect the credit of the administration. It was the corruption of American politics which hampered the efforts of the Board of Indian Commissioners for reform and caused some of its most active and earnest members to resign their positions and thenceforth to labor for Indian civilization through the medium of churches and as individuals rather than assume an official responsibility without power to discharge it.

Probably nothing has done so much to change the current of public opinion as to the possibility of civilizing Indians as the experiments in the education of Indian youth at the Carlisle and Hampton schools. The great work which these institutions have since accomplished grew out of the remarkable experiment made by Captain Pratt with a party of Indian prisoners who were confined by the government in the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine, Florida. These men, taken red-handed on the war-path and imprisoned far from the scene of their crimes, as being especially dangerous outlaws, were so changed by Captain Pratt's judicious treatment and by the efforts of a few Christian women for their instruction, that many of them became anxious to learn trades and to adopt habits of civilized life. In order that a fair opportunity might be given them to make this new departure, a few of their number were for a while taken to the Hampton negro training-school at Hampton, Virginia, and were there set to work along with negro boys. As these efforts promised success, the old government barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, were fitted

up as a training-school, and the work of Indian education was there definitely begun under the superintendency of Captain Pratt. The work for the negro at Hampton was also supplemented by the addition of two hundred Indian pupils. These two great schools, at which the Indian youth of both sexes and drawn from every tribe have been gathered, have been an object lesson of the highest value to the Indian cause. Doing their work openly in the heart of eastern civilization, they have shown our most intelligent people, what they may be pardoned for not having believed before, that under favoring circumstances the Indian can be taught all that is necessary to fit him for at least an humble position in civilized life.

The efforts of no single laborer in the Indian cause have been more faithful than those of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who during the closing years of her life devoted her literary talents and strong human sympathies to making known to her countrymen and women the story of Indian wrongs. *A Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona* have spread knowledge and aroused sympathy where ignorance and indifference to our Indian policy existed before.

The Indian question was further brought to public attention, in the year 1876, by the enforced removal of the Ponca Indians from their homes in Dakota to the Indian Territory. This was done by United States troops, under orders from the government. The Indians were bitterly opposed to this banishment from their homes, and some of them made their way back to Dakota on foot, often suffering great hardships. They were arrested, and were about to be returned, when their case was brought into the courts through the exertions of Mr. T. H. Tibbles, a western newspaper editor, whose sympathies had been aroused in their behalf. His exertions were successful. Judge Dundy, before whom their case was tried, made his memorable decision, that their forcible removal was unlawful. They were set at liberty and, accompanied by Mr. Tibbles and Bright Eyes, a Ponca Indian woman of remarkable intelligence and education, several of these Indians visited eastern cities, made their wrongs known through a series of public meetings, and aroused much popular sympathy in their behalf.

One of the most important results of

the Ponca case was the formation of the Boston Citizenship Committee, composed of philanthropic men, who assisted the unfortunate Poncas with money and counsel, and who did not suffer their interest in the Indian to die with the disposal of this single case. The Citizenship Committee has since continued its work in a more extended form for the benefit of all Indians, and especially has it labored to secure them their political and civil rights. Another important organization for securing the rights of the Indian is known as the Woman's National Indian Association, which was originally organized for securing the fulfilment of treaties, but has since largely turned its attention to the establishment of mission stations among the various tribes. This association has pressed its work so vigorously that it has branch associations in upwards of thirty states. It has widely disseminated information among the people and done much to influence the action of Congress at critical moments in favor of just treatment of the Indians and for the increase of education.

Another positive factor in that marked improvement which has characterized the management of Indian affairs within the last decade has been the Indian Rights Association. With a view to showing the general nature of the work which this society has accomplished, I will briefly sketch its history and methods. The formation of the Indian Rights Association resulted from the chance visit of two young men, of whom the writer was one, to the great Sioux reservation of Dakota, in the summer of 1882. This visit was made in company with Bishop Hare of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose mission field lay in this region, and it gave the first opportunity to those who made it to see the Indian as he really was, eye to eye, and not through the medium either of the sentimental or the adverse prejudices of others. There is a unique value in truth at first hand. This visit resulted in a revolution of many preconceived opinions and in fixing in our minds clearly and firmly two important truths:—

- 1st. That the Indians were capable of civilization; and
- 2d. That it was largely due to the injustice or inefficiency of the government's dealings with him that the Indian had attained to civilization so imperfectly.

Everywhere during this journey we were astonished by what Christian missionaries had accomplished. Congregations of Indian converts in many chapels scattered over the immense reservation, Indian children in boarding schools that were in moral atmosphere and discipline ideal Christian homes, educated Indian ministers earnestly engaged in the work of civilization among their people, left an impression on the mind that it was impossible to forget. It said more forcibly than could be expressed in words: The civilization of the Indian by these methods is possible. The devoted heroism and self-sacrifice of the missionary have shown that there is a humane solution of this problem. By just dealing, by kindness, by patient training, the missionary has won the Indian's heart, and has taught him the lessons of love, of labor, and of moral responsibility. It is true the number of those who have been reached by this means is small compared to that of those who are beyond its influence; but enough at least has been done to show what may be done. The thought was constantly in our minds, How few of our people at home know of this work, and how many of them know nothing of it at all! There were constant illustrations of the inefficiency, the errors, or the injustice of the government. Peaceful and industrious Indians, who had long asked to have their land given to them in severalty, and to whom it was due under treaty promises, had for years asked in vain, while their white neighbors clamored for the farms which had grown productive under Indian labor. There was no one to represent these men at Washington, and to plead their cause effectively.

This is the brief summary of the impression which this visit to the Indian country made upon our minds. The Indian was a human being, fully capable of civilization. Enough had already been done to prove this. He could understand kindness and justice, he had human affections, he could be taught to labor, to live in civilized ways, and to serve God. But his position was an unusual one, unlike that of other men. He needed to be taught everything that belongs to civilization,—how to speak English, to cultivate the ground; he must have the protection of law, must be given land in severalty, and must be duly cared for and protected

in his rights by the United States government. Congress must vote money for his education and pass laws for his protection and the people of the country must ask Congress to do these things. The black, dense ignorance which now exists on the subject must be dispelled. The Indian must have just and faithful friends, who will represent him in the East and at Washington, until his rights are accorded, and his days of tutelage are over. With such thoughts as these in mind, though without any definite plan by which they could be carried into execution, these two young men returned to their homes in Philadelphia. The intense impressions which their first glimpse of the Indian and of his wrongs had produced on their minds bore rapid fruit. To one of them large and wholly unexpected opportunities for public speaking were presented, and influential churches opened their doors to him for addresses upon the Indian question; and the interest and enthusiasm shown by their congregations gave ground for the hope that any wise and well-directed effort to redress Indian wrongs would meet with popular support.

It was determined to form an organization to carry out the work which I have sketched as absolutely demanded by the helpless situation of the Indian. In December, 1882, a few gentlemen gathered in a private parlor in Philadelphia, where they organized the Indian Rights Association. Branches of this parent tree rapidly grew in different parts of the country, but particularly in the eastern and middle states. The association to-day numbers about 1,600 members. Its object was to co-operate with the government in the work of civilizing the Indians, whenever co-operation was possible, but never to hesitate in criticism or conflict when it was necessary to expose wrong or defeat efforts to defraud. The great object of the association has been to make constant investigations upon Indian reservations, and there to ascertain the actual conditions and needs of the people, to represent these needs by public addresses, by publications, and through the newspapers, to the people at home. By such means and by such alone could public sentiment be formed and guided. The next great purpose of the association was to direct this newly

aroused force of public sentiment upon Washington—to make the Executive feel the force of this public pressure, to induce Congress to pass much needed legislation which had long lain dormant because there was no one to urge its passage, or to vote money for the education of Indian children; and to purify and stimulate to higher and more intelligent action the whole Indian service charged with the administration of Indian affairs. Space will admit no detailed account of what has actually been done from 1882 to the present time, on the lines marked out, but certainly a most positive and wholesome influence has been exerted. The association has collected a large and valuable mass of information regarding the Indians, which has been of great service both in enlightening the public mind and in guiding Congress to adopt sound Indian legislation, and to prevent the passage of iniquitous measures which interested persons are always seeking to introduce. The association was largely the means of securing the passage of the Land in Severalty Bill, which it urged for several years. This bill secures to the Indian the right to own land in individual allotments, and opens to him the door to the full rights of citizenship.

The greatest difficulty with which the association has had to contend has been the spoils system in the Indian service, by which appointments to the various posts in the Indian service are made at the dictation of partisan politicians and not upon the grounds of merit and fitness. Indeed, this vicious system, which has been so strongly entrenched in all parts of our civil service, is to-day the greatest practical hindrance in the government's work of civilizing the Indian. The association has long struggled for the complete divorce of the Indian service from partisan politics. It has done much to bring about a better condition of things, but the evil is by no means yet overcome.

The point which I would like to impress in concluding is one which is valuable to remember in connection with all the workings of our republican government. The work of civilizing and regenerating the Indian can never be done but by the personal endeavor and self-sacrifice of the people of the United States. The machinery of a representative government becomes but the tool of oppression and

wickedness, unless the good people of the country guard it jealously, unless they feel that a personal responsibility rests upon them for its healthful, beneficent operation. Let us remember that it is our government, — yours and mine, — the outward expression of the dignity and majesty of the nation, for which our fathers labored, fought, and died. Their honor and ours is concerned in our making the best and fullest use of it, and in attaining the high purposes for which it was intended, and of which it is abundantly capable. The right use of government is vital to the welfare of the Indian; it is one of the principal, indeed, I may fairly say, the principal means for securing his civilization. That the government of this country owes to the Indian full care and protection until he is able to stand alone, a man among men, is undeniable — it is admitted. The Indian stands to the government in the relationship of ward to guardian, but the duty which this relationship implies can never be fulfilled unless the intelligent, good people of the country are determined that the government shall do its duty. Remember just what the government is, — a varied, heterogeneous collection of men from all parts of the country, sitting for a brief space, it may be, in Congress, — in the Senate and the House, — making or not making laws, voting or withholding money, sitting in the President's chair, at the Secretary of the Interior's or the Indian Commissioner's desk, attending to the operation of these laws or the expenditure of these monies. Remember that these men are coming and going, changing all the while. They cannot know enough to handle this tremendous power over the Indian wisely and well, unless steadily out of the people comes an influence, a voice telling them to do their duty and how to do it. This is what the Indian Rights Association has aimed to do for these past nine years, and that it has done more or less perfectly. It has aimed to express the better sentiment of the people, and to make that sentiment a steady practical power for good at Washington, to counteract the influence on legislators and officials of evil men and evil designers, to free the Indian service from the corruptions of politics, to secure good men for the administration of Indian affairs, and to prevent criminals, dissolute or inefficient

persons from being sent to Indian agencies or to take charge of Indian schools. The practical lesson which I would here enforce is that an agency of this sort is essential to the work in hand; that work cannot be done without an organization, philanthropic, non-partisan, permanent, unpaid, which speaks for the people. The best Christian sentiment of the country is needed to redeem the Indian, to stimulate and guide the constantly changing functionaries of the government who are charged with the task of his civilization. To create and sustain such a sentiment is the duty of the Indian Rights Association, and in the performance of that duty it appeals to the individual conscience and the personal sense of responsibility of the good men and women of the land.

I have tried to sketch the history of a century of dishonor, a century as it relates to the unhappy dealings of a strong with a weak people, by which the displacement and ruin of the latter was brought about, and trouble and bloodshed, for which there was no reason, were inflicted upon both. I would leave my readers with the belief that, while such a result was inevitable under the circumstances by which that history was wrought out, it was a result mainly due to ignorance, prejudice, and wrong upon the part of the stronger race, and not to any unalterable law. Human folly and wickedness are responsible for at least the larger part of these consequences, as human wisdom and virtue, had they existed in force to guide the past, might have been praised for very different and happier results. But I have also tried to show that there were brilliant, though rare, illustrations of love, self-sacrifice, and devotion shown by the dominant to the conquered race, harbingers of infinitely stronger and more hopeful efforts in our own time; that these later efforts have developed into organized life; that if this life is nourished by a strong, continuous, public sentiment, the century of dishonor, while its record cannot be effaced, may be atoned for by coming years of justice, and of successful effort to absorb the Indian into our national life. Each one of us is responsible for the advent of this better future. The power of the United States for the accomplishment of this work was never so great as now; and power is the measure of responsibility.

THE OMNIBUS.

HOW AUNT MARIA'S SHAWL BROKE UP A MEETING.

IN the midst of the little settlement at South Fork, nine miles from Linwood, stood a small wooden building, which served as a temple of learning and also for a house of worship. Here the tender branches of the community "got their schoolin'," and here on Sundays the limited congregation praised God according to their convictions. A shed stood near the building, for the accommodation of the teams of those who came from a distance, as this was the nearest "meetin' house" within a radius of five miles.

The single room was furnished with a few well-worn desks flanked by rows of settees placed against three sides of the room. Numerous juvenile decorations adorned the plastered walls; scrawls and wonderful caricatures of human semblance had been wrought thereon by idle pencils; spit-balls which had flown wide of the mark stuck suggestively to the grimy plaster; and numerous admonitory, highly-colored mottoes, suspended by strings, rattled and flapped against the walls, the sport of the irreverent breeze which frolicked through the room, spreading the perfume of the wild rose blooming near the door. The desks were carved and hacked by busy jack-knives; and a birch rod hung—a grim reminder—from a nail driven into the woodwork of a window near the platform. On the platform was placed a chair and a table, and on the latter lay a Bible, with a glass of water near it, intended for the refreshment of the conductor of ceremonies, and proving a liquid death for an unwary fly. Through the open windows came the sleepy drone of bees and chirp of crickets, answering each other from the depths of the field of clover. A vista of blue sky flecked with slow, white clouds appeared through a space in the boughs of the tall oak which spread benignly over the little edifice. A humming-bird poised on buzzing wings before a clump of honeysuckles that nodded by a window, sipped from each blossom, and darted away like a flash of brilliant light.

Uncle Nate Bradsome, the patriarch of the community, sat enthroned upon the platform, meditatively waiting for the congregation to assemble. His old head, crowned with a halo of silver hair, nodded and bobbed under the somnolent effect of the summer air. The physiognomy was striking: a broad brow interlaced with a network of wrinkles; bushy white eyebrows beneath which a pair of gentle blue eyes opened and closed in drowsy effort to keep awake; the chin and jaw lost in a silky white beard which swept his Sunday "biled" shirt. His Sunday clothes were neatly brushed, and his Sunday boots carefully greased. An open hymn-book lay across his knees, the pages dog-eared and worn with much handling.

The sound of approaching voices broke the silence, and the people began to assemble. Reverently they took their places, the children seating themselves at the little desks. All were neatly brushed and combed, and each in modest best, of

home-make and coloring. The community was but meagrely endowed with worldly goods, and the heads of the families eked but a scanty living from their scrubby farms or by cutting and hauling wood, and the many mouths to be fed left little to expend upon personal adornment. The toils of fashion found no abiding-place in this primitive settlement; each clothed himself and his progeny according to the length of his purse-strings, and these were short. They were a motley gathering, of all sizes and ages: matrons and maids, old men and striplings, babes in arms babbling aloud in infantile disregard of the solemn silence which otherwise prevailed. Some impatient little toddlers dangled their short legs from the high settees, the juvenile restlessness of these evoking many maternal warnings of future chastisement.

But a disturbing presence was evident in the feminine element of the gathering. The cause of the perturbation reposed conspicuously upon the shoulders of Joshua Bartlett's portly little wife. The woman wore a shawl gay with many colors, well calculated to excite comment from her demurely clad and impecunious neighbors. Even Uncle Nate, from his primitive pulpit, opened his eyes in mild astonishment as they rested on Aunt Maria sitting there in placid triumph. Surely one of his flock had departed from the ways of grace. A small boy, sandwiched between two stout matrons, leaned forward, pointing with outstretched arm at the object of interest, voicing the general excitement by exclaiming in a loud whisper, "Ma-a, look a' there!" Aunt Maria bridled consciously, and Uncle Nate rose, somewhat disconcerted, to give out the opening hymn. The voices rose responsively, with many quirks and quavers, albeit with much fervor. A prayer followed, but the inspiration of undivided attention was missing, and Uncle Nate unconsciously abbreviated his offering. He was sensible of a discordant element; the calm monotony which usually characterized this weekly spiritual refreshment was rudely disturbed.

The services were perfunctorily executed, the sermon was half-heartedly given and heard. The deep sense of virtuous indignation shining in the eyes which were riveted upon the shawl distracted all the thoughts which should have been intent on piety. And when, as was the custom in the services, Uncle Nate resumed his chair, saying in his gentle voice, "An' naow mebbe someone would like t'say somethin' fr the Lord,"—there followed a blank silence, which was broken only by the liquid note of a flute-thrush on a neighboring tree, and the flapping of the pictorial mottoes on the wall. The silence grew intense; the thrush and the breeze were still. Finally a feminine member of the congregation jerked herself to her feet, and fixing her eyes upon the offending garment, ejected her sentiments in explosive and indignant bursts of eloquence:—

"I jest want—*t'say* that I love th' Lord—es much es *enny one*!—The good book says—love thy neighbor—es thyself. *But*—when my neigh-

bor decks herself—in unchristin'—*vanerly*,—tryin' t' *out-better* her neighbors"—this with a vindictive sniff and an impressive pause—"the' haint nary a woman in this *room* thet wont say she's no better'n she'd orter be; leastways thet's how I feel about it!" And down she sat with a reverberant bang.

The congregation sat aghast. Uncle Nate rubbed his glasses with his handkerchief, blew a sonorous blast on his nose, and moved his chair back nervously. Two masculine members of the assembly arose simultaneously and essayed contradictory views of the matter, stopped and glared at each other, and resumed their seats abruptly. In his accustomed place over in the corner, near an open window, sat Joshua Bartlett. Usually he dropped asleep after the first hymn, awakening just in time for the benediction; but to-day he sat bolt upright, spurred into unwonted wakefulness by the unusual turn of affairs. Feeling that his family honor was assailed, he pulled himself together with a shake and rose laboriously to his feet. Everybody waited breathlessly while he cleared his throat preparatory to launching into speech.

"My frien's," he began, directing his gaze upon the spokeswoman in front of him, who removed her back hair from his reproving gaze by turning in her seat and staring up defiantly into his face, "My frien's, we air told t' remember the Sabba' day t' keep it holy. Air we, my frien's, air we, I say, er—a keepin' it holy? Does the Lord favor contenshin' an—er—an *envy*, my frien's?"

"We haint *envious*," snapped a shrill female voice; "we're a condemnin' it fr unchristyn'."

Her protest was cut short by a deep rasping voice from the opposite side of the room: "Where ye goin' t' lay th' blame fr unholyin' th' Sabba' day, Brother Bartlett?" queried the speaker, the husband of the woman who began the onslaught. "We kem here t' git fired up with relidgin and pyis thoughts, an' our meetin' is disturbed. Some folks better look t'home fr the cause, tew."

The wrangle was becoming serious, and a loud bass voice judiciously struck up a familiar hymn. The rest joined in, following the leader like a flock of frightened sheep, and the music drowned the contending voices. Feeling that the tide of popular prejudice was becoming uncomfortably vigorous, and prudently mindful of the advantages of discretion even at the expense of valor, Aunt Maria Bartlett arose with stately dignity, and holding her head high in the air, gathered her skirts gingerly about her, and marched slowly and stiffly out of the door, followed by a chorus of audible sniffs and feminine comments *sotto voce*.

Uncle Nate rose agitatedly and requested Brother Clark to lead in prayer, turning his back to the congregation and kneeling in front of his chair, as though by this action to shut out the ungodly desecration of their placid Sunday worship. Brother Clark rose to the emergency heroically, and lifted his voice in prayerful solicitude, lingering on the sibilants of his words with an impressive whistling sound, and struggling manfully with the stress of admonitory sentiments which his limited command of rhetoric endeavored to express, although assisted and encouraged by timely and stentorian "Amens" and "Oh, Lords" from the platform. Another hymn was essayed, and finally the benediction was pronounced, and the

demoralized assembly trooped out upon the sward to discuss the bombshell that had fallen in their midst. A babel of voices dismayed the Sunday silence, and loud and long were the discussions upon the absorbing topic, as the people wended their various homeward ways. South Fork was shaken to its very centre, and the women rose with one accord to protest against such unseemly and unshared display. "Makin' a idle of *vanerly*" was not to be countenanced for an instant. Perish the thought! and now, if ever, was the opportunity to check a tendency in this direction.

A few days later, a small boy, weighted with importance and a bulky epistle, knocked at Maria Bartlett's front door—most extraordinary formality, as the front door was rarely used—and solemnly handed her the missive which she called Joshua to assist in deciphering. It proved to be a lengthy written protest denouncing in primitive but vigorous diction her late attitude at meeting, in donning habiliments unbefitting a professed Christian, and setting forth at exhaustive length the vicious example which she had offered in so doing. The document was signed by every woman in South Fork.

Aunt Maria sputtered a little and could scarcely make up her mind whether to laugh or cry. But like a wise woman she did neither; she quietly transformed the obnoxious article into a table-cover, and resuscitated her old black shawl. And thus the hatchet was buried.

—Alice Fessenden Peterson.

THE BOAT THAT HOLDS BUT TWO.

We three were out a-rowing;
The fitful breeze was blowing;
Fatigued was Tom, our oarsman,
And flushed his features fair;
Sue helped the stalwart fellow,
And brown eyes, soft and mellow,
Oft sought responsive blue ones,
As if I were not there.

They shoulder sat to shoulder;
He grew a little bolder;
She quite forgot my presence,
For she let him hold her hand;
He whispered something to her—
Perhaps Tom was *her* wooer!
Embarrassed by the tableau,
I looked toward the land.

"Let us go," he said, "to-morrow;
This boat I will not borrow,
But a lighter one, my dearest,
And we'll take an early start."
Oh, I tried hard not to listen,
Nor to let the hot tears glisten
One moment on my eye-lids—
Could they hear my throbbing heart?

Midst plans for pleasure-seeking,
I found myself outspeaking,
As if in purest mischief:—
"Oh, how I envy you!
'To-morrow you'll row over
To those beckoning shores of clover,
And land among the lilies.—
Does the boat hold only two?"

"Only two," he quickly grumbled.
I was piqued, and hurt, and humbled,
Though I laughed as if 'twere nothing
But a charming joke to me.
Next day I sat a-sighing,
In distance dim desiring
Tom's big hat and Sue's red jacket
And — oh! the boat held three!

For just as they were going
To start out on their rowing,
He prophetically silent,
She humming a love-song,
Her cousin and her brother,
Her uncle and her mother,
All thought there must be room
For one more to go along.

They were slow in their deciding,
Heeding not Sue's gentle chiding;
Her mother wanted pickered
And could scarcely bear to wait;
So her uncle, who was skilful,
And fidgety, and wilful,
Not only kept Tom rowing,
But made him get the bait.

Tom owned to me this morning
That it served as timely warning.
"Though I hated her relations,
I had meant to marry Sue;
But you are so sweet and tender,—
And you know my purse is slender,—
So I choose you, dear, more wisely,
For your relatives are few."

"On this matter of life-rowing,"
Said I, "mankind is 'knowing';
But, dear Tom, I can't go with you,
In the 'boat that holds but two.'
I have just received a letter,
And my great-aunt, who was better,
Has died and left me millions
If I'll row my own canoe."

—Ella A. Giles.

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MR. E. H. Goss of Melrose sends us the following ingenious arrangement of Mr. Howells's titles:—

"It would be hard to find another instance where the titles of so many works can be woven into a simple little tale, a bit of realism, as those of Mr. Howells that were printed in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine* some years ago. Since that time his busy pen has given us many more; so that now we may have *The Howells Title-Mosaic Revised*:—

"It would prove to be only *A Modern Instance*, if *Dr. Breen's Practice* in the *Three Villages* should lead to *A Chance Acquaintance* with *Anne Kilburn* or *The Lady of the Aroostook*. They would naturally give *A Woman's Reason* why he ought to take upon himself *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *A Fearful Responsibility*.

Having made his choice, and paid *The Minister's Charge*, *Their Wedding Journey* would be *A Foregone Conclusion*. If the season chanced to be the *Indian Summer*, they could not indulge in *April Hopes*. Once abroad, after enjoying the pleasures of *A Sea Change*, they would visit the *Tuscan Cities* in their *Italian Journeys*, travelling in the *Parlor Car* and the *Sleeping Car*, thus avoiding *The Garroters*. At the hotels—all of which have use for *A Mouse Trap*—they would find *The Register*, and at each stopping-place enjoy *A Day's Pleasure* and a *Five o'Clock Tea*. Here they might meet *Rutherford B. Hayes* or *Colonel Silas Lapham*; the latter of whom has invested for a *Rise* in the venture of *A Boy's Town*, which has recently been laid out. This sojourn abroad would naturally include *Venetian Life*, when the doctor, or the lady, or both, would enter the *Editor's Study*, make their *Suburban Sketches*, write their *Poems*, *Choice Autobiographies*, and mayhap a *Life of George Fuller*; also crystallizing the thoughts concerning sacred and legendary art of *A Little Girl among the Old Masters*. Here they would likewise make the acquaintance of the *Modern Italian Poets*. All of this pleasant experience would but prelude their farewell to this mundane sphere, via *The Elevator*, to *The Undiscovered Country*, where possibly they might have an interview with *Abraham Lincoln*. Would this supposition be ground for *A Likely Story* or *A Counterfeit Presentment*, or would it be *Out of the Question* or all *The Shadow of a Dream*?"

* *

ANTONIO SAD.

ANTONIO, forsooth, was sad,
Because he many vessels had

With swelling sails upon the deep;—
So sad that he could hardly sleep;

His mind forever on the rack,
Lest his rich ventures come not back.

Now we, who by the pen would thrive,
Who write that we may keep alive,

Whenever we dip pen in ink,
Like poor Antonio, sadly think

Of our dear ventures, east and west,
And fondly hope they may find rest,

Not where waste paper finds a cage,
But on some magazine's fair page.

Our minds are ever on the rack
Not lest our poems come not back,

But with a feeling deep, though still,
That whispers, "Yes, they surely will."

—Egbert L. Bangs.

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

NATHAN APPLETON left among his papers a collection of "Autobiographical Sketches," of which Mr. Winthrop made use in the memoir prepared by him for the Massachusetts Historical Society. The following passage from these sketches contains details concerning the early development of the cotton factory at Waltham, and the founding and naming of Lowell, which possess a special interest at this time:—

"Under the influence of the War of 1812, the manufacture of cotton had greatly increased, especially in Rhode Island, but in a very imperfect manner. The effect of the peace of 1815 was ruinous to these manufacturers. In 1816 a new tariff was to be made. The Rhode Island manufacturers were clamorous for a very high specific duty. Mr. Lowell was at Washington for a considerable time during the session of Congress. His views on the tariff were much more moderate; and he finally brought Mr. Lowndes and Mr. Calhoun to support the minimum of six and a quarter cents the square yard, which was carried. In June, 1816, Mr. Lowell having invited me to make a visit to Rhode Island with him in order to see the actual state of the manufacture, I was very happy to accept his proposition. At this time, the success of the power-loom at Waltham was no longer matter of speculation or opinion: it was a settled fact.

"We proceeded to Pawtucket. We called on Mr. Wilkinson, the maker of machinery. He took us into his establishment,—a large one. All was silent,—not a wheel in motion, not a man to be seen. He informed us that there was not a spindle running in Pawtucket: except a few in Slater's old mill, making yarns, all was dead and still. In reply to questions from Mr. Lowell, he stated, that, during the war, the profits of manufacturing were so great, that the inquiry was never made, whether any improvement could be made in machinery, but how soon it could be turned out. We saw several manufacturers: they were all sad and despairing. Mr. Lowell endeavored to assure them that the adoption of the power-loom would put a new face upon the manufacture; but they were incredulous: it might be so; but they were not disposed to believe it. We proceeded to Providence, and returned by the way of Taunton. We there stopped at the factory of Mr. Shepherd, who had put a power-loom in operation, acting vertically; that is to say, the web running up and down, and the lathe playing in the same way. It was evident that it could not succeed. By degrees, however, the manufacturers woke up to the fact, that the power-loom was an instrument which changed the whole character of the manufacture; and that, by adopting the other improvements which had been made in machinery, the tariff of 1816 was sufficiently protective. Mr. Lowell adopted an entire new arrangement, in order to save labor in passing from one process to another; and in so arranging all the machinery, that the entire product should be converted into cloth within the mill.

"It is remarkable how few changes, in this re-

spect, have since been made from those established by him in the first mill built in Waltham. It is also remarkable how accurate were his calculations as to the expense at which goods could be made. He used to say, that the only circumstance which made him distrust his calculations was, that he could bring them to no other result but one which was too favorable to be credible. His calculations, however, did not lead him so far as to make him imagine that the same goods which were then selling at thirty cents a yard, would, at any time, be sold at six cents, and without a loss to the manufacturer, as has since been done. He died in 1817, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He is entitled to the credit of having introduced the new system in the cotton manufacture, under which it has grown up so rapidly; for, although Messrs. Jackson and Moody were men of unsurpassed energy and talent in their way, it was Mr. Lowell who was the informing soul, which gave direction and form to the whole proceeding.

"The success of the Waltham Company made me desirous of extending my interest in the same direction. I was of opinion that the time had arrived when the manufacture and printing of calicoes might be successfully introduced in this country. In this opinion, Mr. Jackson coincided; and we set about discovering a water-power. At the suggestion of Mr. Charles H. Atherton of Amherst, New Hampshire, we met him at a fall of the Souhegan River, about six miles from its entrance into the Merrimack; but the power was insufficient for our purpose. This was in the summer of 1821. In returning, we passed the Nashua River, without being aware of the existence of the fall which has since been made the source of so much power by the Nashua Company. We saw a small grist-mill standing in the meadow near the road, with a dam of some six or seven feet. Soon after our return, I was at Waltham one day; when I was informed that Mr. Moody had lately been at Salisbury, where Mr. Worthen, his old partner, said to him, 'I hear Messrs. Jackson and Appleton are looking out for water-power: why don't they buy up the Pawtucket Canal? that would give them the whole power of the Merrimack, with a fall of thirty feet. On the strength of this, Mr. Moody had returned that way, and was satisfied with the extent of the power, and that Mr. Jackson was making inquiries on the subject. Mr. Jackson soon after called on me, and informed me that he had had a correspondence with Mr. Clark of Newburyport, the agent of the Pawtucket Company, and had ascertained that the stock of that company, and the lands necessary for using the water-power, could be purchased; and asked me what I thought of taking hold of it. He stated that his engagements at Waltham would not permit him to take the management of a new concern; but he mentioned Mr. Kirk Boott as having expressed a wish to take the management of an active manufacturing establishment, and that he had confidence in his possessing the proper talent for it. After a discussion it was agreed that he should consult Mr. Boott; and that, if he should join us,

we would go on with it. He went at once to see Mr. Boott, and soon returned to inform me that Mr. Boott entered heartily into the project; and we set about making the purchases without delay. Until these were made, it was necessary to confine all knowledge of the project to our own three bosoms. Mr. Clark was employed to purchase the necessary lands, and such shares in the canal as were within his reach; whilst Mr. Henry Andrews was employed in purchasing up the shares owned in Boston. I recollect the first interview with Mr. Clark, at which he exhibited a rough sketch of the canal and adjoining lands, with the prices which he had ascertained they could be purchased for; and he was directed to go on and complete the purchases, taking the deeds in his own name, in order to prevent the project taking wind prematurely. The purchases were made accordingly for our equal joint account; each of us furnishing funds as required to Mr. Boott, who kept the accounts. Formal articles of association were then drawn up. They bear date December 1, 1821; and are recorded in the records of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, of which they form the germ. The six hundred shares were thus subscribed:—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Kirk Boott and J. W. Boott. | 180 |
| N. Appleton | 180 |
| P. T. Jackson | 180 |
| Paul Moody | 60 |
| | 600 |

"The Act of Incorporation of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company bears date 5th of February, 1822; recognizing the original association as the basis of the company. Our first visit to the spot was in the month of November, 1821, when a slight snow covered the ground. The party consisted of P. T. Jackson, Kirk Boott, Warren Dutton, Paul Moody, John W. Boott, and myself. We perambulated the grounds, and scanned the capabilities of the place; and the remark was made, that some of us might live to see the place contain twenty thousand inhabitants.

"On our first organization, we allowed Mr. Moody to be interested to the extent of ten per cent, or sixty out of six hundred shares. We soon after made an arrangement with the Waltham Company making a mutual interest between the two companies. The canal was a work of great labor. The first water-wheel of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company was set in motion on the 1st of September, 1823. The business of printing calicoes was wholly new in this country. It is true that, after it was known that this concern was going into operation for that purpose, two other companies were got up,—one at Dover, New Hampshire; the other at Taunton,—in both of which goods were probably printed before they were by the Merrimack Company.

"The bringing the business of printing to any degree of perfection was a matter of difficulty and time. Mr. Allen Pollock thought himself competent to manage it, and was employed for some time. Through the good offices of Mr. Timothy Wiggin, Mr. Prince of Manchester was induced to come out, with his family; and has remained at the head of the establishment up to the present period (1855).

"The engraving of cylinders was a most important part of the process; and Mr. Boott made one

voyage to England solely for the purpose of engaging engravers. It was then kept a very close mystery. Mr. Dana was employed as chemist. Through the superior skill and talent of Messrs. Boott, Prince, and Dana, the company was brought to the highest degree of success. In the meantime, Mr. Moody was transferred from Waltham to this place, having charge of the manufacture of machinery. Mr. Worthen had been employed at an early day. He was a man of superior mechanical genius, and his death was deeply regretted. The capital of the Merrimack Company was gradually increased, a division of the property betwixt that company and the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals was made, new companies were established, until this new creation became a city, by the name of Lowell. I may, perhaps, claim having given it the name. Several names had been suggested, but nothing fixed on. On meeting Mr. Boott one day, he said to me that the committee were ready to report the bill (in the legislature). It only remained to fill the blank with the name. He said he considered it narrowed down to two,—Lowell or Derby. I said to him, 'Then Lowell, by all means'; and Lowell it was."

* *

In his valuable *Memoir of Abbott Lawrence*, published a few years ago, Mr. Hamilton A. Hill gives the following interesting account of the rise of Lawrence and the founding of the Pacific Mills:

"The rapid waters of the Merrimack, Whittier's 'mountain-born' river, already made to serve the purposes of human industry at many a point in their course towards the ocean, were to be arrested yet once again for further service before they should reach the sea. The precise spot had been determined upon, and a large purchase of land had been made provisionally by the Merrimack Water Power Association, of which a younger brother of the Lawrence family, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, afterwards the first president of the Boston Board of Trade, was president and treasurer. In the winter of 1844-45, an act was asked for, and obtained, from the Massachusetts Legislature, incorporating the Essex Company. On the morning after the final passage of the bill, the gentlemen named in it as corporators and their associates assembled at the State House in Boston, and were present when Governor Briggs attached his signature to it and made it law. The same hour they started on an excursion to the site of the future city, proceeding by rail to North Andover, and thence by carriages to the Falls. This company of business men, upon whose decision and action such vast interests depended, consisted of Messrs. Abbott Lawrence, William Lawrence, Samuel Lawrence, Francis C. Lowell, John A. Lowell, George W. Lyman, Theodore Lyman, Nathan Appleton, Patrick T. Jackson, William Sturgis, John Nesmith, Jonathan Tyler, James B. Francis, and Charles S. Storow. An account of the day's proceedings is given in the *History of Essex County*, recently published, which says:—

"After a careful examination of the neighborhood, and the discussion of various plans upon the spot, the party drove to Lowell, and sat down to a late dinner at the Merrimack House. Lord Stowell used to say, 'A dinner lubricates business'; and in the instance before us we have a

memorable illustration of the fact. We quote again from the *History of Essex County*:—

"In that after-dinner hour was taken the first decisive step leading to permanent organization and effective work. Mr. Abbott Lawrence and Mr. John A. Lowell retired for a few minutes' consultation, and, returning, offered the Water Power Association, as a fair equivalent for all its acquired rights and interest, the sum of \$30,000, in addition to the reimbursement of all expenses previously incurred; assuming also to carry out all agreements made by the associates for the purchase of lands and flowage rights already secured by bond, and to lead off in the organization of the Essex Company by large subscriptions to its capital stock. . . . A proposition so definite, promising immediate organization of a powerful company, and commencement of active operations with efficient leaders, was promptly accepted. Thus, on the day the act was signed, before set of sun, steps had been taken by parties who harbored no fear of failure, and took no backward course, which resulted in immediate operations, as vigorous and unremitting as the inception was energetic and novel. The excursionists returned home, hardly realizing that a city had been born which would force products upon the world's markets, call laborers from among all civilized northern races, and work materials supplied from every quarter of the globe."

"All this happened on the 20th of March, 1845. Two days later the subscription paper of the Essex Company was drawn up. Mr. Lawrence was the first and largest subscriber, taking one thousand shares at one hundred dollars each. This investment of a hundred thousand dollars he never disturbed, and the shares, we believe, are still held in the family. He took the presidency of the company; under his direction contracts were at once made, and in the month of July following, work was commenced. The new town of Lawrence—there could be no question as to what its name should be—was incorporated April 17, 1847; the dam was completed September 19, 1848; and the first cotton arrived January 12, 1849, consigned to the Atlantic Cotton Mills, of which Mr. Lawrence was also president and one of the large stockholders. The town became a city, by charter granted March 21, 1853. It now has a population of about forty thousand, and a taxable valuation of twenty-five million dollars. Most justly has it been said: 'The broad comprehension, unwavering faith, and large capacity of Abbott Lawrence should never be forgotten by dwellers in the city that bears his name.' In 1853 the Pacific Mills were incorporated, with a capital of two million dollars, and with Mr. Lawrence for president."

* *

THE references in the articles in the preceding pages to the life of the operatives in the New England factories half a century ago, so different from the life to-day, brings back to mind the famous *Lowell Offering*, published by the mill girls of Lowell between 1840 and 1850, of which so interesting an account was given by Mrs. Robinson in our last December number. Lucy Larcom was one of these Lowell mill girls, herself a contrib-

utor to the *Offering*, and before that to the less famous *Operatives' Magazine*, both entirely made up of the contributions of the young people working in the mills. Miss Larcom was but a type of many New England factory girls of that period,—girls supporting themselves at academies half the year by working in the factories the other half, and during this factory half of the year improving themselves in every possible way, reading the best books, sometimes translating German, attending lectures, working in evening classes. Miss Larcom's charming little volume, *A New England Girlhood*, which we have spoken of before in these columns, is chiefly valuable for the pictures which it gives of these early days of New England factory life. Its reading should prove stimulating in a hundred factory circles at this time.

In that equally charming, though very different volume, Mrs. Lesley's *Recollections of my Mother*, which has been read so much less than it should have been, because until lately it was only "privately published," we also get, along with glimpses of almost everything interesting in the New England village life of fifty years and more ago, some glimpses of the factory life of the period. There is one passage in which the marriage of one of the young sisters is described, and her removal to the little factory village in the neighborhood of Northampton,—this was a village devoted to the woollen industry, instead of cotton, but the social conditions were the same,—of which the new husband stood at the head.

"The village known as 'Leeds,' in later years, was then simply called the 'Factory Village,' and Mr. Brewer was the agent for the woollen manufactories there. He was a man of the finest feelings, and most reliable judgment in his dealings with men. And this made him the personal friend and care-taker of the whole little village under his charge. During the years that he was there, no justice of the peace was ever employed to settle difficulties in that place. His private influence was all they needed to keep them in order. His house stood at the top of the hill overlooking the village, with a charming grove of pines in front and at the side or it, where the winds made constant music. It was a most picturesque situation, and only a drive of four and a half miles from our door in Northampton. To go with father or mother in the chaise or carriage to see 'Sister Jane,' and have a frolic with our kind and genial brother-in-law, made one of the prime enjoyments of our childhood, and we were often left to pass the night, or stay a few days,—which was one of the most delicious treats to school children. And as we grew older, and had young friends and visitors, our dear sister and her husband made them also welcome to the hospitable home, and many are the bright recollections of those happy days at the Factory."

Probably all the homes of the workers, on which the agent looked down from his home among the pines, were the homes of men and women of Puritan ancestry, men and women who had been boys and girls among those hills, in that town or in the next, growing up to simple honor and content and independence in the district school at the cross-roads and in the bare church in the village.



CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE MCLEAN ASYLUM, ILLUSTRATING BULFINCH'S STYLE.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

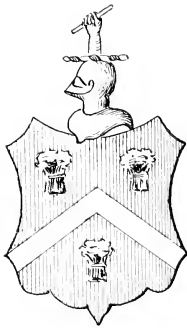
NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

VOL. III. No. 3.

CHARLES BULFINCH, THE ARCHITECT.

By Ashton R. Willard.



THE name of Charles Bulfinch is one of the most honorable in the history of American architecture. There was a day when he was as widely known as Richardson is now. It is doing him scanty justice to say this, for it is probable that neither Richardson nor any other architect since Bulfinch's day has enjoyed the reputation in Boston and New England which Bulfinch enjoyed at the beginning of the century; and there have been few architects who have ever stood so prominently before the country at large. He secured the Boston State House commission when he was a very young man. That would naturally have brought him to the front in Boston and New England. Later in life he was called to Washington to take charge of the completion of the Capitol, and thus came to fill for a number of years the leading official architectural position in the country.

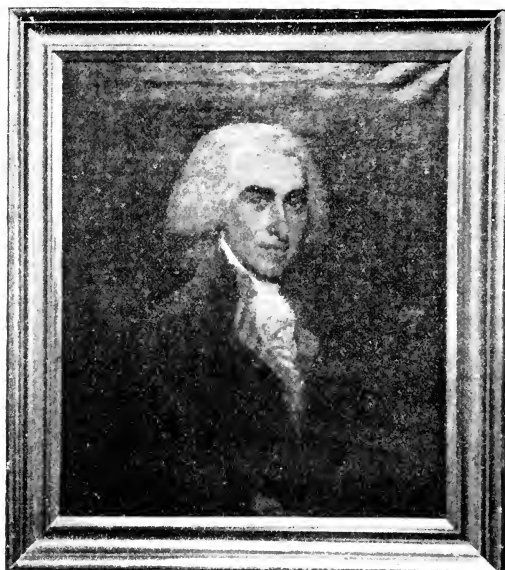
A brief notice of the early history of the Bulfinch family is found in Drake's *Boston*. Adino Bulfinch, who came to Boston in 1681, was the first of the name in this country. He became a prominent citizen and a man of wealth. Second in the line of Charles Bulfinch's ancestry came Thomas, son of Adino. Thomas was educated as a physi-

cian in Paris and practised successfully in Boston. His son Thomas chose the same profession, and likewise was sent to Europe to be educated. This second Thomas was the father of Charles, who was born in 1763. Charles was graduated at Harvard when he was eighteen. Like his father and grandfather he was sent abroad and received his professional training in Europe. His return to Boston is placed in 1786. It is only a few years after this date that he is found in active practice as an architect.

Not all the curves in old Boston streets were made by cows in their uncertain wanderings. One at least was carefully designed, and represents an importation into this country at a very early day of the ambitious plan of giving an æsthetic character to city streets, which was finding favor in London toward the close of the last century. If the casual visitor in Boston casts a momentary glance down Franklin Street as he passes the point where it joins Washington Street, his attention will not unlikely be arrested for a moment by the large regular sweep of marble buildings to be seen on the right. He would certainly notice it in any other city than Boston. Bulfinch designed this curve, and from 1793 until 1855 there stood here a long block of symmetrical houses built by him, extending from Hawley to Devonshire streets. He appears to have been singularly quick to catch a new idea, singularly anxious to understand and apply his art as the most advanced thinkers of his day understood and applied it. When he was in London, the idea of uniting a lot of house fronts and decorating them in such a way as to give them the character of one large im-

posing building was still in its infancy. The further idea of introducing grace and grandeur into city streets by deliberately planning them in large geometrical curves of uniform buildings does not seem to have

don the plan of combining dwellings in large blocks and giving the whole the character of one building; at least, they are given the credit of introducing it. The earliest blocks of this description in London were



Charles Bulfinch.

FROM THE PORTRAIT PAINTED IN LONDON, IN 1786, IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

been once actually applied. The most prominent and familiar of these curves, Regent's Quadrant, was not cut through the old streets above Piccadilly until after 1812, when Nash had come to the front. A London map of 1804 shows no crescents. There was in existence, however, at the time of Bulfinch's visit, a design of two semicircles of houses facing each other, with a park space in the centre, intended as a continuation of Portland Place, one of the building projects of the Adam brothers, and it does not seem unnatural to infer that the American architect may have obtained his idea from this design. The Adam brothers were among the most prominent architects of the day, and their projects must have been well known. It was the Adam brothers who introduced into Lon-

don the plan of combining dwellings in large blocks and giving the whole the character of one building; at least, they are given the credit of introducing it. The earliest blocks of this description in London were the Adelphi buildings, commenced about 1768. I have before me an old engraving giving a view of the Adelphi Terrace from the Thames, and showing it as it must have looked when Bulfinch was in London. The principal block of buildings is a long one, really composed of many houses, but designed to produce the effect of a single large building. Upon the centre house there are large pilasters, and more upon the end houses. The space between is without ornament. The end blocks are slightly salient, intended to give the effect of symmetrically disposed pavilions. Nothing would necessarily reveal the composite character of the block except the number of doors.

The really elaborate project which Bulfinch entered upon in the building of Franklin crescent was commenced in 1793 and must have been carried nearly or quite to completion in the same year. The Boston directory map of 1789 shows an open tract unintersected by streets in this region. In May, 1793, as appears from the records of deeds, a conveyance of three acres was made in this vicinity by Joseph Barrell. Another deed a year later describes the same tract as "Barrell's pasture lately so called, now known by the name of Franklin Place," and purports to convey all the houses to the east of the arch "in the centre of the Tontine buildings so called." This would indicate that the buildings were completed or at least far advanced. The houses were three stories in height. At the ends and in the centre slender pilasters rose from the level of the principal story to the roof. The

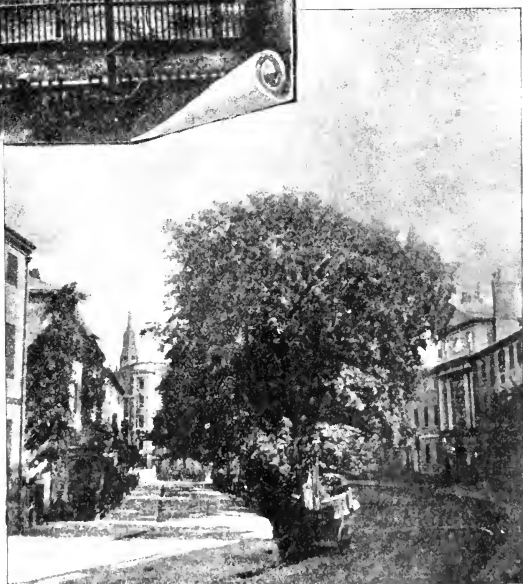


Entrance to Arch Street.

central building was not like the others in general character. It was carried a little higher by a low attic crowned with a pediment, and the basement story was pierced by three openings, admitting to an open passage way beneath the buildings. The whole height of the principal story in the centre between the columns was occupied by a Venetian window. Over the central arch beneath this Venetian window used to hang the sign "Arch Street." Arch Street is still there,

though all visible reason for its being so called has disappeared. Franklin Place was made beautiful in its best days by trees and shrubbery. There was originally a long, semi-oval park space which the old deeds provided should be forever left open "for the accommodation, convenience and beauty" of the houses in the square. A stone urn of a graceful classic design used to stand on a pedestal in the centre of this oval.¹

¹ This urn, which was placed in the oval as a memorial to Franklin, was upon its removal placed upon Bulfinch's grave at Mount Auburn. A general view of the Tontine Buildings, as



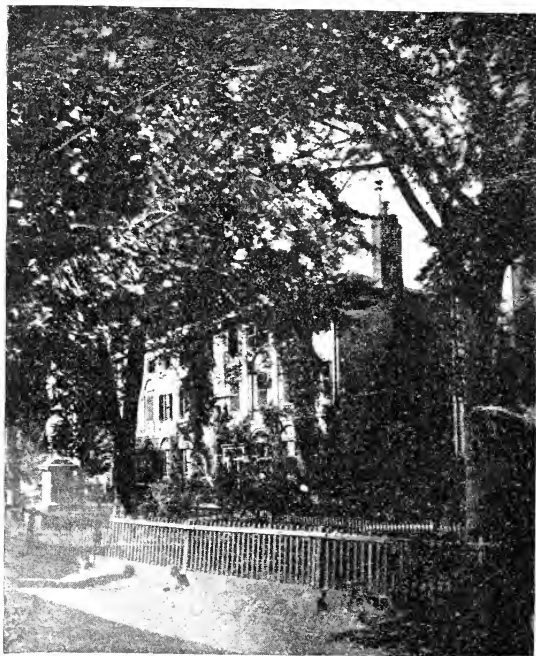
Views in Old Franklin Place, Boston,—from Photographs in the Collections of the Bostonian Society.

Later, in 1810, Bulfinch built a long block of houses upon the Common, between West and Mason streets, called Colonnade Row. Some of these houses are still standing, though not without changes

tendency of Bulfinch or not, was probably to be accepted as a better example of the style which he developed in Colonnade Row than any of the houses between West and Mason. The lower story of this house

was never changed into a shop, and it remained the only dwelling-house left upon this side of the Common uninvaded by business until a few weeks ago, when it was torn away. Some of these houses, and perhaps all of them, had originally balustrades at the edge of the roof, a fashion of ornamentation which never assorted well with our snowy climate. Old photographs show also slender columns supporting the balcony, which was originally carried along the front at the level of the second story, and it may have been from these columns that the row took its name.

The houses upon the Common are not in all respects so interesting as those in Franklin Place. When he built them Bulfinch may have thought it time to reject the high pilasters as being already somewhat old-fashioned. But we have long since passed the perilous point where that style was "just a little" out of date, and reached the age when we can deliberately look upon it as marking a highly interesting epoch in house-building. The slender pilasters, far too high for their width and without any constructive function, may have always been absurd enough, if judged by strict architectural standards; but they have their pleasant associations, nevertheless, and we should be glad to-day if more of the old houses which were so decorated had been preserved. Edward Everett's house upon Summer Street, and the house adjoining it, were of this type. They have both disappeared. Upon Beacon Hill a



Houses on the North Side of Franklin Place.

and disfigurements. No. 163, occupied at present by a sewing-machine dealer, a milliner, and a wood-carving establishment, has as ancient a look as any. On the other side of Mason Street the house numbered 173 Tremont Street followed the style of the old houses further toward West Street, and whether actually built under the superin-

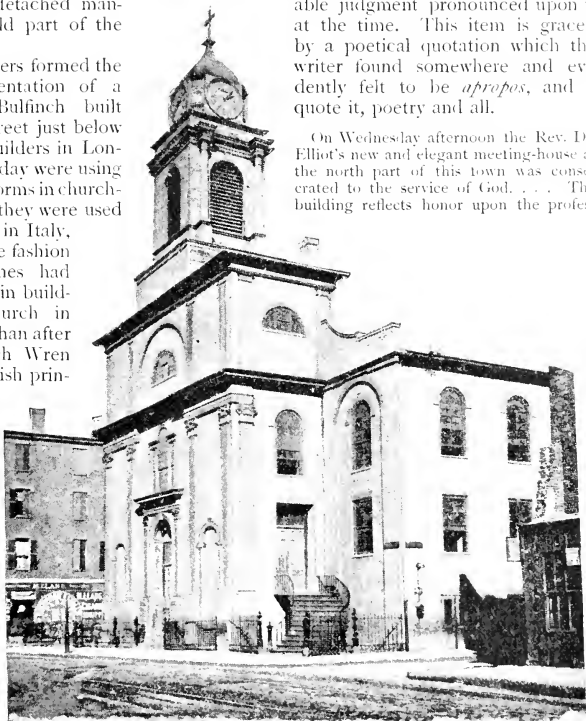
the row on the south side of Franklin Crescent was called, was given in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, February, 1794, and reproduced in the *Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc.* i. 66, and in the *Memorial History of Boston*, iv. 474. The views of Franklin Place accompanying this article, as well as the views of Colonnade Row, the New South Church, and the old Boston Court House, are from originals in the collections of the Bostonian Society. — ED.

very few of them are left. One of the most interesting of these was designed by Bulfinch himself. It is an isolated mansion upon Mount Vernon Street just above Louisburg Square. One may see in this house the same plan of ornamenting the front which Bulfinch used in the houses on the north side of Franklin Place. The windows of the first story are recessed within shallow brick arches. From the level of the second floor pilasters rise to the roof, and at the top is a balustrade. This house is of especial interest as being almost the only detached mansion left in the old part of the city.

The high pilasters formed the principal ornamentation of a church which Bulfinch built upon Franklin Street just below the crescent. Builders in London in Bulfinch's day were using the Renaissance forms in church-building more as they were used in small churches in Italy, and more after the fashion which Inigo Jones had set, years before, in building the little church in Covent Garden, than after the fashion which Wren introduced. English principles or English prejudices demanded, however, something to stand for a spire, and to satisfy this demand and at the same time to depart as little as possible from the Italian models, English builders seem to have compelled their church patrons to accept a low cupola. The church in Franklin Street was the Church of the Holy Cross, the first Catholic church in Boston. It was dedicated September 20, 1803, as a parish church, but became later the cathedral. There was no steeple, only a simple cupola. While this was building,

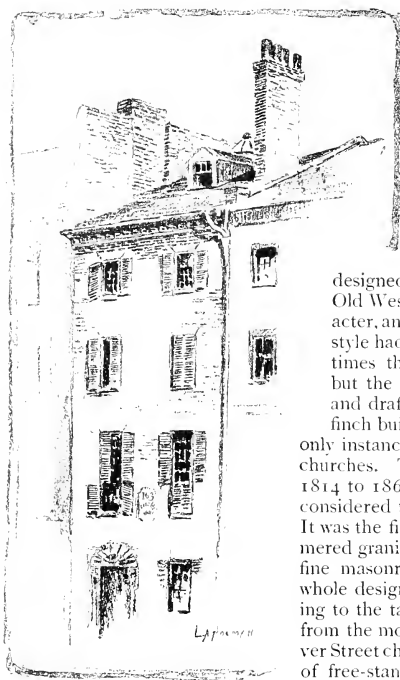
Bulfinch began the erection of another church similar in design, which is still standing. This is the church originally called the "New North," at the foot of Hanover Street, near the East Boston ferry. It was dedicated May 2, 1804, by a Congregational society, which was an offshoot of the Old North society. Long ago the original proprietors left it, and it has been since consecrated as a Catholic church. The *Centinel* printed a short item about this church the Saturday after it was opened, which gives an idea of the favorable judgment pronounced upon it at the time. This item is graced by a poetical quotation which the writer found somewhere and evidently felt to be *apropos*, and I quote it, poetry and all.

On Wednesday afternoon the Rev. Dr. Elliot's new and elegant meeting-house at the north part of this town was consecrated to the service of God. . . . The building reflects honor upon the profes-



The "New North" Church, Hanover Street.

sional talents of the architect, Charles Bulfinch, Esq. The exterior is in bold and commanding style; the front is decorated with stone pilasters of a composed order; a series of attic pilasters over them, a tower and a cupola, terminated with a handsome vane about 100 feet from the foundation. The inside is a perfect square of 72 feet;



House 163 Tremont Street.

two ranges of Dorick columns under the galleries and Corinthian over them support the ceiling, which rises in an arch of moderate elevation in the center.

The modest Doric forms the solid base,
The gay Corinthian holds the higher place;
Thus all below is strength and all above is grace.

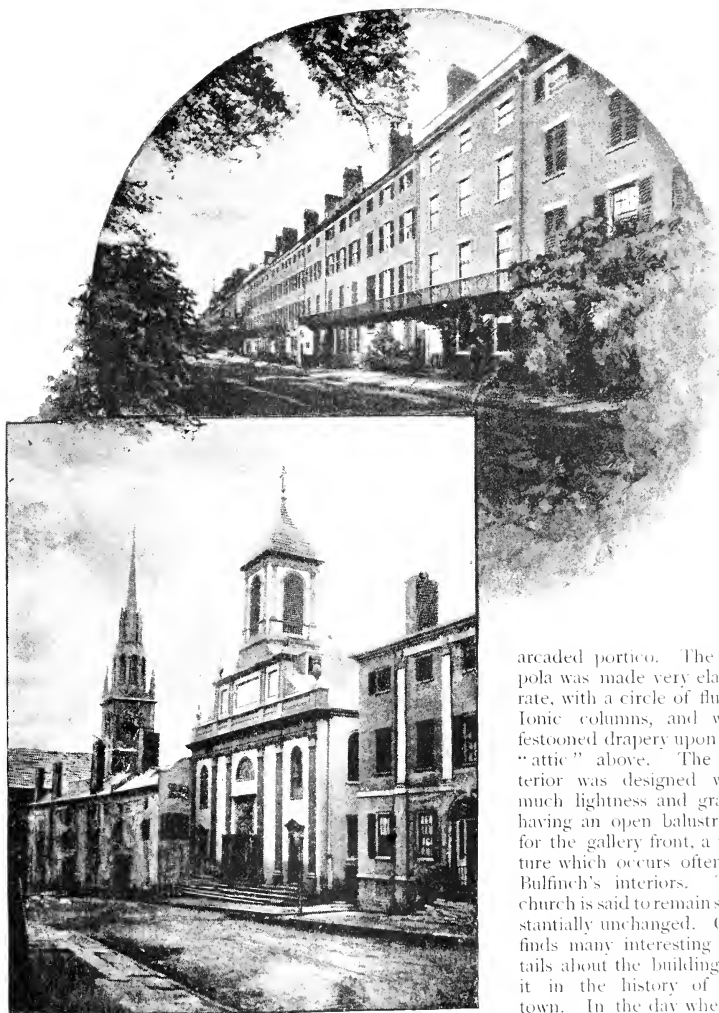
The whole interior is remarkably adapted for sight and sound, and is one of the most correct pieces of church architecture in our country.

The church at the foot of Hanover Street is, I think, the only church known with certainty to have been designed by Bulfinch now standing in Boston. The Old West Church, built in 1806, is similar in character, and indicates the strong hold which Bulfinch's style had upon the public favor. It has been sometimes thought to be one of Bulfinch's own works, but the newspapers of the day credit the "plan and draft" to Mr. Asher Benjamin. In 1809 Bulfinch built the Gothic church in Federal Street, the only instance in which he used that style in any of his churches. The New South Church, which stood from 1814 to 1868 in Summer Street, seems to have been considered the most beautiful of his Boston churches. It was the first church in the town to be built of hammered granite, and owed a part of its reputation to its fine masonry. An octagonal ground plan gave the whole design a somewhat unique character very pleasing to the taste of the day. Bulfinch departed here from the model used in the Franklin Street and Hanover Street churches, ornamented the front with a portico of free-standing columns, and crowned the building with a high spire. The interior must have been a graceful example of his taste. A description of it

published soon after the completion of the church speaks of it as follows: "Inside of the house the ceiling is supported by four Ionic columns, connected above their entablature by four arches of moderate elevation; in the angles pendentives or fans rise to form a circular flat ceiling, decorated with a centre flower; between the arches and the walls are groins springing from the cornice, supported by Ionic pilasters between the windows. . . . It is but justice to say that this splendid temple does the highest honor to the taste and science of the architect, Charles Bulfinch, Esq." The society were still justly proud of this church many years after it was built, and it would be strange if it had not served as the model for many New England churches. The pastor, speaking at the fiftieth anniversary of its dedication, said, after mentioning the circumstances of its building: "Comparatively speaking, there was then no more beautiful, no more costly, no more appropriately designed and appointed structure within the limits of the town or of the commonwealth. Is there one which, on the whole, surpasses it to-day?"

During his long professional career Bulfinch built several churches outside of Boston, — a wooden meeting-house at Pittsfield, also wooden meeting-houses at Taunton¹ and Weymouth, and a brick church at Lancaster, Massachusetts. At Washington he built a Unitarian church at the corner of Sixth and D streets, N.W. The church at Lancaster, probably the best example of his churches now standing, was built for the "First

¹ The Taunton church, the "First Congregational," is still standing. The Pittsfield church, despoiled of its steeple, is now a part of the Maplewood Hotel, having served for some years as a gymnasium for the Maplewood Institute. A cut of the church may be seen in the *History of Pittsfield*. — Ed.



1. Colonnade Row. 2. Church of the Holy Cross. (Showing also the Spire of Federal Street Church.)

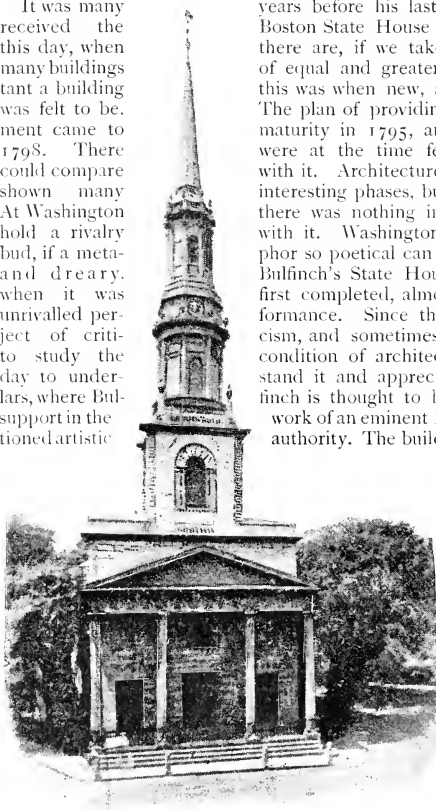
arcaded portico. The cupola was made very elaborate, with a circle of fluted Ionic columns, and with festooned drapery upon the "attic" above. The interior was designed with much lightness and grace, having an open balustrade for the gallery front, a feature which occurs often in Bulfinch's interiors. The church is said to remain substantially unchanged. One finds many interesting details about the building of it in the history of the town. In the day when it became necessary and desirable to think of a new meeting-house, the separation of church and state had not taken

place in Lancaster. All the deliberations concerning the new building seem to have taken place in town-meeting, including the debates as to what the style of the

Parish" in 1816, during the pastorate of the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer. It has a cupola without a spire, resembling in this respect the old Cathedral and the New North, but differs from both of these in having an

house should be. Estimates having been offered for various plans, the luxuries of cupolas, towers, porches, and porticos were weighed against their expense. A very spirited discussion, covering several adjournments, took place, as to which way the church should face. It was suggested by one speaker that it should be built upon something in the nature of a turn-table, as the only way to harmonize all parties. A committee was appointed to undertake the delicate task of deciding the question, and in the end all was harmoniously settled. The hand of the town in the matter comes strangely to the surface when we read that after rendering their report the committee were invited "to retire to Mr. Rand's tavern, where refreshment was provided for them by the selectmen."

It was many years before his last churches were built that Bulfinch received the this day, when many buildings tant a building was felt to be. ment came to 1798. There could compare shown many At Washington hold a rivalry bud, if a meta- and dreary. when it was unrivalled per- ject of criti- to study the day to under- land, where Bul- support in the tioned artistic



The New South Church.

years before his last churches were built that Bulfinch Boston State House commission. We fail to realize at there are, if we take into review the whole country, so of equal and greater monumental character, how impor- this was when new, and how stately and magnificent it The plan of providing new quarters for the state govern- maturity in 1795, and the house was first occupied in were at the time few structures in the country which with it. Architecture in New York and Philadelphia had interesting phases, but had produced few large buildings. there was nothing in existence which could assume to with it. Washington was at this time only an unfolding phor so poetical can be applied to anything so desolate Bulfinch's State House appears to have been received, first completed, almost without a dissenting voice, as an formance. Since then it has often been made the sub- cism, and sometimes unfavorable criticism. One needs condition of architecture and the state of taste at that stand it and appreciate it fully. In the leading particu- finch is thought to have erred, his choice of forms finds work of an eminent English architect of his day of unques- authority. The building has the good fortune of enjoying

an unrivalled site. It dominates all the buildings of the city. From many different points up and down the coast and inland it comes surprisingly into view.

In his State House design Bulfinch has the reputation of being the creator of the whole thing, from the corner-stone to the pine-cone finial at the top of the lantern. He was called upon to enlarge another building which is not wholly his work. This was Faneuil Hall. The interest of Faneuil Hall is not in its architecture, and yet, because it is so great in other ways, even its architectural form comes to have a value. The building has had three states. If old Peter

Faneuil, who stands painted at full length over the platform, would only unroll a little farther the scroll which he holds in his hand, one might see what the first building looked like, according to the "knowledge, information and belief" of the artist who painted that picture. As it is, only the cupola and a little of the upper part of the building are visible in that representation. The second building, a new structure after

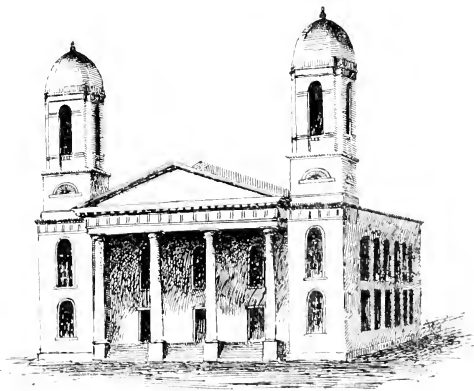


Portico of the New South Church.

the fire of 1761, was in some respects like the present one, but much smaller. In proportion it was not widely unlike the Old State House, was ornamented with a cupola in the middle of the roof, as that is, and was only two stories high. When Bulfinch was called upon, in 1805, to enlarge the building, he doubled the width and built another story upon the top. The building is not faced with a perfectly flat wall, but is ornamented by rows of pilasters, following the familiar Italian sequence. There is the Tuscan first, above it the Doric, and then the Ionic. From the cuts of the hall of 1762, it appears that the Tuscan and Doric orders were used upon the first two stories—which were the only stories—of that building, so that there was no change of character in the enlargement. Bulfinch has fairly merited, by his respectful treatment of old historical monuments, a similar treatment of

his own buildings. He might easily have wholly changed the general appearance of Faneuil Hall, but he was careful to preserve so far as possible the old effect. He showed the same delicacy when called upon to restore the spire of Christ Church in Salem street, not substituting in its place an altered construction according to his own taste, but following the old model. One notices, in looking at Faneuil Hall from without, a row of small windows over the main windows of the upper story upon the sides. The level of the ceiling of the hall within comes between the levels of these windows. This audience room must be largely Bulfinch's own idea, developed in his own way, because of the entire change in conditions inside which came necessarily with the enlargement of the hall. Columns support a gallery, and other columns rise from the gallery front to support the ceiling. Those of the first tier appear to be of a rich variegated marble. It is the painter who has given them this disguise of elegance. All the woodwork has received recently a fresh coat of paint, most of it white, heightened with some gilding. The city seems to be at pains that the "Cradle" shall not come to have the air of being neglected. Rising behind the platform there is the immense canvas representing Webster addressing the United States Senate.

Bulfinch built a number of county court houses. Each one has its interesting his-



The Second Hollis Street Church.

tory, which it would be pleasant to dwell upon. The old Suffolk court-house of 1810 is more intimately associated with the history of the city government than with the county. It was for many years

it bore a resemblance to buildings which were produced during the last century in England, in the wish to be "Italian," when the available expense would not permit the ornamentation of columns and their

accessories, which we generally accept as characteristic of the style. Bulfinch designed a brick court-house for Worcester, Massachusetts, which was commenced in 1801. In later years, when more space became necessary, it was extended by an addition at the end, but the chief ornament of the old building—a cupola with a statue of Justice upon the top—was allowed to remain. Still later an entirely new court-house was built, during the years when the imitated Greek style was in vogue, but the old building was not destroyed. A brick court-house and town-house combined was built at Newburyport, from a design by Bulfinch, in 1805. It escaped the great fire of 1811, famous in the annals of the town, for it stood away from the business centre, in a commanding position, upon that fine street of old mansions which runs along the summit of the hill. But it met with a worse fate in 1853, when it was changed over into the taste of the day. The figure of Justice which used to stand upon it was then removed, and the entire exterior of the house was modernized and



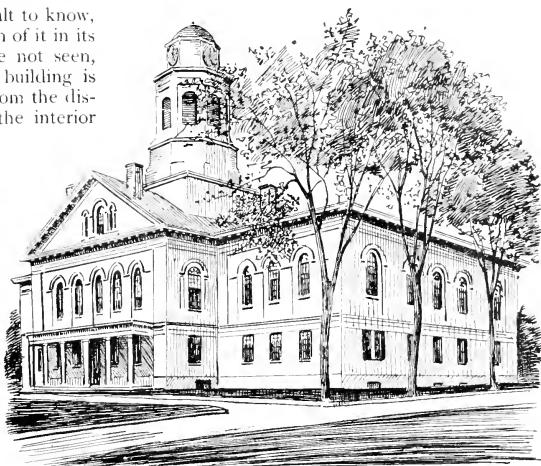
The First and Second Spires of Christ Church.—the Second Spire, at the Left, by Bulfinch.

and during all the latter part of its existence the Boston city hall, the county having been provided new quarters in 1836. The immediate cause of its destruction was that the city had outgrown it, and no spot was so eligible for a new building as its site. It stood from 1810 until 1862 in School Street, where the present city hall stands. The city occupied it continuously from 1822 until 1862, except for the eleven years from 1830 to 1841, at first in a fraternal way with the county and afterwards alone. It was built substantially of hammered granite. In architectural character

finished with mastic cement. The change was so thorough that no one could now discover any traces of Bulfinch's handiwork about it. The demand for an alteration of the interior may have been an imperative one, but it was a pity to destroy without cause an exterior which dated from Newburyport's golden age at the beginning of the century. The fourth of Bulfinch's court-houses was built for Middlesex County, and is now standing at Cambridge. Over the east door there is an inscription which reads, "Built 1814, enlarged 1848." There is no mixture of styles visible upon the

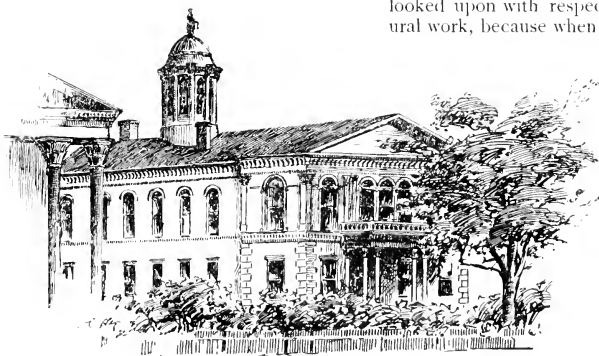
exterior, and it is difficult to know, without a representation of it in its first state, which I have not seen, just what part of the building is old and what new. From the distribution of rooms in the interior one would infer that the projection on the east was new, as the other apartments seem to be essential to any design. The whole is in the character of Bulfinch's work, and both the ground plan and west elevation suggest English models which he favored. The cupola has a family resemblance to others designed by him. A pair of scales is suspended above it, and this emblem appears again in a medallion over the judges' bench in the court-room.

In Cambridge Bulfinch also built (in 1815) a hall for Harvard College, called University Hall, unique to this day among all the college buildings. It occupies a leading position among the buildings on the yard, in the centre of the long side and directly opposite the main gateway. The administrative offices are in this building. A chapel-and-library building was built in 1817-18 for Andover Theological Semi-



Court-House, Cambridge.

nary, and dedicated September 22 of the latter year. It was of brick, and less "architectural" than University Hall, which was built of hammered stone and ornamented with pilasters. One or two years after the date of the stone hall at Harvard, Bulfinch designed another building of hammered granite to be built in the west part of Boston. The corner-stone of this building, which was and is the Massachusetts General Hospital, was laid in 1818, and the building was opened in 1821. The General Hospital deserves to be looked upon with respect as an architectural work, because when it was new it was pronounced the finest building in the commonwealth. Words to this effect may be found in Snow's *Boston*, published in 1825. If it was thus ranked above the State House, it must have owed its dignity to the excellence of its masonry and the more clas-



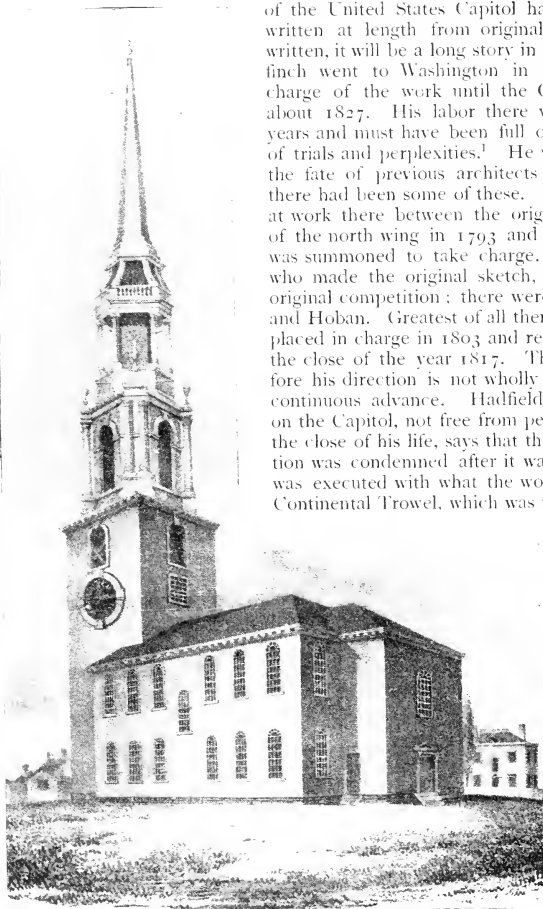
Court-House, Worcester.

sic character of the portico and dome. This sort of dome, which shows that Bulfinch in his later days was tending more strongly toward the Pantheon model, is repeated in the asylum at Somerville, one of his works. His services seem to have been in demand for large charitable and penal institutions, for he built also an almshouse at Salem, a jail at Cambridge, a state-prison at Charlestown, and a penitentiary at Washington.

The history of Bulfinch's connection with the building of the United States Capitol has, I think, never been written at length from original material. When it is written, it will be a long story in many chapters, for Bulfinch went to Washington in 1818 and remained in charge of the work until the Capitol was completed, about 1827. His labor there was the labor of many years and must have been full of incident, perhaps full of trials and perplexities.¹ He would not have escaped the fate of previous architects on the building unless there had been some of these. Several heads had been at work there between the original corner-stone laying of the north wing in 1793 and the day when Bulfinch was summoned to take charge. There was Thornton, who made the original sketch, the prize-winner in the original competition: there were Hallett and Hadfield and Hoban. Greatest of all there was Latrobe, who was placed in charge in 1803 and remained at the post until the close of the year 1817. The story of the work before his direction is not wholly the story of a sure and continuous advance. Hadfield, in a curious criticism on the Capitol, not free from personal feeling, written at the close of his life, says that the whole original foundation was condemned after it was first laid. "The wall was executed with what the workmen used to call the Continental Trowel, which was wheelbarrows filled promiscuously with stone

and mortar and emptied on the walls. When the foundation was completed or nearly so, the whole was condemned and the second contractor or continental trowelist was dismissed." Latrobe found it necessary to rebuild almost the whole interior of the north wing, which was the

¹ A *fac-simile* is given in connection with this article of the last page of a letter written by Bulfinch to a member of his family just as he was leaving Washington, June 3, 1830. "I date from this

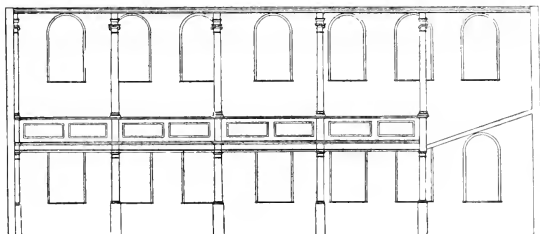


Old Meeting-House, Charlestown. Steeple designed by Bulfinch, 1803.

place for the last time," he says, beginning this letter; "we have taken places in the stage and leave for Baltimore at 2 o'clock. We have not time to dwell upon regrets at leaving friends who appear sincerely attached to us, and a place which has given us a pleasant and respectable home for 12 years, and where we leave memorials of us which we trust will long endure." There follow pleasant words about Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Hedge, both of whom, then young men, had just been preaching in the Unitarian church at Washington.

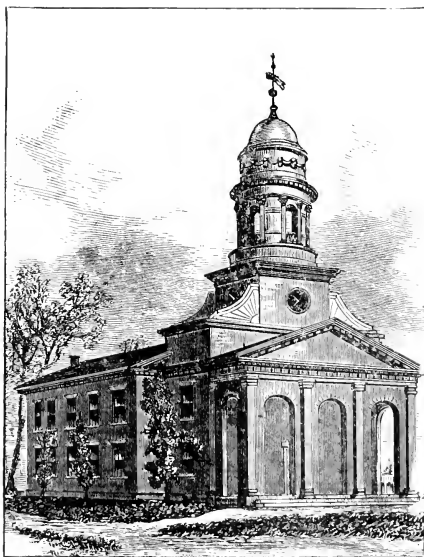
only thing the men before him had carried to completion. Appropriations stopped after he had completed this and the south wing in 1811, and the isolated blocks had to be left with nothing but a wooden gallery to connect them. Then the British came in 1814 and burned what could be burned. The fates seemed to have determined that there should never be a completed Capitol at Washington. Latrobe came back once more and set to work upon the rebuilding of the wings, but had not commenced the construction of the central building when he resigned in 1817, though he had prepared an elevation. It was in this state of affairs that the New England architect came to take charge.

What Bulfinch built may be seen in any representation of the Capitol which shows clearly the east or the west front. The "central building," using the term in the sense in which it was used in Bulfinch's time, is well marked. It is carried forward by the line of the portico upon the east and it projects strongly at the west. It would be rash to undertake, without the most serious study and access to all the papers bearing upon the subject, the disentanglement of the claims of different persons to originality in the different parts of the design of the Capitol. Each architect received a legacy of plans and drawings from his predecessor, and even the architects themselves did not contribute ideas exclusively, for Jefferson and John Quincy Adams are credited each with having controlled the design in some particulars. The portico at the west, upon which one steps on passing through the Congressional Library, perhaps bears more visibly the characteristics of Bulfinch's early work in the State House at Boston than anything else about the exterior of the building. But the whole composition was in a style



Section of the Side of the Meeting-House. Charlestown.

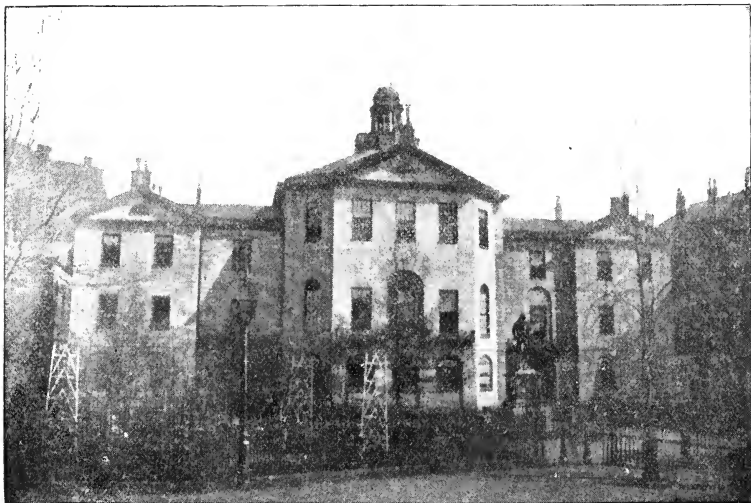
which was intimately familiar to him, and the tendencies away from the earlier plan of Thornton, which Latrobe developed, were tendencies which, it seems, would have had his sympathy. The distribution of spaces in the interior of the central building is very simple. Upon the principal floor there is the rotunda, and to the west of it the rooms occupied by the library. Down beneath in the centre is a vaulted space used as part of the system of hall-ways and corridors. Still lower is the crypt designed to receive the sar-



Unitarian Church, Lancaster, Mass.

cophagus of Washington. To the west of these vaulted spaces are smaller rooms originally used in part as committee rooms. A total transformation has taken place since Bulfinch's day in the aspect of the interior of the rotunda. The old guide-book writer who spoke of the early dome

glazed, and not left open as at Rome. The ascent of the old dome was made, perilously, by steps upon the outside. A lady once slipped and fell just at the top, and was held only by the sash-bars from following the shattered glass to the pavement of the rotunda beneath.



Old Court-House and City Hall, Boston.

as "bounding skyward overhead" and "presenting to the visitor an architectural wonder seldom surpassed in the famed edifices of the old world," would have found something more obviously calling for his metaphor and his strongly woven statement, in the present structure. Now we throw back our heads and look up some two hundred feet. Then we should have found ourselves in a room of less than half that height, closed in by a hemispherical ceiling. The old interior reproduced the proportions of the Pantheon, the height, ninety-six feet, being just equal to the diameter. The curved ceiling was very clearly patterned after the same model, as it was ornamented with recessed panels disposed in the same five rows which one sees in the Pantheon, and there was the same single light-admitting aperture in the centre overhead. Fortunately for the life of one human being, this aperture was

Every one knows the exterior aspect of the Capitol as it stands to-day. The long wings built in our time give it a very different appearance from that which it had when Bulfinch left it. The modern dome changes it still more. But the masonry is, I think, unaltered, and the part of the building built during his control is still the nucleus and central part of the whole composition. The old dome was designed in the classical taste which was dominant at the day. If I catch correctly the spirit of the first part of the century, the magnificent Renaissance dome which Mr. Walters built would have met adverse criticism in 1825, even had the whole extent of the building been then what it is now. Strange as it now seems to us, although criticisms were made upon the older dome, the objection levied against it was not that it was too low, but that it was somewhat too high and too prominent.

The Maine State House was the last prominent public building to be designed by Bulfinch. He designed it at the end of his career, and may be supposed to have applied there his ripest professional skill. Maine did not become a state until 1820, and the present state house is its first state house. The whole history of it may be traced from page to page in the acts and resolves of the legislature, from the original report in 1823 of the committee sent out to prospect the state for a site for the permanent seat of government until the cancelling of the bond given by the citizens of Augusta, and the settlement of the last financial question in 1835. Portland was at first the temporary seat of government, the legislature meeting in the court-house. It was in 1827, by an act approved February 24, that Augusta was legally fixed upon as the future capital:

land, to place the commissioner in funds for the future building. This would seem a strange proceeding in New England to-day, to sell towns "at public vendue" to the highest bidder to fill the public treasury; but it is not a financial project which is unknown to our sister states at the West. The commissioner went to Bulfinch for a plan in that same year, 1828. He credits the plan to Bulfinch in his report, and states that the dimensions are reduced from the Boston state house. The council adopted the plan by a resolution dated February 2, 1829, stating the dimensions, referring to it as the work of Bulfinch, and as "representing the Boston state house reduced to the dimensions aforesaid." The rate of progress of the work is indicated by the message of Governor Smith in 1831, in which he speaks of the exterior as nearly finished. The



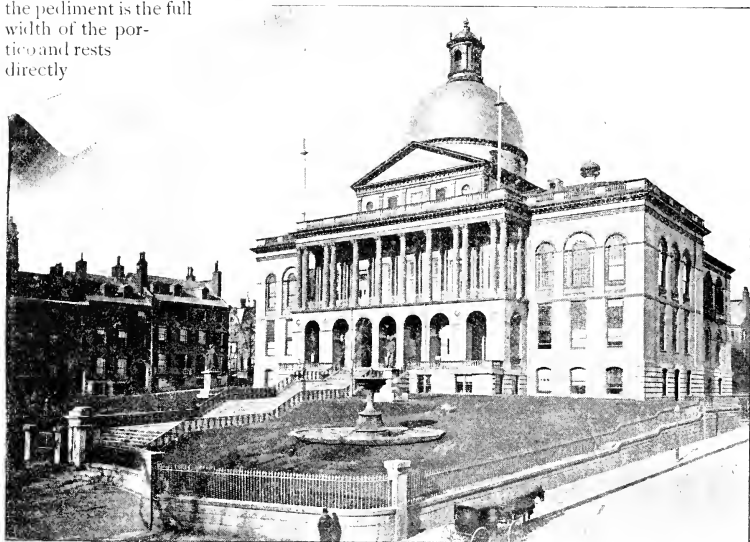
Faneuil Hall, as enlarged by Bulfinch.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

and in June Governor Lincoln and the Council went there and chose the state-house site. In 1828 a commissioner was appointed to obtain plans and estimates, and at the same time the legislature authorized the sale of many townships of

house was first occupied in 1832. It is like the Boston state house and yet different; enough like it to show that Bulfinch was still willing to abide by that design in the main, sufficiently different to show that his own taste had changed with the general

change of taste which gradually took place during his professional career. There is the same high basement, pierced by entrance arches, without high fronting steps. There is the same placing of the portico, but its treatment in detail is more regular. The columns are single, and the pediment is the full width of the portico and rests directly



State House, Boston.

upon it. It is in the dome and its support that the departure from the earlier design is more striking. The lines which he adopted in the General Hospital, and which we see again in the Somerville Asylum, are faithfully reproduced here. He even introduces once more the four chimneys at the corners of the square attic. The favored model is departed from only in the building of a lantern at the top, instead of leaving it simply with a skylight. It would be interesting to study the details of the interior if they were executed according to the architect's designs. Bulfinch seems never to have hurried over this part of his work. Inside the walls as well as out, there is always something worth the seeing.

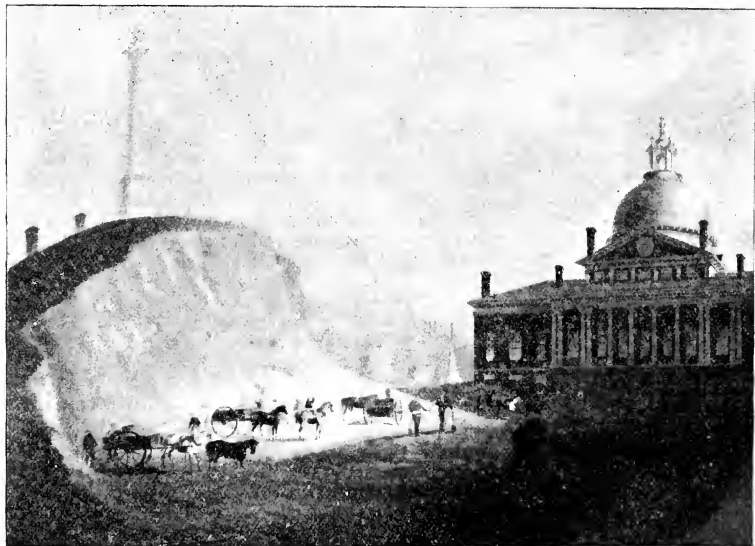
In this review of his works, which is in the main chronological, though not wholly so, I have omitted one of his earlier build-

ings which is of decided interest, though it is not now standing. This is the old Boston Theatre. It stood on the corner of Federal and Franklin streets, and dates back to the beginning of the Franklin Street project, as the old deeds by which

the land was conveyed were dated in July, 1793. The conveyance was made to Bulfinch and others, "Trustees of the Boston Theatre." To undertake the building of it at all was a venturesome project in the state of public opinion in those days. The items which are to be picked up here and there about the beginning of its career make this sufficiently clear, and also show how curious and in many ways how different from ours were the theatre customs of the day. There were, for example, very peculiar ideas, or so we should now call them, on the subject of the incidental music. It is hard to realize at this day that the audience insisted as a matter of right upon dictating what the musicians should play. Manager Powell appears to have suspected a tendency to call for music: for among the regulations of the theatre published in the *Chronicle* before

the opening, and still to be read upon its faded yellow pages, is this one: "The music will be assigned for each evening. It is therefore requested that no particular tunes may be called for by the audience, as the compliance with such request cannot be attended to." This seems a very modest request, but it apparently was not so regarded by the Boston public. Mr. Powell in finally announcing the music of the first night's performance prefaced it with a sugar-coated insinuation of the following tenor: "As we shall ever give what we conceive most harmonic to the soul and congenial to the general sentiments of our brethren of the land we live in, the following distribution of the music will precede the drawing up of the curtain"; and then followed the specification. The insinuation did not avail. Mr. Powell

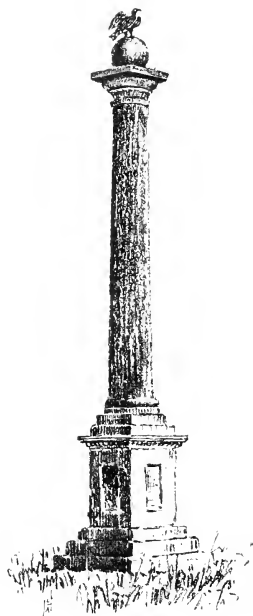
subdued note of triumph perceptible in the item of the *Chronicle* referring to the performance of February 10, 1794, one week after the opening of the theatre, which records the manager's defeat. The allusion to the music followed some flattering words on the acting of *The Belle's Stratagem*, which was the play of the evening. "Nor was the music less pleasing," so the item continues, "if we may judge from the reiterated bursts of applause which alternately followed the playing of *Ça ira*, *Yankee Doodle*, and *Washington's March*. This circumstance we conceive evidently shows the impropriety of a bill of the music being directed and published; and we are happy to find it done with and the music left to the direction of the audience for whose amusement they are employed."



Summit of Beacon Hill at the Time of the Excavations, showing Monument and Rear of State House as designed by Bulfinch.

would not put *Ça ira* on his list, and there was a certain party determined that this revolutionary air should be played. This appears from anonymous communications in the *Chronicle*, which the editor himself may have written. At any rate, there is a

It is a little singular that the first theatre to be built in Boston should have had more of the individual character of a theatre in external aspect than any now standing in the city. It has come to be the habit in Boston, as in other cities, to

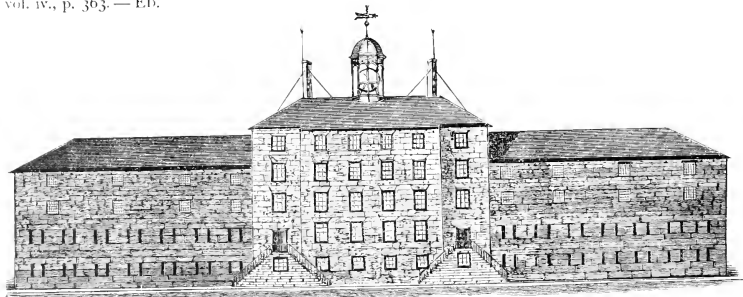


Beacon Hill Monument.

delivered by the manager on the night of the opening, which shows that architecture was not the only art at that day pervaded by the classic influence.

And now thou dome by Freedom's patrons rear'd,
With Beauty blazon'd and by Taste rever'd;
Apollo consecrates thy walls profane,
Hence be thou sacred to the Muse's reign!

¹ The picture of the second theatre, given in this article, shows the position of the building, on Federal Street at the corner of Franklin. The medal of which a copy is given shows the façade of the first theatre, a completer representation of which may be found in the *Memorial History of Boston*, vol. iv., p. 363. — Ed.

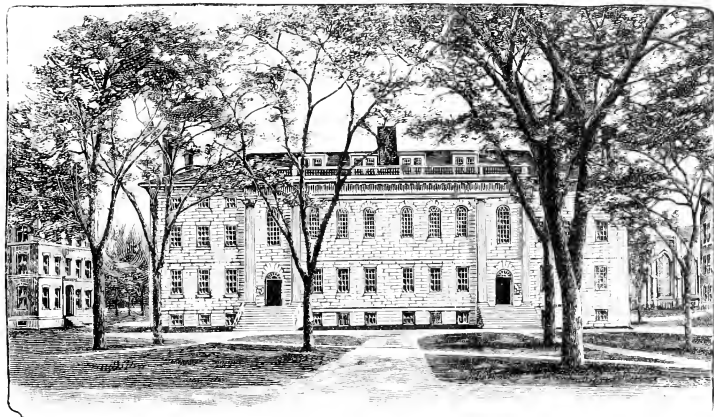


Elevation of the Massachusetts State Prison, from a Print published in 1806.

make the theatre, so far as visible exterior is concerned, simply a narrow strip of façade crowded in among shop-fronts. Bulfinch's theatre was a detached building. The design of it was graceful and appropriate, though not novel.¹ The same combination of architectural features has been many times used both before and since. It resembled in some respects Bulfinch's own central composition in Franklin Crescent. The present central building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is also similar to the theatre in character, and nearly of the same proportions. I find no specific description of the interior. The *Centinel* said that "in convenience, elegance, and taste the best judges gave it the preference to any in Europe and the execution was in a style equalled only by the excellence of the architecture." But the paper does not consume its valuable space by going into details. Why should it tell the people of Boston about things which they could go and see, when there were doings of "that Gallic Hotspur Buonaparte" to be recorded? The scale of prices sufficiently indicates that the arrangement was the old-fashioned one, with a pit occupying the floor, two rows of boxes around the whole wall of the auditorium, and a gallery above. There was no other pattern known at the time. Drawings of the London theatres of the day, showing the reigning style, are readily accessible. Galleries surround the house, with their fronts exactly over one another, the lower ones divided into compartments or boxes, the upper one left open. On the floor there are long benches without backs. Even in the magnificent Drury Lane of 1794 and the remodelled Covent Garden Theatre of the same date the seats of the pit have no backs. A poem was

It deserves to be noted about this first theatre, as curiously significant of the state of opinion at the time, that for a while no performance was given on the evening of the week-day religious meeting. The suspension took place at the voluntary wish of the management, though upon the suggestion of the church in Federal Street

toward making Don Juan's fate as terrible as possible. It was in that connection that the fiery part of the spectacle was to be introduced. In the announcements it was advertised that upon Juan's rejecting all entreaties to repentance, the whole scene would change to something lurid; or let me use the present tense of the

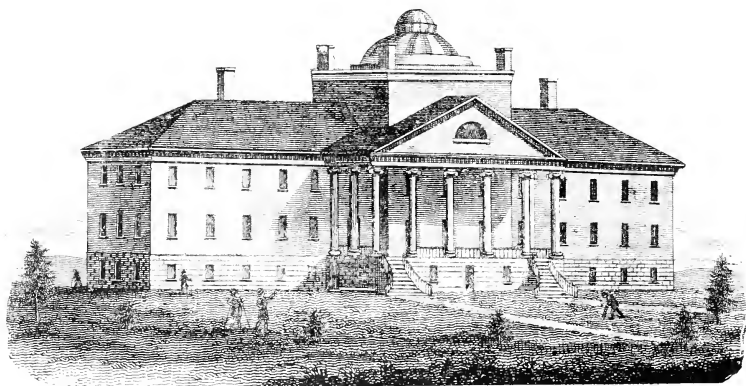


University Hall, Harvard College.

that they were disturbed by the new-comer into their domain. The week-day meeting of the church in Federal Street came on Friday evening. I have not looked into the matter to see just how long they adhered to this practice, but it is apparent that the management had lapsed from its first determination on this point before the end of the theatre's short lease of life. The building was burned on Friday, February 2, 1798, just four years after its opening. The fire was discovered between three and four in the afternoon, and was attributed "to the negligence of the servants whose duty it was to watch the fires in the dressing-room." It is a curious coincidence that a new fiery spectacle should have been advertised to take place at the theatre on that Friday evening. There was little harmony between the subject, the story of Don Juan, and the course of thought appropriate to a Friday evening's religious meeting, but as if to correct as far as possible any undue "prophane" leaning, great efforts were to be expended

in advertisements: "The whole scene changes to *THE FIERY ABYSS*. Furies now gather around him and he endeavors to escape, but all in vain, for he is hurried away amidst *A GRAND SHOWER OF FIRE*." There must have been a grand shower of fire indeed, fully worthy of the large capitals of the announcement. Could there be a more adequate and terrible representation of a fiery abyss than that maelstrom of flame which surges between the four walls of a burning theatre?

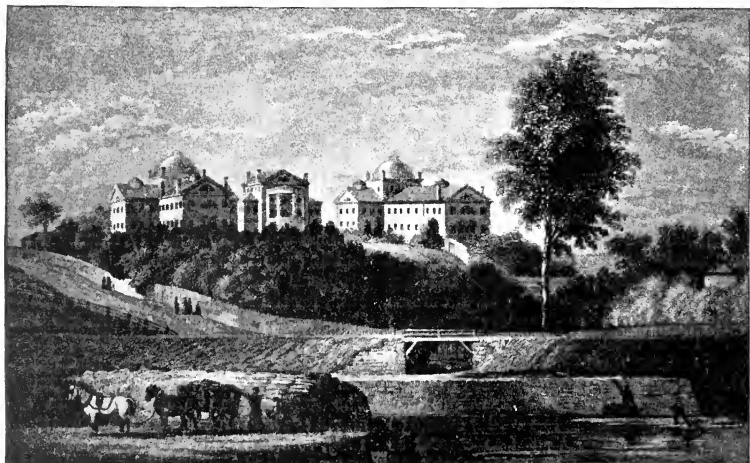
Steps were very speedily taken for rebuilding the theatre. Advertisements for proposals were out as soon as February 28th, for the furnishing of labor and materials "agreeably to the plan which will be furnished by Charles Bulfinch, Esq.," showing that he had charge of the restoration. But it was not built with the old graces. The ground plan seems, from an engraving which represents the theatre in 1825, to have been the same. But there was no colonnaded portico. A plain wall formed the faces of the projection where



Massachusetts General Hospital as completed by Bulfinch.

the columns had stood. The pediment over the porch was omitted. The cornice is gone. There are no pilasters on the main wall of the front, and the Venetian windows in this wall are replaced by plain round-topped windows. A greater proportion of the whole expense seems to have been allotted to the interior. When it was opened on October 27, 1798, the decoration and arrangement were much praised. The acoustic properties were

said to be perfect, the accommodations for the audience wholly satisfactory, the decorations of "unparalleled elegance," the whole interior "far superior both in beauty and convenience to any other on the continent," and great praise was accorded to Mr. Bulfinch. This building stood many years, undergoing alterations at least once thereafter. Its career as a theatre closed before the opening of the present Boston Theatre, which dates from



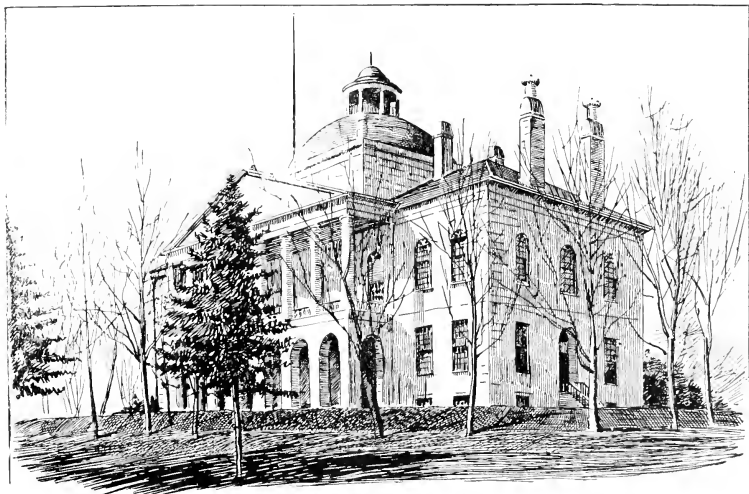
McLean Asylum, from an Old Print.

1854. Large modern stores now occupy its site, which was visited by another "shower of fire" in 1872.

I have not mentioned the blocks which Bulfinch built for commercial purposes, of which there were a number. At some time before the building of the Maine State House he made a list of the more important buildings designed and built by him. It contains besides the buildings already mentioned the following: Banks in Boston, *United States* (brick), *Massachusetts* (stone), *Boston* (brick), *Mechanicks* (stone), *Union* (brick); also a brick bank in Salem. Insurance offices in Boston, *Suffolk* (brick), *Mutual* (interior), *New England* (stone), *Marine* (stone).

edifice of the Hollis Street Church, built in 1788 and attributed to Bulfinch by the *Massachusetts Magazine* of December, 1793, with words of commendation and a cut; the modernizing of the First Church in Charlestown in 1804, attributed to Bulfinch in Frothingham's *History of Charlestown*, p. 161, and Hunnewell's *A Century of Town Life* (Charlestown), p. 52, with illustrations.

Upon a general survey of Bulfinch's works, the impression which they give is one of chasteness and refinement. It seems to have been an impossibility for him to produce anything vulgar or coarse; and this impossibility was an outcome of his nature. Not only would extravagant



State House, Augusta, Maine.

Schools in Boston, *Grammar School* (stone), and two large brick school-houses. Bulfinch also built, besides Franklin Place and Colonnade Row, another entire block of buildings, which is designated in his list as Park Place. Other works of his, well attested, but not in his list, are as follows: The old Beacon Hill Monument, built in 1790-1 and attributed to Bulfinch in Shurtleff's *Boston*, p. 175, with a description; Boylston Market;¹ the second

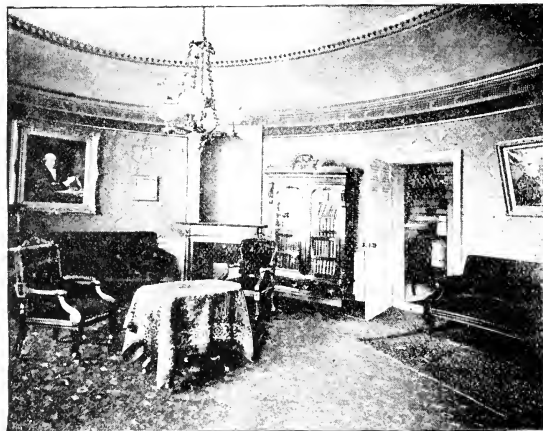
modes of decoration have repelled him as a breach of artistic taste; they would have been personally repugnant to him, something which the finer element of his nature would have spontaneously rejected. When he was in London, as a young man, there was abundant opportunity for him to adopt what was bad in architectural style as well as to choose what was good. The works of Hawksmoor and some of the less conspicuous followers of Wren were then to be seen. These men had been given an opportunity to parade the coarseness of their manner by an order issued by Parlia-

¹ A picture of Boylston Market may be found in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for December, 1889, p. 387. — Ed.

ment for the building of fifty churches during the reign of Queen Anne. Many of these churches were constructed in what may be called the decadence of the first English Renaissance style, when artists overshadowed by a great master were striving to secure new successes by extravagant applications of the same devices which he had used. Who shall undertake to describe the coarseness, vulgarity, and tastelessness of some of the structures which they produced, — St. John's, Westminster, with its multiplicity of cupolas; Christchurch, Spitalfields, with its portico so contrived as to imitate the lines of a colossal Venetian window; St. Anne's, Limehouse, with a tower somewhat suggestive of an over-ornamented chimney-piece! They do not deserve respectful criticism. Bulfinch was not attracted by the manner of these men. He found his models in the more modest, elegant, and refined works of the later builders. The Adam brothers have already been referred to as influencing his taste. He probably

to say that however unlimited might have been the means placed at his disposal, he never would have overloaded his buildings with heavy ornament. His decorative details were always modest. A man with these tendencies and these tastes is seen to advantage in interiors, and almost all of Bulfinch's interiors are worthy of study. It is a pity that those which no longer stand were not carefully drawn before they were destroyed. The New South Church must have been one of the choicest pieces of interior work in New England, novel in its general form and elegant in all its details. Fortunately the interior at Lancaster still remains. Its unique pulpit has found many admirers, and has been recently reproduced in the church upon Eliot Square in Roxbury. At Faneuil Hall the opportunity was not the best for a light, graceful, and airy interior effect; and yet what is to be seen of his decorative work there, in the shaping of the ornamental details as well as the general arrangement of parts, is pleasing. One

may say the same of the halls of the legislature on Beacon Hill. They satisfy us more to-day than the heavy, more ornate and more elaborate work which is to be seen in later buildings of similar character, where classical details are used with more accurate adherence to classical models, it may be, but with less grace. The interior of the Theatre must be counted among those irrevocably lost to us, so far as details are concerned. This is very seriously to be regretted, as the Theatre must have furnished to Bulfinch a rare op-



Reception Room, McLean Asylum.

owed even more to Chambers, an architect largely unknown to us, but probably to be ranked at the head of his profession in London at the close of the last century. The manner of these men was absorbed by the young American student, and he never departed widely from it. It is safe

opportunity for the exercise of his taste, and among all his buildings it is the one whose interior was most highly praised by the critics of his own day.

The restoration to public favor at the present time of the style which we call "Colonial" is a new vindication of the

utility and beauty of Bulfinch's early manner, demonstrating the adaptability of this style to practical needs and its power to appeal to and satisfy a refined taste. We include among the most beautiful of our modern seashore and suburban residences, where wealth and skill have been expended to produce agreeable results, some of those dwellings where the Renaissance manner in vogue in this country in the last century is revived. It is not to be counted as a reproach to this style if it does not indefinitely continue to hold the position which it now occupies, for every architectural manner, however choice, must ultimately clog the taste and be laid aside for a time. But it is the peculiarity of some styles that their day of revival never comes. Certain ancient forms like those of the Hawkmoor class seem to find their most emphatic and crushing condemnation in that they live only one life.

There is a noticeable quality of quiet and repose in the old mansions which Bulfinch built. How the sunshine streams down in Franklin Place! How kindly the vines take to these domestic-looking old house-fronts! How stately and dignified and well bred they are! There is not a suggestion of the hum of business or of the bustle of crowded streets. They seem to represent the almost unrealizable idea of the city home.

Although Bulfinch was professionally an architect and followed no other calling, he was not allowed by his fellow-townsmen to absorb himself wholly in his professional work. During a number of years he had other cares and responsibilities of an important nature. Beginning in the year 1800, and continuing nearly up to the time of his appointment as architect of the

national Capitol, he was chairman of the selectmen of the town of Boston, and discharged the duties of this onerous position while continuing to practise his profession.



Staircase, McLean Asylum.

It was the principal executive office of the town, as every one knows who is familiar with the rôle which selectmen play in New England municipal

government. That he discharged the duties of his position with credit to himself and satisfactoriness to his townsmen is sufficiently demonstrated by the number of years during which he was continued in office.

In the practice of his special profession, although the dates of many of his lesser buildings erected for mercantile purposes cannot be learned with definiteness, his activity seems to have ceased with the designing of the Maine State House. And after so laborious and fruitful a life well might he claim rest in advancing years. He died in Boston on the fifteenth day of April, 1844.



Charles Bulfinch.

FROM A PORTRAIT DRAWN IN INK, TAKEN LATE IN LIFE, IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STEPHEN G. BULFINCH OF CAMBRIDGE.

Bulfinch was peculiarly a Boston man, and his history and work are a peculiarly precious Boston possession. But we cannot forbear in closing to recur again to his long and important service upon the Capitol at Washington, which in a significant way gave him a greater interest to the nation than any single service done in Boston or New England. We recur to it chiefly for the sake of remarking upon the general

good fortune which, at a time when perhaps we should hardly have expected it, attended the nation at the time that the national capital was laid out and its earlier public buildings were planned and constructed. Fault may indeed be found with much in the Washington map and much in the Washington architecture; although so far as the map goes, and general street effects, and the effects of the posi-

I have delayed writing, to this morning, in hopes of receiving a letter from you - and am now compelled to be very short: - so many petty concerns are to be attended to, & we are subject to so many interruptions from friends making their last call. - We now look to the return to our friends, for future comfort & pleasure: - Your brother George has remained with us to this time & accompanied us home - Your mother's health is much as usual, & her feelings & remembrance of you as warm as ever. -

With prayers that all the dearest of our
beloved may terminate, for good, I am

Yours affectionately

E. Buffinch

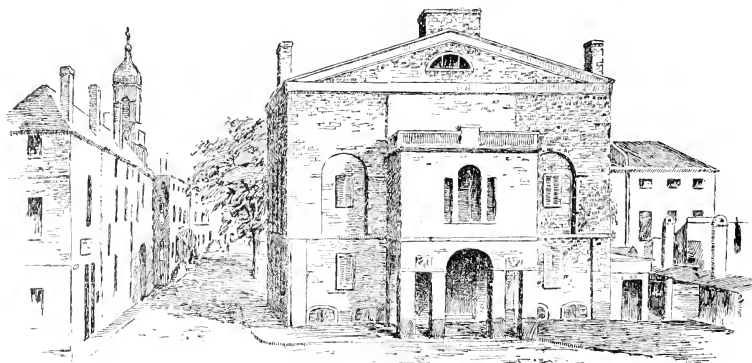




Medal presented Bulfinch on the Completion of the First Boston Theatre; slightly reduced from Size of the Original.

tion of some public buildings, it should be remembered that the original planners are not responsible for the most serious blemishes — as indeed we may also remember, to our consolation, that these most serious blemishes are not irremediable. But the main thing to be here spoken of is that, whatever the faults of the more ambitious of the earlier public buildings in Washington, — the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Post Office, — however they fail to meet the full demands which we might make, the men who planned them did have the cardinal virtue of studying in good schools, of dealing with good forms, and of creating what is dignified, severe, and chaste.

This, we say, was good fortune. Had such a taste presided among our elders at this juncture as has often presided among us in periods which we are accustomed to think of as more cultivated, but which we may often do well to chiefly think of simply as richer periods, the streets of our national capital would be wholly dominated to-day by what is meretricious and what arrests attention only by pretentiousness and size. We have learned many lessons in these later years, and some of them have been taught to us in Washington itself, of the public misfortune of architects uninspired by clear and pure ideas, and the importance of honest thought and of good taste in all that con-

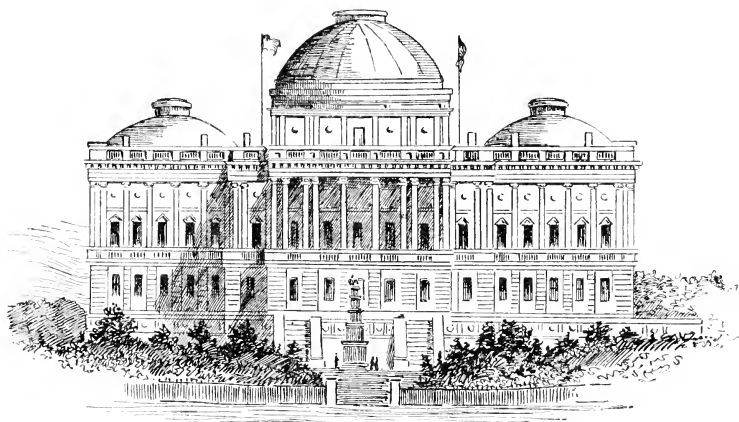


The Second Boston Theatre.

cerns our monuments and the great public structures which are to be before the eyes of the people through the years.

If we are to be thankful to good for-

of Europe, that the Capitol at Washington is a growth. It is the work of many hands and many minds, its history a history full of mistakes, mischances, and miscarriages.



The Capitol at Washington, as left by Bulfinch.

tune that things in general are no worse in Washington than they are, especially do we feel this as concerns the Capitol itself. The vision in the mind of him who first conceived it was certainly different in very much from the picture before the eyes of him who to-day stands by Greenough's Washington or looks down from Arlington Heights. It may be said more truly than it may be said of many of the old minsters

But with all this there is a unity and a beauty about the great structure which are impressive and remarkable. It is not a structure to be ashamed of, but to be proud of. While we are grateful to the divinities that have presided over the building through its complex life, we must not forget the special agents; and among these none was more intelligent or more influential than Charles Bulfinch.

THE THIRD ESTATE OF THE SOUTH.

By Rev. A. D. Mayo, A.M.

FROM the beginning of the European settlement even to the present year of our Lord, the most prominent object of interest and observation in what we used to call the Southern States of this Republic has been the relation of the upper and under classes of southern society,—the slaveholding Anglo-Saxon and the lately emancipated negro. Not only abroad, but at home, it has scarcely en-

tered into the calculations of statesmen and economists that a great change in southern affairs was impending that would bring another dominant class to the front. It was known that even in 1860 there were six million of white people in these southern states who had no immediate connection with slaveholding, and that a number of people, smaller than the present population of Boston, representing, possibly, a

population of two million, comprised the ruling class. It was expected that this middle class would be felt in arresting the movement for secession in 1861. And I believe that a decided majority of these people had neither the desire nor intention of striking for a new nationality. But, with the exception of the action of West Virginia and the stubborn loyalty of the mountain populations of the central South, this expectation was disappointed. We met these people on the battle-field through four dismal years, where they earned a reputation for good fighting which has made the name of an American soldiery illustrious.

But now, like a mighty apparition across the southern horizon, has arisen this hope or portent of the South,—the Third Estate,—to challenge the authority of the old ruling class, and place itself where the “plain people” of every northern state was long ago established, as a decisive influence in public affairs. South Carolina, the head and front of the Old South, is now swept by a political revolution as radical as the emancipation of the slaves in 1865. Texas, where the old order never got complete foothold, is now passing under the same control, so easily that it is not half understood what weighty concerns are involved in the coming political movements of this growing state. Other states, especially on the Gulf, are rent by the same movement from below. It is evident that this is no surface or temporary affair. Its present political and financial theories will be largely modified by the rough discipline of responsible power. But the movement is in the line of American civilization, and, however checked or misdirected for the time, will finally prevail.

The wise observer of southern affairs will greatly mistake if he insists on the exclusive observation of the old conflict of races and the political condition of the negro. For the coming decade, the place to watch the South is in this movement of the rising Third Estate. What it demands and what it can achieve in political, social, and industrial affairs; what changes can be wrought in itself by the great uplifting forces of American civilization,—by education, including the influence of the family, the church, and the school,—on these things will depend the fate of this important section of our country for years to

come. And on the outcome of this movement hangs the near future of the race question,—whether the swarming millions of colored citizens in these sixteen states will gradually reach their fit position in the body politic, or the whole South be plunged into the horrors of a race war, which will once more demand the strong arm of the nation to save that section from suicide.

The present essay—the Third Estate of the South—is an honest attempt to give my own opinions concerning this, one of the most important movements in the history of the Republic. The assumption of infallible wisdom and the ventilation of wholesale theories, North and South, in the discussion of southern affairs, is the misery of our public life. A virtual residence of ten years in this region, including all the sixteen states, with good opportunities for observation, has deepened the impression that, of all the social and civic puzzles that confront the American social scientist and statesman, no knot is so tangled, so difficult to be undone, so dangerous to be cut by the sword, as this. To-day the South, as a section, has passed into a permanent minority of sixteen of the forty-four states. But it is still possible to array these states again in a conflict that would inflict a wound on the southern member through which the Republic would bleed to death. It is “easy as preaching” to embroil and exasperate whole commonwealths, great classes and races, in a permanent misunderstanding that not even another Washington or Lincoln could reconcile. Even as concerns the South itself, the question is one of vital interest. The spectacle of the five hundred thousand white people of South Carolina split into hostile clans by a political campaign now foaming on the ragged reef of violence is inexpressibly painful and discouraging. I shall not try to deal with this question by the ambitious methods of grand analysis, abstract theorizing, or inflated prophecy. If I can cast a little side light upon this procession, as it moves on its twilight path, it may not be in vain that I occupy the time of the reader.

In the European sense, there never was a Southern aristocracy. The descendants of the few European families of the favored class who drifted to the colonies never had a perceptible influence after the War of

the Revolution. The abolition of all special privileges reduced the superior colonial class to the condition of the leading class in a republic of white men. There was a social "upper ten," in the original southern Atlantic colonies, that held on indefinitely. But that largely disappeared, as a family affair, beyond the Alleghanies, where the new leading class made its way upward by personal power and solid service as certainly as in the northwestern states.

But, in the American political sense, there was and has been, up to the present time, a dominant class in this portion of the country more powerful for all the issues of public life than any order of nobility in Europe since the French Revolution. It was, primarily, a combination of landholders; practically, an aristocracy of the dollar. From the peculiar condition of the country and its monopoly of certain industrial products, the people of the South adopted and tied itself to the system of slave labor, cast off by the North as unprofitable, impolitic, and dangerous at the formation of the Republic. Whatever of anti-slavery sentiment—and there was a great deal—lingered in the early history of these states was swept down stream by the gathering tide of the dominating industrial and political interests. So it came to pass, in time, that a great combination of men, separated from each other by abysses of social, religious, and educational repulsions, found common cause in the protection of slavery in the old and its introduction to the new southern and southwestern states. The diaries and correspondence of Judge Story and John Quincy Adams, during their early years in Washington, are full of this observation of the formidable power of this combination,—its skilful handling of Congress, its invariable success in every conflict with a half-conscious and divided North.

And, without indorsing the exaggerated rhetoric of our southern college commencements concerning the splendor of this class during "the Golden Age" of southern society, we may grant to this combination the praise of remarkable ability and, on some lines, of broad foresight in national affairs. It was composed almost wholly of the ablest, most politic, and persistent class in modern history,—the British upper-middle class,—modified by the influences and interests of its peculiar position on the

edge of Christendom. It made all things subordinate to the chief end of favoring the southern ambition to become the ruling power of the country. The professional classes became its spokesmen and allies. The leisure of its landed proprietors fostered a universal ambition among its young men for political activity as the be-all and end-all of life. Its schools were a reproduction of the British system of education a century ago,—universities, colleges, and academies for the upper white class, more completely under the administration of the Protestant clergy than the schools of Catholic Europe are now under the control of that astute priesthood, well adjusted to lift up the promising youth below to companionship with his betters, and elbow off the "common herd" into a wide-spread illiteracy. Its women, among the most brilliant and capable in the world, were no such tribe of imbeciles and idlers as we fancied in the North. The southern matron in her plantation life was one of the most overtaxed and devoted working women of her sex. Outside this domain female culture gravitated to the social ability which gave her the lead at Washington, and till a late period made her the nation's best social foot put foremost on the shores of Europe.

This political aristocracy, in all vital affairs, governed the Republic till it was moved to rise up and divide the nation in 1861. It instigated and brought on the condition of war against the Indians, Great Britain, and Mexico, by which the country was distracted through its first seventy years. It was the author of the magnificent scheme of the expansion of territory which gave us the empire of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, the Pacific Coast,—all the additions to our territory except the latest purchase, Alaska. It led in the settlement of the West, following the sagacious policy of Washington, whose eye was always glancing over to the wilderness beyond the Alleghanies. Tennessee and Kentucky were in a blaze of Indian border war, while the Northwest slumbered almost undisturbed.

It is difficult to understand why a class so able and astute in many ways was led on to the hazardous experiment of dividing the Union in 1860. With the Constitution on its side, with an indefinite power of Congressional obstruction, it could have kept slavery for a long generation, and

made the country pay the cost of a modified system of emancipation. The reasons seem to be found in the absorption of a powerful society, engrossed in the work of self-preservation, in a strangely isolated position. Pushed off to the border of civilization, with only a half-barbarous Mexico and a boundless wilderness on the southwest, and a vast and lonely seaboard all around, shut off by its own theory and purpose from contact with the rising tide of progressive modern life, its literary, professional, and social influences all captured and held in subjection by the political intolerance which is the most unrelenting form of tyranny, it was not strange that its group of accomplished statesmen fell into the delusion, not only of their own sectional invincibility, but honestly believed that their political allies in the North would, in the last event, consent to their demand of virtual permanent control of the general government, or a separation on sectional lines. A distinguished citizen of Boston, during the summer preceding Mr. Lincoln's election, was for a time in daily confidential communication with Jefferson Davis. He reports that he found his distinguished acquaintance completely possessed with the idea of the military and civic superiority of the South, and the willingness of the dominant party in the North to consent to whatever it should demand.

How this came out we all know. The world has acknowledged the prodigious ability and matchless devotion with which the dominant class went through this desperate programme, to the terrible end of its own destruction. Its military commanders have furnished many forcible and picturesque and one noble figure to American history. Its statesmanship, now disparaged, was probably as competent as a cause so at odds with the trend of modern civilization would admit. But we do not yet recognize fairly the great services rendered to the South and the nation, later on, by this class, even in the demoralized state in which it was left by the war, when not one in ten of its families was found upon or has since stood on a solid financial footing. Its young men were scattered to the southwest, to the northwest, to the growing cities, leaving the open country in charge of a class that, in the old time, had little influence in affairs. Its women gathered up the wrecks of a great destruction,

in true American style; and to-day the young women of the better sort of southern families are the hope of the country, rehabilitating the homes, the soul of the church, the best school-teachers, the leaders in the temperance reform, on the lookout for all industrial opportunities that can be used.

The leaders in the war naturally became the leaders of reconstruction politics. And, whatever may be the verdict of history concerning the way in which the eleven ex-Confederate states have been placed in line to receive a share of the progressive life of the country, the display of ability has fully borne out their old reputation. The South to-day owes about all it has of order and law, the common school for all classes and both races, the restoration of its religious and educational affairs, to the administration of this class. The great obstacle to the progress of the negro is not his old master class; for among these people are often found the wisest and most Christian views concerning the development of their old bondmen, and an amount of personal sacrifice and patience that only a constant observer can appreciate. I do not know what New Boston, with her five hundred thousand people, would do if suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of the seven hundred thousand South Carolina negroes, marshalled by our redoubtable friend, Gen. B. F. Butler, in a solid colored contingent, to capture the city government, administer its vast interests, handle its twenty million debt, and, in public affairs, represent it to the world. I fancy the "weight of the meeting" would there prevail, by some of the numerous methods by which an Anglo-Saxon community everywhere, in the end, manages to put inferiority on the back seat and land the management of vital affairs in the upper story.

But it was inevitable that this long lease of power by the southern dominant class should come to an end. In New England and New York, the aristocratic states of the old North, this change was gradually wrought,—by the educational influences that prepared the humbler classes, native or foreign born, for the responsibilities of power. Eighty-five per cent of the men worth a hundred thousand dollars or more, in these states, began with nothing but this outfit. But in the South the progress of the Third Estate has been slow: indeed, until

the past twenty years, it had hardly begun. But all things hasten, even in the piney woods or mountain realms of our South-land; and now, under the simple name of a "Farmers' Alliance," this mighty army of the common people has been revealed, like a frowning mountain world uncovered by a rising mist. Already it may be predicted that the old order, as far as it depended on the European qualities of family and class training, has gone by. Hereafter, the South follows the North in the rush to the front of the fittest who survive. And the contest for place will be on industrial lines there as here.

For a time to come I believe the negro question is to be held in partial subordination by this great uprising of the Third Estate. To suppose that eight millions of citizens, in the condition of our southern negroes, twenty-five years out of personal slavery, can be wrenched from their present position and *shot* ahead of the twelve millions of plain white people who have been on the ground for two hundred years, and must become the dominant power of the South for generations to come, is only to indulge in the dream of an enthusiast. But whether the white man of the Third Estate can rid himself of the old theories of race and caste, and adopt the American idea that all men shall be fairly tested by what they can do, depends on many contingencies. Is it possible or probable, in a period sufficiently brief to avoid the danger of a disastrous race conflict, that this vast constituency can be brought over to the practical American view of giving to every child the great American chance in life? I do not know. But I greatly hope; and the sources of my hope, or some of them, I now declare.

When the history of the South descends from the realm of romance, where it still lingers, to the solid ground of fact, it will be seen how absurd everywhere outside the domain of legend is the impression of a radical difference between its original population and the old Northeast. Nobody pretends that the Southwest, beyond the Alleghanies, was peopled by a line of "gentler" descent than the Northwest. About all the South had to show in Revolutionary days of great statesmanship and eminent patriotism was, like the similar class in the North, a descent from the respectable middle estate of Great Britain.

But, when we turn to the Third Estate, — always the majority, and now rising to the head and front of the new South, — we find the source of its power, as in the North, in the mixture of populations from a dozen sorts of vigorous European people. The Catholic Churchman and dissenting Englishman of various social degrees, the Scotch and North Irish Protestant, the early German of the valley of Virginia, the Huguenot of South Carolina, the Highlander, Hebrew, and other miscellany of old Georgia, the Creole, Frenchman, and Spaniard, in Louisiana, all went into the seething cauldron of the early colonial life. Up to a generation before the war came in a steady immigration of excellent people from New England and the middle states. I rarely visit a town in the five old Atlantic commonwealths that I do not find the descendants of these people, — always glad to renew the old-time associations with home. The accident of a change of residence alone prevented the Rhett of South Carolina from being a Boston, and the latter Winthrops of Massachusetts a Charleston, family. Along with this uniformly good stock drifted in at an early date a baser element, brought to the colonies on indenture, — the lower sort of the English stock, whose descendants even now in Maryland and Delaware rank low in the social scale. The growing power of slavery intensified the separation of the respectable sort from the common lot. The illiteracy of whole regions of the country wrought its perfect work in the "poor white trash." — resembling the northern tramp, except that he is not only too shiftless to work, but too lazy to tramp.

How the strange population of the great central mountain world — near two millions at present — was formed nobody seems to know. This region was a mysterious "noman's-land" till the enterprise of the last twenty-five years revealed it, with all its natural sublimity and beauty and its industrial importance, to an astonished world. Perhaps from the Revolutionary Tories of the adjacent states, from criminals, outcasts, eccentrics, and broken-down people in general, with a sprinkling of more ambitious blood, was made up that people which even now, seen among the mountains overlooking the valley of Virginia, but better observed in Eastern Kentucky, Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Northern Georgia,

sends forth a louder cry for the missionary of civilization than any portion of the Republic.

So far as variety of material is concerned, the old colonial South had an equal mixture of blood with the old North. Of late the trend of European immigration has not taken a Southern direction, and the per cent of foreign-born population in all the southern states east of the Mississippi is very small. A most interesting fact for the historical inquirer is the explanation of the origin of the southern white people, and the romance of the reality will eclipse the glamour of rhetorical mist in which the origin of this section has been involved.

So it has come about that the present population of this grade in the South is far more homogeneous than in the North. The rough training of the pioneer life welded these various elements into one people. Even the Louisiana Creole is yielding. A leading merchant of New Iberia, the heart of the Teche district, told me that twenty years ago only one in five of his country customers attempted to speak English; while now only one in five is compelled to trade in French. A brisk colony from the Northwest has invaded the prairies of Southwestern Louisiana; and a Congregational College, with a Yankee president, is established on the old domain of the Padres. Yet there are still great differences in education and efficiency in the different elements of this people. The coast country, including the immense piney woods empire, still produces a considerable population of a sort less hopeful than any other of whatsoever "previous condition." The lovely Piedmont region, surrounding the great central mountain realm of the old South, has a farming population greatly resembling the New England country people of my boyhood. The states beyond the Mississippi—Missouri, Western Arkansas, and Texas, the new Southwest—have received more immigration since the war than all the rest of the South: of the best and common sort of its own; somewhat from abroad; from the Northwest, whose people seem inclined to edge down into a milder clime; perhaps also a considerable return wave from the crowd that settled Southern Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana in by-gone days. It is said a million young men from the southern country districts

have gone to the cities, the Northwest and the Southwest, since 1865. They have left on the ground, in some portions of the old South, a white population, so far as the men are concerned, inferior to the old-time occupants,—less capable of reclaiming the country, less inclined to deal fairly with the colored folk.

But it is almost hopeless to draw a diagram of the Southern Third Estate as it now exists. Nobody, even to the "manor born," can do it to the satisfaction of the southern people; for the pride of state, locality, sect, and social condition—what Mr. Breckenridge calls "the provincial flavor"—are "solid" against any decided estimate of matters so delicate. Before the war, lines were more sharply drawn. While alert to capture and lift up to companionship and position the rising talent of the lower class, the old-time ruling set drew hard and fast lines between themselves and the ordinary non-slaveholding people. My first experience of South Carolina was in 1856,—in a stage-coach bound for the Catskill Mountain House, New York, filled with a brilliant Charleston group, chiefly ladies. Completely ignoring my presence, the only man of the company entertained his fair companions all the way up by his adventures on a tour through the upper counties of "his nation," talking of the people there, amid peals of laughter, in a way that reminded one of Dr. Johnson and the *litterati* of London a century ago, defining a Scotchman as "a good fellow, if caught early." Till the war, a property condition of representation in the South Carolina legislature gave a power to the lowland slaveholders which was used in a way that has come back to plague the commonwealth in the new upheaval of affairs.

The Civil War was the great university of the lower masses of the southern white people. The grand army caught them in its all-enclosing net; locked them up in its fierce conscription; marched them all over their own country, with occasional visits to Northland, outside and inside a Union prison camp. To a people so preternaturally eager to see and hear and talk, this was a godsend,—the beginning of the blessing that has come to the southern poor white man equally with his colored brother from the collapse of the Rebellion. The break-up of the old estates, especially

in the Gulf region, brought large numbers of these people down to the lowlands as owners of farms. The opening up of Central Florida sent a wave of immigration from the piney woods people that still contests the northern and western occupation. The mighty development of the railroad system has remanded the coast country of the Atlantic and Gulf to a secondary place, and brought up the Piedmont region, in which a large number of thriving towns have arisen, and which, with the mining and timber lands, is the seat of the new southern prosperity. The new Southwest is growing almost as fast as the new Northwest,—an exception to the old South, outside of special districts.

The marvellous growth in the South, of which we hear so much, is largely a development of the mining country bordering the mountains, where a number of new towns have sprung up and capital is being invested; the lumber country and special agricultural districts. But much of the old landed realm is still in no condition to be rejoiced over. There are more people at work than of old, black and white. The division of farms has stimulated production. In certain quarters, skilled agriculture is taking the place of the old-time fumbling with the soil. New fields in Florida, Mississippi, and Texas are opening for the culture of cotton, fruits, "truck," and staples. The country people are living somewhat better than ten years ago. But the intolerable "lien system," whereby the town merchant practically owns the land and enslaves its occupants, is a dispensation such as afflicts no large body of civilized people besides in our country. How multitudes of good folk can live at all under such a systematic plunder is only accounted for by their moderate demands for living and the impossibility of getting out of the deadlock alive. The attempt of a class of southern politicians, in the interest of their pet economic theories, to compare the condition of this portion of their people with that of the farmers of New England and the established portion of the West, is simply ludicrous to an observer of the different portions of the country. More than half the people in whole regions of the South outside the better class in the cities are compelled to live in a way that is unknown in these states, except to the lower class of the

foreign born, with little outlook for better times. But this country is capable of recuperation by capital, skill, and especially the occupation of small farms by industrious and thrifty people. In time, the better class of the negroes will come into possession of a great deal of this open country and reclaim it.

It would greatly change the northern estimate of southern affairs, could the fact be understood that confronts the traveller through the length and breadth of the Southland,—that through vast regions, even of the older states, the people are living under the conditions of a border civilization. Not a border country in the sense of our new western frontier,—a vanishing "out into the West," with a furious civilization, armed to the teeth with all the implements of modern progress on its heels. Not the terrible border life that railroad extension and the mining "boom" make in the new villages extemporized in a howling southern wilderness. Hundreds of these new towns in the South, where the iron horse reins up and the great steam leviathan wheels round, are a refuge for the drift and diabolism of the whole surrounding country, which appears regularly, on "dress parade," in the new city. One little metropolis of this sort in East Tennessee has enjoyed the luxury of a hundred murders since it was struck by the "boom." But this is the old-time border life, where people lived far away from each other and the world, with meagre privilege of travel, rarely used, the only town the county seat, and that not often visited. Here is developed an obstinate type of personal independence that stands out, like the iron handle of the town pump, in either sex. But what is not done that can be done in such a life? The man attends to his own little world; defends himself as best he can against wild creatures and wilder men; makes a sharp practical code of the neighborhood, that underlies the law of the land, and is administered far more thoroughly than the latter. These populations, once polarized by the plantation families, which made a centre of superior living, are now often left adrift by the decay of this class and the breaking up of the old order generally. The census of Virginia in 1880 showed not a quarter of a million of her people, even in villages. And, although the growth

of what are called "cities" has been more marked during the past ten years, yet, outside of occasional districts, the vast majority of the southern white people live in an all-out-of-doors style, not easily understood in the crowded communities of the old East and large portions even of the new West.

While this sphere of life is favorable to some of the primitive virtues,—hospitality, good feeling, and sociability,—and to the absence of some of the vices of great cities, yet the dearth of the agencies of the higher civilization is a fact almost incredible, unless experienced. Even Texas, the most prosperous southern state, has yet no system of roads; and only three thousand of her eight thousand country schools have a school-house over their heads. The appalling loneliness of the vast "Lone Star" empire has already driven more than a third of its people into villages and cities. But in the older states, a full half of the people of both races live outside the opportunities for schooling, reading, churching, and the use of a tolerable press,—most of the modern agencies of social uplifting that are the commonplace of the North. The South, in winter, outside the towns, lies under a fearful embargo of mud, which shuts up the people to such a home life as can be enjoyed under the circumstances. The average country school does not last a full four months, is placed at inconvenient distances, often kept in an unfit school-house,—a peril to the health of the children of the poorer people. Less than sixty per cent of southern children in the open country, where three-fourths their whole number live, represents the average attendance on school less than four months in the year. Probably not a hundred "cities" of the South now have a free library, or a good circulating library accessible to the masses of the white people. The city daily journals have a limited circulation away from the towns and railroads; and the country press is too often, at best, feeble and misleading. Thousands of people do not read that, but depend upon common report for news. The significance of the Scripture phrase—"wars and rumors of war"—is apparent in a community largely dependent upon rumor and what the popular leaders choose to tell of public affairs. A considerable por-

tion of middle-aged men are of the class that obtained little or no schooling during the war and the ten succeeding years, and have come up, a degenerate race from their parents, to shoulder the weighty responsibilities of the present. Here is the seat of the negrophobia that often blazes out into violence and outrage. It is not the deliberate purpose or feeling of the better class of the southern people, but the inevitable result of the friction between the races, where a considerable element of the dominant race is so removed from the higher influences of American life.

Yet the vast majority of this great population is of "native American" birth, and is all the time affected by the training-school of American life. The political speakers and preachers, the visit to the county town, the coming and going of the emigrating youth, the temperance agitation, the yearly revival meeting, the "boom," that is heard a great way off, like the thundering oncoming of the chariot of the sun, the awakening eagerness to make money, which Dr. Johnson pronounced "about the best thing an honest man can do,"—all these influences keep the drowsiest realm somewhat astir, and form a sort of education to several millions of these people,—on the whole better than schools without common sense. Even the mountain world is stirred to its silent depths. Twenty-five years hence, the class of people described in Miss Murfree's novels may be as difficult to locate as the bison of the western prairies.

I rode a whole day, in South Carolina, with the son of an old Connecticut River railroad president, who was stumping the region along the line from Charleston, S.C., to the Ohio River, soliciting grants of money and land for the route that will give the shortest access to the ocean from the Northwest. A dozen great lines of travel are penetrating this marvellous wilderness, so long an enchanted land in the heart of the old Republic. In half a century, this section of mountain country will become one of the most attractive portions of the United States,—much of it more fit for occupation and agreeable in climate than a good deal of New England. These mountain people were loyal in the late war. Wherever the Union army penetrated, they fell in with *vim*. A hundred and forty thousand white soldiers were

enlisted from this country,—twenty-four thousand more than from Vermont, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, seven thousand more than from nine of the present northwestern states. Eastern Kentucky gave more white soldiers to the Union army than its entire number of voters.

In short, the Third Estate of the South is chiefly of good original stock, though for two hundred years content to sit on the back seat and rise up at the call of a superior class. But that drama is well on toward the fifth act. Radically sound, good-natured, energetic, looking in with all its eyes at the great, wide-open front door of the new American life, with the first enjoyment of the common school and the hunger and thirst for more; hearing, afar off, the loud sound of the “forging ahead” of the grand new South, earnest and devout in religious faith,—here is a material for American citizenship such as nowhere else can be found in this world. We may well consider what a conservative force in national affairs is here in training,—only needing the education of the time to bring to the front a people that will close up with the best elements of the Republic and “hold the fort” of an Anglo-Saxon, progressive civilization against all raids from home or abroad.

What can be done by the whole country to aid in the evolution of this people in the Southland? How can this great uprising be so directed that justice will be done,—not only to its superior class, which it will gradually displace and reconstruct, but to the eight millions of colored folk alongside of which it must live?

The first condition of social advancement is an understanding of the favorable elements in the problem. Even the “less favored” of this great population, the higher strata of which are well up, have several characteristics that deserve mention.

First, this body of the southern people is not hopelessly committed to the fixed theories concerning government, social arrangements, and American affairs in general, which thirty years ago opened the “bloody chasm” we are all trying to fill up to-day. The exaggerated ideas of state sovereignty, the antiquated philosophy of eternal race distinction, the prejudice against modern ideas of education and

industrial matters, which characterized the old leading class and still somewhat affect its rising generation, are not “to the manor born” with them. Indeed, a new state of the Union was formed in 1862 from the breaking out from these ideas by an important district of the Old Dominion. That the masses of the South have followed the leading exponents of these views, even through the destruction of civil war, is not decisive, since there had been little open discussion of such matters among them previous to 1860. But there are significant indications that, wherever the broader American ideas are fairly presented, without partisan or sectional animus, there will be found, in this quarter, a hearing that prophesies a hopeful future. The eagerness with which the country people have turned to the common school,—the special anathema of the old order in the old time,—and now for twenty years have supported it, bearing the chief burden of its colored department, almost to their full ability, and the constant demand for its improvement, is a case in point. Co-education of southern boys and girls has always been unpopular in respectable southern circles; but in the common schools it is well-nigh universal, and is now introduced in the state universities of three states. At the Miller Manual Labor School in Virginia, under the shadow of the university, four hundred youth of the humbler white class are schooled together, with a respect for womanhood worthy the higher ideal of the chivalry that interprets the Golden Rule. The special horror of the southern upper class is the education of the colored and white races together. But at Berea, on the edge of Old Blue Grass Kentucky, I found one of the best collegiate institutions of that state, where a large number of white mountain boys and girls were “improving their minds,” and making manhood and womanhood, with a third as many lowland negroes, with absolutely no friction. Of course, the old-time notions concerning labor have passed out of sight of this, the rising industrial class of the South. I do not know what political policy or party in national affairs is to prevail in the future. But I am sure that another twenty years of fair opportunity to present the broad-gauge American idea of affairs to this people would result in a state of

opinion that would leave the country safe, whatever party might dispense official "pie" at Washington.

Second, I believe in this people will be found a mine of enthusiastic and intelligent patriotism. The war against the Union was not an uprising of the southern masses, but a deliberate policy of the class that had its confidence, — never seriously contemplated by three-fourths of the Southern people. Once in, they fought, as American men always do when that is the business on hand. But, long before the bitter end, it was understood that the hearts of great numbers of the Confederate soldiery were no longer in the cause. I was informed by a distinguished gentleman in Richmond that months before the end, on a tour through the mountains of Virginia, he met great numbers of deserters and disaffected people who did not propose longer to fight for a cause that boded so little good for their kind. The non-slaveholding class has no such prejudice against the negro as the master class: indeed, this prejudice is far more a repulsion of caste and a memory of "previous condition" than a theory of race. They do not especially love the negro: the lower strata look upon him as a dangerous rival in many ways. But it will not need a miraculous conversion to convince them that the welfare of an American state consists in standing by equal rights, justice and fair play all round, leaving vexed questions of social import to regulate themselves, as they invariably will.

Third, another special trait that has attracted my attention from the first is the teachableness of the children of this class, with a reverence for superiors and confidence in those they believe friendly and unselfish. There is no better material than great numbers of these youth for the natural methods of teaching, which wake up the desire for improvement, spite of untrained manners and habits of living. I live among boys and girls who are making such efforts to gain a scrap of the opportunity so bountifully flung into the streets before all the children of our northern cities as makes this one of the most pathetic spectacles of American life. All the stories that have thrilled the churches of the North concerning the eagerness for knowledge of the young negro can be paralleled among the children and youth of the humbler white

class, with the important difference that the average white child of Anglo-Saxon parentage, even of illiterate descent, seems to have at the bottom of his mind a pair of pincers by which he takes fast hold of what goes in, and generally reveals the power of heredity in a people for centuries the leaders of the progressive society of the world.

All these and other elements of hopefulness encourage the apostle of the new American life in his dealing with the most needy of this class, and insure the hearty co-operation of the upper strata. And, now, what can the North and the nation do to hasten the coming of this great uprising among twelve millions of white American people, on whose future relations to American ideas the fate of these great commonwealths depends?

First, it can aid, in all public and private ways, to put on the ground a good working system of country common schools, of at least six months' duration a year, where all children can receive the elements of education, with the moral and social discipline which is "half the battle" in the training for American citizenship. As fast as the simple elements of industrial training can be imparted, it will be well. But the great need of the Third Estate youngster of the South is a revival of brains that will open his eyes to the wide world outside the home lot and form a habit of good reading and sound thinking on what is ahead of him. That itself will be a great industrial uplift, and in time revolutionize the methods of unskilled labor, which are the chief hindrance to southern advancement in material things. I still hold to the deliberate opinion that the country people of the South are doing about all they can for their common schools. Special districts will be able to approach the cities and villages in their ability for local taxation. But for two hundred years the common people of the South have been taught that "taxation is tyranny," and that "economy," even pushed to public stinginess, is the ideal of good government. Even were this pestilent heresy exploded, and the people convinced that wise and generous taxation is the life-blood of republican society, — since, of all things, American civilization is the most expensive in the outlay, though the most economical in the income, — the power to bear taxa-

tion for putting on the ground the vast educational plant required for the white and colored schools, chiefly at the expense of the white population, burdened as at present, is not there. The persistent denial of this fact by a portion of the northern metropolitan press, in the interest of the land agents and the investors in southern capital, has gone far to publish a notion that Dr. Curry pronounces a "stupendous humbug."

To my mind, the defeat of the Senate bill for National Aid to Education, last winter, was such a mistake that, could it be fathered on either party, it would entitle that combination to a retirement from power for a quarter of a century, on the ground of political incapacity. No critic of New England, however malignant, has drawn a bill of impeachment of Yankee statesmanship so formidable as was furnished by the votes of five New England senators that accomplished that defeat, representing three states that lead the Union in the enjoyment of educational opportunities. A cause so manifestly just and wise and essential to southern progress as some form of national aid for the time needed to put the educational affairs of these commonwealths on their feet is sure to come up for renewed action. The bill of the venerable Senator Morrill, for additional aid to agricultural colleges, including those for colored people, which has passed both Houses of Congress, is fraught with positive good. These schools are among the most valuable in the South, especially for the youth of the poorer classes. With the re-enforcement of fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, they can be greatly improved, becoming everywhere, as they have become in Mississippi and Texas, an important element in the movement for skilled labor for all people. A generous system of national aid for education, administered, as it could and would have been, by the state educational authorities, established at the close of the war, would have saved us from the bitter antagonisms awakened by the election bills of the present day. Said a radical politician to William H. Seward concerning the fugitive slave law, — one of the most mischievous ever enacted by Congress, — "What would you have done, as President of the United States, had that bill come up to you from Congress?" "If I had

been President of the United States, that bill would never have reached the White House." The statesmanship that will save our country is that which works at long range, on the lines of the great uplifting agencies of civilization, in hope of gradual and permanent advancement, dispensing, as far as may be, with the old bungling rule of the sword and constable beyond the line of personal disobedience of the law.

Third, industrial education, in its broadest and most practical form, with good schooling in the elements of English, must become a great factor in the uplift of the new South. All the arguments used for its application to the negro have full application to the children and youth of the Third Estate. Especially is this true of the young women of this class. The lower forms of woman's work, with an increasing push into the operative and other modes of profitable labor, are falling into the hands of the colored women. Large numbers of these girls, in the excellent industrial mission schools of the South, are becoming successful workers in a variety of occupations for women. Whether the white girl of the South is to "lie off" and "play lady," while her colored sister "toils and spins," or take her part in the rising sphere of profitable industry, the three hundred and fifty ways by which an American woman can get a respectable living, is to be decided by this movement for the training of the hand of the rising womanhood of the South. Several of the southern states already admit girls to the agricultural colleges. But the Mississippi plan seems the most popular. This state supports a great industrial and Normal School, with free tuition for white girls, — a sort of college "of all work," where a young woman can get a good academical education and be trained for teaching while compelled to take some branch of industrial training. Though somewhat hindered by political interference in its administration, this school is becoming a positive success, and reflects great credit on a group of admirable women who pushed it through the legislature, and are still watching by its cradle. Georgia is about to establish a similar school at her old capital, Milledgeville. The plan is so feasible that I look to its establishment in all these states.

Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, the foremost educational and religious leader of

the whole southern people, has inaugurated his elevation to a bishopric in the Methodist Church, South, by a wise and noble plan for a great school of a similar class for southern white girls, in the Alabama mining country, on the border between "down South" and the North, where the daughters of the impoverished rich and the ambitious poor can be educated at a rate that will enable thousands of good girls to obtain their great and only chance for education. The next million that goes down that way from northern benevolence should be given to Bishop Haygood, in whose hands the vanishing surplus of the United States treasury should have been wisely invested in "the building for the children" of the people of all conditions in these states. It is one of the delusions that still abide in too many minds that the great industrial need of the South is cheap and unskilled labor, the toil of an ignorant peasantry. The desperate need of the South is intelligent labor in the masses, under the leadership of trained commanders of industry,—an army that will go forth "conquering and to conquer," into this marvellous world of opportunity.

The white masses of the South need to be brought in range of that system of agencies of the higher American civilization now in operation even in the most remote Northwest, and which are the glory of the more prosperous states. It is impossible to describe the difference in the mental atmosphere in which a bright boy or girl, in an average county in South Carolina, Alabama, or Louisiana, is brought up, and that amid which his cousin lives, in Massachusetts, Ohio, or Wisconsin. It is all the difference between living in a country where the whole environment is educational, and a country where education is a special thing, and the youth is, all the time, compelled to push out of his ordinary surroundings to gain it. A free library in every neighborhood, a better class of newspapers, a movement to "add to faith knowledge" in the church,—all these, now rapidly coming to the front in the prosperous cities, still wait for their day in the open country. Yet here is the place, almost the only place left in American life, where is yet leisure from engrossing work. Oh, what a boon to us hurried and wearied mortals would be that precious leisure, flowing like a great quiet river through

these rural districts of the Southland! Here is the place where all these beautiful and beneficent agencies would be best appreciated by the children and youth, who would accept them as eagerly as the children of New England, fifty years ago; springing to them as to a bounteous feast.

And is not the group of men and women already known who can bring the philosophy of social science down from heaven to abide upon earth, and put into simple statement, in leaflets or short readable tracts, the knowledge that makes for good living and true prosperity? The South is now drugged with the theories of professional politicians. Now the tariff, now the negro, now the railroad, now the distant millionaire, is paraded up and down as the cause of "agricultural depression," the source of all southern woes. But let the social scientists "take an inning," and tell the people what wasteful housekeeping, bad cookery, unskilled labor, unfit dress, ignorance, superstition, shiftlessness, vulgarity, and vice have to do with the undeniable trials of these, with other multitudes of the less favored of our American people. A railroad conductor, with a big head on his shoulders, said to me: "All along this route of five hundred miles the people would read tons of leaflets, tracts, anything containing good, sound information and advice on common things. I could distribute all that anybody would give me."

But why go on? Here is a people, not inferior in capacity to any upon earth, of excellent original stock, appearing for the first time as a controlling element in sixteen great states of the Republic, in whose hands is the destiny of other millions just introduced to American citizenship. On them will depend the outcome of southern affairs for the coming generation more than upon all the rest of the country. What an appeal to the patriotism, the justice, the Christian spirit, of the whole American people! But alas for the sin, the shame, and the discouragement which stand between such a people and all that come to them in friendly co-operation! I live all summer in sight of money enough thrown to the dogs and to the devil to place on the ground, in any of these states, the agencies which their own noblest people are all ready to use for the public good. When the great Protestant churches, that still work at cross-purposes

along the border, learn the wisdom of Christian statesmanship, close up their ranks, and pour a stream of northern money into this, the most fruitful mission field on earth, there will be more hope of the coming of the kingdom for which their prayers go up day and night before the Lord.

The conviction forces itself upon a careful observer of these states that the time has passed when any set of leaders, any political or ecclesiastical party, can solve the difficult problems now set before them. It is doubtful if the foremost men, North and South, who were once arrayed as enemies in war, can ever "see eye to eye," or repose that confidence in each other without which all dealing with matters so delicate involves an ever-recurring exasperation. Napoleon said, "When a great thing is to be done in public affairs, keep away from the leaders, and go to the people." "The people" that will finally bring peace, confidence, reconciliation, through all our borders are the children

and youth now being trained all over the land for the grandest effort of Christian administration that ever confronted a generation of men. And the southern children on whom we are to largely depend, thirty years hence, for this glorious work of reconstruction and reconciliation are the boys and girls of this rising Third Estate and the negroes,—the youthful millions that now swarm this land of the South. The best we can do is to hold things as good as they are, with the hope of making some little headway year by year against sectional prejudice, provincialism, and all the enemies of the new Republic. But greater than all other things is the work to which we are called,—the education of the head, the hand, and the heart of the twenty millions of Young America. Then, as Thomas Jefferson said, "If we educate the children aright, our descendants will be wiser than we, and many things impossible to us will be easy to them."

IMPRESSIONS OF A YANKEE VISITOR IN THE SOUTH.

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A RECENT sojourn in Virginia and North Carolina has afforded me an opportunity to observe at some leisure the local notions of politics, and to form some conclusions concerning the expediency of the federal legislation now pending at Washington. My principal objective points were in the eastern and central portions of the old North State, mainly in regions low and level, with frequent reaches of white sand to mark the beach-lines of prehistoric tides, but fertile enough and hot enough for the production of excellent cotton. I saw, therefore, many large plantations, and even the pine woods are filled with little clearings in which prolific families of whites and blacks, and of all the intermediate shades, obtain a more or less precarious livelihood.

The population of the country is almost equally divided between the two races, but

during the period of Reconstruction there was a Republican majority of several hundreds. The white Republican vote sometimes numbered about five hundred. For the last ten years, however, that Republican majority has vanished, as it has vanished in most of the eastern and central portions of the state, and white Republicans are now scarcely numerous enough to maintain an organization. In the day of unrestricted ballot, Winnville township contained a Republican majority, and there was a total Republican vote of, perhaps, one hundred and sixty. Now, that party musters at elections a forlorn hope of a little more than a score of voters, and, in the whole township, there are but seven white men who venture to call themselves Republicans. Some of these are northern men, others are lonely survivors and representatives of that "Old Line Whig" party.

which was once so strong in North Carolina.

It is not alone from this diminished company that I have derived a knowledge of the political life of that region. Members of both parties were equally ready to talk over the situation, and to discuss the race problem in a spirit that was at any rate honest. It is not difficult to see that there still exists a feeling of bitterness toward the North. I found some people who were evidently irritated even by the sound of our national anthems. 'But the resentment is, I think, confined to a minority, and will even there remain hidden, unless some injudicious political allusion uncovers it.

No little independence of spirit is required to avow Republicanism openly and consistently in that community. A public profession of the faith is tantamount to the affixing of a brand upon the confessor. Henceforth between him and his Democratic companions there may be much pleasant intercourse, yet there is between them a great gulf fixed, yawning wide at every election time, often concealed, yet always easily revealed to the minds of these irreconcilable neighbors. It might be surmised in some quarters that these seven men have been so completely committed to Republicanism by office-holding or by relations with negroes, that the door in the Democratic fold would not swing open for them as for others. I am disposed to think differently. The Democratic lamp will hold out to burn as long as the vilest sinner shows any inclination towards returning. At any rate, the members of this little group with whom I became acquainted are no professional turncoats, like Chalmers of Mississippi: they are reputable, average citizens, who have adhered to their Republican colors in fair and foul weather alike, as honest men may. Mr. Grady was moved to commend the fortitude of the Vermont Democrats, who have marched over the hills to the ballot-box so bravely and so hopelessly for thirty years. The white Republicans of Winnville not only defy a social obloquy of which Vermont never dreamed; they feel continually, in the direction of every political effort, the pressure of a watchful minatory solicitude, which hampers free partisan organization and forbids free partisan utterance, which says: "If you will

be so foolish as to hold political opinions obnoxious to our best people, you will deprive yourself of the full measure of good-fellowship which might be yours, but you will suffer no other inconvenience so long as you keep quiet; so soon, however, as you begin to agitate publicly in favor of 'Radicalism,' to organize the negroes, and to encourage them to vote the Republican ticket, you will become a public enemy and you will incur the risk of a violent death."

The story of the presidential election of 1888 in Winnville township gives a sample of what was then occurring in many parts of eastern and southern North Carolina; where the negro population is numerous. The central source of Democratic action lies within the membership of the local military company, the Winnville Home Guards, of which a young merchant, C. Rodney Dixon, is the captain. I met Captain Dixon several times, and liked him well. He is a man of good family, thoughtful and gentlemanly, and prominent in the religious life and work of the village. He seemed to be the last man likely to raise his hand in violation of either the letter or the spirit of his country's laws, or to threaten his fellow-creatures with bodily injury. Captain Dixon entered vigorously into the work of the campaign, and shortly before election fired the heart of Winnville with a fervent appeal to his auditors to preserve their wives and daughters from all the unnamable horrors of negro supremacy, such as would follow in the train of a "Radical" victory. To insure the desired result so far as lay within his power, Captain Dixon detailed a score of men from his company, who were to place their arms and ammunition upon election day in some spot conveniently near the polling-booth, and who were to be ready to use their weapons at the shortest notice. This was done, and if any of the seven white Republicans or any competent negro had endeavored to pilot the illiterate negro voters to the polls, and to show them how and where to cast their ballots, Captain Dixon and his men would have been willing to diminish the Republican majority in that county then and there, without hesitation and without mercy. Knowing this, the greater part of the dark-skinned Republicans of Winnville stayed at home on election day and attended quietly to their customary

labors. A few of the intelligent Republicans, white and black, who were able to cast their votes without guidance, and who had the courage to face the hostile atmosphere which enveloped the polling-place, voted and departed without attempting to help their illiterate fellow-partisans. The half-veiled violence of Captain Dixon and his friends prevailed, and they reported a calm and peaceable election as usual during the last decade.

Calm it may have been; peaceable it was not. The political peace within the solid South is only a Roman peace. Indeed, this election was marked by an extreme kind of interference with personal liberty that might be ludicrous if it did not show such a travesty of our boasted republican freedom. Shortly before the election occurred, the chairman of the Republican State Committee, in the course of a political address, adjured his hearers to expect a free ballot and a fair count, for Mr. Quay was intending to send men into North Carolina on election day to keep watch of the voting, and to report in the North what the actual condition of things might be. To what extent this plan of inspection was really entertained, I cannot say; but the announcement of it rang the tocsin in the columns of all the Democratic newspapers, and threw the Bourbon managers into a fever of anticipation. The average Bourbon could easily believe that with Quay all things are possible; for to the Bourbon mind the Pennsylvania senator plays the part of Mephistopheles to the Republican Faust. Fabulous wealth is imputed to the whole North; and at that time it would not have been difficult to convince many honest Democrats that Quay had hired twenty-five armed detectives for each precinct in North Carolina. Word was passed from the Democratic headquarters that this latest "Radical" iniquity must be defeated at all hazards,—and it was. In the African zones of the old North State, on election day, armed men questioned unknown travellers about their business; peaceful visitors were not allowed to leave railway stations until some local Democrat in good and regular standing had vouched for them; and some hapless drummers, whose Yankee origin stood revealed, rode between Raleigh, Wilmington, and Weldon, forbearing to alight from the trains at a single station, out of respect

for the inquisitive suspicions of unfriendly eyes, and the mute persuasiveness of open-mouthed revolvers. Here is a vision of political prisoners that may fairly command the services of Mr. Kennan.

The constitution of North Carolina ordains universal manhood suffrage, under a registration law. By what stratagems and subterfuges an apparently impartial registration law is made to subserve the ends of a single partisan domination we have already heard from manifold sources. Many negroes who possess the constitutional right to the franchise fail to get their names on the registration lists; in the first place perhaps because of the tricky management of the registrars, and finally because of despair petrifying into indifference. A persistent effort would not improbably place the whole numerical strength of the Republican party on the register, but valid registration would be of slight value to the illiterate Republican voter in the "black belt" upon election day. It is not alone the silent eloquence of Captain Dixon's waiting rifles that deters the Republican leaders from completing an efficient party organization. The processes of the election are so regulated that the illiterate Republican is rendered helpless, and the appeal to force becomes only a remote possibility, save in case the venturesome partisan should attempt to instruct and marshal the ignorant negro host.

The officers of election are chosen by the County Commissioners from among the "friends of law and order"; and although the Republican party is supposed to be formally represented at the polls, that representative is helpless, even if he is not some inexperienced negro or untrustworthy person. The number of separate ballot-boxes is made as large as possible. There may be as many as there are offices in question. The illiterate Republican may be fortunate enough to get the right pile of tickets in his hand, thanks to his knowledge of the ticket distributor, or to the assistance of some friendly by-stander; but when he enters the polling-place he is incapable of depositing his ballots in the appropriate receptacles. He cannot read the signs pasted on the boxes. The judges of elections see that he has "Radical" tickets in his hand, and will either refuse to aid him

or will contrive to impart erroneous information. If he votes at all, he is almost sure to drop the tickets into the wrong boxes, and he departs feeling that he has been deprived of a legal right, and yet unable to obtain any remedy for the injury. It might be supposed that an educated Republican could tell his unlearned comrade the order of the ballot-boxes and could arrange the latter's tickets so that they would correspond to the sequence of boxes. Bourbon birds are not caught with any such chaff as this. After the intelligent "Radical" has voted, the judges of election shift the boxes, thus depriving his newly acquired information of its value for purposes of tuition. Moreover, it is unsafe for this "Radical" to be seen offering much assistance to his sable brother. When the illiterate negro or white man comes to the ballot-boxes with his fist full of Democratic tickets, there is no reluctance on the part of the officers of elections to give him all necessary counsel, and his ballots are destined to find their ways into the right apertures.

It must be remembered that this description is not by any means intended to receive a universal application. There are districts where the negroes form but a small element of the population, and where the white Republicans are numerous and even command a majority. In such places the elections would not materially differ in manner and method from elections at the North. But in those regions where, by stratagem and menace, the "white man's party" converts a real opposing majority into an apparent minority, it is obvious that an illegal or extra-legal educational qualification is imposed upon Republican suffrages, but not upon Democratic suffrages.

How do the good people of Winnville, "the friends of law and order," justify their political actions? Captain Dixon is — politics aside — an honest man and a Christian. And he sincerely believes that he is trying to be the best kind of citizen. He knows that his present political gospel is not in harmony with the principles of abstract democracy. If he spoke his real thoughts, I think that he would say something like this: —

"You Northerners insisted that this negro animal should have a vote. This was the primal injustice, and is the sole

cause of all the remaining evil. It is our duty now to defend ourselves from misgovernment. If we should allow and encourage a full and free vote, we should be subjected to an atrocious misrule, to an empire of ignorance controlled and inspired by knavery. Over the negro evil-minded demagogues gain an easy mastery, because they are unscrupulous. What would happen in Winnville if we surrendered our exclusive control? Here are seven white Republicans and about as many more ambitious negroes, who would become absolute owners of the majority vote in the township. These fourteen men, and especially the seven white ones, would allot the municipal offices year after year among themselves and their colored allies, and would contribute at every general election towards the support of a similar ring rule throughout the state. You people of the North have never yet appreciated the extent of the disgrace and misery that we were made to suffer during the calamitous time of so-called Reconstruction. We were ruled by fools and criminals before whom even the better-disposed individuals among the Republican leaders cringed and stepped softly, so as to retain the political support on which positions and revenues depended. We are resolved to hold our present mastery in spite of all that man can do unto us. We cannot be expected to endure the prolonged tyranny of a few men of our own color, so unprincipled as to secure personal aggrandizement at the cost of subserviency to unworthy and improvident negro henchmen."

What, on the other hand, is the plea of the seven Republicans? Their argument is not unfamiliar to northern ears. They can show that their opponents have violated both letter and spirit of state and national law. They can show that they and their fellows are threatened with social obloquy in return for political activity, that they are deprived of legal rights, and cannot enjoy the political freedom which theoretically belongs to American citizens. They can tell of many Judge Chisholms and of many John M. Claytons; and they have no chance of redress for their wrongs unless they resort to civil war or unless the strong arm of the nation intervenes in their behalf. They ask whether the nation can better afford now to see its laws nullified than it could in 1832 or in 1861; whether

the proud boast of democratic freedom and political equality is to be as mocking a lie now as it was prior to the Civil War ; whether it is right that the southern states should suppress one-third of their votes and yet retain congressional representatives for the whole body of their nominal franchise. At the vision of negro supremacy, which affrights the Bourbons, the Republicans scoff, affirming that it is only the foolish and wicked policy of the Democrats that makes a race war even remotely possible. Naturally these gentlemen do not suppose their own influence in their own party to be so lamentable and perilous a thing as it seems to the enemy. They meet the accusation of "ring rule" by alleging that under normal conditions many white voters who believe in Republican principles would again ally themselves with that party, and that the party would then no longer be a black regiment with white officers.

It was obvious enough, however, that the race question had, at sundry times, bothered the white Republicans within their own ranks. In the days of their power, they reserved the best and most responsible offices for themselves, surrendering as little as possible to their ebony-colored comrades. Occasionally the negroes revolted against this treatment, and said : "We vote for you white men and elect you to these desirable positions. You must give us our share of them. If we vote for you, you can vote for us." Now and then an aspiring African, relying on this demand for fair play, took from the caucus some coveted nomination, in spite of the more or less covert opposition of the whites ; but the sable candidate often failed to hold the whole strength of his party at the polls. Referring to such instances of friction, a white Republican said to me : "Let the negroes vote and let their votes be honestly counted ; but the negroes are not competent to fill important offices, and I will not vote to make a negro my ruler. If the political strife here should ever kindle into actual conflict between the races, I shall go, of course, with the whites, no matter what the original cause of quarrel may have been. I am a Republican, but I was a white man before I was a Republican."

The New England Puritan, sojourning in the South, cannot feel very much at home in either of the rival camps. From

the one company he is repelled by its seemingly blind race prejudice and wilful disregard of legality ; the others shock him by their illiteracy and palpable unfitness for responsibility. In a community recognizing few of the social and political landmarks that are commonplaces of New England's political life, he goes quite adrift, and soon realizes that he must accept the services of the local pilots, wranglers though they be, and learn something from them as to how to shape his course. Neither the Democracy nor the Republicanism of the South has its exact counterpart at the North. The southern problem is unique, and stands on its own bottom — of slavery.

This last fact is often mentioned in our discussions, but it is certain that its full significance is not generally understood by northern men of either party, unless they have had personal cognizance of the southern life. That personal acquaintance will show, as no amount of merely sympathetic imagination can show, how the fiery trial through which the South has passed has warped the political machinery, and how difficult it will be in one generation, perhaps in two, to make the cogs fit well again together. That personal acquaintance will show, I believe, that the Republican party has made, and makes, a mistake in demanding that the South shall at once and by act of will straighten its bent wheels, as though political machinery made of human brains and nerves could be repaired as per order at a shop, like mechanism of iron and steel. Time, or civilization working in time, the slow-moving engineer who alone can bridge over the wide discrepancy between law and practice in the Mexico south of the Rio Grande, can alone do the same work in the Mexico south of the Ohio River. It is useless to talk of legislation which would be unsupported by public opinion in large areas of territory, unless we are willing to enforce that legislation with the strong arm of power. If this were not so, what reason would there be for withholding from Utah the dignity of statehood? Can the national will hope to be more efficient in the state of Mississippi, or in any and all of the old slaves states, than it could be in a state of Utah? I do not believe it.

It is proper to say that every predisposition of the writer tells in favor of the

Republican party. On all the questions relating to and growing out of the struggle between slavery and anti-slavery, there was, and is, between the two oceans no more fervid Republican than myself. I approach the study of southern politics firm in the feeling that the force and chicanery by which the Republican party is deprived of its voice in that section ought to stop. That sentiment is as strong as ever; but I am convinced that the force and chicanery must cease, not under the compulsion of greater force, but by the removal of the incitement to use force and chicanery. I am convinced that Captain Dixon is just one-half right. It is intolerable that a few men, however sensible and patriotic, should monopolize political power by means of the support of an unwavering phalanx of intellectually inferior and, to an alarming extent, morally inferior voters. It is idle to say that the mass of the negro votes would, if they could, fall on the Republican side from any other motives than those of gratitude and of social revulsion from the dominant aristocracy. No one can assert that the majority of negroes would vote upon a reasoned and reasonable judgment that the Republican policy respecting the tariff, the currency, and civil service reform, is the wiser policy. A body of voters, nine-tenths of whom could not frame a rational sentence on any of those three topics, beyond a "Dunno, boss," should not be a welcome accession to the ranks of any party. On the other hand, every good citizen should wish to exclude from the franchise such persons, whatever their color, until they can prove themselves fit for it. Could there be a more perilous political blunder than the transformation, within a half-dozen years, of thousands of beings just released from the house of bondage into complete citizens of a republic whose future fate must depend on the intelligence of its voters? God could create a world out of nothing; but the Republican party ought not to have attempted the same feat. Intelligence is the only door by which the African can ever hope to enter permanently into the political heritage of the Englishman. If our laws have unwisely tried to open to him the shorter cut through universal manhood suffrage, it is the part of wisdom to admit the mistake and alter the laws.

Manhood suffrage is sufficiently dangerous in a homogeneous English community. In many parts of the South to-day manhood suffrage is more than a blunder or a danger, — it is a crime. Let the democratic doctrinaire who disbelieves this assertion live in any part of the black South, and, if the Winnville region is a fair type, I believe that he will be as suddenly converted as Saul was on the road to Damascus.

It is very meet and right, and our bounden duty, in the orderly commonwealths of New England, to assent to the general proposition that every part of our country should enjoy a free ballot and a fair count. The percentage of illiterates here is small, yet few would be the Republicans in Massachusetts who would approve of the abolition of the educational restrictions on the suffrage. Imagine the attitude of our Republican senators, if those restrictions did not exist, and if the illiterate voters were in a majority, if they all voted with one party, and if they were all of an alien or non-English blood, say the French Canadian. Would the senators insist then and there upon the perpetuation of the triumph of illiteracy? or would they aim, if the domination of one class or the other were inevitable, to secure the triumph of the higher class and the gradual elevation of the lower one to the grade of citizenship by educational means? Any wayfarer in the latitude of Winnville may see that many whites and many more blacks have there been given a legal right to cast ballots, who are scarcely better qualified for such responsibilities than the beasts of the field. Now should we insist on having those ballots cast, or try to recommend some means of relieving the South fairly and legally from the immeasurable dangers that lurk in those ballots? The comparison often made between the Republican championship of the negro thirty years ago and now is unfair. Slavery was a moral wrong, and deserved its violent death. The bestowal of the suffrage is not so much a question of morals as of political expediency. The infractions of the suffrage laws of the South are plainly immoral; but if the laws themselves are unwise, and therefore immoral, what can we, the kinsmen and friends of John Brown, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, say to those who spurn such laws? The Republican party may

profitably meditate upon its legislation during the days of Reconstruction, and determine whether the wisdom of its achievement was commensurate with the excellence of its intention. We may well consider again the conditions of citizenship, with more respect for the lessons of English history, and with less respect for the vagaries of Rousseau and Jefferson. Sooner or later, we must disavow a policy and a theory which were born of short-sightedness and a revolutionary democracy, and must urge upon the South, not a veiled menace of coercion, but the policy of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the policy of disfranchising the illiterate. This will be disfranchisement without injustice.

Would the southern Democrats accept the principle of an educational qualification upon the suffrage? Not now, unless its operation affected the negroes only. Herein is exposed the weakest point in the armor of Captain Dixon and his friends. They clamor against the negro vote because it is ignorant, *but most of them are less pleased to see an educated negro than an illiterate one.* Their underlying purpose, whether they confess it or not, springs from a resolve that the black man shall never have political independence, *not because he is unlettered, not because he is shiftless, but because of his race, because he is a "nigger."* The "fire-eaters" among the southern Democrats, who were raving drunk with "nigger" before the war, have abated their violence but little. Although they are a minority, yet by superior impudence and vigor they impose their will upon their fellows. They did so in 1861; they do so now. The inroads of that transplanted northern civilization which has been called "The New South" have displaced much of this belligerent feeling already in the larger cities and in the more widely circulated newspapers; but the rancorous spirit is much more outspoken in the small local and rural journals. I frequently saw an assortment of local papers, and found the tone and flavor of them discouraging enough. One of the two leading dailies in Wilmington is a little sheet called *The Messenger*. It is edited by a well-preserved specimen of the gentleman of the old school, who forgives little and forgets nothing, and steeps his rhetoric in gall and wormwood. It was amusing

to follow the lavish ingenuity with which he invented from day to day new vehicles of vituperation against Speaker Reed. He seemed to find in Mr. Reed's generous physical development the crowning enormity of a long career of political depravity, and kept up a persistent bombardment of "Fat Tom," "the fat usurper," and "the obese tyrant." I doubt not that the free and enlightened citizens who form their political opinions upon the model of *The Messenger* have framed a mental image of Speaker Reed that is not very dissimilar from the picture of the Aztec god of war. The portraiture displayed to them resembles in the main some huge human beast, who spits on the Constitution every morning, as a sort of grace before meat, and then insults Democratic congressmen all day for amusement. The Republican party is invariably styled the "Radical" party, and it is taken for granted that all "Radical" leaders are mercenary knaves. There are no subdued tints in the coloring. A moderate "Radical" is a rascal; an extreme "Radical" can hardly be worse.

What can an act of Congress avail against this dogmatic fury? Such a fire must be either stamped out at once or left to consume itself. It is not good to play with it. We did as much stamping as was expedient between 1861 and 1865. The heart of the nation wants no more of it. The flames are now hedged in, and damage most those who feed them. Patience and the endurance of a little discomfort from smoke and heat will be rewarded when the conflagration dies of inanition.

The Bourbon feeling about negro citizenship, the natural outcome of the old servile relations, will begin to vanish as soon as a considerable element of the black race develops mental and moral strength enough to impress itself upon the community of whites. Wait until the numbers of the Prices and Langstons are multiplied. Here and there, I know that the Captain Dixons are ruefully awake to the demoralizing influence of their present travesty of republican institutions. Their Christian consciences, working within them, will in another generation require a fairer and juster basis for the suffrage of the South. During the next few years the South will rapidly repeat the moral history of the North during the first half of this century. It has already had its Lundy in

George Cable. It is destined to produce more fortunate Garrisons and Gerritt Smiths. The forces of freedom, though seemingly suppressed, have invincible allies in three great democratic institutions, — the school-house, the factory, and the printing-press, — and, above all, in the final operations of the sense of justice and love of fair play in the minds of our brethren. The Republican party can stand this normal amelioration by insisting upon polling the negro vote, whether by the action of an elections statute or by other means. It may be true that national elections should be under national control. I am inclined to concede that position as soon as our civil service becomes so pure, honest, and trustworthy that we need not fear to enlarge its scope. But the whole proposal need not be discussed now on any higher grounds than those of expediency. The Federal Elections Bill is a blunder, if the statement is true that in the black belt of the South a federal supervision of elections will not be peaceably received and submitted to. If my observations in North Carolina may be depended upon, that statement is indubitable. The same zeal that watched the railway stations on election day in 1888 would keep some supervisors marking time in the woods until election day had come and gone, would coerce others, and would find a way to control the returns. There would doubtless be some shooting and a more barbarous and systematic intimidation of the negroes than ever before. It is likely, indeed, that in the very worst districts the assistance of the act would never be demanded, for few residents in those localities would be audacious enough to approve a requisition for a federal supervisor. The signers of such a petition would either take the first train for parts unknown, or fill untimely graves. It is more than possible that the only places in the wide country where the Elections Act could be quietly enforced, and with permanently good results, would be in such machine-cursed northern cities as New York, Brooklyn, and Albany. There indeed the idea of the act is no innovation. By compulsion the act might be applied throughout the South; but at the cost of what contentions, political scandals, and sorrowful retrogression of the southern whites. No sane men at the North desire or expect to see a repetition

of the experiences of 1872-6. I believe that it would be well if Senator Hoar — the rugged, uncompromising Puritan, the man full of convictions — could, as concerns this matter, show a trace of the practical opportunism of Quay, the man of no convictions, — not even the one he has merited.

The claim that the Federal Elections Bill would secure honest and fair elections is a mistaken claim. A Winnville election, in which half a dozen bosses direct the votes of about two hundred densely ignorant individuals in a mass, is neither "honest" nor "fair," and such a spectacle can afford satisfaction only to the most hide-bound partisan. The Republican party should prove to the South and to the country that it is not aiming to defend its tenure of power by an intrenchment of ignorance and unfitness. Let it declare to the South, "Yes, the illiterate negro is unfit to vote, and so is the illiterate white man. We are sorry for our mistake in subjecting you to the control of an ignorant electorate, and we are now in favor of ending the political anomalies of your situation by legally excluding from the polls all ignorant voters of all colors, upon uniform terms."

The South would laugh; but within ten years there would be more Republican congressmen from the South than we have seen since the troops were withdrawn. The educated classes of the southern whites are now as supreme in most of the southern states as the Republicans were in the days of Reconstruction. What the carpet-baggers and the Republican congressional leaders failed to do then the Democrats can do now, and they can prevent all opposition by their usual methods. If Mississippi, or any other southern state, should disfranchise in the future all those who cannot read and write, without regard to the hue of the skins, and should couple with this the establishment of the Australian ballot system, the remainder of the old slave states would gradually follow suit. The first obvious result of such changes would be uninterrupted Democratic supremacy for a season; but the freer play of the old Adam would put an end to that also. Whenever the fear of a negro majority is removed, many Farmer Tillmans will arise. It is not to be expected that the leopard will change his spots. The habit of evading and ignoring laws is too deep-seated in

the South to be eradicated in any one generation. It would be difficult for the registrars to find any white Democrats who were too ignorant to be made voters, or any black Republicans who could demonstrate their ability to read and write. Such a state of affairs would be bad enough, but vastly better than the present condition of things. The basal idea of intelligence as opposed to that of color would be continually emphasized, and alone would signify an immense advance. Slowly, perhaps unconsciously, southern public opinion would conform unreservedly to the new standards. The Bourbon faction would lose its power if its prophecies of hostile interference from the North to consolidate the negro vote should prove to be finally false. We cannot sanction the violence that our southern brethren use, but we can appreciate more fully and more kindly the terrible

burdens under which they stagger. If, instead of moving with the South, we could go back to the standpoint of 1860, and from that coigne of vantage survey the progress that the slave states should make in thirty years, we should be dazed and dizzied by the vision, and find it too good to be true. It is enough for me to know that a man who thirty years ago was the slave of Jefferson Davis is now a member of the convention which will frame a new constitution for the state of Mississippi; that a colored high school occupies the former presidential mansion of Jefferson Davis in Richmond; and that these things have been done with the consent and the aid of white men who were reared amid the influences of the slave-market. He who expects more than this in one generation will expect to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.

LONELINESS.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

A LADY stood in her stately hall;
 Jewels glittered amid her hair;
 Forehead and cheek were strangely fair;
 Servants obeyed her call.

Acres and acres were hers by right,
 Stretching away to the distant sea;
 Palace and grounds like royalty,—
 Pleasant to human sight.

The lady sighed as she bent her head,
 With her longing soul unsatisfied:
 "I would give these acres, far and wide,
 For a noble heart," she said.

A man stood high in his country's sight:
 He had honors and wealth at his command,
 And courtly ladies sought his hand,
 But nothing gave delight.

He thought of a vanished face, long dead,
 Of restful hours by the silent sea,
 When simply to live was ecstasy:
 "Ah! love is all!" he said.

BY THE OCTOBER CAMP-FIRE.

By C. G. Rogers.

THE fire glows ; the wayward spark
Speeds off to where the tree-trunks, white,
Stand spectre-like against the dark
And blank horizon of the night ;
The branches murmur in the breeze,
And autumn leaves, on autumn breath,
Come rustling from the tops of trees,
To shrivel in the fire's death.

And over the tops of the pines, that lie
On the other hand,
Is the silver blue
Of the spotless, moonlit, northern sky, —
Save a cloud or two
Of a pearly hue,
Girt with a narrow argent band.

Upon the breeze,
Through the trees,
The throb of a steamer, whose lights between,
Like some fairy lanterns glide along ;
The tinkle of bells on the mainland shore,
Where the cattle still linger in fields still green ;
The bleating of sheep, and the wordless song
That the crickets are singing o'er and o'er ;
And over the pines, like a jewel bright,
Comes the moon in her halo of snowy light.

THE TANGIBLE WRITING OF THE BLIND.

By Edward E. Allen,

Instructor in the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

MANY visitors come to the Perkins Institution at South Boston, and few of them fail to express surprise at seeing its pupils actually writing on paper in a system legible to the touch. "What ! are they writing ? — and can they read what they have written ?" When our friends have seen and heard for themselves, the usual remark is, "How wonderful !"

With embossed reading-matter the general public is not unacquainted ; but we at the school judge, from experience, that the existence of embossed writing cannot

be widely known, or at least fully understood. Hence this paper, which will treat only of a system of which many persons who have lost their sight in adult life have said that learning it was the next best thing to having their sight restored.

Sixty-one years ago, before sickness had bereft the infant Laura Bridgman of sight and hearing, a system was worked out in France, whose introduction was to inaugurate the "greatest advance that has ever been made in the education of the blind." France first made it possible for the blind

to read, and it was France that first made it possible for them to write what they themselves could re-read. When the blind read, their education began; when they wrote, the high-road to independence lay open to them.

It is idle to dwell upon the use of writing as a factor in education. It is enough to bear in mind that if fingerless children were so numerous as to form a class, toe-writing or mouth-writing would be systematically taught in their schools. We who are able to put our thoughts on paper do not stop to realize how dependent our condition would be were we deprived of a means of writing. Such was, however, the condition of the blind until a professor of the Paris school, himself blind, and consequently sensible of the needs of his class, largely gave himself up to the invention of a system of relief writing, and in 1829 was able to give to the world the one which bears his name—"Braille."¹ Did the world quickly adopt this system? No, indeed; its characters bore about as much resemblance to those of common writing as Goodyear's rubber suit bore to the umbrella. People looked askance at this singular system. Some styled it Choctaw; but Choctaw or not, in France its merits have caused it to supplant all other systems of embossed print. In Germany and England books are being printed in point instead of line; and this would also be more generally true in America, if the superintendents of the different schools could unite on some one common alphabet.

The merits of Braille's system are twofold: first, it can be rapidly written without the aid of sight; second, it can be easily read with the finger. The Morse alphabet consists of different combinations of dots and dashes; the Braille, of different combinations of dots. Now, it is evident that arbitrary combinations of dots or points may represent letters. Given a suitable apparatus for embossing these letters, and the blind can write. His alphabet and apparatus will forever be a monument to Louis Braille.

The characters of this system are formed out of the varying combinations of six points, placed in two vertical rows of three each. These six points admit of sixty-three different combinations—enough, indeed, for all the requirements of our

written language. Thus Braille is not stenographic, as might be supposed, but orthographic throughout. This alphabet was built up originally in a way to assist the memory in learning it; but as one needs at the most but a few hours to learn it, we at the Perkins Institution use an alphabet essentially like Braille's, but formed on the more scientific principle, that the most frequently recurring letters shall consist of the fewest points. In this way we gain twenty-five and one-half per cent both in time and in the labor of writing. But only those who have actually to write for touch-reading are in a position to appreciate those advantages. In addition to time and labor, space also may be saved by the use of a carefully worked up system of word signs and orthographic contractions.

For good writing a stiletto and a tablet are necessary. Our tablet resembles, in shape, a boy's slate. The wooden frame is hinged above, however, so as to admit a sheet of paper between it and the bed, which is zinc, and is furrowed from right to left with shallow parallel grooves, eleven to the inch. With the stiletto, a rounded steel point let into a wooden handle, the writer pushes into these grooves little caps of paper, which, when the sheet is removed, appear as little prominences on the other side. To guide the stiletto in placing the points, he has a movable brass ruler, punched with rows of equidistant and similar cells, in which all the six points or any combinations of them may be made.

Ordinary reading-matter is read from left to right; but if seen from the reverse, as it may easily be on the front windows of some horse-cars, it will have to be read from right to left, and the letters face the wrong way. It may appear, therefore, that the blind have to learn two point alphabets—one to read and the other to write. But this is not so, if the system be properly taught. Each boy of a class of beginners in Braille is supplied with six pegs and a wooden block whose surface is pitted over with groups of six equidistant holes placed in the Braille oblong. Each hole has its number: the upper left is *one*, middle left *two*, lower left *three*, upper right *four*, middle right *five*, and lower right *six*. Thus peg in hole number one is *a*; pegs in one, two, six, make *b*; in one, two, five, *c*; etc. The alphabet must

¹ Commonly pronounced Brale.

IMPROVED BRAILLE ALPHABET.¹

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a | b | c | . | d | e | f | g | h | i | j | k | l | m |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| n | o | p | q | r | s | t | u | v | w | x | y | z | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

CONTRACTIONS.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|----|------|------|-----|----|----|----|----|
| and | for | of | this | with | ch | gh | sh | th | wh |
| | | | | | | | | | |
| ed | en | er | ess | in | ing | or | ou | ow | st |
| | | | | | | | | | |

| | | | | |
|-------|------|-------|-------|-------|
| -able | -ful | -ment | -self | -tion |
| | | | | |

| | | | | |
|------|-----|------|-----|-----|
| con- | to- | com- | his | was |
| | | | | |

PUNCTUATION-MARKS.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|-----|
| , | ; | . | ? | ! | - | — | ' | () | “ ” |
| | | | | | | | | | |

NUMERALS.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| | | | | | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 8 | 9 | 0 |
| | | |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 8 | 9 | 0 | . |
| | | | | |

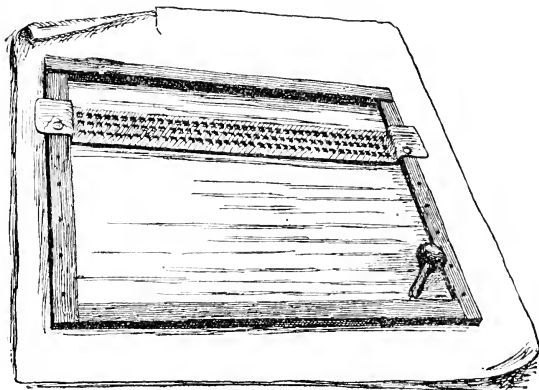
¹ The heavy dots indicate the raised points, the small dots being printed here simply to show the relations.

be thoroughly learned in this way,—the pupil being able to give at once, by number, the dot or dots that make the letters. He is then given another block like the first, in which the pits are bored through, so that the pegs will stand out on the other side. When he turns this over he quickly sees that in order to have a peg appear for reading in position “one,” which is that of the extreme upper left hole, it must be put into, or written in, the extreme upper right. The same numbering is kept both for reading and writing, and the anticipated trouble of learning two alphabets is avoided. Beginners usually take to this kind of writing as ducks take to water, and spend much of their free time in practising it. One often finds a boy dictating to a whole class of little writers. And the pride of ownership each has in his tablet! He wants his name on it, too. Indeed, the lad has scarcely bought the tablet, when off he trots to get it marked. And when he himself feels on the frame the round heads of minute tacks, and reads in these his own name, then truly he marches off hugging what he knows is his very own. And then the correspondence that goes on, and the books that are made! Such little joys help to make the teaching of the blind not only interesting, but also absorbing.

The subjects of school instruction at the Perkins Institution are many and varied. The upper classes are pursuing high-school work. English is the basis of instruction from entrance to graduation. How vastly less effective to the pupils, and how much more fatiguing to the teachers, would this instruction be without a means of tangible writing! By its aid the pupils write dictation exercises, compositions, and examinations to be handed to the teacher; and can preserve for future use quotations, topics, notes, mathematical examples, and propositions given out in class. Enlarged diagrams, geographical maps, and geomet-

rical figures drawn with a dressmaker's wheel, and so made tangible, may be lettered in Braille, and the different parts referred to by letter. Thus we see that the blind are not deprived of drawings as a means of illustration. The blind “see” truths shown to them in this way as clearly as do the seeing.

Now, if our schools for the blind are better to-day than ever before, is it not because the methods of instruction used in them have approached nearer and nearer to those used in ordinary schools? The experiment of teaching the blind in seeing schools is being tried in England. In certain of the Board Schools of London one often finds blind pupils working successfully with the rest. Whatever extra attention they need is given them by special blind teachers who pass from school to school for that purpose. Several of our pupils have, after leaving us, been graduated

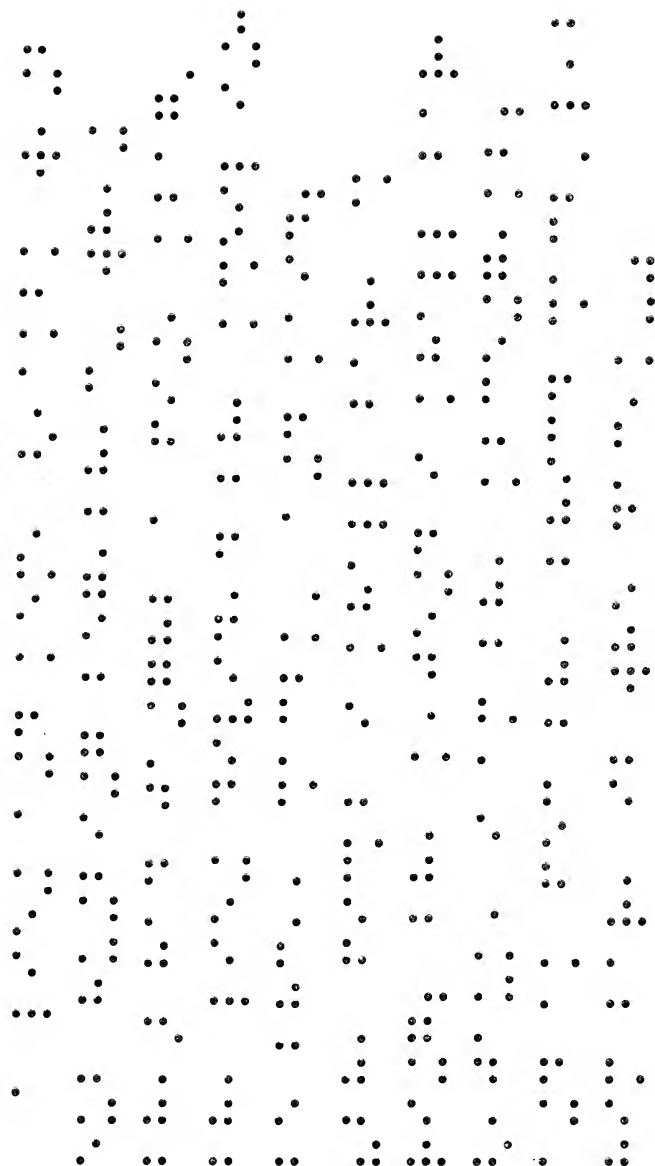


Braille Tablet and Stiletto.

from the Framingham Normal School. One of these further pursued a special course at Wellesley College, where she successfully completed in one year all the mathematics required in the first two years of her course. A simple system of numerical notation may be written out in point. Taking advantage of this, our college girl was able to write out tables of logarithms.

The following letters were written, at my request, by two young blind women who are fitting themselves to teach:—

The Lion's Share.¹



EXAMPLE OF BRAILLE—ACTUAL SIZE.

¹ THE LION'S SHARE. — A lion and some beasts went out hunting together. When they had caught a fine stag, the lion divided the spoil into three parts, and said, "The first I shall take as king; the second I shall take because I am the strongest; and as for the third part, let him take it who dares."

I have found the Braille of inestimable value. Without it or some such point system it would have been far more difficult for me to have passed through my school course. The system is very simple, and can be *easily* and *rapidly* written and read. It is in being able to read readily what he has written that a person experiences the advantage of such a system. With its aid a child can take part in all written exercises, as dictation, composition, etc. I have found it especially useful in taking notes. During my course at Framingham I have been obliged to employ a reader; but by taking an outline of the subject as it was read, I have been able to learn my lessons with much less reading than I could otherwise have done and have thus curtailed the expenses of a reader. Without it I should have been unable to retain in a system legible to myself the very valuable plans which were given to the students. I think notes are valuable to any teacher; but to one who is without sight they are especially so. The objection is sometimes raised that the sighted cannot read the Braille. This is certainly a drawback; but it seems to me that any person, of even a small amount of interest, can acquire that which a child of four or five years of age can learn.

LILY BELL.

The Braille system has been of priceless value to me, principally because I can write as well as read it. The dotted alphabets are the only ones for the blind which they are able to write as well as read. I have a large collection of books of nearly all the subjects I studied at school; also many books of choice passages and poems. These were all written either by myself or by friends. And it is certain that I could not have possessed many of them, as I now do, had we not been able to write for ourselves. It is impossible to have so many books in Braille as are printed for the use of sighted people; but we have a great many more than we could have had if it were not for our own additional efforts. The notes we have taken in class are of great value to us; for it is not possible to remember for a very long time all the facts we should like to know, and it is not always convenient or agreeable to apply to others for knowledge which we can just as well have for our own reading. Facts of all kinds are much more firmly fixed in the mind, if one has practice in writing them down. I have found the Braille particularly useful in my work this last year at the Framingham Normal School. My friend and I were obliged to have a sighted reader; but by taking down an outline of each lesson we were able to prepare it as the others of our class did. The reading lessons we should have been obliged to omit entirely had we not been able to write out each lesson. This would have been a serious loss to us; for they were ex-

cellently conducted. My note-books for the year's work at Framingham comprise at least sixty quires of paper. I have taught this system to many sighted persons, and they do not find much difficulty in learning it after it is explained. I have the great pleasure of receiving letters from my family and my friends, which I can read myself. It is much pleasanter for me to read my own letters than to have others read them to me. I can read them when I choose, and as many times as I wish.

FLORENCE HAWK.

Matter written out in Braille does not occupy, as might be supposed, an extraordinary amount of space. An article which, in the paper published by our boys, occupies in the Braille copies sixteen pages,



Boy writing Braille.

occupies in the type-writer copy seven pages of the same size.

The sightless can learn to write with a pencil, and to write remarkably well. This accomplishment is of use in correspondence with seeing friends; but pencil-writing is at best a very slow and tedious process. The blind do not like to write it; they cannot correct what they have written, or

be sure that the page is not soiled. They much prefer type-writing when they can afford a type-writer. A Braille type-writer is yet a desideratum to the blind. Still, Braille may be written by the hand with surprising rapidity. The most rapid writ-

tervals, as when riding in the cars, or when lying awake at night. Tangible print is especially adapted to reading in bed, inasmuch as it can be read beneath the bed-clothes. One of our graduates has Brailled out the whole of *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and *In Memoriam*; another, *Aurora Leigh*. I have seen *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in eleven volumes, written by hand; also Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, in eleven volumes. Voluminous works these; but how much better to have them so than not to own them at all. Comparatively few works are printed for the blind; the writing out for pay of single copies of whatever is ordered, adds an employment to the limited number as yet open to the blind.

What intelligent visitor who sees the real workings of our school goes away "pitying the poor blind"? The independence of our pupils is most encouraging. The older boys conduct a weekly debate according to Cushing. Having been written out in Braille, the minutes of each previous meet-

ing and the roll-call are read. The boys usually speak extemporaneously, but one side often takes notes from which to answer the arguments of the other. In the paper mentioned above, which the boys publish monthly, each composes his own contribution, which he Brailles out, two sheets at a time, and passes to the editor to be bound into two copies. The articles are really creditable, considering the youth of the boys who write them. The interest with which all the pupils look forward to the publication of *The Echo*, and the eagerness with which they read it afterwards, are quite noticeable. Last year some of our boys wanted to perform a certain mock trial, of which their only copy was in seeing print. How was this to be learned? Thus: Each wrote his own speeches and cues from dictation, and then learned them, and the trial came off with marked success. Similarly two of Jane Andrews's geographical plays have been recited in public by our smaller boys,—and something of a purely literary character is under the boys'

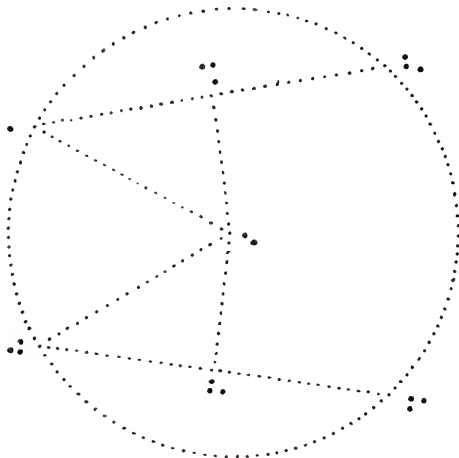


Figure from Wentworth's Geometry, Book II., Proposition VII.

ing I have ever seen was a stanza of twenty-two words, with punctuations, comprising in all two hundred and sixty-four points, correctly written in one minute. The shortest time in which I could write the same matter with a pen was just half a minute.

Helen Keller uses the Braille continually. All her compositions and many of her letters are written in it. She takes great delight in this writing, but always has to be asked or coaxed to write with a pencil.

I have spoken of the utility of a tangible writing in the school life of the blind, but not of its just as great or greater usefulness in their life outside of school. It insures their perfect privacy of correspondence, for it makes them independent of any one to read or write their letters; it enables them to keep their own accounts; to jot down occasional notes or memoranda (for which a pocket tablet is convenient); to keep a journal or diary; and to copy out favorite poems to be read at odd in-

fingers at the time of this writing. Part of this year's exercises given by our girls on Washington's Birthday consisted of readings from point print of personal reminiscences of Laura Bridgman. I believe the reporters present obtained that morning their first introduction to the Braille system.

When the day's work is done, how pleasant to be able to sit down to a game of whist or euchre! Our boys play cards among themselves or with seeing friends, and many of them become expert players. They use ordinary playing-cards marked in the upper right-hand corner with two point letters to name the card; thus, Q. D., is queen of diamonds, 5 S. is five of spades, etc. Each boy names his card as he plays it, so that all the players can follow the game without loss of time. To play in this way requires more memorizing than people who see the cards use, and for this very reason the blind are likely to become the more expert players. A great many card games may be Brailled out, such as "Authors," or "Logomachy," to pass away hours in happy relaxation.

Many people have probably read in *Chambers's Encyclopedia* (edition 1868), under the subject, "The Blind," these

Braille long ago adapted his point system to musical notation. He was himself a musician of no mean standing, and he sincerely recommended his system to his fellow blind men. Now, experience in this country shows that the blind who have the requisite amount of talent are generally certain to make a good income from music; "but to attain this end they must aim high." Besides first-rate masters, instruments, and appliances, they must have a good musical notation.¹ Complete dependence on the eyes of a reader would be a hindrance indeed to the student of music. The value of written music, then, is too obvious to need further words. The blind can not only write and read their pieces or their exercises in harmony, but they can also have them embossed for them on the printing-press. Our Howe Memorial Press is busy issuing Braille music. Last year saw thus printed the whole of Urbach's *Prize Piano School*. The following quotation is taken from the introduction to a small book prepared by Mr. John S. Dwight, and printed on our press:—

Feeling that it would be an essential aid both to the musical culture and to the social and religious satisfaction of the pupils of the "Perkins



"America," in Braille.

words: "Embossed music, palpable to the touch, has been tried in instructing the blind, but without success, so that all depends on the pupil's power of memory, quickness in the articulation of a passage of music which is read over to him, just as an ordinary sentence to a boy writing from dictation." The fact is, however, that M.

Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind," that the musical ones among them should be able to sing together, or to play with their hand instruments, some of the fine old German chorals, in the perfect setting of Sebastian Bach, I have made this beginning of a selection for the purpose, printed in the raised type read by fingers.

¹ See Report of Perkins Institution for 1867, p. 15. *Encyclopedia Britannica*, article, "Blind."

One tablet answers all the purposes of word or music writing. Braille musical notation is fundamentally simple. On the one hand, the characters representing the seven letters of the scale are made only in the upper two-thirds of the Braille cell; *i.e.* the learner's attention is first directed to the upper part of the cell, where the note itself is determined; he is told always to associate this note or letter with the key on the instrument; on the other hand, the two points that may be made in the lower third of the cell are devoted to the rhythm. Thus the simple combinations of points *one, two, four, five*, make the letters; these are understood to be eighth notes. To write whole notes, add points *three and six* to those standing for the letter. Number three point alone added to the letter makes it a half-note; number six alone makes it a quarter. Other musical signs are determined from their position; *i.e.* in relation to what immediately precedes or follows. As many as are the signs in the pointed music of the seeing, so many must there be, of course, in that of the blind. Therefore any score of music may be written in Braille. It must be evident that in it all the signs and parts are separate, and succeed one another across the page. The blind read the treble with the left hand, while they play it with the right; and the opposite is the case with the bass. They cannot play two parts together, "at sight"; each must be committed separately, and combined in memory for execution. But that this is not a formidable task may be easily understood by any one who has seen it illustrated by Mr. Hollins, or by any other blind musician. Indeed, nothing is farther from the truth than the common belief that the blind are all natural musicians and play by ear or from pure memory of what has been played to them, — although instances like that of Blind Tom might be adduced to show the contrary.

Such, then, is this remarkable system, — a veritable adaptation of means to ends. And yet it is not strange that many among the seeing teachers of the blind have been honestly prejudiced in favor of the Roman letter, which they themselves can read without special trouble; for there is no question that point reading is fatiguing to the eye. Yes; — but an oculist in testing strength of sight does not make use of the

test of nicety of touch. He tests sight by means of lines; hence, the line is the natural basis of characters for reading by the eye. The experimental physiologist deems that part of the body most sensitive to touch sensations where he finds that two points can be felt as two points at the least distance apart. The point, therefore, is the natural basis of characters for reading by the finger. If any one doubts this, let him emboss a few small line letters near together, then some points near together, and test his ability to read them with the finger. My own experience is that the finger is easily embarrassed in trying to feel the slight linear changes which distinguish the Roman letters; and that although it is true that most intelligent blind children may learn to read the Roman letter, it is also true that many never learn to read it fluently. The nicety of a *tactus eruditus* is required to read rapidly the fine Boston line type; and many adults who once had this ability tell me that they have lost it, either because they have neglected to keep in practice, or because their daily occupations have dulled the sensitiveness of the reading finger. Such reading, they say, was too much like work, — which it is not difficult to understand.

One of our young men, who despaired of ever keeping up with his class in reading, because the line type never would be aught but "all blur" to him, succeeded, by six hours' work, in mastering a point system wholly new to him, and, without losing more than three lessons, was able to follow from point *Snowbound*, which the rest of the class were reading from line. Although it seems to be generally true that the blind who have acquired the ability to read the fine line letter prefer reading in that type to reading in any other for an equal length of time, still in all my five years' experience in teaching the blind I have never yet found the person who can read from the line books as rapidly as many have read to me from the Braille.

The old argument, that the use of an arbitrary system of print tends to isolate the blind from the seeing, "is not feared by those whom it is intended to benefit. A man is isolated by everything which renders the acquisition of knowledge difficult and tedious, and his isolation is diminished by everything which facilitates his power

of self-education.”¹ It is always true that the majority of the blind of any country are adults. As a general rule, the older one is before learning to read with the finger, the more difficult and laborious its accomplishment becomes. The system of type which will meet the wants of the majority of the blind is evidently the one for them. That a point system must eventually supersede all others seems to me a foregone conclusion; for when the blind themselves have been allowed to decide the question of types, as in Paris, they have regarded the line types as interesting curiosities whose period of usefulness has passed away. Who should be the judges of this matter if not the intelligent blind themselves? Truly, the embossed Roman letter systems are but efforts—although well-disposed efforts—to adapt the fingers of the blind to the alphabet of the seeing. The line type of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, whose name every blind man ought to venerate, has been of incalculable benefit, and its perfection as a line type has rightly earned for him the title of the “Cadmus of the Blind” in America. But Dr. Howe, being a man of so much conscience and liberality, could not have failed to urge the use of Braille by the blind, had he but once witnessed the marvellous assistance it has been to one trebly afflicted like Helen Keller, whose English composition is even now more perfect than anything composed by Laura Bridgman. “Nous ne comprendrons jamais assez ce que nous devons à Braille,”—the saying of a blind girl,—is full of pathos and eloquence.

On the 30th of May, 1887, the inhabitants of Coupvray, a small town in France, had among them a body of blind people and their friends. These strangers had

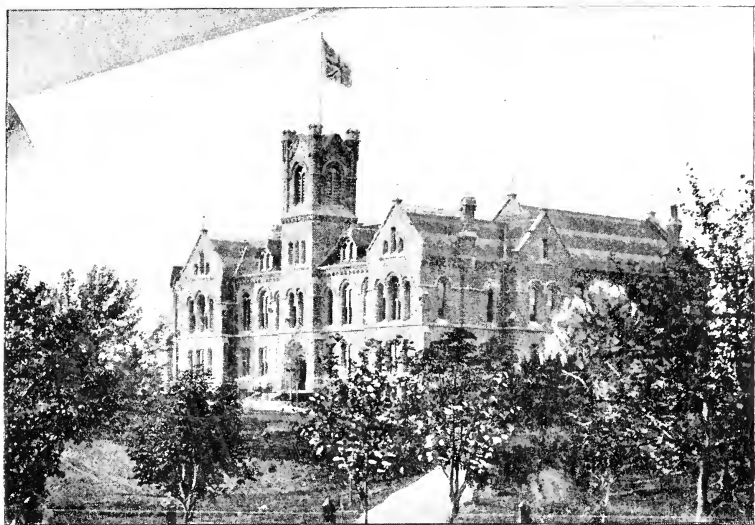
come to the birthplace of Louis Braille to dedicate a monument to his memory. On this occasion the orator of the day said: “The hero of to-day was a brilliant scholar and an illustrious professor. Next after Valentin Haüy, in whose footsteps he worthily followed, he was the man who has rendered the blind the greatest and most precious service. Thus, before Braille, the blind man could not write; his thoughts



Louis Braille.

could not be put in such a form as to be of use to others. But after this precious invention the blind man could pursue his studies like the seeing; he could take notes, do all the tasks required in classes for literary and musical instruction; he could keep his own accounts, correspond with all those acquainted with his alphabet, preserve his impressions and his inspirations, and transmit them to his fellows. Immense advantages these, the mere mention of which cannot but make every one of you comprehend the resulting benefits.”

¹ From *The Education and Employment of the Blind*, by Dr. Armitage, London, England.



Queen's University, Kingston.

FIFTY YEARS OF A CANADIAN UNIVERSITY.

By J. J. Bell, M.A.

FIFTY years would be considered only a short period in the life of one of the British or continental universities, whose history extends back for centuries. But in the new world, especially that part of it which lies north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, where in the early days of settlement the people were too much engrossed in the struggle for bare existence to give much attention to what lay outside their material wants, half a century is a very respectable age for a seat of learning to have reached. The authorities of Queen's University and of the city of Kingston, where it is situated, may be pardoned if they took advantage of the occasion to indulge in a little self-gratulation over the success which has attended the first university that really established itself in the great and growing province of Ontario. The jubilee was celebrated last December, on the anniversary

of a meeting held in Kingston at which the project of establishing the institution was first fairly launched.

The old city of Kingston, though not so progressive as some of its western counterparts situated in more fertile parts of the province, may be regarded as the cradle of Ontario. When the thirteen colonies gained their independence one hundred and seven years ago, a large number of New England "Loyalists" refused to renounce their old allegiance and, abandoning all their property, crossed to Canada, where they proceeded to hew out, from what was then an almost unbroken forest, new homes for themselves. Most of them found their way to the upper St. Lawrence and the eastern part of Lake Ontario, the section of which Kingston is the natural centre. They brought with them the intelligence and educational instincts which characterized their day, and

schools were soon in demand. It was not long before they felt the want of something higher than the ordinary public school; and as early as 1789 they memorialized Lord Dorchester, then governor-general, for a seminary at Frontenac, now Kingston. Their request was granted, and provision was made for its support. Dr. John Stewart, a New England clergyman, who had made a name for himself in Pennsylvania, was its first principal, and he was succeeded by a young Scottish teacher, Mr. John Strachan, who afterwards played an important part, as Bishop Strachan, in educational and church history in Upper Canada.

As years passed on, a steady stream of immigration set in from England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Scottish immigrants were for the most part Presbyterians, and were imbued with the love for education which has made their national school system one of the best in the world. In 1831 the Presbyterian synod, having experienced some difficulty in securing ministers from the mother country, took into consideration the advisability of establishing a college, and fixed upon Kingston as a suitable site.

In the meantime steps had been taken to establish a university at York, now Toronto. A charter had been obtained in 1827, and a grant of public lands secured; but as the prospect of King's College — the name by which the institution was to be known — beginning actual work seemed remote, the synod continued to urge their scheme. The government was memorialized for assistance, but nothing definite was accomplished. In 1839 the Presbyterian synod resolved to delay no longer, and instructed a commission to proceed forthwith. An appeal was made to the Pres-

byterians of the province, who then numbered about one hundred thousand, for the necessary money — \$120,000 or upwards. The appeal stated that although the primary object was to obtain a high standard of education for their own ministers, it was also the purpose of the promoters to provide facilities for literary and scientific training, open to all, and without religious tests of any kind. The first public meeting to further the project was held at Kingston, the proposed seat of the college, in December, 1839; and the project having



Sandford Fleming, LL.D.

CHANCELLOR OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

then been fairly launched, the late jubilee was held on the anniversary of that date.

The establishment of the college having been determined upon, an act of incorporation was secured from the legislature, but, for some reason which is not plain, it was disallowed by the imperial authorities.

Out of seeming evil, however, great good came. A royal charter was granted instead, bearing date October 16, 1841. It gave the name of Queen's University to the institution, instead of the University of Kingston, the title in the disallowed act. On the 7th of March, 1842, the classes were opened, in an unpretentious wooden building, with eleven registered students and a few non-matriculants. King's College at Toronto had secured a royal charter as early as 1827; but as its first students were not admitted till June, 1843, Queen's was the first university to open classes in the now province of Ontario.

For years the new college had a severe struggle for existence. The country was poor, and the number of students in a position to take advantage of the facilities the college afforded very limited. It had no Williams, no Girard, no Cornell, at its back. Its revenue was derived from the interest on the small endowment fund subscribed at the outset of its career, the class

and this was followed by the failure of a bank, in the stock of which a large proportion of the funds of the college was invested. For a time there seemed nothing to do but dismiss the classes, discharge the professors, and lock the doors. But Queen's had a goodly list of graduates and many friends, who could not brook this alternative. A sufficient amount was subscribed to yield a revenue equal to what had been lost; and although yet far from being adequately equipped, the institution was placed in a position to continue its work.

Soon after the university was founded there had been purchased for its accommodation a handsome building erected for a private residence, on a commanding site, overlooking Lake Ontario and facing the old legislative building of Upper Canada, converted into a hospital after the union of the two provinces, when Kingston had ceased to be the capital. To this had been added a substantial building for the use of



Kingston, Ontario.

fees of its students, and a small grant of \$5000 annually given by the government. But it struggled on, doing good work, and its graduates compared favorably with those of the more richly endowed and better equipped universities. In 1869 a crisis came. The government grant, which had been given to all the so-called denominational colleges, was suddenly withdrawn;

the medical faculty. In 1878, new life being infused by the appointment of Rev. George M. Grant, one of Canada's most gifted sons, to the principalship, it was felt that enlarged accommodation must be secured, and the endowment fund so increased that a number of new chairs might be added, lest the university fall behind in the race. The citizens of Kingston under-

took to provide the buildings, at a cost of about \$60,000, while in the country at large about \$100,000 was raised to increase the endowment fund. The foundation stones of a stately building, on a recently acquired addition to the campus, were laid in 1879, by the Princess Louise—a daughter of the Queen, one of whose first official acts was to sign the royal charter of the university—and the Marquis of Lorne, then governor-general of Canada; and in 1880 the new buildings were opened.

In 1885 an important epoch in university history in Ontario was reached. The University of Toronto, being in need of money, asked the government to come to its aid. The management of its affairs being largely controlled by the government, the government was naturally disposed to listen to the appeal. But an outcry was raised by the benefactors of the other universities. These claimed that as they had put their hands into their pockets to aid the other institutions, it would be unjust to compel them to contribute a second time to the Toronto institution, and that this should look to its graduates and friends as the others had done which were doing as good work in their own way, without cost to the country.

A comprehensive scheme of university federation was thereupon evolved by the friends of Toronto University, and submitted to the other institutions. It proposed that they should suspend their university powers for a term of years; that they should all remove to Toronto; that they should take advantage of certain classes which the university would establish, and which would be common to all, devoting their entire attention to such subjects as they saw fit to make a specialty, and accept a certain representation on the governing and examining boards, which would confer degrees upon the students of all. Many strong reasons were given for this scheme and against it. While a number of colleges have, as a result of the discussion, grouped themselves around To-

ronto University, none of the universities has seen its way to give up its degree-granting powers to enter the federation. The friends of Queen's looked upon federation as virtually meaning absorption, and thought the interests of higher education would be best conserved by having differ-



George Munro Grant, D.D.,
PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

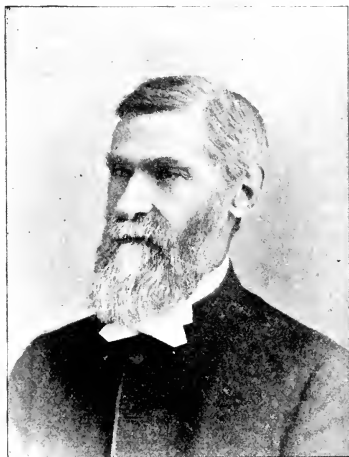
ent types of universities at different centres. Taking this view, they declined, when the question was submitted to them, to contribute the quarter of a million dollars which would have been necessary for removal, and towards which the city of Kingston, which had always been very liberal to Queen's, could not be expected to contribute. But though not willing to assist in the removal of Queen's, they cheerfully acquiesced in the alternative which was presented,—the raising of a quarter of a million dollars to add to its endowment, and so give it a revenue which would enable it to compete in equipment with any other institution in the country. The amount was raised within a year, chiefly in small subscriptions. The last day of 1887 saw the whole amount

promised, and that year being the jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria, after whom it was named, as well as the fiftieth anniversary of the definite movement to establish it, the fund bears the name of the Jubilee Fund. The endowment of Queen's amounts to about half a million dollars, a trifle when compared with the princely endowments of some of the European or United States universities, and small beside the sum given by a McGill in Montreal, or a McMaster in Toronto, to found seats of learning which should perpetuate their names. The revenue from all sources is about \$40,000 a year; but by careful administration this is made to accomplish a great deal.

But though money is an essential, what a university requires most is men; and if these are of the right stamp, money sufficient will be forthcoming. It is a question whether, at certain stages of its career, an institution of learning may not be hindered almost as much as helped by very generous and easy gifts.

The medical faculty of Queen's has always stood high. Many of the most successful physicians of Canada have received their training there. The proximity of the provincial penitentiary and a large asylum, which furnish an abundance of subjects for

College of Physicians and Surgeons, but it is affiliated with the university, and its stu-



Rev. George Bell, LL.D.,

REGISTRAR AND FIRST GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

dents receive their degrees there. Kingston also possesses a Woman's Medical College, and a number of its students, who also receive their degrees at Queen's, are practising in Canada, or engaged in missionary work in India, which offers a wide field for work of that character.

Queen's was the first university in Canada to recognize the principle of co-education, and from her halls went forth the first "sweet girl-graduates." A number of lady "bachelors" are now to be found among her alumni, and the example she has set in this respect has been followed generally in Canada, though in some cases with considerable reluctance.

Until quite recently graduates of Canadian universities who desired to take post-graduate courses have had to go abroad. This necessity is now obviated by the provision made at some of the Canadian colleges for such courses of study; and in this matter Queen's has taken a foremost place.

Student life at Kingston does not differ much from what it is at other university towns. Being a staid old place, without the active commercial bustle or the dis-



Professor James Williamson, LL.D.

anatomical study, has something to do with this. The faculty was some years ago incorporated under the name of the Royal

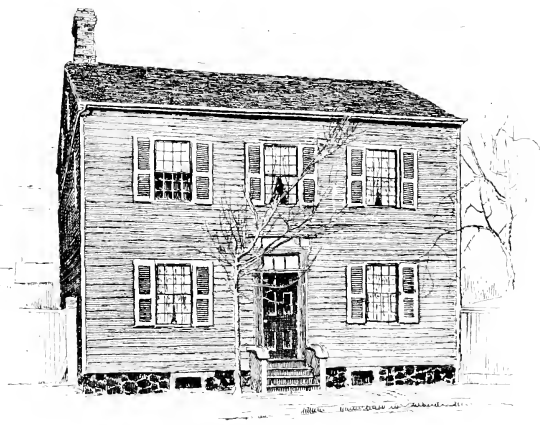
tracting social demands which characterize large centres, the surroundings are peculiarly favorable for study. Between town and gown there exists the greatest harmony, and conflicts between students and police never occur. The people recognize the advantages of having a university in their midst.

A feature of Queen's, which distinguishes it from all other universities in Canada, is that it is self-governing. The management of its affairs is in the hands of a board of trustees, who retire in rotation and who fill vacancies in their own ranks as they occur. They manage not only the finances, but make all appointments, including the professors. There is also a University Council, consisting of the chancellor, trustees, members of the senate, and thirty-three elective members chosen by the alumni. They have power to discuss all questions relating to the welfare of the college, and to make representations of their views to the senate or trustees, their suggestions being almost invariably carried into effect. Some of the other self-governing institutions are under the control of the denominations with which they are connected, their professors being appointed by the church courts, while in Toronto University appointments are made by the government, and sometimes savor of politics. The Presbyterian synod, when it established Queen's, took the view that the responsibility had better be entrusted to a few learned men than left in the hands of a large body which might not always exercise it wisely.

As a consequence of the direct parentage of Queen's, the divinity faculty is Presbyterian: but the education which is a fit preparation for the study of divinity is equally adapted for other professions. The literary and scientific departments

being open to all, without religious test, the university attracts students from all quarters, irrespective of creed, and its graduates are to be found in all parts of the world. It has been careful in conferring honorary degrees, its lists showing only about forty D.D.'s, and of LL.D.'s half that number.

Queen's is fortunate in having as its highest officer a man of such renown as Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., the well-known chief engineer of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways, Canada's two greatest national works, and the inventor of the system of universal time known as the twenty-four o'clock system. To professional skill he adds literary ability of a high order, and it is not a matter of surprise that he has been elected three times to the chancellorship of the university. The university is equally fortunate in having for its principal George M. Grant, a son of the soil, a man of great executive ability, a clever speaker



First Home of Queen's University.

and writer, and possessed of such breadth of view and personal magnetism as exercise a reflex influence on the students who are brought into contact with him. Among its honored staff is also to be found the venerable Dr. Williamson, vice-principal, and professor of astronomy, who through evil and good report has linked his fortunes with Queen's from the beginning of

its career, refusing many tempting offers and remaining true to his first love. Not less well known to the world at large is Professor John Watson, the author of



Professor John Watson, LL.D.

Kant and his English Critics and other able philosophical works.

So the impress of the men who were a

loss to the United States when they moved across to Canada remains in the land of their adoption. The university might have been established without them, but it would not have possessed some of the characteristics which distinguish it, had they been men of less intelligence and enterprise. Never had a university a community of graduate more devoted to their *alma mater*, or friends more willing to make sacrifices in its behalf. Through their aid and assistance it must continue to grow and flourish. The periods of depression and the vicissitudes through which it has passed have only had the effect of sending deeper its roots, and strengthening and widening its branches, as the oak grows stronger by the buffeting of the storm. It has done a good work for the country during the half-century of its existence. May it continue to be an intellectual centre around which many shall gather. To the people of New England, among whom in a very real way it had its far roots, and to all Americans who have struggled in the cause of education, and among whose best traditions are those of the little colleges which with the years have become great and commanding, — Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, and other such — the story of these fifty years of struggle and of beneficent accomplishment can hardly be less interesting, I venture to believe, than it is to the Americans where the university has its home, on the northern shore of Ontario.

THE SOUL OF MARSE RALPH.

By Mary A. P. Stansbury.

REVISITING Black Point after an interval of several years, I found that little seaside hamlet no longer an "undiscovered country." The familiar path to the cliffs wound past a hotel of considerable architectural pretensions, a row of smart cottages overlooked the blue waters of the bay, and our own dear, old-fashioned boarding-house had thrust out sundry awkward additions, protruding like the arms of a growing boy from the sleeves of his last year's jacket.

But the sea, — the sea was the same! The tide ran up the gray sands in the old shining ripples, the little white-breasted sandpipers alternately advancing and retreating before it, — and beyond, along the surf-beach, the splendid breakers came racing in shore, tossing their white crests in defiance of human curbing.

A crowd of bathers, in brilliant costumes, were disporting themselves in the waves, or sitting upon the sand, like mer-men and maids, to dry their drenched hair in the

sunshine, while a little way from land a single small boat moved slowly up and down in apparently aimless fashion.

"What is the boat doing out there?" I asked the old-time friend who had welcomed me; but before she could reply, a frightened cry rang out upon the air, and one of the children who were splashing about in the water like young seals stretched a pair of entreating arms toward the little craft. In a moment the boatman had reached her, and skilfully balancing himself, a splendid figure against the background of sea and sky, lifted her lightly in, and with a few swift turns of the oar brought the skiff to land. Then I saw that his face was coal black.

"That is 'Life-saving Joe,'" said my friend, "one of the characters of the place. Two years ago, a venturesome swimmer was caught by the undertow, just beyond that point of rocks, and drowned before help could reach him. Next day, Joe appeared with his boat, and, season by season since, he has never been missed for a single day at the regular hour for bathing. He rows up and down, as you saw him just now, alert, observant, ready at the slightest signal to lend a hand. There is absolutely no danger now, and even the younger children wade out fearlessly without nurse or guardian. The strange part of the story, however, is that this unremitting service is a free gift, for he utterly refuses to receive any compensation for labor or loss of time."

"Truly a sable philanthropist!"

"You may well say so. There is not a more industrious young fellow on the Point, white or black, yet he is ready at any moment to drop his own work at the first call of danger to any human being. He has saved a half-dozen lives along the coast within the last four years."

"Joe lives with his old grandmother, who is a cook at one of the houses, in a snug cottage on Half Moon Cove. Old Dinah goes to her work in the early morning, but sleeps under her own roof, after the custom so dear to the southern-born negroes. Joe is her pride and delight. To her most confidential friends she tells an old story, which I won't spoil by repeating. But it might be worth your while to cultivate her acquaintance, if you could induce her to tell it to you herself."

In the delicious idleness of a summer

vacation the most trivial suggestion may become a spur to curiosity; and it was the result of many artful overtures to friendship with old Dinah, that I became, after a few weeks, a privileged guest in her little cottage.

We sat together, one evening, looking through the open door-way upon the steel-gray sands left uncovered by the ebbing tide. Dinah had enthroned me in her one gay-cushioned easy-chair, while she occupied a low settle close by. Her gray head was wreathed about with a scarlet turban, and an expression of serene content was dimly visible upon her face through the fragrant clouds of smoke issuing from the short pipe in her mouth.

At a little distance alongshore, her grandson was busily engaged in cleaning fish upon a rude bench constructed for the purpose. As the level sunset light touched him, I was impressed by the fine outlines of his form and the free grace of all his movements. His arms, bare to the shoulders, might have served as the models for those of some bronze Hercules, and he whistled, as he worked, some familiar and pathetic plantation airs, with the silvery intonation of a skilful flute-player. Dinah's eyes turned in the direction of the sound, and a humorous smile illuminated her dusky features.

"'Pears like Joe must 'a' had a mighty fine cotch, this ebenin'," she said, "'cordin' to dat chune he's w'istlin'."

I looked up in some surprise, for the ineffably mournful strains of the refrain of "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," blending at that moment with the low plash of the receding tide, were suggestive of anything but the happy-go-lucky spirit of the successful fisherman.

"Yes'm," continued the old woman, "Joe 'pears to fink he mus' put a curb on his pride o' heart, when he's totin' a plump boat-load o' shad 'n cunners; but jes' let him be out half a day an' get nawthin', and—laws! ye'd orter hear him!—a-perkin' an' a-shakin', an' a-scalin' up an' down, 'mindin' me o' nawthin' but a mock-in' bird down in Virginny, whar I was raised."

"You have reason to be proud of your grandson, Dinah, if all they say of him is true."

"I dunno what they's been sayin' to you, missis, but dey kyant say too much

'bout my Joe," she answered, drawing herself up with a kind of rude majesty. Then, dropping her voice mysteriously, she added: "Missis, did ye eber hearn tell of a brack man wid a white man's soul in him?"

"I thought all good souls were white in God's sight, Dinah," I answered, smiling.

"Dat ar's de truf, missis, sho' nuff, but dat ain't what I mean." Then, with increased impressiveness of manner, — "It's a mighty quare thing, missis, 'bout my Joe!"

"Won't you tell me, Dinah?"

"I don't talk to eberybody, missis. Laws! dey wouldn't understand! Dey'd jes' laff. 'Pears like some folks thinks a laff's de mos' pow'fulest thing in de 'varsal creation. Spec' dey 'low, if de judgment day was come, an' dey could jes' roll out a right smart laff when de fust star fell out'n de sky, and come bumpin' onto dis yer earth, the Lawd'd be so scart like, 't He'd send an angel to pick it up, an' go back Himself into heben to wait anoder thousand year!"

Dinah knocked the ashes from her pipe with contemptuous bitterness: then settling herself comfortably, she went on.

"I was raised, as I was tellin' ye, down in Virginny, — on the old Balfour place. A mighty fine place it was, too! Dere wan't a mo' up-an'-down gen'leman, in de hull country, 'n Marse Cunnel, nor a finer woman to look at 'n ole Miss; an' dey was as good as dey was fine, — took car' o' der people like chillen. One o' dem sneakin' traders would as soon 'a' stuck his haid in a lion's mouf, as inside o' Cunnel Balfour's door, sho' nuff.

"Dey was mighty fawnd o' comp'ny, an' dere was allays hosses and kerridges rattlin' up an' down de drike-way, an' no end o' vis'tors in de parlor, an' good dinners smokin' in de dinin'-room.

"Dere was three chillen. Miss Marie, she was de oldes', an' she got married to Major Carlton, and went to Richmon' to lib. Den dere was Marse Godfrey, and young Marse Ralph. Marse Godfrey, he growed up de libin' image o' the Cunnel, — straight as an arrer, an' proud-spoken. But Marse Ralph — *he* was my baby! I'll neber fo'git de mawnin' dey called me into de missis's room. I'd los' my fust little one on'y jes' de week befo'. She was a-layin' all white an' still on de piller, but her lips smilin' an' her big eyes shinin'.

"'Come here, Dinah, my poor chile,' says she.

"An' when I come an' stood by de bed, she turned down the coberlid with her own little, white hand, and dar was a mite of a little face, like a rose, an' sof' curls o' yellow ha'r all round it.

"'De good Lawd's took your baby to Hissel,' says she, 'an' I'm gwine to lend you mine to take car' of.'

"I fell down on my knees by de bed a-shakin', an' cryin'. The nuss, she commenced t' speak up right sharp to 'me, but de missis said:

"'No, no! Gib 'er de baby!'

"When I heard dat, I jes' opened my arms, an' wid de feelin' of de little sof' haid, an' de little seekin' mouf, de Lawd healed my trouble. An' f'om dat day, missis, Marse Ralph b'longed to me — poor, brack Dinah — as much as to his own moder.

"What a chile he growed up! Marse Godfrey was hansum, but Marse Ralph was *be-yutiful*! He had big, brown eyes like his moder's, but his ha'r kep' its goldy color, and his face pink an' white like a peach-bloom. But his looks was the leastest part, — 'twas his tender heart that made eberybody lub him. He was allays helpin' somebody or somethin' out o' trouble, an' he wouldn't 'a' hurted the leastest thing the Lawd made. I neber seed him angry, 'cept some wrong was bein' done. Den his eyes use t' blaze like fire, an' he wan't afeared o' nawthin' in de hull worl'.

"I rickolec' like yest'day, the summer he was turned o' five, how he tuk my Randy's kitten out 'n de mouf of a strange dog. I cotched sight on him, jes' as he was lifin' up a big gyarden-shovel to strike de dog ober de haid. I screamed an' run, but befo' I cud git to him, de dog was gallopin' off tail down, an' Marse Ralph had de kitten in his arms, a-wipin' de blood off'n its paw wid his own little handercher.

"It mos' broke my heart whin dey sent him way up norf to school. 'Peared like I couldn't wait f'om one vacation to anoder. Ebery time he come home, he was taller an' hansomer, an' jes' as fawnd o' his ole mammy. I've got de silk shawl in my chist now 't he brung me dat las' summer. He'd got to be one-and-twenty, then, an' he'd got on'y one year mo' to stay in college. Ole Miss, she read me de letter dat de haid-teacher wrote about him, a-praisin' him.

"My Randy, Joe's mudder, was married to Aleck, Marse Godfrey's body-servant. Joe was Randy's fust baby, and he was nigh onter a year old,—the peartest, knowin'est little feller ye eber see.

"It was the bery nex' day arter Marse Ralph's birt-day dinner, 't Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey tuk de hosses early in de mawnin', an' rode off fifteen mile to 'tend court; an' Aleck, he went along. Dey 'lowed to stay till nex' day.

"It was jes' in de aidge o' de ebenin', as I was stan'in' in de do' o' Chloe Johnson's cabin, 't I heard de awfulest scream 't eber I did, an' Sue, a yellow girl 't helped about de kitchen, come a-tearin' down, screechin', 'De house is a fire!' I gib anoder scream an' started to run, an' sho' nuff, dere was a great brack cloud o' smoke risin' up out o' de ruf."

Dinah paused, and covered her face with her hands.

"It's a long time ago, missis," she continued, at length, "but I kyant b'ar to 'member de runnin', an' de cryin', de wimmen totin' water, de men climbin' an' wukin', de blaze streamin' out 'n de winders, an' ole Miss's lubly furniture an' chiny an' silber tumbled in heaps on de groun'.

"De main builkin' was all a sheet o' fire, an' we'd gib up all hopes, when I cotched sight o' my Randy comin' across de field, screechin' at ebery jump. Ole Miss'd done sent her on an errand ober to the Spencer place dat arternoon, an' I 'lowed she tuk de baby along, but now I seed she hadn't got nawthin' in her arms. I run to meet her. 'Randy,' says I, 'whar's de baby?'

"'Lawd o' mercy!' says she, 'ain't you got him? I lef' him asleep on de flo' in de norf attic.'

"Peared like de bref went out 'n my body. I jes' looked once towards de burnin' house, an' turned away my haid. Dere was de blaze crawlin' round de norf wing, an' de smoke burstin' out 'n half a dozen winders.

"'Randy, chile, it's too late!' says I, an' I tried to put my arms around her; but she shook me off like a tiger,—an' dat minute Marse Ralph come by.

"'Why, mammy, Randy!'" says he. 'Don't take on so! Eberybody's safe.'

"Randy throwed herself on de ground, and cotched him by de knees.

"'Marse Ralph,' says she, 'my baby's in de norf attic!'

"Marse Ralph turned white. He neber answered, but he was off like de wind, an' I an' Randy arter. We heared him above de roar o' de fire, 'Fetch a ladder, boys! —de norf attic winder—dere's a baby dere!' Dey fotched a long ladder, an' 'twas as much as eber dey cud do to set it up in de smoke an' de heat. 'Up wid ye!' shouted Marse Ralph; but nobody stirred. 'Deed, missis, you cudn't blame 'em, for it peared like sho' death. But Marse Ralph, he jes' looked 'round, wid dem big eyes blazin'. 'You brack cowards!' says he; an' befo' anybody cud stop him, he'd cotched up ole Miss's cloak as laid on de grass, an' he was up de ladder hissself. De winder was open, an' we seed him t'row de cloak ober his head, and crawl in. I fell down cryin', 'O Lawd! O Lawd, sabe!' It couldn't 'a' been more 'n two minutes, dough it 'peared like hours, befo' he come out, climbin' slow an' car'ful ober the winder-sill, holdin' on wid one han', an' car'yin' somethin' in de toder, under de cloak. Randy, she clutched my hand, but nobody spoke a word, an' all de time Marse Ralph was a-comin' down t'roo de smoke, slow an' steady. He was a little more 'n half way to de bottom, when he called out clar and loud, 'He's all right, Randy!' An' den —den—O missis! a great piece o' the blazin' cornice fell down off 'n the ruf, an' struck him on de haid, an' he come down wid it in a burnin' bed o' fire an' cinders!

"I kyant talk much 'bout dat. De baby was rolled in de cloak, and it wa'n't hurted de leastest mite, but—O my chile!—my lubly Marse Ralph!—wid de great bleedin' cut on his haid, his bu'ful eyes blinded, an' his hansum face nawthin' but raw, burnt flesh! Ole Miss, she done went into spasms w'en she see'd him, an' it 'peared as if dey'd bof die befo' we could git Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey wid de doctors.

"Marse Ralph, he lib jes' two days. He didn't 'pear to sence nawthin' 'till jes' befo' he died. De doctors was settin' on one side an' I on de toder, w'en all to once he 'peared to come to hissself.

"'Joe—de baby,' says he,—'bring him here!'

"Randy was stan'in' outside cryin', an' I took the chile out 'n her arms, an' fotched

it in. Marse Ralph couldn't see, but he tried to feel about wid de han' dat wan't burned, so I tuk it an' laid it on de baby's face. De little t'ing was scart at fust, but I says quiet-like, 'Pore Marse Ralph! dear Marse Ralph!' an' it quieted down.

"Marse Ralph's lips was movin', an' w'en I put my year down, I heard him say:—

"'It's my life 't I've gib to you, baby. You mus' fill out my years!'

"It's de Lawd's truf, missis, but de baby straightened hisself as if he was listenin' too. A mighty qu'ar, ole look come into his little face, an' befo' I knowed anything, he reached ober an' kissed Marse Ralph on de mouf. W'en I lif' him up, Marse Ralph was daid!

"Missis!"—the old woman's tones grew low and intense, and her sunken eyes burned as she leaned forward to lay a bony hand upon my knee,—"*Missis, de soul o' Marse Ralph went into my Joe's body along o' dat kiss!*

"Joe wan't neber like none o' de oder brack chillun arter dat. He grew diff'ent—he talk diff'ent, an' soon's eber he's big 'nuff to go round by hisself, he begin helpin', an' comfortin', an' takin' car' o' de littler ones, jes' like Marse Ralph! An' he jes' so mad, when somebody hurted any little, weak t'ing.

"Well, den come de wa'. Dem was awful times. Marse Cunnel an' Marse Godfrey, dey went to de f'ont, an' my Randy's Aleck, he go 'long, an' not one o' dem t'ree eber come home alibe!

"W'en de wa' was ober, Miss Marie, she beg her mudder to go to Richmon' an' lib wid her, but ole Miss, she stick to de ole place. Den my Randy, she died o' grief. De brack fo'ks, dey was all free, to be sho', but I wouldn't 'a' lef ole Miss—not for money. But arter she was daid, too, Joe an' I, we come norf to Po'tland, whar we had 'lations, an' dey got me my place here t' de hotel. Joe gets right smart o' work, an' we's done splendid,—we has so! We's got dis yer home, an' Joe don't want me to work no mo', but, laws!—I'd die 'f I cudn't work!

"But, missis"—her voice falling once more, and the shadow deepening on her dusky face,—"*dere's a t'ing a-comin'!*—I do' know how nor w'en—mebbe de Lawd 'll spar me, an' it won't be in my time,—but it's a-comin'! Missis, it's Marse Ralph's life dat my boy's libin'!—

it's Marse Ralph's y'ars dat he's a-fillin' out! Missis, he's sated six lives a'ready, along o' dis coast! Dat's w'at his work is! Dat's w'at dey call him—'Life-sabin' Joe!' But, sometime, de end's gwine t' come! He'll sabe a life, an' gib his own for it! De good Lawd help me, if I lib to see!"

The old woman threw her checked apron over her face, and buried her head in her clasped arms. The tide was turning, and up from the shore floated a lingering, longing melody:—

"Swing low, sweet chariot!
Comin' for to carry me home!"

"What of old Dinah and her grandson?" was one of my first questions, when, five years later, I found myself once more at the Point.

"Dinah? The poor old creature died of pneumonia during the bitter winter which followed your last visit. But Joe? Surely, you should have heard. The papers were full of the story. It was he who performed such prodigies of bravery, when the schooner *Lady Bell* struck off Eagle Rocks, two years ago. He swam out with a rope in the teeth of the breakers, infused his own courage into the hearts of the poor people who had given up all hope, and made them obey him as if he had been some superior being. Ten had been brought off safely, and, with the eleventh in his arms—a little child belonging to the boat's cook—Joe had just reached the shore, when he sank exhausted, the blood pouring from his mouth. He never spoke, and lived but a few moments. They buried him over there on the hill."

Turning away, my feet took the path to the little cemetery, whose quiet western slope faced the eternal contrast of the never-resting sea. I found the grave easily, marked by a tall granite shaft, whose inscription recounted the gratitude of those who owed their lives to the self-sacrifice of the lowly hero. But between my eyes and the carven words came the vision of a dark face, wrinkled and old, its every feature quivering in the struggle of love and pride with mysterious foreboding.

Had chance, alone, fulfilled old Dinah's prophecy, or was it, indeed, the 'soul o' Marse Ralph' which, after brave transmigration, had entered into rest?

THE PROFESSOR OF AMERICA.

By Edward E. Hale, D.D.

I READ the literary addresses at Commencement with great interest. It is the period of the year when men of letters and philosophy, who have abstained from what is called political life, "take their innings"; and they denounce, with more or less severity, the proceedings of the persons who are in public administration. This gives a certain interest to what they say. There is an additional interest, and it is much greater, which comes from the atmosphere in which they speak. These addresses, on the whole, reflect the collegiate feeling; they show us how far the colleges are in touch with the country, how far they lead the thought of the country; and if in any regard they do not lead that thought, they give us ground for inquiring what the matter is. I have read thousands of these addresses, and of late years have read them with more and more question whether, on the whole, the American colleges really understand the drift of American life, and whether it be true that a student in college is for three or four years withdrawn from the regular currents of American life. It is constantly charged that there is a certain isolation in college life,—that it savors a little of the monastery. A somewhat distinguished teacher in Ohio once said to me, "The feudal system dies very slowly, Mr. Hale; it lingers longer in the American colleges than anywhere else." I was very much amused at the time, and used to quote it as my standard story with regard to western iconoclasm. But the longer I live, the more apt I am to think it is true.

I write this paper, then, that I may ask whether it would not be a good thing, in a first-rate university, to maintain regularly a "professorship of America." Would it not be a good thing to have one man in such a university whose business it should be to show to the young men, or the young women, who study there, how it is that their country is utterly unlike all other countries,—how it is that even language which is appropriate to other parts of the "English-speaking world" is inappropriate here? Would it not be worth while, in the

midst of studies conducted, fortunately, largely under the auspices of European and Asiatic thought and sentiment, to have somebody who should make it his business to show to the young people that there is such a reality as American thought, that there are certain principles which belong to the American government, that there are certain feelings which are experienced by none but an American? Granting, what is perfectly true, that there is no such thing as American geometry, any more than there is such a thing as Belgian religion or as Spanish chemistry, still, on the other hand, there is such a reality as American government; there are such customs as American customs; there is such a climate as an American climate; there are systems of trade which are American systems, and out of this, as a whole, there has grown up a social order which is distinctly American.

If, at a Commencement dinner, it were your fortune to sit between the valedictorian graduate of the day and his brother, a commercial traveller of four years' experience who had come to the dinner, you would infallibly find that the latter knew far more than the former about the make-up, condition, destiny, and dangers of America. He would probably be by far the more interesting of the two in conversation. Unless you, who sit between them, have had unusual opportunities to study America, he could probably give you points which would be new to you; and it is quite certain that he would have much to teach his brother.

For, in truth, the make-up of a first-rate college staff does not look in the direction which implies wide or profound knowledge of America. The different professors have been selected for fitness in their specialties. Each of them, probably, has eagerly gone to England, France, or Germany, to perfect himself in that specialty. He should do so. Travelling in America is a very costly luxury,—much more so than travelling in Europe,—and very few college professors can indulge in it. In a college which calls students from the Pacific, the Mississippi valley, the Gulf states, and the

older parts of the country, the students themselves do a great deal to help each other in this affair. But what is thus done is done without proportion or system. It is at best an accident, and the accidental element in it may lead to confusion or mistake. From such causes, and from many others easily observed, it shall happen that an American student leaves college with no such knowledge of America as a French student has of France, or a German student of Germany.

Now the truth is that the difference between the social order of America and that of Europe is as wide as the difference between sculpture and painting, or the difference between a tree and a house. The social order of Europe still belongs to the feudal system, where different ranks depend on one head. The social order of America is organized on the democratic or co-operative system, where each member helps each other member, and from the whole the station or place of the individual is established.

A fair enough instance of the difference was given in the Civil War. The national forces sustained a severe defeat, and immediately the public stocks rose in the market. A great German banker who was here said, "This is the strangest of nations. In any other country such a defeat would have knocked the stocks down. Here, not merely in the face of it, but because of it, they rise." Now that story shows, in a single detail, what is the difference between Europe and America. In a European war, such a defeat would have meant that the ruling family—say of Italy, of Prussia, of Austria, or of Spain—was worsted. Would the spirit of that family decline? Not at all; the family would be more eager to go on than ever. But those princes of the exchange who lend them money, how would they feel? There is the exact difference. They see in the defeat the incompetence of the ruling family; they hesitate about throwing good money after bad; and the stocks decline.

In the American defeat, it is still the ruling family which has been defeated. But this ruling family is the People. The People sees that its preparation was insufficient. The People—really sovereign, for this is no matter of rhetoric—rises to the occasion. And just as every young prince

in the ruling families of Brunswick and Prussia went of course into the army when Napoleon was ravaging their realms, so the People, because the People is sovereign, rouses itself with new vigor, the more critical the emergency. The men with money enter into the cause precisely as all the rest do, understanding by instinct that the People does not mean to have its throne shaken nor its sceptre wrenched away.

I cite this as an illustration—but it is by no means the most important—of the absolute distinction between the methods of a pure democracy like ours, and those of any system built on the wrecks of the feudal system, as are most of the European systems, or trying the autocratic, as Russia and Turkey are trying it. This ought to be considered as a matter of course; but it is to be considered that many of our writers for the press were educated in Europe, and have not yet learned our language. I saw a leading journal of New York call Mr. Harrison "the ruler of this nation" twice, in its issues of last May. Now Mr. Harrison never called himself so; he knows better. He is the chief magistrate of this nation, which is a very different thing. And no man, not badly mis-trained by foreign education, would ever have called him the "ruler" of America. General Harrison has very large powers, as foreign nations on occasion might find; and, in a little way, he can direct the movements from garrison to garrison of an army of some thirty thousand men, and from port to port of a navy of some ten or twelve cruisers. But this does not make him the ruler of any individual outside the army or navy. He is in no sense the ruler of America, as Alexander is the ruler of Russia to-day. Yet you see these intelligent people speak of him in this fashion, merely from a certain analogy which results from his living in what is called the capital, and from his sending a message to Congress, as Victoria makes a speech from the throne.

Now let us confess it: in the ordinary American college there is no person whose business it is to explain to the pupil the causes for such distinctions. Indeed, so far as gentlemen have received their education in England, in France, or in Germany, no person has explained the causes of such distinctions to them. And if the professors in a college have been educated

abroad, they have a certain difficulty in appreciating these causes themselves. But the truth, at bottom, is that the United States of America is a nation different from any other nation in the world. In affairs of government it is as different from other nations as Japan used to be from the world from which she had separated herself. For there must be an absolute social distinction between a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," as compared against governments of feudal make-up or origin.

These distinctions are greatly confused, because the noble language which is our own is a language formed by Englishmen who had been trained under feudal institutions. It will therefore happen that the same word means one thing here and another in England. For instance, the central word of all, "The People," meant, to the poet Cowley, the vulgar and mean, in contrast with the good and great. With Shakespeare it meant what we still call the *populace*, the greater body of citizens, as contrasted with the smaller body of their rulers, just as in Roman law "*senatus populusque Romanus*" are contrasted against each other. But with us the word *People* means quite another thing. It is "we, the People of the United States," who ordain the government and administer it. It is not a class; it is the whole, and this whole is sovereign. The *People* is the fountain of honor; this *People* is the origin of law, and maintains it. And with us any language which speaks contemptuously of this *People* is treason against the sovereign. This is a single illustration of the danger to be remembered all the time as we handle even the English language in which we are speaking of these central themes. Indeed, the word "Government" in itself is misleading, if it carry with it the idea of a Governor who, from above, imposes directions on a crowd below, as a Persian satrap might do, or a Roman pro-consul. The American idea of "Government" presupposes the prophetic announcement that "Your governors shall be from yourselves and your rulers from the midst of you." The magnificent term, "The Common Law," expresses it with great precision; it is the union of all for all, — not the direction of one, who knows better than the rest, or is stronger. It takes it for granted, as President Garfield said so well, that all the

people is wiser than any one of the people. It is from an utter failure to appreciate the distinction between government in the feudal sense and government in the sense of a Common Law, that there spring all the trenchant satires upon democracy of writers like Carlyle, — and I might, alas, say of almost all the European schools. Not of all, happily; for Tennyson understands how

The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe.

In such a pure democracy every man's work is tested, and every one will be compelled to contribute. Thus the roads must be made. The roadmaster summons all, — not any "laboring class," but all; every man must appear, and with his pick, shovel, ox, or cart, as the need requires. Woe to any poor dog of a cheating steward who says, "I cannot dig." The roadmaster, who represents the people, will try him, or will tax him enough for a fair compensation. A great deal follows on this absolute demand. First, a man is tested, fairly and squarely, before his fellows. All the men of his district see how well he can bear himself. And observe, this is not the unwilling service they render to a feudal lord, which comes out, in the end, in such a band as Falstaff's ragamuffins. This is service in presence of the sovereign who needs the work done. What is the good to me of cheating in the bridge, when it is my own horse or my own cart which will suffer when the bridge gives way? A man is tested, and his powers of lead, of command, and of obedience, are shown. More than this follows from the absolute demand which such a state makes for personal service from every one. The leaders of the state may think very badly of the members. They may know they are ignorant; they may believe they are totally depraved, — perhaps that nine-tenths of them will surely be damned. But the state, as a state, has no opinion on individuals. The state sees that, whether they are capable of good or no, they are all capable of working on the roads, and she compels them. She sees they are capable of carrying a musket, and she compels them to do so. When time comes, she bids them march against Clinton and Howe, and they have to go. Cornwallis's turn comes, and they have to go again.

Now it is impossible for the state to assume all these rights without granting certain privileges. These men are incapable of good, you say, but it proves they are capable of fighting. They do not know their right hands from their left, you say; but they know how to die for their country. What follows inevitably is universal suffrage. It comes on this country unpredicted, not expected, not desired by the leaders among the fathers. But it comes, because it must come. The People could not compel the presence of the soldier in the field, and refuse his presence in the council hall.

Here we should stop a moment to say what universal suffrage is, and what it pretends. The European writers, like Carlyle, are all wrong about this, and so are their pupils here. No one pretends that, in universal suffrage, the vote of the majority brings the absolute truth or the absolute right. That must come according as teachers teach well, as preachers preach well, as poets sing well, as persuaders persuade well, as leaders lead well. Ridicule is flung away,—like that in *Knickerbocker*, repeated by every pessimist,—which asks if you will give the charge of the state to a man to whom you would not trust the charge of your watch. Universal suffrage has never pretended in America to secure the perfect or ideal way. But it does pretend to gain the peaceful way. For it does show what the majority of those who express themselves prefer. It makes it certain, therefore, that they will not express their preferences by the use of clubs and paving-stones and barricades,—as, without this system, they are always wanting to. Simply, you secure Peace. The government may be wise or foolish, a government of liquor-lords or of saints; but it will be acquiesced in. There will be no House of York fighting a House of Lancaster, if you have fairly counted heads and hands, and are going to give another chance to count in another year. It gives you Peace. It therefore gives you the chance to govern yourselves. The people who own a church will govern that church. The Athenæum will govern the Athenæum. The Knights of Malta will govern the Knights of Malta. And every home will be an example of Home Government, as far as the father and mother of that home have drunk at the divine fountain. All

these lines of Government are impossible if you must march off every young man into your army, if you must have a garrison in every city, if you need—as you do in Germany or France—to keep one man in eight in arms, so that the other seven-eighths may not be upsetting your government.

Above all, in this empire of internal peace, you gain that self-government in which every man is his own master, directs his own life, and for himself looks to God. He comes from Europe a member of a clan,—he is a Sullivan or an O'Grady; he is used to be ordered by the Boss of some Club, or the Head Centre of some Chapter. But this dies out in a generation of America, if with an honest democracy you show him that the state, and the state only, can command his service, and that that service is perfect freedom. Universal suffrage gives internal peace. No Jack Cade, no barricades, no Coup d'état. For administrators, and for a policy, it promises, not the ideal and absolute best, but the average impression of the community, improved by the eternal law that Right is stronger than Wrong, and that Truth is mightier than Falsehood. Because its administrators are selected by the average vote of the community, the community does its very best to keep that average high. It extends education; it addresses itself to the cure of disease; it screens out criminals and paupers. For the rest, it bids the teachers teach, the prophets prophesy, and the leaders lead.

These necessities, therefore, apply in the methods of universal education, and in its justification. Even the feudal governments have come so far as to say they believe in it. They give some sort of schooling to every one. But this is because they find that it is convenient for the upper class that the lower class shall know something. Thus it is a convenience for me at the station that the porter can read the label on my trunk. And so you shall hear dainty people in America, who ought to know better, assume that the business of the state is ended when the boy or the girl has been taught the three R's; for the rest, let them take their chances, according to the fortunes of their birth.

But it is in no such half-hearted way that America looks upon education. The state must have the average high. She

wants, therefore, the best she can get, — the best music, the best books, the best laws, the best architecture, the best preaching, the best poetry, the best men, and the best women. Having this need, the state does not choose to limit her selection to any separate class, from which to take musician, author, jurist, architect, preacher, or poet. If Abraham Lincoln happens to be born in a log-cabin, all the same the state will have Abraham Lincoln. If Jenny Lind were born here in the fifteenth story of a tenement house, it is our business to find Jenny Lind, and to gain all the good God gives us by her means. We will offer to every one, therefore, the best. The beggar brat in the slums of New York shall have his chance of an education at Columbia College or at Ithaca.

A great deal is said in our time of industrial education. A great deal is done about it. But all the industrial schools of Europe are planned for the education of the managers of industries, — foremen of shops, builders of engines, or directors of factories. It is still taken for granted that the "laborer," as they say, — by which they mean the practical workman, — shall pick up his skill as he can. Our business in America is to start our systems in just the other line. Mr. Auchmuty, in New York, gives us a very noble example. We are to teach the plumber how to cut, how to solder, how to bend a pipe, what are the laws of pressure, and all the rest. We will so teach him that he shall know the why and the wherefore of what he does. His work shall be good work because he knows the principle. Then when we want a master of practical hydraulics some day, we shall have him. We shall have a man of the theory who understands the practice.

Give such chances to all, and we shall not lie awake with terror every night, shivering, as we ought to shiver, with dread, from the fear that somewhere in our domain is imprisoned in some wretched cabin he who

The rod of empire might have swayed.

We shall never fear that by the fatuity of our partiality in education we have wasted somewhere an inglorious Milton or a village Hampden.

This law of Open Promotion is interwoven with all the successes of the state. A lieutenant, of no high grade in our navy,

observed that the longitudes of the charts could be made perfect so soon as we had the ocean telegraph. He sent his card to the chief of the bureau and explained the plan. The next day the Secretary of the Navy sent for him and asked him how many men the experiment required. Before a day had passed he was assigned to the duty; before a month was over he was at work; and now the hydrographic bureaus of the world have to correct their charts of the Atlantic and the Pacific from the American longitudes. That young officer, engaged in his work on a distant island, once had a visit from a sympathetic officer in a foreign service. "Why do not some of you take up this work?" said the American; "there is more than enough for all." And he explained how he began. "My dear friend," said the other, "had I gone to our central office, before I had talked with them thus far I should have been kicked down stairs for interference with other people's affairs."

Open Promotion is the American law; and every man must serve his country. Anything which arrests such open promotion is un-American. A trades-union says that only so many boys shall learn how to make glass; — not American. Or no man shall cut a file who has not been seven years learning; — not American. Or no man shall make his personal contract for as many hours as he chooses to work; — not American. Or a theological school will admit no student who does not believe that this is thus and so; — not American. Open promotion for each and all, — that is the rule. "Go as you please," as they say in the walking-matches; and be sure that then the great law of natural selection will bring out for you your Francis Wayland, your Daniel Webster, your James Garfield, or your Waldo Emerson.

Educate everybody as well as you can, and as far as he will go. Let him make the limit; this is the rule. And promote steadily, without fear or question. If the boy or girl leave school too early, that is hardly your fault, though all your efforts at compulsory education are wise. But be sure that in after years there shall be no fair chance for jealousy. Dennis shall have no right to say, "Oh, if I had had Benjamin's chances, I would have gone ahead of Benjamin." Every one shall have the offer. Then, in any great resort

to arms, like that which thrilled this country a quarter of a century ago, you have an instant and unanimous answer, "We are all here, Father Abraham."

Such illustrations in the rough must suffice for the present to show what one means when he says that the law of the instrument is different in America from what it is in Europe. We run great risks, when we hunt for superficial analogies. The President is not a king without a crown; the Senate is not a House of Lords, and resembles one only in outside form; Congress is not Parliament, and its decrees are world-wide different from those of Parliament. The Episcopal Church of America, or the Presbyterian, or the Methodist, are not like the established Church of England, and their functions are as different as their longitudes. As Indian corn differs from wheat, as a dry American summer differs from a wet English summer, as the Gulf of Mexico differs from the Mediterranean, as a gigantic mining-engine differs from Niagara Falls, so does the American people differ from any nation of Europe. What they call a "government," we ought to call an "administration." What they call a "ruler," we call a "servant." What they call "servants," we call "help." An American elm is not an English elm; an American quail is not an English quail; an American locomotive is not an English locomotive; an American railroad is not an English railway; American preaching is not English preaching; an American monthly is not an English monthly; American workshops are not English workshops. And the differences, when you come to social order, are based on the difference of principle. We have one plan; they have another. We have one object; they have another. We educate all the people with one motive; they educate a part of their people with another. And an English gardener, under the rigid winter and tropical summer of our Atlantic coast, might as well attempt to make ivy or fuchsias or sweet-brier grow as he had made them grow in Devonshire, as an economist from Berlin, or a moralist from Paris, come here to apply to us the details of the theories of the one city or of the other.

Yet, as I said, we are all the time reading books which are based on the older and more limited systems. Our young

people read novels, and we older men read leading articles, written by men and women who have no dream of the purpose or the sweep of a democracy. I have known an American woman of high position, herself the friend of dukes and of duchesses, who came to me to ask me the difference between a senator in Congress and a representative. And one of the leaders of our Massachusetts politics said to me last summer that, until that campaign, he had never heard that the tariff was a question of education. Now the truth is, the educational side of it is the only side worth the thought of an hour. Because the training thus forced upon our young man and woman, from English newspapers, French novels, German philosophy, and lately, Prussian religion, is in its essence and plan absolutely ignorant of the American system, I venture to propose one correction for the dangers which they imply.

Might we not have, in every first-class college in the land, one special professorship, which should be the professorship of America? Might there not be one accomplished man in each college, whose business it should be to show young men and women that the Fathers of a century ago had the greatest genius for government which has ever been seen at one time, in one company of men? Could he not show that the morals of Zola, and the dreams of Tolstoi and of Turguenieff, do not fit in with American character and surroundings? Could he not make young men and women understand and practise the American code of manners, in which I recognize each man as my equal, and defer to superiority, not of garment or genealogy, but of age or of honor? Could he not make them see that the sermon, in which I, a King and Priest, address from the pulpit other Kings and Priests, is a different address from that in which I, as a magistrate of the people, condescend to tell them what is their duty to the state? Could he not make young men and women know that the People of America,—that People which ordains the constitution of America—has demands to make upon each one of them? The People has prepared this matchless system of free education; the People builds such universities, and endows such libraries, as the world has nowhere else; the People has called every son and every daughter to partake

of these gifts and to feed on these bounties. And then, to each one of these young men and young women the People says, "I have done this for you, and what are you doing for me?" Could not such a man so lead his pupils that they should highly resolve not to live simply for to-day's food, but to do their best and be their best, for this brotherhood and sisterhood of which they are,—their best for America? He would have to go back to the historic walk from Galilee to Jerusalem. He would make these young men and maidens know the secret of our national life. It has been the secret of the life of no other nation: Whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all.

I do not know the man,—but such a man there is, who will be proud and glad to endow our professorship of America. I do not know him,—but I have been proud and happy to know many like him. He was born,—fortunate boy,—the son of parents who had to earn their daily bread. He does not remember the time when he was not a partner in the affair. He rode the horse to water, or mounted him when he drew the cultivator through the cornfield. By a pine knot, perhaps, he learned to read,—but he learned. His schoolbooks, and the books which gave him joy, were not wish-wash of milk-and-water; they were the books by reading which strong men thrive. When his father went to the town-meeting and saw how freemen debate, he went also. When the day for the election came, he heard the discussions led by the candidates. When the bells rang on Sunday, he learned his lesson of the foundation of morals and the

origin of law. When the time came, he was not afraid to make himself a fellow-workman with his Father, God. He was not ashamed to put on his overalls and his square paper cap, and go, as the youngest boy, into the machine-shop. The interest of the shop was his pride; its success was his success; its failure was his sorrow. He keeps his body pure; so he sees his God. He is peaceable, courteous, and gentle; so he wins the rate and rank of gentleman. He is quick to observe, quick to remember, quick to combine. So is it that, one day, when his country needs to take a new step forward, he is its ready guide. He has invented the new machine, or devised the new process, or has disciplined the force that was needed. He is a leader of men. He learned how to obey when he was a boy; so he knows how to command now he is a man. The men who work for him respect him; the country he serves honors him.

Such a man as that knows, as he reads his favorite authors, as he listens to the music he prefers,—as, best of all he sets the world forward somewhere where it lagged,—such a man knows the secret of success. He knows that it comes to him because he is an American. He has risen to what he is, from being what he was,—because America believes in open promotion. He was fit for promotion, able to use every opportunity, and enter at every opening, because America believes in universal education. It is such a man, watching some of the dangers of his people, and pondering many of their prospects, who will endow for us, in some favored university, our Professor of America.

ANOTHER MAID.

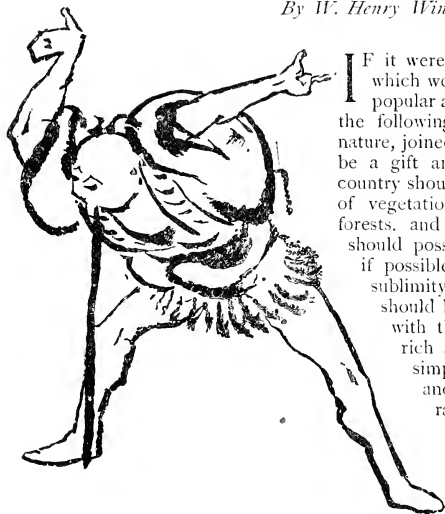
By Edwin R. Champlin.

WHO loves thee, and loves not
 A maid thou canst not see,
 Hid in the heaven of thought,
 Cannot thy true love be.

Oh, yield thyself to none
 That sees not one above
 Thyself; that loves alone
 Thyself, and loves not Love.

JAPANESE POPULAR ART AND SKETCH-BOOKS.

By W. Henry Winslow.



A Figure by Hokusai.

IF it were required to imagine the conditions which would be most favorable for developing popular art, one might suppose something like the following. In the first place, fondness for nature, joined to great power of imitation, should be a gift and inheritance of the people. The country should offer a wide range of climate and of vegetation, with a picturesque surface, old forests, and an abundant flora and fauna. It should possess mountains, rivers, waterfalls, and if possible, a bold seashore as well, and the sublimity of an ocean horizon. Its architecture should be not too costly nor out of harmony with the scenery, and the way of living of rich and poor ought to be comparatively simple. The wealthy class should be large, and include a splendid landed aristocracy, with heroic and poetical traditions and an imposing ceremonial. Finally, the civilization we are supposing should be an old one, rich in experience, and one which has developed its innate tendencies without foreign interference, — the people enjoying

considerable personal freedom, yet not troubled by political responsibility, nor by poverty.

At first thought it would seem easier to realize Plato's Republic than to find such conditions actually combined; yet the empire of Japan presents, or lately presented, just such a combination, one probably unique in the history of our race. The original artistic capacity of the Japanese being conceded, it must be remembered that it is not uncommon to meet with families which have practised the same art for fifteen to twenty generations; and therefore heredity and habit must have added greatly to this capacity. The Japanese islands stretching themselves, as they do, throughout the north temperate zone, while surrounded by a sea penetrated by a tropical current, have a climate which invites out-of-door life, and offers varied natural phenomena, even including typhoons, snowstorms, eruptions, and earthquakes. Owing to the latter, the buildings are kept low, and are unobtrusive, not affording temptation for meretricious ornament; nor are there to be found any of the vulgar piles which blot a whole landscape. Thus the wealth of the old nobility was not wasted for lavish architecture, and could be spared for other forms of art, in which a large and widely distributed population was and is practically interested, each art-worker's family being a little centre of art education. The elaborate etiquette of the old imperial court and the rites of the temple gave employment to artisans, whose time was of so little money value, owing to the simple standards of living, that it could be freely used in perfecting their work. Theirs was the life which the genuine artist desires above all things: constant imaginative work, and direct contact with unspoiled nature, assurance of simple food and of shelter, and absence of anxiety; add to these intelligent appreciation of his work, and he may well be envied by kings and plutocrats. It may here be remarked that one important use of the wealthy would seem to be to foster the seedling art, usually for merely personal ends, though the day must come when it shall spread its roots far beyond such influence.

The variety of material for the artist in the beloved mountain, Fuji San (Fusi Yama), in noble trees, birds, beasts, fishes, flowers, wave and cloud forms, quaint

human figures, fairies, demons, saints, and a whole mythology of gods and heroes, is suggested in the popular sketch-books, some reproductions from which accompany this paper: but one must be somewhat familiar with the whole range of Japanese art to appreciate its richness and availability. As regards landscape, man himself has so happily affected it during unknown centuries, that it is to be regarded as art quite as much as the raw material of art. In this connection the impressions of three visitors are of interest: the first being a certain Captain Cooper, who was driven by stress of weather upon the shores of Japan in 1846, but not allowed to land. He says: "It was early in April; the climate and appearance of the country were pleasant and

ings studded the whole country. Some of them are so charmingly situated on sloping hillsides and sequestered amidst foliage of a fresh and living green, that the delighted mariners almost sighed to transport their houses there." One would think that Tennyson had been reading Captain Cooper.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly
no more.

Whither away from the high green field and the
happy blossoming shore?

Down shower the gambolling waterfalls

From wandering over the lea:

Out of the live green heart of the dells

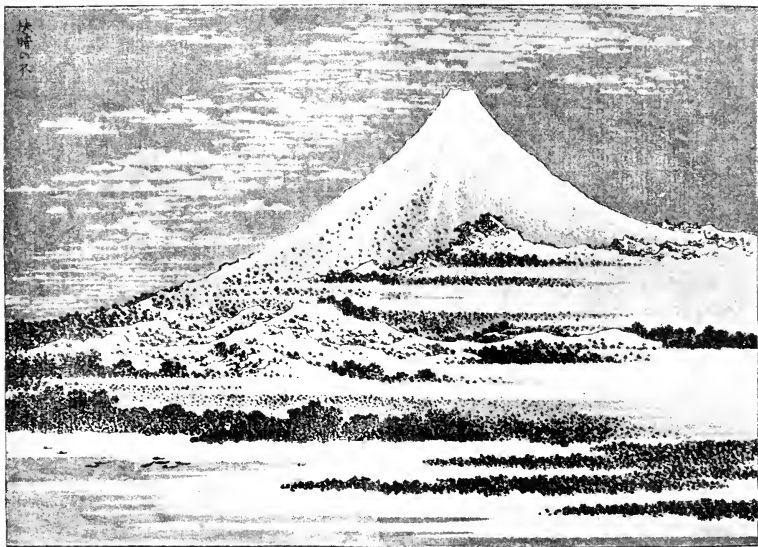
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells.

And thick with white bells the clover hill swells

High over the full-toned sea:

Oh hither, come hither, and turl your sails,

Come hither to me and to me.



Fuji Yama in Winter, after Hokusai.

lovely in the extreme; wherever we inspected the coast the whole earth teemed with the most luxuriant verdure. Where the eminences were too steep for the agricultural genius of the inhabitants, they were formed into terraces, so that for miles they presented the appearance of hanging-gardens. Numerous neat dwell-

An English resident in 1875 says: "I have looked upon the much vaunted beauties of many a European landscape. I have seen in all the four continents nature in every aspect, but of all the bright beauty-spots on the fair face of this earth, give me the little Japanese village of ——" And finally the well-known traveller, Miss Isa-



Cranes, after Hokusai. Fusi Yama in Background.

bella Bird, after regretting the weather which threatened her comfort during her journey in 1881, adds: "Beautiful Hasedara,—I shall never forget its exquisite loveliness in the November rain."

Thus far nature. As for art, that which has been evolved in the maturity of Japanese civilization is as extraordinary as the conditions which contributed to it. Yet to this day western people on the whole regard it as a moribund novelty or a cheap convenience for flimsy decoration—not as art at all. And here to digress a little and to look at Japanese art from the Japanese standpoint, first conceding that European art is of much greater variety and wider range than Oriental art, which does not

try to scale the heavens, but to transfigure every-day life with its fanciful light. The eastern artist has deliberately chosen to be not a realist, but rather to be an impressionist, working upon a firm basis of real knowledge, and yet not without imagination. By impressionist is meant one who, as it were, at a blow, and working at white heat, tries to give the fresh impression which his subject would convey at first sight to a fairly intelligent beholder. An extreme example of the European impressionist in landscape art is the Frenchman, the late Adrien Guignet, who according to Mr. Hamerton, "after being a thorough student, and acquiring all necessary knowledge, would leave his artist companions and get into wild places, and sit motionless for hours together, gazing and dreaming, but not touching pencil to paper; yet after

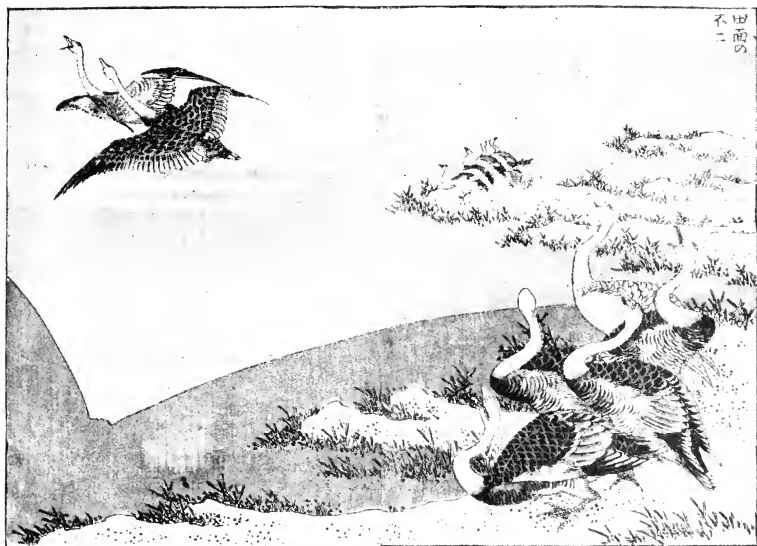
receiving from nature what he sought, he went back to his work in his home." In some such way, we are told, the Japanese artist, always full of observation and interest in every aspect of nature, studies her moods, watches the habits and appearance of all her creatures, and retiring at last within himself, sits down and rapidly reproduces his impressions, with a sure hand.

The person who asked if the Japanese "have real pictures in frames as we have" is the type of the average mind in its relation to unaccustomed art; a "finished" oil painting, or perhaps to-day a labored water-color drawing, being regarded as the embodiment of what is desirable in pictorial art, while the best work in conventional

color or in black and white is supposed to be necessarily inferior, no matter how complete of its kind, or unapproachable through other means. The fact is, however, that the latter methods, because attempting to represent strongly only one side or effect of natural objects, measurably succeed within their narrower limits, while the colorist often fails, as indeed he must more or less, considering that his work is necessarily a bundle of compromises and makeshifts, literally untrue to most of the facts of nature, though of course cleverly suggesting them. The Japanese, therefore, it will be seen, work upon the same familiar principles as some of our modern artists. It is in their abnegation of shadows that they are peculiar. Yet we do not object to Flaxman's, Retsch's, and Darley's outlines, that they are shadowless, or to Dürer's and Ludwig

best Oriental art, which, keenly availing itself of inevitable limitations, is complete master of its chosen field; while western art tries its hand at everything, always struggling against immense odds, never beaten, yet never able to win decisively.

The extraordinary unanimity and uniformity with which the artists of Japan have developed their art may be partly accounted for when we remember that they were shut in from alien influences, for many centuries, by strict laws, so that they all agree in rejecting high lights and shadows and, in a degree, modelling, contenting themselves with flat local color and simple outline effects of black and white, or a few intermediate shades, or two or three neutral tints. They have reduced to the lowest terms the representation of largest effects by simplest means; and in pure decorative art, whose necessary limi-



Wild Geese, after Hokusai. — with Reflection of Fusi Yama

Richter's woodcuts, that they have impenetrable jet-black shadows, or are without color. We know that in order to emphasize some delightful things, they cheerfully abandoned others. Indeed, there is a great deal to be said on the side of the

tations correspond so nearly to the self-limitations of the Japanese, the artist moves with such grace, precision, and intelligence, that his lacquer and metal work, his pottery and his splendid textile tissues, seem to fulfil the measure of possi-

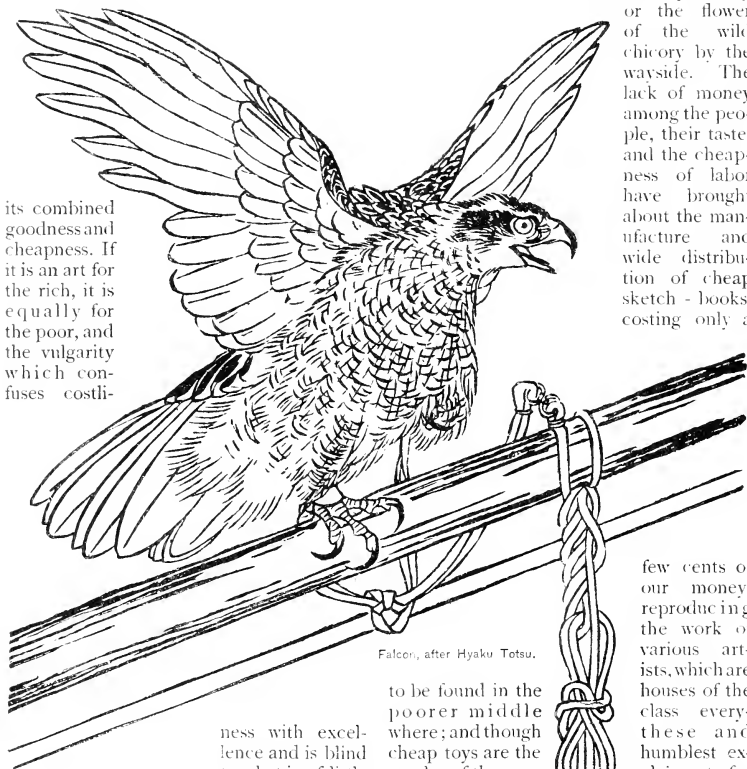
ble achievement, and are as satisfying as products of nature.

One of the most interesting facts to us in America as regards the art of Japan is its individuality, — while its artists have so little. — its general diffusion, and

with his fellows for the possession of pictures by a given artist, to add to his "gentility." The genuineness and personality of taste also led to the enjoyment of form and color independently of the material or labor implied, as one enjoys

its combined goodness and cheapness. If it is an art for the rich, it is equally for the poor, and the vulgarity which confuses costli-

the pond-lily or the flower of the wild chicory by the wayside. The lack of money among the people, their taste, and the cheapness of labor have brought about the manufacture and wide distribution of cheap sketch-books, costing only a



Falcon, after Hyaku Totsu.

ness with excellence and is blind to what is of little value seems hardly to have existed at all. The explanation of this must be that the people really value art for its own sake, and do not regard money as an equivalent for their treasures, which but for their past political convulsions they would not have parted with. Commercial and intrinsic values were not confused, as with us, and individual taste being comparatively free and no merely conventional standards prevailing, each man gratified his own taste in his own way and did not compete

to be found in the poorer middle where; and though cheap toys are the amplexes of the people that very reason spirit and qualities, panning illustrates from a few of books, are offered, of its character-

These books are usually eight and three-fourths inches long, by six inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick, containing about thirty double leaves, each of these being a sheet of paper doubled on itself, the crease being outside, where

few cents of our money, reproducing the work of various artists, which are houses of the class everywhere and humblest people's art, for they show it. The accommodations, fac-similes these sketches to show some artists.

the finger touches in turning it. Each sheet when bound is therefore an uncut double leaf, printed with pictures on the outside. The paper being thin, though tough, would not bear printing on both

sides. The stout, flexible paper covers are of agreeable soft tones, perhaps of dark olive-green, or maroon, or dull chrysanthemum - yellow, damascened or embossed in simple patterns. The sketches cover nearly the whole available paper, as they should in all generous picture-books, the text being generally simply descriptive. If woodcuts are used for black and white effects, the designer makes his drawing with the Japanese stiff-pointed brush and a sort of China ("India") ink, upon a special kind of paper, which is then firmly pasted, face downward, to the wood-block. With wetted finger this paper is afterward carefully removed, leaving the reverse of the drawing in ink strongly impressed upon the wood, which is left in relief, the rest of the surface being cut away as usual. Colored pictures are made in the manner

of chromo-lithographs, wood-blocks, sometimes in considerable number, being used instead of stone or zinc. Of course the whole drawing is transferred to each block, and upon each is left in relief some parts of the picture which are wanting in the others, each receiving and printing its own color. Sometimes parts of dresses and other figured surfaces of the pictures are delicately embossed, instead of being colored, to give variety and verisimilitude,

and sometimes a deeper shade or tone of color is laid upon a lighter or different tone by means of a second block, and in this way richness and broken color are obtained. This many-colored printing process



A Beggar, after Hokusai

is said to be more than a century old, and may have come about from the desire to popularize some of the much-admired *Kakemonos* (map-like wall-pictures) painted in water-colors.

The moment one begins to be interested in Japanese popular art, the impressive individuality of the prolific artist Hokusai (Hokesigh) immediately makes itself felt, though it may be said that he and his school are, as compared to the venerable

A *Wakkyō* and *Wa* . . . Illustration of a Legend after Hokusai

antiquity of Japan, creatures of yesterday. He was born in Honzhyo in Yedo, in 1760, and lived to be ninety, dying in our own time. Popular wood-engraving had existed in Japan for between one and two centuries before his time; but he and his pupils, of whom seven are pretty well known, did more than all his predecessors to popularize their art. His daughter, herself an artist, married one of these pupils, Hokkei, whom he adopted. He did not become widely known till he was fifty. At eighty-six he was able to draw without glasses. His signature was continually changing, as also his residence; and like Turner he kept his address secret, though for better reasons. He was always poor, partly owing to a disreputable grandson who preyed upon him; and yet his

passion for drawing—the very breath of his nostrils—evidently was the source of infinite delight, and prolonged his days to extreme age. He calls himself “the crazy man of art,” in the sense in which we speak of “a craze for art”; and when the fever of reproduction was upon him, any paper, any brushes, any medium, served his purpose, and must be instantly availed of to relieve him from the pressure of his quick-coming fancies: artistic plebotomy! Hence it is that his *Manguwa—Ten Thousand Sketches*,—in fifteen little volumes, are some of them of an incredible roughness and carelessness, looking as if they were made in the old childish fashion by pressing drops of ink between a folded sheet of paper and developing the resulting blot into human or other figures. The

sketch accompanying this article, of a man in violent action, perhaps haranguing a crowd below him, which the writer has borrowed, as well as some of his facts, from an interesting monograph by Professor Edward S. Morse, shows at once the careless dash and the power of expression of the artist. The perpendicular line from the head evidently indicates the centre of gravity.

The virility of Hokusai is whimsically illustrated in his programme for his own artistic course. "At seventy-three," he says, "I shall know the form and nature of things, at eighty I shall be making much progress, at ninety I shall begin to go to the root of the matter, I shall arrive at definite superiority at one hundred, and at one hundred and ten my phantoms will begin to live." The *Manguwa* is a veritable microcosm. The sketches were printed in black outlines, filled in with tones of pale gray and pale dull red, which last serves for the flesh tint for figures. There are pages illustrating horses in action, and horsemanship, wrestlers, and swordsmen, and quarter-staff players, and duels with spears; of vegetables, fruits, flowers, birds, and trees; of jugglers, landscapes, household utensils, stones, and minerals; and others showing doctors and patients, the toilet of women, bathers, and domestic animals. The off-handness of these rough sketches is equalled only by their spirit, and where all are so lively it is difficult to particularize; but the ingenious idea of

showing the portentously magnified eye of a countryman staring at you through the double-convex glass of a travelling showman, who is trying to explain its proper use, is very well and humorously realized. It is, by the by, a subject which the writer does not remember to have seen treated before. A windy day, a favorite subject, on the other hand, is most vigorously presented: the pet dog in an

aggrieved attitude, umbrellas flying through the air or turned inside out, women struggling with their skirts, children clinging to the posts, branches of trees madly lashing each other, — all go to tell the tumultuous story.

The *Yedo Meisho* is a very different undertaking, being a guide-book to Tokio, in twenty volumes. In an artistic point of view it is uninteresting; but a few words will describe the class of books to which it belongs, which are numerous in Japan. They are something between a directory, a map, and a bird's-eye view, showing in successive arbitrary sections or divisions the houses and other buildings on a small scale in perspective, with streets, lanes, canals, and open places; in short, the topography of the city or district, whereby with care, — for the houses have little individuality, — aided by the letterpress,



The Merry Devils and the Wen, after Sensai Eitaku

one can find each dwelling and landmark. It is not to be understood that this is any of Hokusai's work, but it shows the attitude of people who understand art so well that they choose to make use of it even in their directories.

The sketch-book called *Gwaifu* is tinted with pale red and pale blue, and contains numerous groups of cranes, walking, flying, and at rest, rendered, as the Japanese

almost invariably render birds and fishes, with the greatest truth and naturalness. Hokusai's *Fugaku Hyaku Yei*, in three volumes, *One Hundred Views of Fuji San*, is perhaps to foreigners the most interesting of his series of black and white sketches, the symmetrical cone of the giant volcano being so well known through its general use in Japanese art, and so fascinating an

top glistening in the moonlight. And this brings to mind a sketch-book which carries enthusiasm for the holy mountain farther than one is prepared for even on the part of the Japanese, the artist having confined himself simply to twenty or more views of the summit, showing its aspect as it changes with the snowfall, and the appearance of the snow in clefts and hollows as it de-

fines itself against the bare mountain. I give one of the most impressive views from Hokusai, of *Fuji San* in winter, and another with its reflection in still water, the mountain itself in the latter being outside the limits of the sketch; its principal interest centres in the groups of wild geese flying and preparing for flight. The reflection is treated so conventionally that it seems to have been used mainly to give additional depth of tone to the water, which in its turn relieves the white necks of the geese in the foreground. The shapes and attitudes of these are very good; one almost hears their harsh cries, and the busy, sinuous necks seem to move. One will observe in the winter effect the delicate forms and nice gradation of the clouds as they recede from the eye, and the agreeable arrangement of the alternating bands of woods and water.

Another sketch shows



Illustration from "The Malsugawa Looking-Glass" by Sensai Eitaku

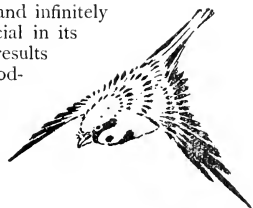
object itself, whether soaring as a deep ruddy purple silhouette against a greenish amber sky, overhung with rosy clouds at sunset, or hanging, itself, like a silvery cloud, above a sea of mist, tipped with the gold of the sun's first rays, or its snowy

us a man desperately yawning over some manuscripts, while before him, through a circular window, we see the distant mountain, the branch of a pine-tree partly covering it, and a flight of birds serving to make it look more distant. Then we have

a boy shovelling snow into the form of the peak. Again, a cur is barking dismally at the moon, the mountain black against the sky in the distance. Still again, a mass of thatched roofs rising among the trees, and Fuji San white against a stormy sky, thunder clouds and lightning playing about it. Then pilgrims making an ascent; or we see it shimmering behind a grove of graceful bamboo-trees, or amid a soft fall of moist snow, with two quaint cranes perched upon the branches of a giant pine, as in the accompanying illustration. In each of the *Hundred Views*, Fusi Yama or its image is sure to be discovered somewhere. We wonder whether the ingenious reader will find it in the sketch which is reproduced of the hideous beggar asking for alms, a water-bottle by his side and a bamboo wand near him.

One of the coincidences of history may be seen by comparing the feudal system of Europe with that of Japan, which was found in excellent preservation by Commodore Perry in 1854, as the mammoth was found in modern times frozen in the ice of Siberia. Here was an empire of provincial nobles, each with his petty court of vassals, men-at-arms, and hangers-on, formerly at war with one another and with the Shogun,—the emperor's mayor of the palace,—and even then in a state of armed neutrality. Their strongholds, surrounded by walls and moats, covered acres, being built on a labyrinthine plan, with a sort of central citadel. At regular intervals they, or members of their families, were obliged to live in the capital, near the court, as hostages for good behavior. They could not work for money, though among them were some accomplished poets, artists, and artisans. Fighting was the ideal occupation. The system of duelling was in full force; and though in our eyes it took a whimsical and horrible form, it had a logic and common sense of its own, which made it comparatively respectable in default of any higher moral

standard, and infinitely more beneficial in its practical results than the modern system of duelling. What we call the



Rice Birds, after Giyoku Sen.

accidental element, which deprives the world of a Hamilton and allows a Burr to stick, was mostly got rid of, as both parties inevitably suffered and both usually lost their lives, the man whose honor was wounded finding it necessary to recuperate it by killing himself; whereupon public opinion required the aggressor to do likewise, to save himself from execution or from absolute ruin and disgrace. Under these circumstances it will be seen there was little duelling in cold blood, and none of that which is in fact murder; and when two hot heads were transported by their own acts to a better place, social life was relieved of local congestion.

As we have before said, the feudal nobles were discriminating and important patrons of artists in their despotic way, and from them and the richly endowed temples come the most perfect and splendid articles which enrich our western museums

and private collections, and Kakemonos and Soremonos (first proofs made for presents) from the brushes of noblemen are sometimes met with.

I remember a Kakemono in Anderson's *Arts in Japan*: a school or flight of fish, which is as beautiful as anything in the whole range of conventionalized art. In observing the likeness of European and Japanese feudalism, we must not forget the sport of falconry, peculiarly grateful to the feudal sense from the analogy between itself and the fierce and hardly falcon, swooping upon his helpless, cowering prey. Here again a sketch-book artist, Hyaku Totsu, in a series of twenty sketches, shows the falconer and the falcon, the latter in every mood and attitude: cold and huddled, angered and screaming, alert, menacing, hungry, and with wings half spread and ruffled plumage. It is interesting to observe that while human figures are clumsily drawn, without style or spirit, the birds are masterly, indicating where the artist's interest lay. The jesses, or ornamentally knotted and twisted thongs, by which the birds are fastened to the perch, are fancifully varied in each drawing, and show the same delicate taste which makes Japanese sword-knots and belts a delightful study.

Mr. Ruskin says: "The first thing we have to ask of decoration is that it should indicate strong liking, and that honest; the second requirement in decoration is sign of our liking the right thing, and the right thing to be liked is God's work, which he made for our delight and contentment in this world. All noble ornament is the expression of man's delight in God's work." If Mr. Ruskin is right, and I think he is, then the Japanese must be accorded a high rank among decorative artists, their delight in natural objects being the central charm of all their productions; and for the rapid flight of birds and fishes they seem indeed to be gifted with a sixth sense, which rivals and in its result surpasses instantaneous photography. And their birds and foliage are always combined with an exquisite harmony and appropriateness, clearly showing their fondness for them. The rice and rice-birds from a sketch of Giyoku Sen, one of Hokusai's school, will serve as an illustration. In the original, the heads and backs of the birds are printed a delicate pale red,

over which is a pale tint of gray; one side of the leaves is gray, the other side pale red; the grains of rice also are reddish. Another artist of the same school, Yanagawa, is a mild humorist with a liking for incidents of every-day life and the universal passion for nature. We have a man sowing seed; two men "cleaning house" with a clumsy zeal; a village belle in her best clothes caught in a shower; an itinerant flower-seller smoking "the pipe of peace" while a child points to something in the distance; a woman with two children and a tea-kettle, carrying tea to her husband at work in the rice-field; a beggar, irises, a caricatured artist, two "love-birds" upon a spray, and the like. As an evidence of the labor and taste devoted in Japan to the humblest articles even now, when our barbarous American and English manufactures threaten to corrupt the very fountain-head of its art industry, let me here describe a cheap paper fan bought last year for ten or twelve cents of the class we have been familiar with for twenty years.

Its form, as usual, is a flattened ovoid, nine and one-half inches wide, and the same length. There are fifty-eight delicate ribs which make its framework, and it is covered with a pale gray paper which has a dull lustre like the lining of a seashell. The effect is partly due to the paper itself and partly to the peculiar glaze which covers it, serving also to protect the paper, which is so thin, though tough, that the wood color of the bamboo frame shows through it, adding variety to the changeable moonstone opalescence of the surface. This is also diversified by the soft shading of the channeling between the radiating sticks of the frame; and narrow bands of a warm, gray, graduated tint sweep diagonally across half of it, interrupted, however, by the disk of a full silver moon three and one-half inches in diameter. In front of the moon, but covering only one side, is thrown a branch of pine, all its needles boldly defined against the silver, each needle made with a free brush-stroke of black ink, with a feather-like tip. The branch, lighter in tone than the needles, crosses the fan diagonally from side to side in broken curves. Bunches of needles, lighter again in tone to suggest distance, are seen through the black sprays, and at two points on the edge of the fan.

The moon's edge, where it is nearest the cloud-suggesting bands of warm gray, is toned down with thin opaque white, to prevent a too cutting contrast. Where the handle—two six-inch lengths of dark bamboo showing joints—clasps the paper, there is a little semi-oval stay of stiff corrugated cloth, silvery in effect, but yellower in tone than the fan. It will be noted, no positive color is used anywhere. The stay and fan are bound or edged with very narrow bluish-white paper.

To many persons, I know, this serious description of a "ten-cent fan" will seem simply childish; but though it is not for them I have written, I may be allowed to add that there are principles involved in its making and design which, if put in practice, would at once essentially modify our most ambitious art, seeing they are the same which exist in all right art everywhere. Nowhere in the world to-day, outside Japan, is there a class able to make such a thing as this, side by side with a class able to appreciate it.

But to return once more to Hokusai, from whom it is difficult to get away where our present subject is concerned. As a last example of his graphic power, I reproduce two figures drawn in an archaic Chinese style to illustrate an old Chinese legend, with which I am not acquainted. The warrior is wheedling the woman to commit or condone some crime, to which she doubtfully assents, or pretends to assent. His profile, apart from the bloody head he holds, proclaims him the ideal crafty villain; but let him beware the fair syren who, if we read aright, is far more likely to fool than to be fooled by such as he. Considering the slender means, the nine hair-lines and two dots of her face, it may be fairly said that no clearer impression of a complex character, placed in an ambiguous and critical position, could be given by any artist. Let the reader try his hand, if he doubts it. The sketch from which this is taken was done in old age.

Nobody enjoys the grotesque in all its ramifications more than the people of Japan; and neither Rembrandt nor Callot, Gavarni nor Gustave Doré, Cruikshank nor Tenniel, surpass the specimens they offer us, which have a childlike *naïveté* all their own. If I had time and space, I should like to prove my point, by showing the bird-headed and fox-headed creatures,

human beings magically transformed and bestialized, the frantic storm or thunder-god flying through the air, beating furiously his halo of connected drums, the wind-god struggling with an inflated bag upon his shoulders, the absurd short-armed and long-legged, and the long-armed and short-legged human-like creatures, the fairies, and brooding mermaids with seaweed locks, or Hotei, the deity of earthly content, with his immense belly and full sack of provisions, riding heavily upon his lumbering buffalo—an apotheosized Falstaff. In default, I give two sketches from the hand of an artist still living, I believe,—Sensai Eitaku. They both illustrate charming little stories for children: one being a tale with the same moral as that of *Æsop*, of Mercury and the wood-cutter, showing how an old man, also a wood-cutter, who had a big lump or wen on one side of his face, went upon a mountain to cut wood. There he took refuge from the storm in a hollow tree, but was surprised by a great concourse of strange monsters dressed in equally strange clothing, who kindled a fire and sat down around it and made merry, singing and dancing. Finally one of them loudly expressed a wish for some new sort of amusements, and thereupon the old wood-cutter took it into his head to surprise them in his turn, which he did very effectually by appearing before them and dancing and cutting all manner of capers, till they were ready to die of laughter. At last they told the old man that he danced so well that he must continue to come and make sport for them, but lest he should not, they would require a pledge of him. So after considering the matter, they concluded that the wen (a symbol of wealth) must be what he most valued of his possessions, and said so to the old fellow. With a considerable degree of worldly wisdom, he pretended to value his wen highly, saying he had had it for a long time and did not care to part with it. This, of course, determined the monsters ("merry devils") to have it, and they extracted it without pain, and carried it off, dawn being near, when, as it seems, Japanese, like other spirits "in good standing," must be gone. Now, as in all such cases provided, there was a curious neighbor who, when the wood-cutter came home and entertained his family with an account of his adventures, concluded to rid himself of a wen

he had on his face, and with that object in view he quietly betook himself to the hollow tree and waited for the devils. By and by they came, sat down, drank, and made sport as before, whereupon he crept out, and being invited to dance, began to caper in emulation of his neighbor; but whether it was the merry imps saw through the trick, or that the dancing was really inferior, I can't say; but at all events they criticised the dancer severely, and at last pretending to mistake him for the first old man, they said, "We don't care for any more such dancing, and we will give you back your lump which we took from you"; saying which, they clapped the wood-cutter's wen on the side of his face, opposite his own wen, and sent him home thus symmetrically adorned, like "a basket with two handles," as the French say of a gentleman overweighted with feminine helplessness—having a lady on each arm. Our picture shows one of the facetious devils with the wen in hand, and another surveying it with an expression of concentration. Such "make-ups" would insure the success of almost any Caliban.

The second story is called *The Matsuyama Looking-glass*, and relates how, once upon a time, there lived in the quiet country, far from busy crowds, a couple who had one little daughter whom they dearly loved. They lived in Matsuyama, in the province called Echigo, and one day the father found himself obliged to go to the city by himself, and he bade his wife and his little girl good by, promising to bring back some nice presents for them on his return. The former, who had never been away from home, felt some trepidation to think of the long journey her husband was to take, such a journey as none of the neighbors had ever taken. And so at last when he came back he met with a joyful reception; his wife and child were in their best clothes, and the little one could hardly contain herself when she saw the playthings her papa had brought her. "For you," he said to his wife, "I have brought a beautiful thing,—a looking-glass. See for yourself what it is." She opened the neat box, and there was a round white piece of metal, with wonderful birds and flowers carved upon it, and upon the other side there was nothing; but it glistened like a ball of crystal, and behold, when she looked at it nearer, there was a laugh-

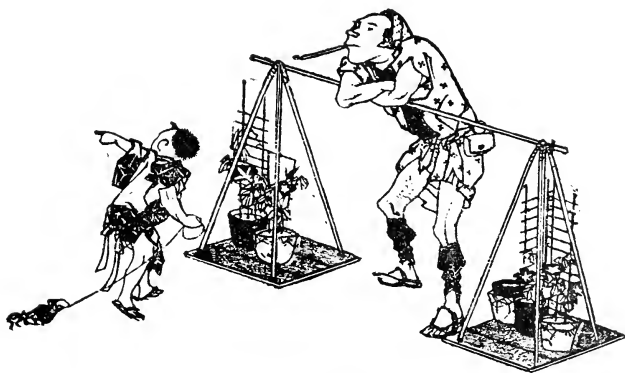
ing, friendly face, with bright eyes looking directly at her. "What is it?" said her husband, delighted to be able to surprise her; for indeed she had never seen before, much less owned, such a thing as this. She said, "I see a pretty woman smiling upon me, and I declare, she is dressed just like me." "You goose! it is your own little face you see," rejoined the husband. "Everybody in the city has these looking-glasses, though we have never seen them here." The good wife was glad of her present and could hardly admire it enough, or indeed the novelty of her own charming face; but after a time it seemed too valuable to be used always, and as she was not vain, she concluded to put it away with her valuables, which she did accordingly. Years went by, and the husband and wife and their daughter, who grew up in the likeness of her mother, were very happy together, and the daughter was as good as she was lovely, making everybody fond of her. As for the mirror, the mother never spoke of it, wishing her girl to keep her maidenly modesty and to remain unconscious of her good looks. But one day a great trouble came to this little household. The dear mother fell sick; and though everything was done that could be done for her, she grew worse, until all hope of her life was gone. When she understood this, and that the happy family must be separated, grieving most for those she must leave and that they should see her face no more, she said to her daughter: "My precious child, you see that I am so sick that I can't be very long with your father and you, and I wish you to promise me that when I am no longer here, you will look into this mirror in this box each morning and every night, and there you will see me, and know that I am still near you, and still guarding you." Then she gave the box to her, and the daughter tearfully gave her the promise, and the mother soon after died, quiet and resigned. Each morning and each evening the dutiful daughter looked into the mirror and was overjoyed to see there her mother's beloved face, as she had said, no longer pale and wan, but as it used to be when she first remembered it. In the morning she hastened to greet it when she rose from bed, and the last thing she did was to bid it "good night," as she rehearsed the little troubles and incidents of the day; and so

she seemed to herself to live always in her mother's sight, never forgetting to please her and to consider her as she had formerly done. At last, her father hearing her continually talking to herself before the glass, began to wonder what was the matter, and asked her what she was doing. Then she told him of the promise she had made and how she had fulfilled it; and he, touched to the heart by her affectionate devotion, could not make up his mind to deceive her, seeing how she was indeed becoming more and more the image of her mother.

The Japanese standard of womanly beauty—higher than we are apt to suppose—is not realized in the present wood-cut, but I think the naturalness and expression of the figures, the suggestion of family affection, and of the child's welcome,

are excellent, and in the literal sense pre-raphaelitic, while the drawing is at least as good as that of the early Italian artists.

I would gladly linger over my theme, and describe the toys, personal ornaments, the code of flower-decoration, furniture and utensils, all full of national individuality and interest. It will be seen that in the conditions of the popular art of Japan there is a suggestion for a genuine democratic art for ourselves in the future, free from snobbery and vulgar standards, and illuminated by the light of our Christian civilization. But such art cannot begin to be till we are willing to educate ourselves and to be educated, recognizing the fact that true feeling and knowledge are only to be had by patient observation and study of both nature and art.



"The Pipe of Peace."

NOON.

By John C. Miller.

THE noontide sun, from purple height to height,
 Fills all the hollows of the land with light.
 The distant horn bids rest. The tireless day
 Alone pursues its interminable way.
 The winds are mute. O'er all the countryside
 Deep quiet broods, her presence undefied
 Save by the cricket, lurking in the sward,
 And one low, golden utterance, forestward.

BY STAGE-COACH IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

By W. Blackburn Harte.



THE Adirondacks are the paradise of the stage-coach driver. A peculiar genius is this Adirondack driver, as a rule. He does not at all suggest the immortal older Weller. If ever there was a distinctly American type, it is he; but he belongs to his coach as much as Sandy in the old song belonged to his mill. He is essentially a product of the region. There is nothing conventional either in his speech or his appearance. The only concession he is known to make to the generally accepted social decalogue is in the matter of smoking. An Adirondack stage-driver smokes continually, but he never appears on the roof of his coach with a pipe in his mouth; that would be beneath his dignity. He smokes cigars, and he smokes them from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night. In all other respects he has contempt for the dictates of fashion. His top-boots and big straw hat are picturesque, but they do not convey any impression that their owner is oppressed with ideas of order; in fact, they look hot and uncomfortable. More-

over, he drives in his shirt-sleeves, — a proceeding which would have horrified the older generation of English mail-coachmen to which Mr. Weller and the broken-down Marquis of Waterbury belonged. But he gives reality to one's imaginative silhouette of Yuba Bill, and as he cracks his whip and adjures his horses to "Git up thar," one can fancy one's self travelling on the top of the Pacific mail with Mr. John Oakhurst of Poker Flats. The inoffensive, repressed-looking individual on our right, with the unmistakable air of a dry-goods clerk, would probably be offended if he knew that he suggested Oakhurst, but the illusion must be completed even though a doubt is cast upon his respectability. Besides, it will be remembered that the gambler had "the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet," and every way inspired confidence.

If one is from Boston or New York, one is awakened at what is to him a ridiculously early hour. He hastily turns out, half asleep all the time that he is dressing, and is left with an aching void, three hours before the rest of the world is stirring, at the sleepy little village of Westport. This is the point at which most people debark for their summering in the mountains. The village consists of the railway station, two hotels, and a water-tank, and it nestles in a sequestered nook on the southwest shore of Lake Champlain. Away on the western horizon are the mountains, and the stage meets the train to take passengers to Elizabethtown, which is situated in the middle of an amphitheatre of dark green and violet hills, eight good long country miles away. Elizabethtown is the gateway of the Adirondacks; it is an introduction to the wild grandeur of the interior of the range — the land of shimmering lakes and silences and whisperings.

We have seen the pictures of coaches and sixes on the letter-heads of the hotel writing-paper and in the advertising columns of the newspapers, but still it is with a shock of genuine surprise that one sees the reality. There it is, all complete, six horses and a coach, without springs, swinging heavily on thick leather belting, the same as our forefathers travelled in between New York and Boston. It takes a

long time to load a coach at a country station, and the driver checks over each piece of baggage he receives from the express agent with a conscientiousness which a hungry traveller may be forgiven for not always admiring. At last the horses are whipped up; the agent rushes out to ask the irrelevant question about "Jo"; the driver guesses he is "all right"; the leaders wheel slowly around; the wheelers get a touch of the lash; and we are off.

To one who has never been in the Adirondacks before, this first ride on the roof of a heavy, lumbering, old-fashioned coach is a revelation. He thought perhaps that the railroad had relegated stage-coaches to the limbo of oblivion. Not so, however. The railroad takes one *to* the Adirondacks; the stage-coach takes one *into* the Adirondacks. As yet the difficulties of building a road through the mountains have kept secure the privilege here presented of slipping back into the early days of the century. And who does not love to ride on the top of a coach? Who does not love to hear the sharp crack of the driver's whip as it circles over the leaders' flanks, and feel the coach dip and sway under the sudden impetus of the horses' plunge forward? Where is the man whose blood has not tingled in his veins, and who has not lamented the good old days, as he read Dickens's famous description of the ride from York to London? Of course the railroad is more convenient than the coach, friend, but the coach is a glorious institution still in this region. It blows the cobwebs out of one to sit there, holding on with both hands and feet as the coach rocks and sways, with the wind blowing the hair about one's eyes, cool and invigorating from the mountains. Up we go, — down we go. Now slowly climbing a steep hill, with the horses straining, and foaming at the mouth; now on the summit, the chain traces and whiffletrees relaxed and clanking, the road stretching away in front, and suddenly breaking off short in what appears to be an impenetrable clump of trees. Slowly we go forward; there is a turn in the road, and then it seems to break away, and what looks like a sheer precipice confronts us. The horses plod cautiously down, the coach follows with a lurch, and the driver gathers up his ribbons tightly and puts his foot heavily on the brake. The hill is not so steep as it

looked, and as it makes an abrupt turn to the right, we cross a noisy little stream, the loose planks of the bridge sending out a clatter of sharp harmonics, descending the scale, as we cross. The worst of the hill is over, the pace is slightly accelerated, the skid sends out another shower of sparks, and a cloud of dust flies in our wake. The road takes another sharp turn to the left, and we plunge into a grove of tall dark trees, through which the sun shines in patches, on the shifting, shadowy etchings in the road.

One cannot fairly claim to have seen the Adirondacks by simply taking up one's quarters in a fashionable hotel for the summer, and never going further away from it than the post-office. A great many people do this every year, and they tell you when they return to town that they have "done" the Adirondacks; and they think them "so rugged" and "imposingly grand," and all that. The occupations of many estimable people at the hotels indicate they bring their city habits with them in their trunks. I remember a little party of four — an eminent judge, a wealthy manufacturer, a broker, and a railroad king — who played poker regularly from nine in the morning until all hours of the night.

In the matter of diamonds, the young lady from the progressive West is pre-eminent. She comes down to breakfast ablaze with them. She wears diamonds on her fingers, in her hair, her ears, her corsage, and even in the buckles of her dainty morning shoes. Fashion has set its seal upon the wilderness, and there is now almost as much display in the Adirondacks as at the fashionable seaside resorts. But after all, there is less conventionalism, and the hotels are all crowded with pretty girls, — lively and vivacious, as the American girl ever is. They show a noble disregard of freckles and sunburn, and are out of doors almost every hour of the day. And their costumes, — they are too bewildering for any ordinary mortal to attempt to describe. In the morning they are all angels in white or cream stuffs; at noon they belong exclusively to this world, in bewitching tennis and boating gowns and caps; and after sundown they are visitants from dreamland in white and dark gauzy clinging draperies, which seem to have been made on fairy looms.

But the true lovers of nature cannot

afford to be fashionable in the Adirondacks. Too many changes of costume necessitate a superabundance of baggage, and are an impediment to travel. The only way to properly see the Adirondacks and to understand what Murray and the rest have found to write about, and why the Adirondacks are famous, is to go through the range leisurely on the top of a coach.

Any one who imagines that America lacks the element of picturesqueness, which is supposed to be what draws hundreds of thousands of good Americans to Europe every summer, can never have penetrated the Adirondacks. Such a person must be among those epicurean travellers to whom the table appeals more than the mountains, and who, dissatisfied with the *menu* at the Elizabethtown hotels, turn back to Saratoga. Of course the hotels are modern, — that is, more or less modern, — and in many respects are monstrously similar; but then, picturesque exteriors rarely accompany comfortable interiors; they are more frequently advertisements of draughts and influenza. Altogether, one can dispense with the picturesqueness in one's hotel, especially in this region, where the temperature is somewhat variable, and where the evenings are often chilly in the middle of August, and wraps and overcoats are indispensable. But the villages one passes through are not oppressively commonplace, as the Anglomaniacs declare them to be. There is at least an atmosphere of contentment and quiet about the streets and the inhabitants, which reminds one of Goldsmith's "sweet Auburn," and the architecture, if not strikingly original, is of that rough simplicity which is soothing and pleasing and, in fact, picturesque. It certainly lacks variety, but the element of cosy comfort — the home look — is obvious. These cottages, with their long, low, open verandas filled with rockers and hammocks, their pine-log porches, low roofs, and rough log outbuildings, are in as thorough correspondence with the wild, grand landscape here as are the quaint, rambling inns, with their swaying signs and thatched roofs, with the subdued air of an English landscape, in which art is as present as nature. The principal features in an Adirondack landscape are the dark, frowning hills, the deep ravines, the gloomy, menacing groves of trees, which seem to swallow up the mountain road, and the tur-

bulent rapids and falls, mocking their turnkeys of granite as they race between them. In England one feels at every turn that Nature is in subjection. Here she is triumphant.

The mountains have as many moods as the sea. They never look the same for an hour together; they even seem to change their forms. This is a land of glorious sunrises and sunsets. The mountains close in upon us on every side, although the road worms its way through them like a corkscrew. It is just dawn. All is gray and forbidding. Then the sun breaks out; a hundred perpendicular slopes are illumined with the shifting sunlight, and a thousand sharp crevices in which the sunlight plays refract the light in indescribable tints, relieving the dull, grayish, bare rock which shows through in places; while the whole is accentuated by the dark pines in the valley below. Then the clouds which have been hovering around the middle of the peaks slowly lift, the little dells and valleys in the slope become more distinctly visible, the air grows warmer and heavier, and the summits are lost. But only the brush of a Turner could attempt the task of reproducing the glories of a sunrise or sunset in these mountains. The golden purples and crimsons and the livid hues of dawn must be caught in an instant with a few happy strokes of genius, or they are gone forever. It is an hour of mystery, one that awakens the poetry latent in all men's breasts, whether they be singers or not. And then the day is born. The man who has not wandered alone through the woods and felt that he belonged to another world has not lived his life to the full. Every man not irrevocably chained to the car of the commonplace is a poet in the woods.

Every point of interest in the Adirondacks can be reached by stage, and the road in every direction leads through the woods. At one time it is winding its serpentine course through the undulant forest in the valley; at another it is climbing tortuously the steep sides of a mountain; and the stage toils up beneath the towering, threatening rocks along a ledge so narrow that two vehicles could not possibly pass upon it. Below, above the sighing of the trees, arises the murmurous music of a stream, as it runs chattering through the valley. The air is pure and balmy with the fragrant perfume of spruce and balsam,

and the foliage is not only green, but it is *golden green*. Now and again the mountains become more crowded and abrupt, and the valley narrows into little more than a pass, with rough precipitous walls of sheer rock on either side. The stream below becomes a roaring cataract, and the

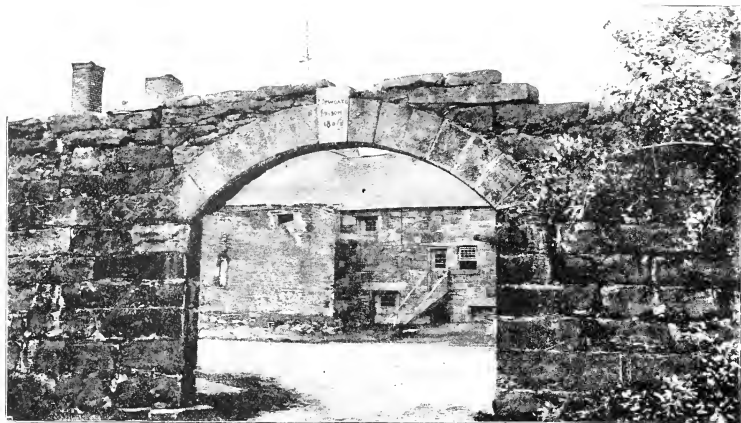
itself again and again, now ascending a steep grade, now descending a plane like a toboggan slide; and as the passengers' cheeks blanch, the driver smokes his eternal cigar with a cool indifference. Suddenly a buggy rounds a jutting wall of rock in the mountain side. There is a collision,



The Start for the Mountains: in front of the "Windsor" at Elizabethtown.

forest stretching in every direction shrinks away, — a dark, sunless circle that seems to hem in the road on every side. A boulder on the path catching the wheel would precipitate the coach a thousand feet to destruction; but the driver knows every turn and twist of the road, and every tree and stone which marks his route. The horses are as sure-footed as mules; they could find their way without a slip in the dark. One needs to be a good sailor to thoroughly enjoy stage-coaching; for the coach sways and pitches and rolls on its leathern springs, like a boat in a heavy sea; but there is no danger. The driver and his team have weathered a thousand such storms. Snap! snap! goes the whip, — and the horses break into a sharp trot; there is an incline in the road caused by rough mending with tamarack boughs; the coach jerks violently forward, then falls heavily on its axles, and we plunge down the road, which turns like a circular puzzle, doubling on

sure. No. Then there is positively no room for a passage; the coach takes up the whole width of the road. But to an Adirondack stage-driver all things are possible. His skill is only approached by that of a London omnibus-driver, who transcends the Biblical puzzle of a camel passing through the eye of a needle. The coach is backed half-way up the embankment, among the rocks and trees, and the rig, with the two off wheels down the side of the mountain, and the two inside wheels clinging to the road, makes room. There is scarcely a hair's breadth between the hubs of the wheels. A cheery greeting passes between the drivers; the passengers breathe again; the long whip circles like a tongue of flame over the leaders' flanks; the wheelers are admonished with a "Git up thar, Jerry," "What are you doing, Sally?" the traces became taut again; and the journey is resumed.



The Old Gateway.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWGATE.

By Edwin A. Start.

LONELY, in ruins, but yet picturesque, the old Newgate prison of Connecticut, named for its London prototype of gloomy memory, stands upon a green hillside in the town of East Granby. Viewed with a glass from Bartlett's tower, a lofty observation point away across the Farmington River, it resembles an old castle, turreted, moated, bearing the unmistakable marks of age. This old mine-prison holds a unique place among the antiquities of New England. To-day, as one stands beside its crumbling and vine-covered walls and looks across the peaceful valley of the Farmington, with its quiet villages, it is not easy to realize that the place has a history written in blood and suffering. Only a descent into its subterranean caverns puts the visitor in the mood to feel the spirit of the stories which the place has to tell.

Newgate has been successively a copper mine, a colonial prison, a military prison in the Revolution, and a state prison. The first chapter of its history opened in 1705, and the last chapter closed over sixty years ago, when the prisoners of the state were removed to better quarters in the new prison at Wethersfield. The amateur min-

ing of its early history, conducted at first by clergymen, had a comic cast. The horrors of its later history were tragic, and through them we gain some insight into the ideas of penal discipline which ruled in the old "blue-law" colony.

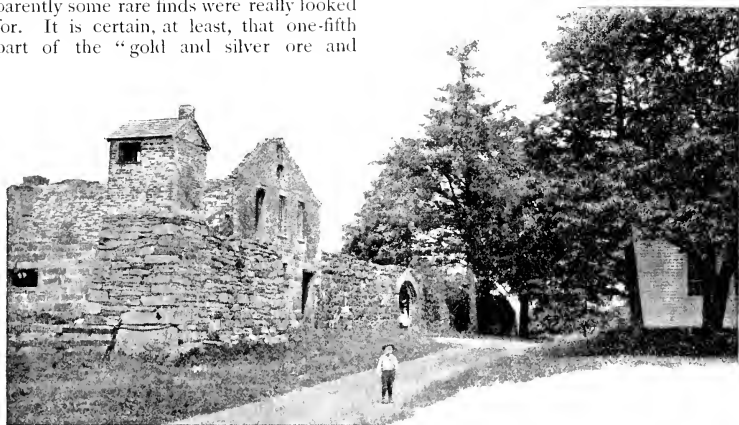
Until 1786 Newgate was located in the old town of Simsbury. In that year it became a part of the possession of the new town of Granby, and since 1858 it has been within the borders of the still newer town of East Granby. The mining operations during a period of sixty-eight years, from 1705, when the thrifty people of Simsbury made up their minds to investigate the mineral wealth of their town, possess little interest, except for their amusing fertility and for some noteworthy names connected with them. They were generally carried on at a loss, easily accounted for in the first instance: for the landed proprietors of Simsbury, who formed the first company to work the mines, let out the contract for smelting the ore to three clergymen, brothers, by the name of Woodbridge, from Simsbury, Hartford, and Springfield. With due respect for the cloth, mining is a little outside the clerical field. We are not

surprised, therefore, to learn that profits failed to appear for the proprietors, whose contract with the town of Simsbury required them to pay ten shillings on each ton of copper produced, a part of this royalty to be used to support a schoolmaster in Simsbury, and a part to go to the "Collegiate School" at New Haven, known to history as Yale College.

In spite of the first failure, the mines drew a large share of attention, and the mining craze, which always seems to accompany the discovery of mineral deposits, went through the colony, giving rise to some curious legislation. The leases, under an act of 1709, "relating to the copper mines at Simsbury," refer to the "gold and silver ore and precious stones which from time to time and at all times hereafter shall happen to be found, gotten, had and obtained within the aforesaid demised premises or in any part or parcel thereof." Did the stipulators really expect to find such treasure in the black rock of Copper Hill, one wonders, or was this merely a formula to cover all possible contingencies? Apparently some rare finds were really looked for. It is certain, at least, that one-fifth part of the "gold and silver ore and

Jonathan Belcher, afterwards governor of the Massachusetts colony, took the mines and operated them for twenty-three years, at more cost than profit. Another Massachusetts worthy, Edmund Quincy, had men at work in Copper Hill at the outbreak of the Revolution. This practically ended the efforts at mining in the vicinity, though two or three times during the present century companies, which have accomplished nothing, have been formed for the purpose of working the old mines. The fact seems to be, that while the massive rock of which this range of hills is mainly composed yields some excellent specimens of copper ore, the deposit is not rich enough to be profitably operated.

An incident of the mining period was the stamping of the Higley or Granby coppers in 1737 and 1739, by one Higley, a blacksmith of some skill. These coins made from the native copper were among the earliest coins in the colonies, and obtained considerable celebrity. They were



The Eastern Front, with Sentry Box.

precious stones" so found was secured by these leases to "His Majesty, his heirs and successors."

It appears that business men who took hold of the mines had little better success than our ministerial seekers. In 1714, a Boston company, at the head of which was

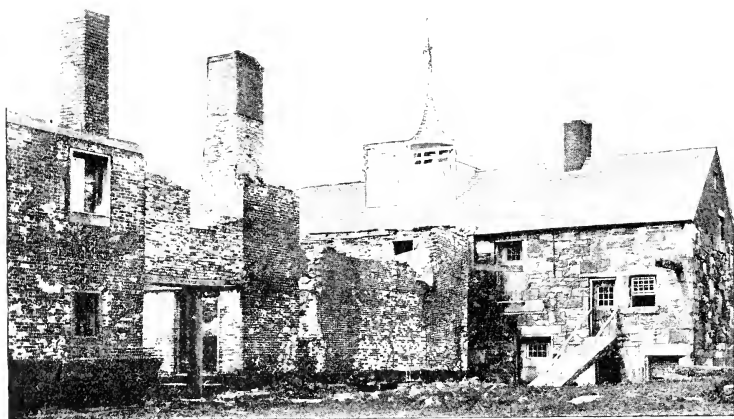
quite common not many years ago, but are now very rare and command good prices.

The work of mining had made necessary the sinking of shafts and the excavating of chambers and passages in the hillside, and in 1773 the Connecticut legislators, with the happy faculty possessed by the Puritan of that period, of devising places of earthly punishment to correspond with

the future provided in his theology, casting about for a colonial prison, hit upon these ready-made dungeons, which seemed to meet all reasonable requirements of an earthly purgatory for the wicked. Hence, in May of that year, a committee of the assembly was appointed to explore the copper mines at Simsbury, with a view to their use as a place for confining and employing criminals, and to report on the probable expense of preparing them for such use. This committee reported that the place was eighteen miles from Hartford; that there was a shaft twenty-five feet deep and three and a half feet in diameter, from which a passage extended east eight feet to an opening ten rods long, six or seven rods wide, and five feet high; that near the south part was a shaft seventy feet deep, over a fine spring of water; and by it pure air was communicated. A lodging room, said the committee, might be made, sixteen feet square and twenty

the prison, the assembly being well satisfied with the report of its committee. The first commissioners appointed were William Pitkin, Erastus Wolcott, and Jonathan Humphrey; but Pitkin appears to have been soon succeeded by Josiah Bissell, if indeed he ever assumed the responsibility.

Among documents relating to Newgate, in the state library at Hartford, is a little memorandum slip of heads agreed upon by the commissioners. "to consider the use and improvement that may be made of the copper mines at Symsberry." Therein we have a clue to the crimes most rife in the colony and most vexatious to the people. The worthy commissioners agreed upon the following terms of punishment: Burglary and robbery—first offence, to be confined not exceeding ten years; second offence, perpetual. Counterfeiting bills of public credit, coins and currency—first offence, imprisonment not exceeding ten years; second offence, per-



Inside the Walls, showing Buildings of 1815 and 1824.

feet from the surface, which would cost seventeen pounds. The doors would cost twenty pounds.

On these early legislative documents appears the signature of William Williams, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence, then clerk of the lower house of the Connecticut assembly. Three commissioners were appointed to establish

petual. Passing, uttering, or putting of such bills, coins, or currencies, the same degrees of punishment. Taking or stealing horses—first offence, ten years' imprisonment; second offence, life.

In the act passed in October, "for constituting, regulating and governing a public gaol or workhouse in the copper mines in Simsbury, and for the punishment of cer-

tain atrocious crimes and felonies," we find the items of this memorandum substantially adopted. There is no weak clemency towards offenders evident on the part of Connecticut law-givers. But it is only fair to say that the record of doings in connection with Newgate, considered in relation to the ideas of the time and the state of society, do not indicate unusual inhumanity or severity. Theories of what

ary 17, 1774, and in it the commissioners made this astonishing statement : —

Newgate prison is so strong and secure that we believe it is not possible for any prisoners to escape unless by assistance from abroad, yet it so happens that one John Hinson, lately sent there by order of the Honorable the Superior Court, has escaped by the help of some evil-minded person at present unknown, who in the night season next after the ninth instant drew the prisoner out of the east shaft; and we believe no



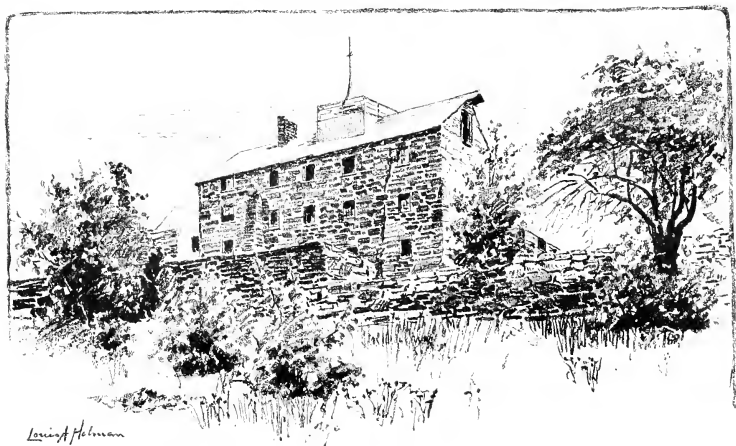
A Corner of the Prison.

is best in the punishment of criminals have changed since 1773.

From the recommendations in the committee's report it may be judged that the preparations made for the reception of prisoners were not elaborate. The first keeper of the prison was Captain John Viets, who lived on the opposite side of the road from the prison. The first prisoner, John Hinson, made his escape after a confinement of eighteen days; and the next three who were committed made their term almost equally short. The confident predictions that had been made of the absolute security of the caverns as places of confinement were thus early belied. The naïve report of the commissioners, Wolcott, Bissell, and Humphrey, on the escape of Hinson, is exceedingly amusing. It was made under date of Janu-

ary 17, 1774, and in it the commissioners made this astonishing statement : —

The commissioners then recommended securing both shafts, and building a house over the west shaft. This seemed so manifestly reasonable that it was done. These precautions renewed the confidence in Newgate's security, and it became a favorite place of confinement for truculent Tories during the Revolution. While it was so used many men of considerable parts and importance were confined there. In 1775 Washington sent several prisoners from Cambridge, and also forwarded a note to the Simsbury committee of safety, in which these prisoners were referred to as "such flagrant and atrocious villains that they cannot by any means be set at



West Side of the Prison, showing Building of 1824, Wall and Moat.

large or confined in any place near this camp," on which account they were sent to Simsbury, Connecticut,—a statement which shows the estimation in which Newgate was held outside the Connecticut colony.

The feeling against the Tories in the region of Newgate was especially bitter, and, as might have been expected, the Toryism thereabout was of a particularly malignant type. Hence a bitter struggle between patriots and loyalists raged in the vicinity, and as many as thirty or forty Tories were sometimes confined in the prison. A strong military guard was maintained, sometimes nearly numbering one man to each prisoner, with a commissioned officer in command. The discipline of the guards was apparently very defective, for in spite of the large force maintained, the Tories on several occasions escaped in considerable numbers, either outwitting or overpowering the guard. In 1776 the prisoners, then only half a dozen in number, nearly suffocated themselves in an attempt to burn the heavy wooden door which closed a level, used as a drain when the mine was worked. Of course, in the damp, confined air of the caverns, only a prodigious amount of smoke resulted, causing the death of one man by suffocation, and effectually teaching those who survived the danger of the experiment.

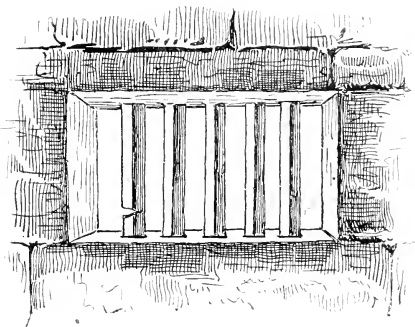
In 1777 a strong block-house was built above ground, and Tory prisoners were confined in it. This was burned in the following year, by the prisoners, nearly all of whom escaped, though several were recaptured. This block-house was rebuilt in 1780, and in May, 1781, the bloodiest tragedy in the history of Newgate took place. Thirty Tories were confined there at the time. The wife of one of them, at her own request, was to be allowed to join her husband. While two officers were raising the hatch to allow her to go down the shaft, the prisoners, crowding up the ladder, rushed upon the officers and knocked them down. The other guards were sleeping, and their muskets were seized. A sharp fight followed, most of the guards being finally overpowered and fastened down in the caverns. One was mortally wounded by a bayonet thrust, and six others were wounded more or less severely. Nearly all of the prisoners escaped, though some were retaken. Many of them were wounded in the struggle with the guards.

The isolated situation of Newgate was peculiarly favorable to such desperate attempts as this. In an account of this uprising in *Rivington's Gazetteer*, a Tory paper published in New York, there is a description of the prison, which is very piquant with its seasoning of Tory prejudice : —

In approaching this horrid dungeon they (a party of recently taken prisoners) were first conducted through the apartments of the guards, then through a trap-door downstairs into another upon the same floor with the kitchen, which was divided from it by a very strong partition door. In the corner of this outer room, and near the foot of the stairs, opened another large trap-door, covered with bars and bolts of iron, which was hoisted up by two guards by means of a tackle, whilst the hinges grated as they turned upon their hooks and opened the jaws and mouth of what they call hell, into which they descended by means of a ladder about six feet more, which led to a large iron grate or hatchway, locked down over a shaft of about three feet diameter, sunk through the solid rock, and which, they were told, led to the bottomless pit. Finding it not possible to evade this hard, cruel fate, they bade adieu to the world and descended the ladder about thirty-eight feet more, when they came to what is called the landing; then marching shelf by shelf till descending about thirty feet more they came upon a platform of boards laid under foot, with a few more put overhead to carry off the water which keeps continually dropping. Here, say they, we found the inhabitants of this woful mansion, who were exceeding anxious to know what was going on above. We told them that Lord Cornwallis had beat the rebel army and that their money was gone to the d—l, with which they seemed satisfied, and rejoiced at the good news.

The rising was made the subject of an official investigation by the Connecticut assembly, as it well deserved to be. The quaint report of this investigation speaks

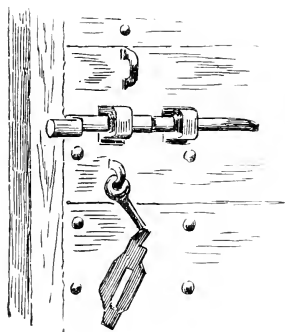
At about this period there was confined in Newgate a clergyman, Simeon Baxter by name, whose Toryism was of the most malignant description. He preached to



Window and Grating.

his comrades, in 1781, a sermon which obtained some notoriety at the time, being soon after printed in America and reprinted in London. In the choice black-guardism of this saintly discourse, a black-guardism but thinly disguised by cant phrases and frequent Biblical quotations, Washington and the members of the Continental Congress were advised to display their patriotism by committing suicide, when they were promised an "airy tomb between the drooping clouds and the parching sands." The discourse further advised recourse to the weapons of the assassin, that the land might be rid of the rebel leaders. Of such stuff was the Toryism made, against which the patriots had to contend. The whole tone of this sermon, preached in the name of Christianity, was, with all its disgusting sanctimoniousness, violent and vicious to the last degree.

The close of the war prevented the completion of arrangements which were under discussion between Congress and the Connecticut assembly for the use of Newgate "for the reception of British prisoners of war and for the purpose of retaliation." In 1790 Newgate was by legislative enactment established as a state prison, and the expenditure of not over £750 was authorized to fit it for such use. There was to be a keeper and a guard of not over ten persons, though later the

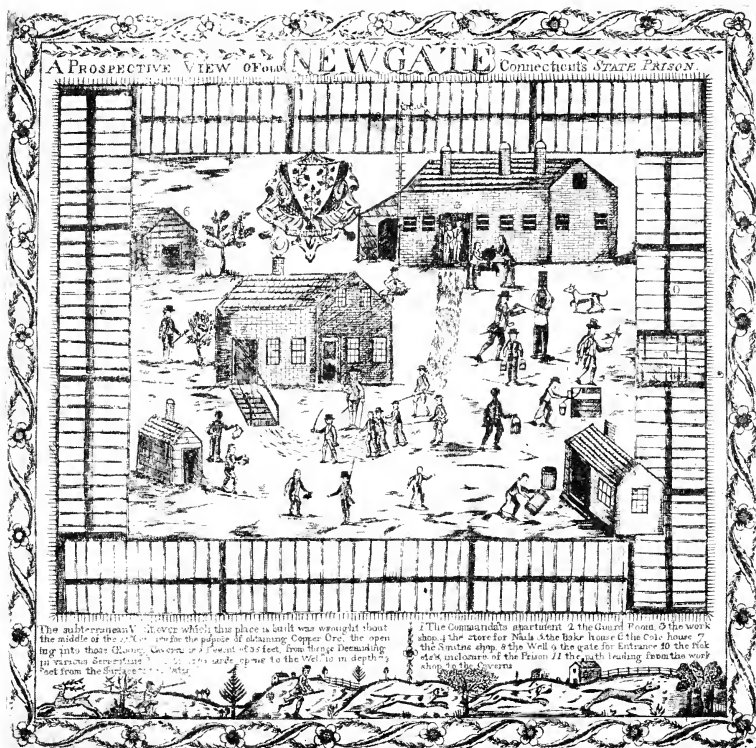


Part of Bolted Door.

of one of the guards as being "more fit to carry fish to market than to keep guard at Newgate," and of another as being "a small lad just fit to drive a plow with a very gentle team."

limit was increased to seventeen. Under this authority a wooden palisade with spiked top was built, enclosing the prison yard. A deep moat was made on the west side, and workshops for the making of

abouts of this curious old plate have been lost sight of since these prints were made. Its history is unknown, but in point of time it must antedate 1802; for it was not until that year that the brick and stone wall,



Newgate in 1790.

FROM THE PRINT IN POSSESSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

nails, the early occupation of Newgate's prisoners, were erected in the yard. A large copper plate, a diagram of the prison at this period, was discovered a few years ago, and four prints were made therefrom. A reduced reproduction of one of these prints, owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is given with this article. Another print is in the Connecticut state library at Hartford, and the other two are owned by private individuals. The where-

with arched entrance and sentry boxes surmounting the corners, which now appears in the condition shown by our illustrations, was erected. This wall was twelve feet in height. At the same time a brick building, now standing, was erected in the centre of the yard, for the guard, and this building has been kept up in excellent condition. At the rear of this structure was a stone chamber known as the "Jug," over the mouth of the cavern. In a cell

in this chamber some of the quieter prisoners were quartered at night. No other buildings were erected until 1815.

During this period, as during all others in the history of the prison, escapes and insurrections were frequent. One or two deserve mention. In 1802 all the guard save one, Daniel Forward, being ill, the prisoners rebelled as they were about to descend into the caverns for the night. Forward seems not to have been a man to be trifled with, for he entered with decided spirit into the rough-and-tumble fight that was forced upon him. He threw the malcontents right and left, finally hurling one upon another down the shaft. This exhibition of coolness and prowess thoroughly demoralized the rebellious prisoners, and they were easily secured.

In 1806 a more serious revolt occurred. Three clever burglars, brothers, by the name of Barnes, then serving sentences, had made for the thirty prisoners at work in the nail shops keys to unlock their fetters. At a concerted signal, on the first day of November, the fetters were unlocked, and the prisoners began to issue from the shop into the prison yard. A big negro attacked the guard nearest him, an officer, named Smith, who was unable to draw his sword, and so struck at his assailant with the weapon enclosed in its scabbard, breaking it by the blow. Smith would undoubtedly have been overpowered, had not the sentinel at the gate, Roe by name, fired with sure aim at the negro, who fell dead upon a large rock near the middle of the yard. At the sight of this catastrophe, the other prisoners surrendered without a struggle.

In 1815 a progressive step in the management of the prison was marked by the erection of two new buildings of two stories each, on the south side of the yard. These structures were connected with each other. On the second floor of the eastern building was a chapel, where religious services were regularly held, and on the first floor was a room sometimes used for the confinement of prisoners. In the western building were cooper and shoemaking shops, and for eight or nine years the prison kitchen. It thus appears that at this time the occupations of the prisoners were more diversified than in former years, when iron nails for the whole country round about were wrought by convict labor at

Newgate. These buildings, as the illustrations show, are now in a ruined condition.

In 1822 occurred the most serious outbreak of prisoners since the bloody uprising of the Tories in 1781. More than one hundred prisoners were confined in Newgate at the time, among them many desperate characters. At the time of the insurrection, four of the seventeen guards, including the captain, were absent. The revolt began in the nail shop, where the officer on duty was struck down with a bar of iron, and his cutlass was taken to use in the attack upon another guard near by. A sentinel with a fixed bayonet was speedily stationed at the door of the nail shop, to prevent the other prisoners reinforcing the mutineers. This precaution checked the demonstration in the other shops, but the uproar in the nail shop continued for some time and the air was full of flying missiles. The action of one or two determined officers, who shot and wounded two of the rebels, soon quelled the disturbance. This is the last case on record of an attempt at rebellion by the prisoners in mass.

In 1824 there was built on the west side of the yard the largest of the prison buildings. In it were a kitchen and dining-room, cells for prisoners, and rooms for members of the guard. The kitchen was very complete in its arrangements. It was in the basement, and contained a large brick oven. The mixing-trough was fed by a shaft from the floor above, through which came grain ground in a tread-mill by the labor of the convicts. The dining-room was also on the floor above, and a rude but serviceable dumb-waiter communicated with it from the kitchen. The old tread-mill and dumb-waiter have been very largely restored, and give a good idea of the simple mechanism of the old prison's cuisine, as it was during the last three or four years of the occupancy of Newgate. During those years a more enlightened policy prevailed in the management of the prison. Besides varying the occupations of the prisoners, among whom were women, more liberal provisions were made for their care.

Still the sleeping-cells for prisoners were uninviting enough, and but a degree better than the caverns below. One was on the first floor, and one below in the basement, reached by a short ladder. They were small and cheerless. The upper one ac-

commodated twenty, and the lower one thirty-two prisoners. They were packed in the bunks literally like sardines, four in a bunk, two heading one way and two the other. An almost successful attempt was made to file through one of the grating bars in a window of the lower cell. The cut accompanying this article, from a sketch of this window and grating, with the partially severed bar, made originally for the *Springfield Republican*, by Mr. George S. Payne of Springfield, shows one of the two sources upon which the thirty-two occupants of this cell depended for light and air; and the companion illustration from the same hand shows a portion of one of the triple doors of planks firmly bolted together, which separated these cells from the rest of the building. Cheerless as these cells seem, however, they are marvels of cheerful comfort beside the caverns into which the male prisoners of Newgate filed nightly, with shackled ankles, to sleep restlessly, indulge in wild orgies, or plot new crimes.

Three years after the erection of this last building, the prisoners were transferred to Wethersfield, and Newgate was given over to the curious visitor. Within the past year it has been taken in hand by Mr. Clark, the editor of the *Hartford Courant*, some restorations have been made, and Mr. H. W. Viets, a great-grandson of that Captain John Viets who was the first keeper of Newgate, has been made the custodian. Under his guidance the exploration of Newgate's mysteries becomes an easy task; but one misses the real experience of the place who cannot go alone and unguided into its deep recesses, and there ruminate upon its history.

Approaching the prison by a continuously ascending road along the hillside from East Granby, the visitor comes in sight of the south wall, and then of the eastern front, facing the road and pierced by the arched gateway, now gateless, with its key-stone inscribed "Newgate Prison 180-," the blank representing the figure 2, which time has effaced. On the southeast corner stands the little brick sentry box, the only one now remaining, close by the roofless walls of the building of 1815. On the right of the road stands the Viets house. Passing into the prison-yard, under the archway, we see close at the left of the gate the deep east shaft, and beyond, along the

south side of the yard, the buildings of 1815, fast crumbling to ruin. Beyond, at the southwest corner, is the most recent building, and directly in front the brick house of the keeper and the guards, now used as headquarters for visiting parties. At the right of the gate, in the northeast angle, is little more than a ruin, where the old smithy and nail shops stood; and in front of it is the well-shaft.

The building of 1824 can now be inspected from kitchen to bell-tower, and its rude but massive carpentry and masonry thoroughly examined, while the recent restorations already referred to make the mechanical arrangements readily comprehensible. Among the late changes is a square observatory platform around the bell-tower on this building. This platform appears in most of our illustrations: one shows the cupola or bell-tower as it really was. There is a fine view to be obtained from this observation platform: nevertheless, I do not like the innovation. There are other "views"; there is but one Newgate, and this glaring modern excrescence is not in keeping with the place or the associations.

The caverns, at once the glory and shame of Newgate, the crowning object of interest in the old prison, remain to be visited. The writer first saw Newgate on a brilliant day in early summer, and in the absence of a better guide explored its hidden chambers under his own guidance. He has since been there with a better guide, but never has he gained so marked an impression of the place, nor forgotten the weird and chilling sensation when he first descended the dark shaft alone, leaving the world and the light behind. There was an almost irresistible inclination to get back to the top of the ground, and to stand on the green grass under the kindly sky. What was above I knew and loved; what was below I knew not, and was quite sure I should not love. The shaft is square in shape, and the way downward is by a ladder fastened perpendicularly to one side. A careless movement of the elbows during the descent will bring them with stern reminder against the wall at one's back, showing the limited space at disposal, and giving one an uneasy feeling that he is being fitted to a rock-hewn grave from which there is no return. The blackness, like that of Erebus, growing intenser as the bottom is approached, and only

made more visible by the dim light of a lantern, does not diminish this sensation. Nearly twenty-five feet from the surface the foot steps from the ladder upon solid rock with a slight clayey covering. A patch of deeper blackness in the close enveloping gloom is just distinguishable. As the eye grows accustomed to its surroundings, this patch resolves itself into the mouth of the eight-foot passage referred to in the report of the commissioners in 1773. Following this passage, by the feeble light of a lantern, the interior of the great central chamber is disclosed. If the weather above has recently been rainy, the roof is dripping more or less. If there has been a drought, the internal conditions are correspondingly dry. The pathway leads diagonally across this chamber past the rotting timbers of the bunks on which the manacled prisoners slept at night, inspected at frequent intervals by an officer of the guard. At the farther side of the chamber a ray of light marks the well-shaft, and at its foot we come to the well, circular in shape, and filled with clear water, which has in the half-light a peculiar bluish color. Beyond the well a narrow winding passage leads to a little circular chamber in the rock, which was used as a solitary confinement cell. Here a hole in the rock can be seen, in which was once a heavy iron staple to which the contumacious prisoner was securely chained. This chamber, dome-like in shape, has a peculiar, weird resonance for all low tones, throwing back reverberations like muttered thunder. The passage leading to this cell was closed by a wall of heavy masonry and a strong door. Part of the wall still remains.

Retracing our steps to the central chamber, we turn into one of the labyrinthine passages leading to the east shaft. Moving by a sharp descent, through low and tortuous passages, a depth of seventy feet is reached at the foot of the east shaft, through which the prisoner Hinson was drawn up by his lady-love, one hundred and seventeen years ago. Near this shaft is an underground stream of water, three or four feet in depth. A small passage, closed when the mine became a prison, leads westward from this point, emerging on the hillside below the western wall. At one time a prisoner escaped through this level, worming himself into it at night, and

clearing the passage, and returning in the morning to his fellows. After two or three nights of this exercise he was able to reach the opening outside the prison and escape. It was the heavy door at the mouth of this drain which the Tories in the Revolutionary era attempted to burn, with such bad results for themselves.

The atmosphere of the caverns is clear and cool, varying but little in summer or winter. The solid metalliferous rock was not so harsh in fact as in appearance, and the health record of the caverns is generally good. Disease had no congenial home there, and it is not to this that we can look for an explanation of the horror with which Newgate strikes our sense of humanity. It is the gloom of the surroundings, the absence of sunlight, starlight, or moonlight, the silence to every sound of nature except the dull re-echoing of one's own voice, or the coarse tones of roistering companions, the herding together of all classes of criminals, including those of the most abandoned character—it is these things that make the story of Newgate seem so revolting. Touches of humanity and of humor are not wanting in the history of the place, but they are rare exceptions and lightly considered beside the darker chapters, which form part of its proper character. Here were the most brutalizing tendencies. Here brute force was matched against brute force. Manacled and herded together like beasts, as the convicts were, what wonder that reformatory work played no part in the prison system, and that the bestial spirit was always uppermost? The course of released prisoners generally led them into worse crime, and they frequently came back to Newgate to serve new sentences. At night, apart from all good influences, they held reckless carousals in their dungeon. In the morning they were driven up the ladder to work in the shops, where most of them were chained to the benches, some of them even wearing iron collars by which they were chained to the beams overhead. At the close of the day they were herded in the "Lug," and driven down into the caverns to which the wrathful Tories gave the name of "Hell," or in the more clerical but not less forcible nomenclature of the Rev. Simeon Baxter, "Orcus."

The prisoners were required to emerge

from the dungeon three at a time, each three attended to the shop by a guard, who chained all who could not be safely trusted. Rations, consisting of one pound of beef or three-fourths of a pound of pork, one pound of bread, and one pint of cider, were issued daily for each man. A bushel of potatoes was allowed with each fifty rations. It would appear that Connecticut did not starve its prisoners. In the early days of the prison something heavier than cider must have been dealt out; for in the early official papers giving the itemized expenses, one quart of rum is an item of alarmingly frequent occurrence. Perhaps this was for the guard, and accounts for the occasional evidences of inefficiency in the stalwart protectors of Newgate.

The prisoners, we are informed by Richard H. Phelps in his history of Newgate, the main depository of facts relating to the prison, "were allowed to swap rations, exchange commodities, barter, buy and sell at their pleasure. Some would swap their rations for cider, and often would get so tipsy that they could not work, and 'would reel to and fro like drunken men.'" The severity of prison discipline in Newgate was evidently ill-directed. So much license in some ways was allowed, that some of the more callous of Newgate's prisoners preferred remaining there, where they had enough to eat and plenty of freedom for the brute element,

with an abundance of congenial society. Visitors were common at Newgate in the early part of this century, and to them the convicts sold many little knick-knacks made in their leisure hours; for their work for the state lasted only from daylight until the middle of the afternoon, after which they had considerable liberty in the disposal of their time.

Peculiar as this prison was in some respects, it embodied in its general management the ideas of the time in which it flourished,—harsh, mediæval ideas, with little consideration of the sources of sin, and less sympathy with the sinner. It was no worse, aside from its dungeons, than other prisons of the period; and the spirit of the times justified the seeking out and utilizing of just such places of torment for the wicked.

So we muse as we ascend once more into the open air. Connecticut has kept well up with modern ideas, and its prison at Wethersfield away to the southward represents the spirit of a better humanity. The crumbling walls of Newgate are a phantom out of the past. It is an interesting historic relic, representing, like Gallows Hill at Salem, a spirit that did much for New England, but that has much softened its ruggedness in later years. And so, while the historic student interests himself in Newgate, the work of the prison congress goes bravely on.

IN NOVEMBER DAYS.

By Jefferson B. Fletcher.

LONELY I wander where time was we met,
 Met amid ancient, glacier-combed hills
 And darkling lakes and moss-embosomed rills
 Murmurous of passion then and Margaret.
 Now each dear face forbids me to forget,
 And each cool bower beneath the daffodils,
 Where we would sigh and sigh for human ills :
 So might dissembled sorrow beg our debt
 Of the usurious gods. Now hide the smiles of Heaven
 Behind these grim rocks ; now the dim wood-paths
 Seem melancholy aisles where, like gray wraiths,
 Sighing and shuddering by, dead leaves are driven.
 O love, by Heaven's fell bolt that oak is riven,
 Which bore the emblem of our plighted faiths.

POOR MR. PONSONBY.

By Dorothy Prescott.



ON a bright, windy morning in March, Miss Emmeline Freeman threw open the gate of her mother's little front garden on the Sherburne Road, Brookline, slammed it behind

her with one turn of her wrist, marched with an emphatic tapping of boot heels up the path between the crocus beds to the front door, threw that open and rushed into the drawing-room, where she paused for breath, and began before she found it:—

"O mamma! O Aunt Sophia! O Bessie! What do you think? Lily Carey—you would never guess—Lily Carey—I was never so surprised in my life—Lily Carey is engaged!"

Mrs. Freeman laid down her pen by the side of her column of figures, losing her account for the seventh time; Miss Sophia Morgan paused in the silk stocking she was knitting, just as she was beginning to narrow; and Bessie Freeman dropped her brush full of color on to the panel she was finishing, while all three exclaimed with one voice, "To whom?"

"That is the queer part of it. You will never guess. Indeed, how should you?"

"To whom?" repeated the chorus, with a unanimity and precision that would have been creditable to the stage, and with the due accent of impatience on the important word.

"To no one you ever would have dreamed of; indeed, you never heard of him—a Mr. Reginald Ponsonby. It is a most romantic thing. He is an Englishman, very good family and handsome and all that, but not much money. That is why it has been kept quiet so long."

"So long? How long?" chimed in the trio, still in unison.

"Why, for three years and more. Lily met him in New York that time she was there in the summer, you know, when her father was ill at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But Mr. Carey would never let it be called an engagement till now."

"Did Lily tell you all this?" asked Bessie.

"No, Ada Thorne was telling every one about it at the lunch party. She heard it from Lily."

"I think Lily might have told us herself."

"She said she did not mean to write to any one, it has been going on so long, and her prospects were so uncertain; she did not care to have any formal announcement, but just to have her friends hear of it gradually. But she sent you and me very kind messages, Bessie, and she wants you to take the O'Flanigans—that's her district family, you know—and me to take her Sunday-school class. She says she really must have her Sundays now to write to Mr. Ponsonby, poor fellow! She has been obliged to scribble to him at any odd moment she could, and he is so far off."

"Where is he—in England?"

"Oh, dear, no! In Australia. He owns an immense sheep-farm in West Australia. He belongs to a very good family; but he was born on the continent, and has no near relations in England, and has rather knocked about the world for a good many years. He had not very good luck in Australia at first, but now things look better there, and he may be able to come over here this summer, and if he does they will perhaps be married before he goes back. Mr. Carey won't hear it spoken of now, but Ada says she has no doubt he will give in when it comes to the point. He never refuses Lily anything, and if the young man really comes he won't have the heart to send him back alone, for Ada says he must be fascinating."

"Lily seems to have laid her plans very judiciously," said Miss Morgan, "and if she wishes them generally understood, she does well to confide them to Ada Thorne."

"And she has been engaged for years!" burst out Bessie, whose mental operations had meanwhile been going ahead of the rest: "why then—then there could never have been anything between her and Jack Allston!"

"Certainly not," replied Emmeline, confidently.

"Very likely he knew it all the time," said Bessie.

"Or she may have refused him," said Mrs. Freeman.

"What is Miss Thorne's version?" said Aunt Sophia. "I shall stand by that whatever it is. Considering the extent of that young woman's information, I am perpetually surprised by its accuracy."

"Ada thinks Lily never let it come to a proposal, but probably let Jack see from the beginning that it would be useless, and that is why they were on such friendly terms."

"Well!" said Aunt Sophia. "I am always glad to think better of my fellow creatures. I always thought Jack Allston a fool for marrying as he did if he could have had Lily, and now I only think him half a one, since he couldn't. I am only afraid the folly is on poor Lily's side. However, we must all fulfil our destiny, and I always said she was born to become the heroine of a domestic drama, at least."

"Oh, here's Bob!" said Emmeline. as her elder brother's entrance broke in upon the conversation. "Bob, who do you think is engaged?"

"You have lost your chance of telling, Emmie," replied the young man, with a careful carelessness of manner; "I have just had the pleasure of walking from the village with Ada Thorne."

"Really, it is too bad of Ada," said Emmeline, as she adjusted her hat at the glass. "She will not leave me one person to tell by to-morrow. Bessie, I think as long as we are going to five o'clock tea at the Pattersons', and I have all my things on, I will set out now and make some calls on the way. You might dress and come after me. I will be at Nina Turner's. Mamma and Aunt Sophy can"—but her voice was an indistinct buzz in her brother's ears, as he stood looking blankly out of the window at the bright crocus tufts. He had never had any intention of proposing to Lily Carey himself, and he knew that if he had she would never have accepted him, yet somehow a shadow had crept over the day that was so bright before.

Lily Carey was at that time a very conspicuous figure in Boston society; that is, in the little circle of young people who went to all the "best" balls and assemblies. She was also well known in some that were less select, for the Careys had

too assured a position to be exclusive and were too good-natured to be fashionable, so that she knew the whole world and the whole world knew her. To be exact, she was acquainted with about one five-hundredth part of the inhabitants of Boston and vicinity, was known by sight to about twice as many, and by name to as many more, with acquaintance also in such other cities, towns, and villages as had sufficiently advanced in civilization to have a "set" which knew the Boston "set." She stood out prominently from the usual dead level of monotonous prettiness which is the rule in American ball-rooms and gives piquant plainness so many advantages. Her nymph-like figure, dressed very likely in a last-year's gown of no particular fashion, for the Careys were of that Boston *monde* which systematically under-dresses, made the other girls look small and pinched and doll-like; her towering head, crowned with a great careless roll of her bright chestnut hair, made theirs look like barbers' dummies; and her brilliant coloring made one-half of them show dull and dingy, the other faded and washed out. These advantages were not always appreciated as such—by no means; unusual beauty, like unusual genius, may fly over the heads of the uneducated; and it was the current opinion among the young ladies who only knew her by sight, and their admirers, that "Miss Carey had no style." Among her own acquaintance she reigned supreme. To have been in love with Lily Carey was regarded by every youth of quality as a necessary part of the curriculum of Harvard University; so much so that it was not at all detrimental to their future matrimonial prospects. Her old lovers, like her left-over partners, were always at the service of her whole coterie of adoring intimate friends. If she had no new ideas, these not being such common articles as is usually supposed, no one could more cleverly seize upon and deftly adapt some stray old one. She could write plays when none could be found to suit, and act half the parts, and coach the other actors; she made her mother give new kinds of parties, where all the new-old dances and games were brought to life again; and she set the little fleeting fashions of the day that never get into the fashion books, to which, indeed, her dress might happen, or not, to correspond; but the exact angle

at which she set on her hat, and the exact knot in which she tied her sash, and the exact spot where she stuck the rose in her bosom, were subjects of painstaking study, and objects of generally unsuccessful imitation to the rest of womankind.

Why Lily Carey at one and twenty was not married, or even engaged, was a mystery; but for four years she had been supposed by that whole world of which we have spoken to be destined for Jack Allston. Jack was young, handsome, rich, of good family, and so rising in his profession, the law, that no one could suppose he lacked brains, though in general matters they were not so evident. For four years he had skated with Lily, danced with her, sung with her, ridden, if not driven, with her, sent her flowers, and scarcely paid a single attention of the sort to any other girl; and Lily had danced, sung, ridden, skated with him, at least twice as often as with any other man. Jack had had the *entrée* of the Carey house, where old family friendship had admitted him from boyhood, almost as if he were another son, and was made far more useful than sons generally allow themselves to be made. He came to all parties early and stayed late, danced with all the wall-flowers and waited upon all the grandmothers and aunts, and prompted and drew up the curtain, and took all the "super" parts at their theatricals. He was "Jack" to all of them, from Papa Carey down to Muriel of four years old. The Carey family, if hints were dropped, disclaimed so smilingly that every one was convinced that they knew all about it, and that Mrs. Carey, a most careful mother, who spent so much time in acting chaperon to her girls that she saw but little of them, would never have allowed it to go so far unless there were something in it. Why this something was not announced was a mystery. At first many reasons were assigned by those who must have reasons for other people's actions, all very sufficient: Lily too young, Jack not through the law-school, the Allstons in mourning, etc., etc.; but as one after another exhibited its futility, and new ones were less readily discovered, the subject was discussed in a less amiable mood by tantalized expectants, and the ominous sentence was even murmured, "If they are not engaged they ought to be."

On October 17, 1887, Atchison, Topeka

and Santa Fé stock was quoted at 90½, and the engagement of Mr. John Somerset Allston to Miss Julia Henrietta Bradstreet Noble was announced with all the formality of which Boston is capable on such occasions. It can hardly be said which piece of news created the greater sensation; but many a pater-familias who had dragged himself home sick at heart from State Street, found his family so engrossed in their own private morsel of intelligence, that his, with all its consequences of no new bonnets and no Bar Harbor next summer, was robbed of its sting. All was done according to the most established etiquette. Jack Allston had told all the men at his lunch club, and a hundred notes from Miss Noble to her friends and relatives, which she had sat up late for the two preceding nights to write, had been received by the morning post. Jack had sat up later than she had, but only one single note had been the product of his vigils.

Unmixed surprise was the first sensation excited as the news spread. It was astonishing that Jack Allston should be engaged to any girl but Lily Carey, and it was not much less so that he should be engaged to Miss Noble. She was a little older than he was, an only child, and an orphan. Her family was good, her connections high, and her fortune just large enough for her to live upon with their help. She was of course invited everywhere, and received the attentions demanded by politeness; but even politeness had begun to feel that it had done enough for her, and that she should perform the social harikari that unmarried women are expected to make at a certain age. She was very plain and had very little to say for herself. Her relatives could say nothing for her except that she was a "nice, sensible girl," a dictum expressed with more energy after her engagement to Jack Allston, when some of the more daring even discovered that she was "distinguished looking." The men had always, from her silence, had a vague opinion that she was stupid, but amiable; the other girls were doubtful on both these points, certain double-edged speeches forcibly recurring to their memory. Their doubts resolved into certainties after her engagement was announced, when she became so very unbearable that they could only, with the Spartan patience

shown by young women on such occasions, hold their tongues and hope that it might be a short one. Their sole relief was in discussing the question as to whether Jack Allston had thrown over Lily, or whether she had refused him. Jack was sheepish and shy at being congratulated; Lily was bright and smiling, and in even higher spirits than usual; Miss Noble spoke very unpleasantly to and of Lily whenever she had the chance; but all these points of conduct might and very likely would be the same under either supposition. Parties were pretty evenly balanced, and the wedding was over before they had drifted to any final conclusion. As the season went on Lily looked rather worn and fagged, which gave the supporters of the first hypothesis some ground, but when, in the spring, her own engagement came out, it supplied a sufficient reason, and gave a triumphant and clinching argument to the advocates of the second. She looked happy enough then, though her own family gave but a doubtful sympathy. Mr. Carey refused to say anything further than that he hoped Lily knew her own mind; she must decide for herself. Mrs. Carey looked sad, and changed the subject, saying that there was no need of saying anything about it at present; she was sorry that it was so widely known and talked about. The younger Carey girls, Susan and Eleanor, openly declared that they hoped it would never come to anything. Poor Mr. Ponsonby! His picture was very handsome, and the parts of his letters they had heard were very nice, but he did not seem likely to get on in the world, and he could not expect Lily to wait forever. "Would you like to see his picture?—an amateur one, taken by a friend; and Lily says it does not do him justice."

The photograph won the hearts of all the female friends of the family, who saw it in confidence, and increased their desire to see the original. But Mr. Ponsonby was not able, as had been expected, to come over in the summer. Violent rains and consequent floods in the Australian sheep runs inflicted so much damage upon his stock that the marriage was again postponed, at least for a year, in which time he hoped to get things on a better basis. Lily kept up her spirits bravely. She did not go to Mount Desert with her mother and sisters, but stayed at home,

wrote her letters, hemstitched her linen, declaring that she was glad of the time to get up a proper outfit, and went to bed early, keeping a pleasant home for her father and the boys as they went and came, to their huge satisfaction, and gaining in bloom and freshness; so that she was in fine condition in the fall to nurse her mother through a low fever caught at a Bar Harbor hotel, also to wait upon Susan, nervous and worn down with late hours and perpetual racket, and Eleanor, laid up with a sprained ankle from an overturn in a buckboard.

Eleanor, though not yet eighteen, was to come out next winter, Lily declaring that she should give up balls,—what was the use when one was engaged? She stayed at home and saw that her sisters were kept in ball-gowns and gloves, no light task, taking the part of Cinderella *con amore*. She certainly looked younger than Susan at least, who since she had taken up the Harvard Annex course, besides going out, began to grow worn and thin.

One February morning Eleanor's voice rose above the usual babble at the Carey breakfast-table.

"Can't I go, mamma?"

"Where, dear?"

"Why, to the Racket Club German at Elliot Hall, next Tuesday. It's going to be so nice, you know, only fifty couples, and we ought to answer directly; and I have just had notes from Harry Foster and Julian Jervis asking me for it."

"And which shall you dance with?" asked Lily.

"Why, Harry, of course."

"I would not have any of *course* about it," said Lily, rather sharply. Harry Foster was now repeating Jack Allston's late rôle in the Carey family, with Eleanor for his ostensible object. "My advice is, dance with Julian; and I suppose I must see that your pink net is in order, if Miss Macintyre cannot be induced to hurry up your new lilac."

"Shall we not go, mamma?"

"Why, mamma, how can we?" broke in Susan, who had her own game in another quarter. "It's the 'Old Men of Menotomy' night, and we missed the last, you know."

"Those old Cambridge parties are the dullest affairs going," said Eleanor; "I'd rather stay at home than go to them."

"That is very ungrateful of you," said Lily, laughing, "when I gave up my place in the 'Misses Carey' to you, for of course I don't go to either."

"Can't I go to Elliot Hall with Roland, mamma? He is asked, and Mrs. Thorne is a patroness; she will chaperon me after I get there."

"Roland will want to go right back to Cambridge, I know—the middle of the week and everything! He'll be late enough without coming here."

"Then can't I take Margaret, and depend on Mrs. Thorne?" went on Eleanor, with the persistence of the youngest pet. "Half the girls go with their maids that way."

"Oh, I don't know, my dear," said poor Mrs. Carey, looking helplessly from Eleanor, flushed and eager, to Susan, silent, but with a tightly shut look on her pretty mouth, that betokened no sign of yielding. "I never liked it—in a hired carriage—and you can't expect *me* to go over the Cambridge bridges without James. And I hate asking Mrs. Thorne anything, she always makes such a favor of it, and the less trouble it is the more fuss she gets up about it. Do you and Susan settle it somehow between you, and let me know when it is decided."

"Let me go with Eleanor, mamma," said Lily. "Mrs. Freeman will probably go with Emmeline and Bessie, and she will let me sit with her. I will wear my old black silk and look the chaperon all over,—as good a one, I will wager, as any there. It will be good fun to act the part, and I have been engaged so long that I should think I might really begin to appear in it."

Mr. Carey was heard to growl, as he pushed back his chair and threw his pile of newspapers on to the floor, that he wished Lily would stop that nonsensical talk about her engagement once for all: but the girls did not pause in their chatter, and Mrs. Carey was too much relieved to argue the point.

"Only tell me what to do and I will do it," was this poor lady's favorite form of speech. She set off with a clear conscience on Tuesday evening with Susan for the assembly at Cambridge, where a promisingly learned post-graduate of good fortune and family was wont to unbend himself by sitting out the dances and explaining the theory of evolution to Miss Susan Carey,

who was as mildly scientific as was considered proper for a young lady of her position. Lily accompanied Eleanor to more frivolous spheres, where chaperonage was an easier if less exciting task; for once having touched up her sister's dress in the ante-room, and handed her over to Julian Jervis, she bade her farewell for the evening, and herself took the arm of Harry Foster, who, gloomily cynical at the sight of Eleanor, radiant in her new lilac, with another partner, had hardly a word to say as he settled her on a bench on the raised platform where the chaperons congregated, except to ask her sulkily if she would not "take a turn," which she declined without mincing matters, and took the only seat left, next to Mrs. Jack Allston, who was matronizing a cousin.

"What, Lily! you here?" asked Mrs. Thorne.

"Oh, yes; mamma has gone to Cambridge with Susan, and said I might come over with Eleanor, and she was sure Mrs. Freeman,"—with a smile at that lady,— "would look after us if we needed it."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Miss Morgan, who sat by her sister. "Here have Elizabeth and I both come to take care of our girls, as half-a-dozen elders sometimes hang on to one child at a circus. We both of us had set our hearts on seeing *this* German and would not give up, so you see there is an extra chaperon at your service."

"Doesn't your mother find it very troublesome to have three girls out at once?" asked Mrs. Allston of Lily, bluntly.

"Hardly three; I am not out this winter, you know."

"I don't see any need of staying in because one is engaged, unless, indeed, it were a very short one, like mine."

Mrs. Allston cast a rapid and deprecatory glance at the "old black silk," which had seen its best days, and then a still swifter one at her own gown, from Worth, but so unbecoming to her that it was for Lily to smile serenely back, though her heart sank within her at her prospects for the evening.

At the close of the first figure of the German, a slight flutter seemed to run through the crowd, tending toward the entrance.

"Who is that standing in the doorway—just come in?" asked Lily, in the very

lowest tone, of Miss Morgan. Miss Morgan looked, shook her head decidedly, and then passed the inquiry on to Mrs. Thorne, who hesitated and hemmed.

"He spoke to me when he first came — but — I really don't recollect — it must be Mr. — Mr. —"

"Arend Van Voorst," crushingly put in Mrs. Allston, with somewhat the effect of a garden-roller. Both of the older ladies looked interested.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Thorne, "I sent him a card when I heard he was in Boston. I have not seen him — at least since he was very young — but his mother — of course I know Mrs. Van Voorst — a little."

"I don't know them at all," said Miss Morgan; "but if that's young Van Voorst, he is better looking than there is any occasion for."

"He was a class-mate and intimate friend of Jack's," said Mrs. Allston, loftily.

"I never saw him before," said Lily, incautiously.

"He only went out in a very small set in Boston," said Mrs. Allston. "I met him often, of course."

"You were too young, Lily, to meet any one when he was in college," said Miss Morgan, who liked "putting down Julia Allston."

"It is too bad the girls are all engaged," said the simple-minded Mrs. Freeman; "he won't have any partner."

"*He* wouldn't dance!" said Julia, too tough to feel Miss Morgan's light touches.

"Very likely, as you asked him, Mrs. Thorne, he may feel that he *must* take a turn with Ada; and when he knows that Kitty Bradstreet is with me, very likely he will ask her out of compliment to me. He will hardly ask me to dance at such a very young party as this; I don't see any of the young married set here but myself."

Mr. Van Voorst stood quietly in the doorway, hardly appearing to notice anything, but when Ada Thorne's partner was called out, and she was left sitting alone, he walked across the room and sat down by her. He did not ask her to dance, but it was perhaps as great an honor to have the Van Voorst of New York sitting by her, holding her bouquet and bending over her in an attitude of devotion; and if what he said did not flatter her vanity, it touched another sentiment equally strong in Ada even at that early period of life.

"Who is that girl in black, sitting with the chaperons?"

"Oh, that is Lily Carey."

"Why is she there?"

"She is chaperoning Eleanor, her youngest sister, that girl in lilac who is on the floor now. They look alike, don't they?"

"Why, she is not married?"

"No, only engaged. She has been engaged a great while, and never goes to balls or anything now — only she came here with Eleanor because Mrs. Carey wanted to go to Cambridge with Susan. There are three of the Careys out; it must be a dreadful bother, don't you think so?"

"To whom is she engaged?"

"To a Mr. Reginald Ponsonby — an Englishman settled in Australia somewhere. They were to have been married last summer, but he had business losses. She is perfectly devoted to him. He wrote and offered to release her, but she would not hear of it. She was very much admired; don't you think her pretty?"

"Will you introduce me to Miss Carey? I see Mr. Freeman is coming to ask you for a turn — will you be so kind as to present me first?"

There was a sort of cool determination about this young man which Ada, or any other girl, would have found it hard to resist. She did as she was bid, not ill-pleased at the general stir she excited as she crossed the floor with her two satellites and walked up the platform steps.

"Mrs. Freeman, Miss Morgan, allow me to introduce Mr. Van Voorst. Miss Carey, Mr. Van Voorst; — I think you know my mother and Mrs. Allston." And having touched off her train, she whirled away with Robert Freeman, her observation still on the alert.

Mrs. Thorne and Mr. Van Voorst exchanged civilities; Mrs. Allston said Jack was coming soon and would be glad to see him, making room for him at her side.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Allston. Miss Carey, may I have the pleasure of a turn with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Van Voorst! You are quite out of rule, — tempting away our chaperons, — you should ask some of the young ladies; we did not come here to dance."

"I shall not dare to ask you then, Mrs. Allston," he said, smiling, and offered his arm without another word to Lily. She rose without looking at him, with a quick,

furtive motion pulled off her left-hand glove, — the right was off already, — got out of the crowd about her and down the steps, she hardly knew how, and in a moment his arm was around her and they were floating down the long hall. The quartette left behind looked rather blankly at each other.

"Well," said Mrs. Thorne at last, "it really is too bad for Lily Carey to come and say she did not mean to dance, and then walk off with Arend Van Voorst, who has not asked another girl here —"

"And in that old gown!" chimed in Mrs. Allston.

"It is certainly very unkind in her to look so well in an old gown," said Aunt Sophia; "it is a dangerous precedent."

"Oh, auntie!" said Emmeline, who had come up to have her dress adjusted. "Poor Lily! She has been so very quiet all the winter, never going to anything, it would be too bad if she could not have a little pleasure."

"Very kind in you, my dear; but I don't see the force of your 'poor Lily.' I shall reserve my pity for poor Mr. Ponsonby — he needs it most."

It was long since Lily had danced, and as for Mr. Van Voorst, he was, as we have seen, supposed to be above it on so youthful an occasion; but perhaps it was this that gave such a zest, as if they were boy and girl together, to the pleasure of harmonious motion. Round and round again they went, till the dancing ranks grew thinner, and just as the music gave signs of drawing to a close, they passed, drawing all eyes, by the doorway. The line of men looking on opened and closed behind them. They had actually gone out to sit on the stairs, leaving a fruitful topic behind them for the buzz of talk between the figures. Eleanor Carey, a pretty girl, and not unlike her sister, bloomed out with added importance from her connection with one who might turn out to be the heroine of a drawing-room scandal.

Meanwhile the two who were the theme of comment sat silent under the palms and ferns. No one knew better when to speak or not to speak than Lily, and her companion was looking at her with a curiously steady and absorbed gaze, to which any words would have been an interruption. It was not "the old black silk" which attracted his attention, except, perhaps, so

far as it formed a background for the beautiful hands that lay folded together on her lap, too carelessly for coquetry. No such motive had influenced Lily when she had pulled off her gloves; it was only that they were not fresh enough to bear close scrutiny; but their absence showed conspicuous on the third finger of her left hand her only ring, a heavy one of rough beaten gold with an odd-looking dark red stone in it. Not the flutter of a finger betrayed any consciousness as his eye lingered on it; but as he looked abruptly up he caught a glance from under her eyelashes which showed that she had on her part been looking at him. An irresistible flash of merriment was reflected back from face to face.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I — I beg your pardon, I thought you said something."

Both laughed like a couple of children; then he rose and offered his arm again, and they turned back to the ball-room.

"Good evening, Jack," said Miss Lily brightly, holding out her hand to Mr. Allston, who had just come in and was standing in the doorway. Jack, taken by surprise, as we all are by the sudden appearance of two people together whom we have never associated in our minds, looked shy and confused, but made a gallant effort to rally, and got through the proper civilities well enough, till, just as the couple were again whirling into the ranks, he spoiled it all by asking with an awkward stammer in his voice: —

"How's — how's Mr. Ponsonby?"

"Very well, when I last heard," Lily flung back over her shoulder, in her clearest tone and with a laugh, soft, but heard by both men.

"What are you laughing at?" asked her partner.

"At the recollection of my copy-book — was not yours amusing?"

"I dare say it was, if it was the same as yours."

"Oh, they are all alike. What I was thinking of was the page with 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Yes — Jack was a very good fellow when we were in college together — but —"

But "what" was left unsaid. On and on they went, and only stopped with the music. Lily, having broken the ice, was besieged by every man in the room for a

turn. One or two she did favor with a very short one, but it was Mr. Van Voorst to whom she gave every other one, and those the longest, and with whom she walked between the figures; and finally it was Mr. Van Voorst who took her down to supper. Eleanor and she had all the best men in the room crowding round them.

"Come and sit with us, Emmie," she asked, as Emmeline Freeman passed with her partner; and Emmeline came, half frightened at finding herself in the midst of what seemed to her a chapter from a novel. Never had the even tenor of her social experiences, — and they were of as unvarying and business-like a nature as the "day's work" of humbler maidens, — been disturbed by such an upheaval of fixed ideas; one of which was that Lily Carey could do no wrong, and another, that there was something "fast" and improper in having more than one man waiting upon you at a time.

"Do you mind going now, Eleanor?" asked Lily of her sister, as the crowd surged back to the ball-room. Eleanor looked rather blank at the thought of missing the after-supper dance, and such an after-supper dance; no mamma to get sleepy on the platform; no old James waiting out in the cold to lay up rheumatism for the future and to look respectfully reproachful at "Miss Ellie"; no horses whose wrongs might excite papa's wrath; nothing but that wretched impersonal slave, "a man from the livery-stable" and his automatic beasts. But the Careys were a very amiable family, the one who spoke first generally getting her own way. The after-supper dance at the Racket Club German was rather a falling-off from the brilliancy of the commencement, as Arend Van Voorst left after putting his partner into her carriage, and Julian Jervis and others of the men thought it the thing to follow his example.

Two days after the German, "Richards's Pond," set in snowy shores, was hard and blue as steel under a cloudless sky, while a delicious breath of spring in the air gave warning that this was but for a day. The rare union of perfect comfort and the fascination that comes of transient pleasure irresistibly called out the skaters, and "every body" was there; that is, about fifty young men and women were disporting themselves on the pond, and one or

two ladies stood on the shore looking on. Miss Morgan, who was always willing to chaperon any number of girls to any amusement, stood warmly wrapped up in her fur-lined cloak and snow boots, talking to a Mrs. Rhodes, a mild little new-comer in Brookline, who had come with her girls, who did not know many people, and whom she now had the satisfaction of seeing happily mingled with the proper "set"; for Eleanor Carey, who had good-naturedly asked them to come, had introduced them to some of the extra young men, of whom there were plenty; and that there might be no lack of excitement, Mr. Van Voorst and Miss Lily Carey were to be seen skating together, with hardly a word or a look for any one else, — a sight worth seeing.

No record exists of the skating of the goddess Diana, but had she skated, Lily might have served as her model. Just so might she have swept over the ice with mazy motion, ever and ever throwing herself off her balance, just as surely to regain it. As for Arend Van Voorst, he skated like Harold Hardrada, of whose performances in that line we have not been left in ignorance. "It must be his Dutch blood," commented Miss Morgan.

Ada Thorne, meanwhile, was skating contentedly enough under the escort of the lion second in degree — Prescott Avery, just returned from his journey round the world, about which he had written a magazine article and was understood to be projecting a book. His thin but well preserved flaxen locks, whitey-brown moustache, and little piping voice were unchanged by tropic heats or Alpine snows, but he had gained in consequence and, though mild and unassuming, felt it. He had always been in the habit of entertaining his fair friends with a number of pretty tales drawn from his varied social experiences, and had acquired a fresh stock of very exciting ones in his travels. But his present hearer's attention was wandering, and her smiles unmeaning, and in the very midst of a most interesting narrative about his encounter with an angry llama, she put an aimless question that showed utter ignorance whether it took place in China or Peru. Prescott, always amiable, gulped down his mortification with the aid of a cough, and then followed the lady's gaze to where the distant flash of a scarlet

toque might be seen through the thin, leafless bushes on a low spur of land.

"That is Lily Carey, is it not?" he asked. "How very handsome she is looking to-day! She has grown even more beautiful than when I went away. By-the-by, is that the gentleman she is engaged to?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why, that is Arend Van Voorst! Don't you know him? She is engaged to a Mr. Ponsonby, an English settler in South Australia."

"I see now that it is Mr. Van Voorst, whom I met several times before I left," said Prescott, with unflinching amiability even under a snubbing. Then, cheered by the prospect of again taking the superior position, he continued in an impressive tone: "But it is not astonishing that I should have taken him for Mr. Ponsonby. I believe I had the pleasure of meeting that gentleman in Melbourne, when I was in Australia, and the resemblance is striking, especially at a little distance."

"Did you, indeed?" asked Ada, inwardly burning with excitement, but outwardly nonchalant. The remarkable extent of Miss Thorne's knowledge of every one's affairs was not gained by direct questioning, which she had found defeated its own object. "It is rather odd you should have happened to meet him in Melbourne, for he very seldom goes there, and lives on a ranche in quite another part of Australia."

"But I did meet him," replied Prescott. "He had come to Melbourne on business, and I met him at a club dinner—a tall, handsome, light-haired man. He sat opposite to me and we did not happen to be introduced, but I am certain the name was Ponsonby. He took every opportunity of paying me attention, and said something very nice about American ladies, which made me feel sure he must have been here. Of course I did not know of Miss Carey's engagement, or I should certainly have made his acquaintance."

"The engagement was not out then, and of course he could not speak of it. Now I think of it, Mr. Van Voorst does really look a great deal like Mr. Ponsonby's photograph."

"I will speak of it to Miss Carey when I get an opportunity," said Prescott, delighted. "The experiences one has on a long journey are singular, Miss Thorne. Now as I was telling you—"

Ten minutes later the whole crowd were gathering round Miss Morgan, who made a kind of nucleus for those with homeward intentions, when Mr. Avery and Miss Thorne came in the most accidental way right against Mr. Van Voorst and Miss Carey. By what means half the crowd already knew what was in the wind, and the other half knew that something was, we may not inquire. It was not in human nature not to look and listen as the four exchanged proper greetings.

"Mr. Avery, Lily, has been telling me that he had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ponsonby in Melbourne," said Ada, "and thought you would be glad to hear about it."

"Oh, thank you," said Lily, quietly, "I have had letters written since, of course. You were not in Melbourne very lately, Mr. Avery?"

"Last summer—winter, I should say. You know, Miss Carey, it is so queer, it is winter there when it is summer here,—it is very hard to realize it. But it is always agreeable to meet those who have really seen one's absent friends, don't you think so?"

"Oh, very!"

"Mr. Ponsonby was looking very well and in very good spirits. I fancied he showed a great interest in American matters, which I could not account for. I wish I had known why, that I might have congratulated him. I hope you will tell him so."

"Thank you," said Lily again. She spoke with ease and readiness, but her beautiful color had faded, and there was a frightened look in her eyes, as of some one who sees a ghost invisible to the rest of the company.

"Mr. Avery was struck with Mr. Ponsonby's resemblance to you, Mr. Van Voorst," said Ada; "you cannot be related, can you?"

"Come," said Aunt Sophia, suddenly, "what is the use of standing here? I am tired of it, for one, and I am going to the Ripley's to get a little warmth into my bones, and all who are going to the Wilson's to-night had better come too. Emmie, you and Bessie *must*, Lily, you and Susie and Eleanor *had better*—you see, Mr. Van Voorst, how nice are the gradations of my chaperonage."

"Let me help you up the bank, Miss Morgan," said Arend; "it is steep here."

"Thank you — come, Mrs. Rhodes. Mrs. Ripley isn't at home, but we shall find hot bouillon and bread and butter."

"I had better not, thank you. I don't know Mrs. Ripley," stammered, with chattering teeth, poor Mrs. Rhodes, shivering in her tight jacket and thin boots.

"You need not know her if you do come, as she is out," said Miss Morgan, coolly; "and if you don't, you certainly won't, as you will most likely die of pneumonia. Now Fanny may think you a fool for doing so, if you like, but I'm not going to have her call me a brute for letting you. So come before we freeze."

Mrs. Rhodes meekly followed her energetic companion, both gallantly assisted up the bank by Arend Van Voorst, who was devoted in his attentions till they reached the house. He never looked towards Lily, who, pale and quiet, walked behind with Emmeline Freeman, and as soon as she entered the Ripley drawing-room ensconced herself, as in a nook of refuge, behind the table with the big silver bowl, and ladled out the bouillon with a trembling hand. The young men bustled about with the cups, but Arend only took two for the older ladies, and went near her no more.

Not a Ripley was there, though it was reported that Tom had been seen on the ice that morning and told them all to come in, of course. No one seemed to heed their absence; Miss Morgan pulled Mrs. Ripley's own blotting-book towards her and scribbled a letter to her friend; Eleanor Carey threw open the piano and college songs resounded. Mrs. Rhodes was lost in wonder as she shyly sipped her soup, rather frightened at Mr. Van Voorst's attentions. How could Mrs. Ripley ever manage to make her cook send up hot soup at such an unheard-of hour? And could it be the "thing" to have one's drawing-room in "such a clutter"? She tried to take note of all the things lying about, unconscious that Miss Morgan was noting *her* down in her letter. Then came the rapid throwing on of wraps, rushing to the station, and a laughing, pell-mell boarding of the train. Mr. Van Voorst had disappeared, and Ada Thorne said he was going to walk down to Brookline and take the next train from there — he was going to New York in the night train and wanted a walk first. No one else had anything to say in the matter, certainly not Lily, who

continued to keep near Miss Morgan and sat between her and the window, silent all the while. As the train neared the first station, she jumped up suddenly and hastened toward the door.

"Why, Lily, what are you about?" "Lily, come back!" "Lily, this is the wrong station!" resounded after her; but as no one was quick enough to follow her, she was seen as the train moved on walking off alone, with the same scared look on her face.

"There is something very odd about that girl," said Miss Morgan, as soon as she was with her nieces on their homeward path.

"It is only that she feels a little overcome," said Lily's staunch admirer. "You know what Prescott Avery said about Mr. Van Voorst looking like Mr. Ponsonby, and I'm sure he does. Don't you think him very like his photograph?"

"There is a kind of general likeness, but I must say that of the two Arend Van Voorst looks better fitted to fight his way in the bush, while Mr. Ponsonby might spend his ten millions, if he had them, pleasantly enough. Perhaps the idea is what has 'overcome' Lily, as you say."

"Now, auntie, I am sure the resemblance might make her feel badly. She has not seen Mr. Ponsonby for so long, and that attracted her to Mr. Van Voorst; and it was so unkind of people to say all the hateful things they did at the ball."

"I must say myself, that she rather overdoes the part of Mrs. Gummidge. It looks as if there was something more in it than thinking of the 'old un.' If she really is so afraid of Mr. Ponsonby, he must look more like Arend Van Voorst than this picture does. Well — we shall see."

Late that afternoon Arend Van Voorst walked up Sherburne road westward, drawn, as so many have been, by the red sunset glow that struck across the lake beyond, through the serried ranks of black tree trunks, down the long vista under the arching elms. Straight toward the blazing gate he walked, but when he came to where the road parted, leaving the brightness high and inaccessible above banks of pure new snow that looked dark against it, and dipping down right and left into valleys where the shade of trees, even in winter, was thick and dark, he paused a moment and then struck into the left-hand

road, the one that did not lead toward the Careys' house. It was not till two or three hours later that he approached it from the other side, warm with walking, and having apparently worked off his hesitation, for he did not even slacken his pace as he passed up the drive, though he looked the house, the place, and the whole surroundings over with attentive carefulness.

The Careys lived in a fascinating house, of no particular style, the result of perpetual additions to the original and now very old nucleus. As Mr. Carey's father had bought it fifty years ago, and as his progenitors for some time further back had inhabited a much humbler dwelling, now vanished, in the same town, it was called, as such things go in America, their "ancestral home." It was the despair of architects and decorators, who were always being adjured to "get an effect something like the Carey house." The component elements were simple enough, and the principal one was the habit of the Carey family always to buy everything they wanted and never to buy anything they did not want. If Mr. and Mrs. Carey took a fancy to a rug, or a chair, or a picture, or a book, they bought it then and there, but they would go for years without new stair-carpet or drawing-room curtains — partly because they never had time to go and choose them, partly because it was such a stupid way to spend money: it was easier to keep the old ones, or use something for a substitute that no one had ever thought of before, and everybody was crazy to have afterwards.

How much of all this Arend Van Voorst took in I cannot tell, but he looked about him with the same curiosity after the house door had opened and he was in the hall, and then as the parlor door opened, and he saw Lily rising from her low chair before the fire far off at the end of the long, low room, a tall white figure standing out in pure, cool darkness against the blaze, like the snow banks against the sunset. He did not know whether he wanted or not to see her alone, but on one point he was anxious — he wanted to know whether he was to be alone with her or not. The room was crowded with objects of every kind; two or three dogs and cats languidly raised their heads from the sofas and ottomans as he passed, and for aught

he knew two or three children might be in the crowd. Lily had the advantage of him; she knew very well that her mother had driven into town with the other girls to the Wilsons' "small and early"; that the younger children had been out skating all the afternoon and had gone to bed; that the boys were out skating now and would not be home for hours yet; and that her father, shut into his study with the New York stock list, was as safe out of the way as if he had been studying hieroglyphics at the bottom of the Grand Pyramid. So she was almost too unconcerned in manner as she held out her hand and said, "Good evening."

He took the offered hand absently, still looking round the room, and as he took in its empty condition, gave a sigh of relief. She sat down, with a very slight motion toward a chair on the other side of the fire. He obeyed mechanically, his eyes now fixed on her. If she was lovely in her "old black," how much more was she in her "old white," put on for the strictest home retirement. It was a much washed affair, very yellowish and shrunken, and clinging to every line of her tall figure, grand in its youthful promise. She had lost her color, a rare thing for her, and she had accentuated the effect of her pale cheeks and dark eyelashes with a great spray of yellow roses in the bosom of her gown.

"I thought you had gone to New York," she said, trying to speak lightly.

"No," slowly; "I could not go without coming here first. I must see you once at your own home." Then with an eager thrill in his voice, "He has never been here, I believe?"

"No," said Lily; "he was never here."

"I have come the first, then; let him come when he wants to; I shall not come again, to see him and you together."

Both sat silently looking into the fire for a few moments, which the clock seemed to mark off with maddening rapidity. Then Lily said in a low tone, but so clearly that it could have been heard all over the room, "If you do not wish to see him, he need never come at all."

"For God's sake, Miss Carey!" burst out Arend, "show a little feeling in this matter. I don't ask you to feel for me. I knew what I was about from the first, and I took the risk. But show a little,

feign a little, if you must, for him. You know I love you. If your Mr. Ponsonby were here to fight his own battles for himself, I would go in for a fair fight with him, and give and ask no quarter. But—but—he is far away and alone, keeping faith with you for years. If he has no claim on you, he has one on me, and I'll not forget it."

He paused, but Lily was silent. She looked wistful, yet afraid to speak. Something of the same strangely frightened look was in her eyes that had been there that afternoon. Arend, whose emotion had reached the stage when the sound of one's own voice is a sedative, went on more calmly:—

"And don't think I made so much of a sacrifice. I am sure now you never loved or could have loved me. If you had, there would have been some struggle, some pleading of old remembrances. Your very feeling for me would have roused some pity, at least, for him. He has your first promise; I do not ask you to break it. You can give him all you have to give to any one, and perhaps he may be satisfied."

"You need not trouble yourself about Mr. Ponsonby," said Lily, now cold and calm, "as no such person exists."

"What!" exclaimed her hearer, in bewildered astonishment. Wild visions of the luckless Ponsonby, having heard by clairvoyance or sub-marine cable of his own pretensions, and having forthwith taken himself out of the way by pistol or poison, floated through his brain, and he went on in an awestruck tone, "Is he—is he dead?"

"He never lived; Mr. Ponsonby, from first to last, is a pure piece of fiction. Oh, you need not look so amazed; I am not out of my senses, I assure you. Ask my father, ask my mother,—they will tell you the same. And now, stop! Once for all, just once! You must hear what I have to say. I shall never ask you to hear me again, and you probably will never want to."

He looked blankly at her in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

"Oh," she broke out suddenly, "you do not know—how should you?—what it is to be a girl! to sit and smile, and look pleasant while your life is being settled for you, and to see some man or other doing his

best to make an utter snarl of it, while you must wait ready with your 'If you please,' when he chooses to ask you to dance with him or marry him. And to be a pretty girl is ten times worse. Every one had settled ever since I was seventeen that I was to marry Jack Allston. Both his family and my family took it as a matter of course, and liked it well enough, as one likes matters of course. I liked it well enough myself. I cannot say now that I was ever in love with Jack Allston, but he seemed bound up in me, and I was very fond of him, and thought I should be still more so when we were once engaged. All the girls in my set expected to marry or be called social failures, and where was I ever to find a better match in every way than Jack? If I had refused him every one would have thought that I was mad. I had not the least idea of doing so, but meanwhile I was in no hurry to be married. I thought it would be nicer to wait and have a little pleasure, and I did have a great deal, till I was eighteen, then till I was nineteen, and so on—"

She stopped for a moment, for her voice was trembling, but with an effort recovered herself and went on more firmly:—

"Just as people began to look and talk, and wonder why we were so slow, and why it did not come out, and just as I began to think that I had enough of society, and that perhaps I ought to be willing to settle down, I began to feel, too, that my power over him was going, gone. The strings I had always played upon so easily were broken, and though I ran over them in the old way, I could not win a sound. I hardly had time to feel more than puzzled and frightened, when his engagement came out, and it was all over. But there! it was the kindest way he could have done it. I hate to think of some of the things I did and said to try if he had indeed ceased to care for me; but they were not *much*, and if I had had time I might have done more and worse. I was struck dumb with surprise like everybody else. My father and mother were hurt and anxious, but it was easy to reassure them, and without deception. I could tell them the truth, but not the whole truth. I did not suffer from what they supposed. My heart was not broken, or even seriously hurt, but oh! how much I wished at times that it had been! Had I really loved and been forsaken, I could

have sat down by the wayside and asked the whole world for pity, without a thought of shame. But for what had I to ask pity? I was like a rider who had been thrown and broken no bones, in so ridiculous a way that he excites no sympathy. What if he is battered and bruised? If he complains, people only laugh. I held my tongue when my raw places were hit. I had the pleasure of hearing that Julia Noble had been saying—"and here Lily put on Mrs. Allston's manner to perfection.—" "I hope poor Miss Carey was not disappointed. Jack has, I fear, been paying her more attention than he ought; but it was only to divert comment from me; dear Jack has so much delicacy of feeling where I am concerned.—No, don't say anything; let me have done, I will not take long. I could not get away from it all, and what was I to do? To go on in society and play the same game over with some one else was unendurable; I was getting past the age for that. Susan was out and Eleanor coming out, and I felt I ought to have taken myself out of their way, in the proper fashion. To take up art or philanthropy was not in my line. The girls I knew were not brought up with those ideas and didn't take to them unless they started with being odd or ugly, or would own up to a disappointment. My place in the world had suited me to perfection, and now it was hateful and no other was offered me.

"It was just at this time that the devil, to speak plainly, as I told you I was going to, put the idea of poor Mr. Ponsonby into my head. An engaged girl is always excused from everything else. My lover was not here to take up my time, and as I could postpone my wedding indefinitely whenever I pleased, my preparations need not be hurried. I dropped society and all the hateful going out, and had delicious evenings at home with papa when I was supposed to be writing my long letters to Australia. I thought I could drop it whenever I liked. I did not know what I was doing."

"You? Perhaps not!" exclaimed Arend, with an exasperating air of superior age; "but your father and mother,—what in the name of common-sense were they thinking about to allow all this?"

"Oh, you must not think they liked it; they didn't. To tell you all the truth, I

don't think they half understood it at first. I did not tell them till I had dropped a hint of it elsewhere, and I suppose they thought I had only given a vague glimpse of a possible future lover somewhere in the distance. Poor dears! things have changed since they were young, and they don't realize that if a man speaks to a girl it is in the newspapers the next day.—I had not known what I was doing. I really have not told as many lies as you might think. Full half that you have heard about Mr. Ponsonby never came from me at all. You don't know how reports can grow, especially when Ada Thorne has the lead in them. Not that she exactly invents things, but a hint from me, and some I never meant, would come back all clothed in circumstance. I could not wear my old pink sash to save my others without hearing that that tea-rose tint was Mr. Ponsonby's favorite color. Ponsonby grew out of my hands as this went on; and really the more he outgrew me the better I liked him, and indeed I ended by being rather in love with him. He had to have so many misfortunes, too, and that was a link between us."

"But," said her hearer, suddenly, "did not Prescott Avery meet him at Melbourne?"

"Oh, if you knew Prescott, you would know that he meets everybody. If it had been a Mr. Percival of Java, instead of Ponsonby of Australia, he would have remembered him or something about him. Still, that was a dreadful moment. I felt like Frankenstein when his creature stalks out alive. Poor Mr. Ponsonby! I shall send him his *coup-de-grace* by the next Australian mail. People will say that I did it in the hope of catching you, and have failed. Let them—I deserve it. And now, Mr. Van Voorst, please to go. I have humiliated myself before you enough. I said I would tell you the truth, and you have heard it all. If you must despise me, have pity and don't show it."

Lily's voice, so clear at first, had grown hoarse, and her cheeks were burning in a way that caused her physical pain. She rose to her feet and stood leaning on the back of her chair and looking at the floor.

"Go! and without a word? Do you think I have nothing to say? Sit down!"—as she made some little motion to go.

"I have heard you, and now you must hear me."

Lily sank unresistingly into her chair, while he went on, "You say girls have a hard time; so they do—I have always been sorry for them. But don't you suppose that men have troubles of their own? You say a pretty girl has the worst of it. How much better off is the man, who, according to the common talk, has only to 'pick and choose'; who walks along the row of pretty faces to find a partner for the dance or for life, as it happens—it is much the same. The blue angel is the prettiest and the pink the wittiest; very likely he takes the yellow one, who is neither, while in the corner sits the white one, who would have suited him best, and whom he hardly saw at all. If he thinks he is satisfied, it is just as well. I was not unduly vain nor unduly humble. I knew my wealth was the first thing about me in most people's minds, but I was not a monster, and a girl might like me well enough without it. A woman is not often forced into marriage in this country. I had no notions of disguising myself, or educating a child to marry, as men have done, to be loved for themselves alone. What is a man's self? My wealth, my place in the world were part of me. I was born with them. I should probably find some nice girl who appreciated them and liked me well enough, and I felt that I ought to give some such girl the chance,—and yet — and yet — I wanted something more.

"In this state of mind I met you at the ball. Very likely if I had seen you among the other girls, I might not have given you more than a passing glance; but I thought you were married, and the thrill of disappointment had as much pleasure as pain, for I felt I could have loved. But you were not married, only engaged. What's an engagement? It may mean everything or nothing. For the life of me I could not help trying how much it meant to you. What must the man be, I thought, as I sat by you on the stairs, whom this girl loves? He should be a hero, and yet, as such things go, he's just as likely to be a noodle. You laughed—I could have sworn you knew what I was thinking."

"Yes! I remember. I was thinking how nicely you would do for a model for my *Ponsonby*," Lily said. Their eyes met for a moment with a swift flash of intelli-

gence, but the light in hers was quenched with hot, unshed tears.

"No laugh ever sounded more fancy free! I felt as if you challenged me; and if he had been here I would have taken up the challenge—he or I, once for all. But he was alone and far away, and I could not take his place. Why did I meet you on the pond, then? why did I come here to-night? Because I wanted to see if I could not go a little further with you. I wanted something to remember, a look, a tone, a word, that ought not to have been given to any man but your promised husband; something I could not have asked if I had hoped to be your husband. My magnanimity toward *Ponsonby*, you see, did not go the length of behaving to his future wife with the respect I would show my own."

"You have shown how much you despise me," said Lily, springing to her feet, her hot tears dried with hotter anger, but her face white again. "That might have been spared me. I suppose you think I deserve it. Very well, I do, and you need not stay to argue the matter. Go!"

"Go! Why I should be a fool to go now, and you would be — well, we will call it mistaken — to let me. After we have got as far as we have, it would be absurd to suppose we can go back again. We know each other now better than nine-tenths of the couples who have been married a year. I don't ask you to say you love me now; I am very sure you can, and I know I can love you — infinitely —"

"Oh, but — but you said you would not take his place — Mr. *Ponsonby's*. Can you let every one think you capable of such an act of meanness? And if you could not respect me as your wife, how can you expect others to? Can we appear to act in a way to deserve contempt without despising each other?"

"There will be a good deal that is unpleasant about it, no doubt; but every one's life has some unpleasantness. It would be worse to let a dream, even a dream of honor, come between us and our future. You made a mistake and underestimated its consequences, but it would be foolish to lose the substance of happiness because we have lost the shadow. We will live it down together and be glad it is no worse."

"But I have been so wrong, so very

wrong — I have too many faults ever to make any one happy.”

“Of course you have faults, but I know the worst of them and can put up with them. I have plenty of my own which you may be finding out by this time. I am very domineering — you will have to promise to obey me, and I shall keep you to it; and then I can, under provocation, be furiously jealous.”

“You are not jealous of Jack Allston?” she whispered.

“Jealous of old Jack? Oh, no! I shall keep my jealousy for poor Mr. Ponsonby.”

Society had been so often agitated by Lily Carey’s affairs that it took with comparative coolness the tidings that she was to be married to Arend Van Voorst in six weeks. Miss Morgan said she supposed Lily was tired of “engagements,” and wanted to be married this time. Her niece Emmeline shed tears over “poor Mr. Ponsonby,” and refused to act as bridesmaid at his rival’s nuptials; and in spite of her aunt’s scoldings and Lily’s entreaties, and all the temptations of the bridesmaids’ pearl “lily” brooches and nosegays of Easter lilies, arranged a visit to her cousins in Philadelphia to avoid being present. Miss Thorne had no such scruples, and it is to her the world owes a lively account of the wedding; how it was fixed at so early a date lest “poor Mr. Ponsonby” should hurry over to forbid the bans, and how terribly nervous Lily seemed lest he might, in spite of the absolute impossibility, and though Ponsonby, true gentleman to the last, never troubled her then or after.

“Poor Mr. Van Voorst, I should say!” exclaimed Mrs. Jack Allston. “I am sure he is the one to be pitied. But do tell me all the presents that have come in, for Jack says I must give them something handsome after such a present as he gave me when we were married.”

Mrs. Van Voorst received the tidings of her son’s approaching marriage rather doubtfully. “Yes — the Careys were a very nice family; she knew Mrs. Carey was an Arlington, and her mother a Berke-

ley, and his mother — but — Miss Carey was very handsome, she had heard — with the Berkeley style of beauty and the Arlington manner, but — but — She did not mind their being Unitarians, for many of the very best people were, in Boston, but — but — but — indeed, my dear Arend, I have heard a good deal about her that I did not altogether like. I hope it may not be true — about her keeping Jack Allston hanging on for years, as a *pis-aller* to that young Englishman she was engaged to all the while — and finally throwing him over — and now she has thrown over this Mr. Ponsonby too!”

“Will you do just one thing for me, dear mother,” asked her son; “will you forget all you have *heard* about Lily, and judge her by what you *see*?”

Mrs. Van Voorst had never refused Arend anything in his life, and could not now. By what magic Lily, in their very first interview, won over the good lady is not known, but afterwards no mother-in-law’s heart could have withstood the splendid son and heir with which she enriched the Van Voorst line. The young Van Voorsts were allowed by all their friends to be much happier than they deserved to be. Long after the gossip over their marriage had ceased, and it was an old story even to them, Arend was still in love with his wife. Lily was interesting; she had that quality or combination of qualities impossible to analyze, which wins love where beauty fails, and keeps it when goodness tires. Her own happiness was more simple in its elements. She was better off than most women, and knew it — the last, the crowning gift, so often lacking to the fortunate of earth. She thought her husband much too good for her, though she never told him so. Nay, sometimes when she was a little fretted by his exacting disposition, for Arend was a strict martinet in all social and household matters and, as he had said, would be minded, she would sometimes more or less jestingly tell him that perhaps after all she had made a mistake in not keeping faith with “poor Mr. Ponsonby.”



GENERAL KUKUSHKA.¹

By Laura E. Richards.

KUKUSHKA! Kukushka, my General,
The winter is past;
In the scant budding woods and the meadows
Spring lightens at last;
And over the pale sterile hills
Of the Sorrowful Land,
Clear-piercing and shrilly, comes ringing
Thy word of command.

Kukushka! Kukushka, my General,
I sit in the sun;
It warms my old blood, that so sluggish
And sullen did run;
The life stirs anew in my pulses;
They beat strong and free;
And I long to be up and away
To the forest and thee.

Kukushka! Kukushka, my General,
Be silent to-day!
No more shall my feet lightly follow
The oft-trodden way;
No more shall I feel on my forehead
The touch of the breeze,
As it hushes and stirs and caresses
The low-laughing trees.

How many a time, at thy bidding,
I've stol'n through the dark,
O'er the dry trodden ground where my footstep
Left never a mark.—
Past the dull-nodding sentry, who saw but
One gray shade the more
Flit past, where so oft the gray hemlock
Had fooled him before.

¹ The name given by the Siberian exiles to the cuckoo, according to Mr. Kennan in his account of the Convict Mines of Kara. The old convict in Siberia hears the cuckoo's call in the spring.

Then the run, stooping low, through the meadow,
 Close under the wall,
 Down the dell where Ivàn, where my son,
 In the death-swoon did fall.
 (He was chained to the gang — no escape !
 He had always been ill ;
 And my heart leaped for joy when they told me
 His brave heart was still.)

Up the hill, then, that 'gainst the gray dawn
 Like a monster lay flat ;
 O'er flints, where each step left a blood-drop —
 What matter for that ?
 Till at last, till at last, like a child
 On its mother's warm breast,
 I flung myself down in the forest,
 Was free, and at rest.

Kukushka ! Kukushka, my General,
 What mattered it then
 That the winter must come, and must bring me
 The fetters again ?
 The scourging, the prison, the torture, —
 Who gave them a thought ?
 All these, and an hour with thee,
 Not too dearly were bought.

But now, but to-day, little General,
 I sit in the sun :
 Not again shall the wild way be traversed,
 The refuge be won ;
 For shattered, for withered and broken,
 A lightning-struck tree,
 All silent I sit in the sunshine,
 And listen to thee.

Kukushka ! Kukushka, my General,
 In mercy be still !
 Ah ! call me no more from the woodland,
 No more from the hill.
 I salute ! see ! it shakes like an aspen,
 The battered old hand.
 I salute, but I rise not to follow
 Thy word of command.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

By *Violette Hall.*

HE is old and decrepit, and it cannot be many years now before he must die; but my wife and I both feel as if the bottom would drop out of our domestic life with his expiring breath. He has been our mascot all through. If it were not for him, we should never have been married,—I am confident of that. Of course he has had his own dog-like methods of proceeding, which with few exceptions have been entirely unorthodox; but they have been effectual, and that is what we really care about.

This is the way he introduced us in the first place. Marion was a summer boarder at the Pine Hill House. I was a young lawyer of the village. We were passing over Horton's Bridge in opposite directions. Upon the ground at my right and her left was a seething mass. Our mascot—his name is Brush—was underneath, and a big, cowardly bull-dog was mercilessly chewing his ear. My blood was up in a moment, and I should certainly have interfered, even if Marion had not been there to implore my assistance. She says now, that she was perfectly cool and calm; but I call it neither calm nor cool to clutch a stranger by the arm and shriek hysterically, "Heartless man, will you stand by and see my dog meet death at those hands?"

Those hands were teeth, and I didn't know he was her dog, nor even who she was; but as I leaped in the direction of her pointing finger, I thought she was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, and I think so still, though she declares that I over-estimate her charms.

I grabbed the bull-dog by the collar from behind, and held him in mid-air, kicking, long after Brush and the angelic vision in gauzy blue with fluttering ribbons and things sank from my horizon.

"God bless her," I gasped, forgetting to put down the dog till he clawed my leg; "what eyes she has,—and what a grip! I believe my arm is black and blue."

I determined to know her. Accordingly I played as sweetly as I could upon the dowager Morris and her daughter Lulu,

who were the moving spirits of the Pine Hill, and I am afraid I laid more pounds of Huyler's candy at those ladies' feet than was honorable. But at any rate they invited me to a picnic at High Falls, and she was there.

Somehow other men had not entered into my calculations; and in anticipation I wandered for hours alone with the object of my new adoration, through mossy glades and all those romantic places. In reality I found the woods swarming with natty chaps in picturesque rigs, the sort of fellows who dabble in stuff ladies affect, such as poetry and art.

I graduated from Harvard when I was only nineteen, and have never been considered quite a fool, but I don't seem to take to fripperies or fripperies to me, as I wish I did and wish they did. It was the natty fellows who strolled through mossy glades alone with the objects of adoration. They spouted poetry; they sang bits of popular melodies; above all they told droll anecdotes. The ladies exclaimed periodically, "How fortunate we are to have Mr. Van Vost with us!" "What an addition Mr. Wilder is!" or "Do listen to Clarence Heywood!" It fell to my lot to help the chaperones over the stiles and to carry more of the younger ladies' wraps than I comfortably could, besides fetching water from the spring, though I would gladly have paid some one to perform these offices.

It was during my last excursion to the spring that I made a vow to appear in another light than scullion before the sun set that night, cost me what it would. I had lifted my body, straining in every muscle under the weight of an abnormally large pail filled to the brim, to see in a cosy nook above me, Harry Van Vost reading from a blue and gold volume which my sickened soul felt to be poetry. She was listening. I could think of nothing that would be entertaining for me to repeat to her, for I had decided to get her alone a few minutes at least, if I had to massacre all the other men in order to do it. The pieces I had spoken in school, *Horatius*

at the Bridge, and *Thanatopsis*, wouldn't do. Of late, verse had not been much in my line, except a few dialect poems of James Whitcomb Riley's; and they seemed more inappropriate than *Horatius*. But suddenly I remembered a certain unwilling pilgrimage I had made to the Water Color Exhibition, the February before, with my cousin Florence; and in that direful moment I determined to launch out as an art critic.

Later, when we were gathering up our traps preparatory to going over to meet the carriages at Lime Rock, Brush rubbed against me feelingly. This attracted Marion's attention. "He remembers you as his rescuer. Dear old Brush! How can we ever thank you?"

I never loved any animal as I loved Brush at that moment. I felt somehow as if she had called me dear, and glowed hotly under her tender voice.

We moved slowly off together, Brush trotting between us. My feet seemed not to plod over damp pine needles, but to have wings upon them and to be soaring through ethereal spaces. I have since learned that men wofully in love as I was, frequently experience this form of delusion, though at the time I considered it phenomenal. The sensation lasted but a few minutes, however. A blighting frost spread over me. I was not making myself agreeable,—and I must. But what if she were an artist herself? She might, for all I knew, be a leader among painters, and perhaps would bury me at the outset with technicalities. Still, a man must take his risks in anything worth winning, and I began:

"Do you like water-colors?"

She looked up eagerly. "Are you an artist?"

I was very red about the ears by this.

"No—not exactly. But I know a good thing in water-colors when I see it."

She fell upon me with a host of interrogations and assertions that I swear no man could have foreseen.

"Isn't Smedly grand? How strong and original he is! Are you fond of Church? I am, passionately. I prefer the native article to stay indigenous and to eschew foreign schools as they would evil. There, you're laughing. I see you don't agree with me."

My brain reeled. Another crucial mo-

ment had arrived. I must speak. One name danced through my memory. I could not be positive whether I had really seen it in Florence's catalogue, or only upon play-bills; but I thought I was right. It was risk number two, that was all.

"Crane is a great fellow with his brush," I called, in a high, excited voice.

"Bruce Crane! Yes, I am very fond of him. But it makes me shiver even in this temperature, to think of his cold, dreary landscapes." I was shivering, though less from what I was remembering about his landscapes than from what I was not remembering.

"Don't you think Robert Blum very clever?" she went on. It was idle to attempt anything further. I might as well unmask at once, I thought, in my desperation, and let her know that I could not tell the difference between a tea-store chromo and a Raphael. But how could I acknowledge myself a cheat to the woman I loved?—that was the question. My jaws seemed locked as if in death, when Brush, bless his dear old doggish heart, leaped after a robin.

"Brush, Brush," she called. "He must not catch that bird. Don't let him!"

There was little danger, but I did not need a second invitation to liberty. My artistic shackles fell from me; through the laurel bushes I tore after Brush,—a free man. Down hills, through valleys, up banks, we sped. Why, or for what, we knew not. We seemed to be children again,—or puppies. If I had thrown myself between roaring lions I could not have felt more a hero, in that I was doing her bidding. More blissfully my own I had never been than now, that I was liberated from myself. The chase over, we toiled slowly back to Marion.

"I saved the bird," I carolled cheerily from a distance.

"The bird?" she said abstractedly. "Oh, yes, thank you." Then she turned her head and I saw, framed among the pink and white laurel bushes, the loathsome face of Van Vost. "I can't think what comes next to, 'May wreaths that bound me, June needs must sever,'" she went on. The ass knew every bit of the gibberish, and repeated it word for word.

Presently Mrs. Morris swooped down upon us, tired and cross. She asked me to give her my arm. I intended only to

lend it to her for a little while, but she kept it until we reached the carriages at Lime Rock. I made another vow as I drove home in the gloaming, seated between Mrs. Morris and Van Vost's mother; it was to be myself, and myself only, from that day forth, for better, for worse.

My intimacy with Brush increased from the hour of the chase in exact proportion to the deceit which kept us running in the woods long after the bird had flown away. There was a tacit understanding between us, and he seemed to read my deepest secrets as though they were emblazoned in dog-language upon my back. The morning after the picnic, I met him as I came from the village bank. He was evidently overjoyed to see me, and followed in my footsteps directly to the office, where he insisted upon remaining until I, knowing that his mistress would be distressed by his absence, took him back to the hotel. We found her reading in a shady corner of the piazza, with a lot of girls about her. She came forward to greet us, with a finger shut in her book to keep the place.

It was *Corinne* in the original, and she told me she translated a little every morning to keep her French brushed up, which I thought very studious. The other girls were devouring flashy novels. She tried to make her reproof to Brush in a severe tone, but it is impossible to convert honey into stone in a moment. Again I felt as if her cooing voice were speaking me dear.

For several mornings after this first visit, when Brush came to me at exactly the same hour, and I returned him at exactly the same hour, she was in the same spot on the piazza, with the same girls about her, and *Corinne* in her lap. She said it would take her all summer to read it at the rate she was translating. But after my daily calls grew into a regular occurrence, she was generally found upon a rustic seat some distance from the hotel; the "grounds" of the Pine Hill House are spacious and romantic. I was delighted that chance should serve me such a gracious turn, for the bench was a broad one, and I could sit beside her an hour or two, together looking over the Hudson. Brush lay at our feet. I did not say very much during all this blissful time, but my soul spoke to Marion's, and Marion's to mine. The period of joy measured two weeks and one day.

A change came which, at first, was more agreeable than the silent tête-à-têtes. Brush ceased to visit my office, but lost himself regularly every morning. At the hour when we had been accustomed to appear together, Marion grew anxious about him and despatched a note to me, begging to learn if I knew aught of his whereabouts. Then I would go to her, and a serious interview would be held, which always ended in our scouring the surrounding country in solicitous pursuit. Those delicious wanderings through mossy glades I found to be more poignant joys in realization than in anticipation. Together we picked slender sprays of fern to slip between the pages of *Corinne*, that they might be pressed, and come out "quite natural and fresh." I tore down great branches of wild clematis, to watch her pinning them, with graceful bending of her neck, at her waist. I felt the pressure of her gloved hand, as I helped her over fallen tree-trunks and shallow pools. I saw her eyes sparkle with pleasure at each sweet bird-note. The moments, the hours, slipped by in quiet ecstasy, when suddenly she would catch up her sun-umbrella and go prodding with its long handle underneath the leaf-mould, as if she expected to unearth the dog by this dear, womanish performance. Once or twice, the object of our wanderings somehow altogether slipped from our memories, and it was not until we had left the grove and struck out into the turnpike, that we recollected; when we turned back and called loudly, "Brush! Brush!" besides looking in many nooks and crannies. We never saw a trace of him in our searches, but invariably when we returned to the hotel we found him basking in the sun close to our rustic seat, as if he had not left it. He always gave us a knowing glance, and sometimes I fancied I detected a sly wink; but clearly that must have been hallucination. The second period of joy measured two weeks and three days.

Another change came. One sultry morning in August, the usual letter of inquiry failed to reach me. Man-like I made myself believe that the messenger had gone astray, and the customary hour found me plodding through the hot gravel of the hotel carriage drive. The sun streamed mercilessly upon my back, but my brain was busy with thoughts of damp moss and thick foliage. Suddenly my attention was

stunned by a glimmer of white through the cedar trees of "Lovers' walk," which immediately took the form of Marion in a light summer gown. At her side strolled Van Vost. Their backs were turned, and they soon disappeared out of the grounds, through a side entrance, into the street beyond.

Love is more insane than insanity. I said to myself that I had been used only as a stop-gap during Van Vost's absence; that I should not be expected upon future woodland expeditions; that I had been a fool, but, thank Heaven, my eyes were open at last. Now was the time to take the western tour I had planned before Marion came upon the carpet. I would not stay to witness Van Vost's triumph, but the first morning train should carry me out of sight of her false face.

I went to my rooms and began preparations for the journey. A half-dozen collars, long ago discarded as out of vogue, one patent-leather slipper, a box of parlor matches, and a pair of winter trousers, I laid in my steamer-trunk, which I strapped securely; after which I put on my best hat and walked rapidly to my office, when I remembered that I had had no lunch, but did not go back for it. The next few hours I spent in writing sonnets to Marion's faithlessness, and in accumulating unholy epithets about the name of Van Vost. Afterward I read, at breakneck pace, thirty pages of Blackstone's Commentaries, beginning with the sentence, *Marion is false*, and ending with the same.

Shadows fell upon my floor. I looked dejectedly across the street at three blooming girls. One of them I recognized as the object of my—I hardly know whether to write love or hate. She was accompanied by Brush, who rubbed vigorously against her as if to attract her attention to the situation. But she passed quietly on. In a moment I heard the dog scratching at my door. I opened it cordially, for I still loved him, although I felt abused by his mistress. During the period of his daily visits to me, Marion had frequently tied a note to his collar, a little reminder of a book I was to lend her or some other office she wished me to perform. I grimly determined to return a missive to her by this means, a gay one, as though I were happy in leaving her. It ran thus:—

DEAR MISS LAWRENCE:

The first western train will bear me to California—a delightful trip I have long anticipated. Feel as if I ought to be sorry to leave, but cannot work up any regret. Will not find time to see you to say good by. Make Van Vost take good care of you while I am gone.

In a whirl of joyful anticipation,

J. H. D.

I missed the first train. I cannot say that I overslept, for I did not close my eyes that night; but, at any rate, No. 4 went without me, and I said to myself, I will go at 3.10. At six minutes past eleven, a messenger brought me a note from Marion, saying she wished to consult me about a picnic the hotel people were getting up, but not a word of my journey.

I hurried to the Pine Hill House. Marion sat upon our rustic seat, with a heavenly smile on her lips and a look in her eyes I would have staked my life upon as not far from tender. About two feet from her tiny prunella boots, I saw in the long grass my letter, with the unbroken seal turned upward. How that dog rid himself of it I do not pretend to know, but I blessed him with my whole heart. Over it I placed my foot—over the note, I mean, not over my heart.

"How could I have missed you yesterday?" she began.

I ground the note into the soft earth; the cruel words, "cannot work up any regret," pelting like hailstones upon my conscience.

"I started out at the hour when you generally come"—here a deep red mounted to her raven ringlets, and the note went two inches deeper—"with the hope of meeting you. I had to attend hurriedly to a legal matter and wanted your advice. Mr. Van Vost joined me, but he was not able to help me in the least." A few minutes more and that note would be posted in China. "I had just received a perplexing telegram from my lawyer and did not know what answer to send."

"Let me assist you now," I implored, feeling like a compound of thief, drunkard, and assassin.

"Oh, that is all satisfactorily arranged," she smiled. "In my ignorance I stumbled upon the right solution, as one often does. But, by the way, you will explore Ramshorn Creek with us to-morrow, will you not?"

To myself I said, "Brush, you are my patron saint from this day forth." To her I said, "I will."

We went up Ramshorn Creek in row-boats. The smaller ones carried but two passengers, besides baskets and shawls, the larger ones, some of them, upwards of six or eight. We were in a small boat, Marion and I. She sat in the stern with Brush laying his forepaws on her shoulder in an awkward embrace. I was on the nearest seat, with the oars in my hands, though we were floating with the rising tide. Love blinded my eyes; she had become but a filmy vision; love deadened the sound of lapping waves and buzzing insects; love pierced my heart; love held me spell-bound. Then suddenly and softly a tender voice pronounced the words I would have uttered:—

"I love you. I love you."

"You do, my darling?" I cried, leaping to her side.

She put out her hand to stay me; her face was dyed in crimson.

"How can you? I was speaking to Brush."

But the spell was broken. My tongue was loosened, and my strong right arm. It did not take many minutes to make her confess, with her cheek pressed close to mine, that, though she had said Brush, she meant me.

I wrote this to present to her on the anniversary of our wedding; but she regrets my not having consulted her, as she thinks she might have added some "touches" to advantage. This is one: the gown she wore the day we first met was blue grenadine, trimmed with piece ribbon. Also, I should have used her Christian or surname, and not "her" and "she," as I have; and prunella boots and ringlets have long been out of vogue; and although I may not be bookish in one way, I could tell Van Vost things about law and the sciences that would make him stare. I insist that all that is unimportant; but she says it is not unimportant.

AMONG THE BERKSHIRES.

By M. C. Reid.

"TO my orphan nece, Barbary Church, my patch flock bed and bolster with 2 paire of sheets, 2 blancoates, a cotton rug, 1 paire of kitterminster curtains and vallance, 1 cheesplate, 6 porringers, 6 pewter plates, 1 iron pot, 1 brass skellet, 2 comly suits of apparl—1 for working dayes, another for Sabbath dayes, with 2 paire of shoes, Culpeper's dispensatory with 3 other small books. Thes are for her alone. I give her the use of the farm wile she is a single woman. When she has chose to marry, she will brake the seal on the paper I have given her and see to whom the farm goes. I leav Asa Whiting in care of all, but Barbary need not ask his advise nor yelde to him."

Barbary slowly read her aunt's legacy in the fading light, and kissed the signature with a burst of tears. Poor Aunt Lydia! worked out and laid away just when she held the farm clear, and days of ease were dawning! Barbary felt a longing to efface

herself and live out the desires of that barren life.

Old Hannah sat dozing by the window, and Barbary softly drew in the blind to break the air, as her aunt would have done. The evening breeze had risen with the moon and stirred a world of possibility with the scents and sounds one could not stop to realize in the day. The cattle were settling to their rest with low, contented cries, and a calf her aunt had petted ran to meet Barbary as she left the house, rubbing its nose against her hand and biting at her apron. She put her arm around its neck and stood upon a hillock to look down on the farms of Barrington. The river linked in and out the fields like a glittering chain, and where they lay upon the hills the moon pointed out their promise with coal patches of light and shade. Barbary felt the pain of unshared pleasure, and tears stood in her eyes.

Yield to Deacon Whiting indeed! Aunt Lydia need not have added her caution.

Had she forgotten the beginning of their enmity, when Barbary, a child, had fastened a gaudy pinwheel on the bald front of the meeting-house, and Asa Whiting, a stripling then, had torn it down, with a red face, crying that the witches were not all dead yet? She had never given a gleeful laugh in the town, nor vented her liveliness in a gay run or bedecked dress, that she had not seemed to feel his questioning eyes. Barbary did not agree to his being too young for deaconship. She had asked her aunt once if it was hard to tell whether his father were older when the latter was alive, and if it would not have been a pleasure to them to burn their heart's dearest for conscience' sake. To her surprise she had been answered sharply, and Aunt Lydia had turned away as if she were wounded.

The calf ceased its gentle playing, and pulling from Barbary's hand, darted off. Barbary started as a tall shadow fell across the grass, it was so like Aunt Lydia's—the same broad, high shoulders, the same long, strong arms.

"I have come," said Deacon Whiting, "to tell you a company of gypsies are lying for the night by the near bend of the river."

"I thank you," said Barbary, stiffly, thinking he might have taken off his hat, or at least touched it, to a mourner.

"I can rest in the barn with the boy," he said.

"Oh no!" said Barbary, quickly. "We have no fear. The locks are strong and the dogs are true. Deacon Whiting," she added, "I pray you will not have us on your mind. I think from this, Aunt Lydia did not mean you to be burdened."

She took from her bosom her copy of the will and pointed to its last sentence. He read it in silence, looked Barbary gravely for a moment in the face, raised his hat, and left her. When she had made the round of the place and seen to its safety, she found Hannah examining with great interest, by her candle's light, a great, roughly cut bone whistle the Deacon had given her. Barbary laughed, but she was not merry at heart.

The sun rose to find the gypsies gone, taking nothing but what they had brought. There was a rumor, however, of the sod by the Church farm-yard gates being torn

up by horses' hoofs, and of Deacon Whiting going early in the day to have a wound dressed, and bruises assuaged with herbs, by Jim the Piper, on the Sheffield road. Nothing but necessity could have brought those two together. Barbary did not care to believe the tale, nor to think of the Deacon with no womankind to care for him. At noon she sent a message asking, if it were not too great an encroachment on the Deacon's time, for his advice on the sowing of a certain field. Answer came that the matter would be attended to, and the Deacon's arm was indeed bound up.

Barbary put the living-room in spotless order, and quickly donned the suit of "Sabbath dayes' apparel." Her snowy kerchief and cuffs turned back upon her black dress gave color to her thick sun-bleached hair, which she fastened high beneath a tall black comb. Her dark-lashed eyes were drooped demurely as became her position of dignity, when she went to meet the mail-carrier at the gate. He had a package too large for the post-box there. Barbary's face flushed as she opened the bundle of seed, and read the explicit directions for its use in Deacon Whiting's writing. Doubling it under her arm, she sent the gate whirling back, and stepped into the road. The Whiting farm lay a short way up the road, and she made towards its post-box. She was almost there, when her heart stood still with terror.

With more muscle than many a town-bred man, a life-long familiarity with all farm belongings, and a hardy pride that hid fear, there was one sound that found Barbary Church as helpless as a babe. She stood in the middle of the road, and heard the paralyzing roar of a great white bull as he came thundering towards her, with bent head and dilated nostrils. Her kerchief and hair and the shining of the comb in the sun were like beacon lights. She was but half conscious that a horseman stooped and lifted her to his saddle, and gently turned her face to his shoulder, though she seemed to know that the arm that held her was bandaged.

Deacon Whiting drove the brute, with the hay-fork in his hand, within a stone wall and dropped its bars, then turned his horse to the Church farm-house door, and lightly lifted Barbary to its doorstep. She quickly laid her hand upon the horse's

bridle. "You would have come in with Aunt Lydia and let her thank you," she said.

"I have no claim for thanks," he answered, "and Aunt Lydia is not here."

Barbary looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"I have lost both seed and directions," she said.

Asa Whiting slowly alighted and tied his horse.

"I did not think," she said, when the latter was safely ensconced in Aunt Lydia's high-backed chair by the window, his invalid arm supported on the sill by *Culpeper's Dispensatory* and perhaps the smaller books,—"I did not think, considering Aunt Lydia's request of you, that I should have to go after you as well as send for you."

A strange shyness came over Barbary, though the deacon's churchly coat was wanting, his head uncovered, and she saw his dark hair curled and waved above his forehead in a youthful and worldly way. He had stretched out his long limbs restfully, and was quietly watching the comforts of the room. When Barbary made her inconsistent plaint, he involuntarily smiled. So unaccustomed was he to do so that his erect head drooped, his eyes sought the ground, and the firm lines of his mouth grew sensitive and uncertain. Barbary seized Hannah's idle needle and the nearest object for its service. To her confusion she found herself mending a braid on the deacon's hat. But Barbary was determined the visit should be a success. She questioned and listened with eager docility on all the points of planting and crops.

It certainly was a little hard that, offering such humility, Barbary should be left in ungracious silence for weeks after.

One of the town's three selectmen died that year, and on a day in June the election for a new one took place. Barbary's friends lured her from her crocks of cream and churning.

"You must not let the name of Church die out in town affairs. Your aunt would not have it so," they said.

However, Barbary would go no nearer to the town hall than the bridge above it. She sat there with young companions, her arms filled as theirs, with flowers, to greet the successful candidate, for the choice

was to be from the younger generation. She saw the meeting crowd down the hall steps, and the salutations were all for Asa Whiting. He received them and the gay flower pelting with a geniality and grace she had not expected. Barbary's arms held the richest hoard of daisies, sweet mallow, and wreaths of button-bush, but she clasped them close.

"Say, Barbary Church," cried some one, "do you want toll for your flowers?"

"I am thinking," she answered, "of headless Indians dancing round a farmhouse with their heads in their hands. I have no wreaths for their funeral feast."

Now, there was a saying in the town, that the Whiting farm was the only one in Barrington gotten by the red man's death, and that the house was haunted as Barbary had said. Some folks liked to add that the family's marked philanthropy to the Indian was but poor reparation, when they lived and held office by the Indian's land.

Asa Whiting passed Barbary Church with a quiet face, but she had seen his hands clench as they were clasped behind his back. She slipped through the crowd and made her way home across the fields with a heavy step. She sat down in a quiet stretch of pines and laid her head upon her flowers. She looked up without surprise when steps drew near and the new selectman appeared before her; but she threw her flowers in his way. He turned upon her sharply.

"I wish you would have done," he cried, "and be open enemy once for all."

Barbary sprang up to battle; one hand upon her heaving breast, one arm uplifted in dramatic censure.

"It is you, Asa Whiting," she began, "you that will not do as others would. You might—" Then her voice failed, her arm dropped, and she turned her head aside.

"Barbary Church," the deacon said quietly, "when your aunt asked me to watch over you, she asked what I could not help doing, what I have always done. Do you think, Barbary, I would be deacon and selectman, if it were known I had kept and sorrowed over a pin-wheel for a dozen years?"

Barbary stooped and picked up one of the discarded daisies.

"If I were you," she said, with blushing

cheeks, "I would put that with the pin-wheel."

The deacon caught the hand that held the flower. Just a minute more, and Barbary had laid her head where the deacon had put it the day he took her on his horse.

"Asa," she asked, "did Aunt Lydia tell you whose the farm would be when I married?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what is in my sealed paper?"

"Yes."

"Tell me."

"When Barbary Church wishes to marry, the farm shall go to Asa Whiting. This is for the love I was too proud to show his father. It is my hope that Barbary will go with the farm."

Barbary drew Asa Whiting's face down, that she might look into his eyes.

"Shall we give it to the Indians?" she said.

Nor was she disappointed in the smile of assent and the tender kiss that answered her.



THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE outcry that has been raised in many good quarters against the proposed Federal Elections Bill is very extravagant. The state of things described in the preceding pages, in a manner which carries assurance of impartiality and of truth, is a state of things that cannot be permitted and should not find excuses or apologies from any citizen in a nation that claims to be civilized and to respect law. If it be true that in great sections such as that here pictured, the organization of an unpopular political party and its freedom at the polls are prevented by "the silent eloquence of waiting rifles" and by such processes of election as render the illiterate members of that party helpless, while no hindrance is opposed to the ignorant man of the other side, surely a rule of "force" exists, with which no possible evils resulting from efficient federal control of federal elections could compare. If it is a question of "force," then better by all means the force of the policeman or the soldier than the force of the bully, the force of the representative of law rather than that of the breaker of law. We believe that the real evils which it is claimed would result from such a law are vastly magnified by most of those in the political arena who to-day are crying out against it. Much of the outcry is from those who are not seeking for justice in this matter, who are not believers in political equality, and who think lightly of the lawlessness and terrorism which indisputably prevail in so great sections of the South. Whatever be the dictate of expediency for the moment, the righteousness of such arraignments as those of Senator Hoar—and we deem it wise to present here, as a part of the discussion of a subject of such moment, one of Mr. Hoar's latest utterances—cannot be gainsaid. Yet more important than any question of immediate expediency or of abstract justice as concerns the proposed law is certainly the question of the making of the negro fit for suffrage and of an educational qualification for suffrage, the country through. Professor Levermore is right in recognizing as the primary truth of the matter that intelligence is the only door by which the African can ever hope to enter permanently into the political heritage of the Englishman. The negro in the

South to-day who will stand boldly for this educational qualification, though it disfranchise half his race for half a century, is the true friend of his race and the true patriot. The white man who persistently opposes it will demonstrate that his dread of the negro, pretended or real, is not because the negro is ignorant, but because he is a negro; and if he persists too long, he will certainly have to cope with "force bills" of a very drastic character. For there is a limit to a nation's patience; and this nation has decreed that before its laws there shall be known no white or black, and it cannot permit its laws to be permanently defied. Least of all can it permit it in what relates to what is so vital in a republic as the purity and security of suffrage.

* *

"A MAN who speaks of the National Election Bill as a force bill," says Mr. Hoar, "can only get acquitted of an attempt to deceive the people by pleading either gross ignorance or a very narrow understanding. I suppose you know the occasion that called it forth. I do not stand here to rehearse to people who know their own history the terrible story of the election outrages which have occurred in the South ever since those states were readmitted to their places after the war. General Sheridan declared that in the state of Louisiana alone more Republicans had been slain for their political principles than fell on both sides in the Mexican War. The terrible massacres of Colfax, Coushatta and the others, are fresh in most of your memories. From Mississippi the stories have come to us, authenticated alike by Democratic confession and Republican investigation, of Democrats sitting with loaded rifles trained upon the ballot boxes, in order that Republicans should not go up to vote, of men like 'Print' Matthews shot down at the polls, Washington County, Texas; Copia; Oxford, the capital of Lafayette County, Mississippi; South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, whose last outrage was to murder the Republican contestant, duly elected, as he and we claimed, to the House of Representatives, while he was preparing his case,—these are cases fresh in your memory. The result of all these things

had been that at last it came to take an average of about 5000 votes in South Carolina or Mississippi to elect a member of Congress, when it takes an average of from 28,000 to 30,000 to elect one in Massachusetts. Wisconsin casts a vote for nine representatives, I think, which is just about equal to the vote which elects twenty-six Democratic representatives in twenty-six Republican districts in the South. Now, fellow-citizens, I for one have had no experience or observation which warrants me in believing that one man in South Carolina is as good as five men in Massachusetts.

"Now, what is it proposed to do to remedy this evil? Why, a bill has been framed which has passed the House of Representatives under the charge and guidance of Mr. Lodge, simply containing this provision,—that the judges of the Circuit Courts of the United States shall appoint three men of different political parties, who shall be present at the registration and election, and witness, and report what they see; and that, in most of the cases for which the bill provides, is all. But whenever there is an application, upon one hundred voters of a district asking that the entire district shall be put under this supervision, and making oath that, in their belief, there cannot be a fair election without it, then the judge of the Circuit Court appoints three commissioners for the state, also of different political parties; and these witnesses report to those commissioners the result of the election received by them from the hands of the state officials, who make the count and declare the result in each precinct, together with such facts bearing upon the honesty and fairness of the election as they see fit to report. Thereupon these state commissioners make the certificate as to the election which entitles the man claiming the seat to be put on the rolls of the House of Representatives, subject, as the Constitution requires, to the action of the House itself. But if any candidate be aggrieved by this action, he has a right to go to the judge of the Circuit Court of that circuit and have a hearing, and the judge's certificate as to the truth of the election takes the place of the certificate of those election officers. Now, that, with a stringent provision against bribery and a careful provision against excessive fees, is the whole of what these gentlemen call a force bill. I observe that Mr. Watterson of Kentucky, a gentleman whose bark, I am happy to say, is a good deal worse than his bite, thinks that I am a very malignant and malicious person to be advocating such a measure as that, and he wishes that Massachusetts would go back and take counsel of the moderation of Charles Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison. Why, they beat Charles Sumner over the head in the Senate Chamber for his moderation. If Mr. William Lloyd Garrison had been caught on the soil of Kentucky, he would have been hung up by the neck to the nearest tree. Why, fellow-citizens, who is the circuit judge who is to execute this authority for Mr. Watterson's state of Kentucky? It is Howell E. Jackson of Tennessee, a Confederate soldier and Democratic senator, a judge appointed by Grover Cleveland. And this is 'Massachusetts malignity,' that desires to submit to him the question whether a man whose vote is to be as potent as that of either of my honored friends who sit on this platform in regard to the policy which affects the

happiness and comfort of every home in Massachusetts,—the question whether that man in Tennessee or Kentucky is duly and honestly elected. Who is to have this function in the great district which contains the Southern states of Arkansas and Missouri? It is Judge Caldwell, a Republican, indeed, but a Republican whose appointment was made by President Harrison on the earnest pressure and solicitation of the Democratic senators of those states. Now, my friends, I have for one got tired, as I said just now, of having under this Constitution of ours a man count one in South Carolina and Mississippi and yet count but one-fifth of one in Massachusetts. We reduced these Southern states from their condition of rebellion that they might stand by our side as equals. You and I resisted every attempt to place them or keep them beneath the feet of the North. When the old force bill, so called, which required the President of the United States to suspend the habeas corpus and declare martial law through every state in the South in 1874 was under consideration, you and I voted against it, and declared that we did not wish to live under the American flag with vassal states or subject citizens. But these men, if they are to be nothing less, are, with our consent, to be nothing more, than equals."

* *

FEW recent events in New England have awakened warmer interest than the celebration of the Cotton Centennial, which was about to take place just as our last number appeared, and to which we devoted so large a portion of that number. The most useful service which this commemoration has rendered is in the incitement it has given to the study of the early days of the cotton industry in New England and the remarkable men who were the leaders in the work—for Moses Brown and Slater and Lowell and Lawrence and Appleton and Boott and Anthony and Paul Moody and Patrick Jackson certainly constituted one of the most remarkable groups of "captains of industry" that has ever been seen in America. There was no stronger man in this group than Patrick Jackson; and one of the most remarkable works relating to the inauguration of the cotton era in New England, which the recent celebration has prompted some of us to take down from its dusty place in the library, is the memorial to Jackson written by John A. Lowell immediately after Jackson's death. We should like to draw largely for our readers from this little volume, but it is possible to draw but two or three brief passages. The first is the account of Mr. Lowell's enlistment of Jackson's and Moody's services and the starting of the enterprise at Waltham.

"Mr. Lowell had just returned to this country, after a long visit to England and Scotland. While abroad, he had conceived the idea that the cotton manufacture, then almost monopolized by Great Britain, might be advantageously prosecuted here. The use of machinery was daily superseding the former manual operations; and it was known that power-looms had recently been introduced, though the mode of constructing them was kept secret. The cheapness of labor and abundance of capital were advantages in favor of the English manufacturer; they had skill and reputation. On the other hand, they were burthened with the taxes of a

prolonged war. We could obtain the raw material cheaper, and had a great superiority in the abundant water-power, then unemployed, in every part of New England. It was also the belief of Mr. Lowell, that the character of our population, educated, moral, and enterprising as it then was, could not fail to secure success, when brought into competition with their European rivals; and it is no small evidence of the far-reaching views of this extraordinary man, and his early colleagues, that their very first measures were such as should secure that attention to education and morals among the manufacturing population, which they believed to be the corner-stone of any permanent success.

"Impressed with these views, Mr. Lowell determined to bring them to the test of experiment. So confident was he in his calculations, that he thought he could in no way so effectually assist the fortunes of his relative, Mr. Jackson, as by offering him a share in the enterprise. Great were the difficulties that beset the new undertaking. The state of war prevented any communication with England. Not even books and designs, much less models, could be procured. The structure of the machinery, the materials to be used in the construction, the very tools of the machine-shop, the arrangement of the mill, and the size of its various apartments—all these were to be, as it were, re-invented. But Mr. Jackson's was not a spirit to be appalled by obstacles. He entered at once into the project, and devoted to it, from that moment, all the time that could be spared from his mercantile pursuits.

"The first object to be accomplished, was to procure a power-loom. To obtain one from England was, of course, impracticable; and, although there were many patents for such machines in our Patent Office, not one had yet exhibited sufficient merit to be adopted into use. Under these circumstances but one resource remained—to invent one themselves; and this these earnest men at once set about. Unacquainted as they were with machinery, in practice, they dared, nevertheless to attempt the solution of a problem that had baffled the most ingenious mechanicians. In England the power-loom had been invented by a clergyman, and why not here by a merchant? After numerous experiments and failures they at last succeeded, in the autumn of 1812, in producing a model which they thought so well of as to be willing to make preparations for putting up a mill for the weaving of cotton cloth. It was now necessary to procure the assistance of a practical mechanic, to aid in the construction of the machinery; and the friends had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. Paul Moody, afterwards so well known as the head of the machine-shop at Waltham.

"They found, as might naturally be expected, many defects in their model loom; but these were gradually remedied. The project hitherto had been exclusively for a weaving-mill, to do by power what had before been done by hand-loom. But it was ascertained, on inquiry, that it would be more economical to spin the twist, rather than to buy it; and they put up a mill for about 1700 spindles, which was completed late in 1813. It will probably strike the reader with some astonishment to be told that this mill, still in operation at Waltham, was probably the first one in the

world that combined all the operations necessary for converting the raw cotton into finished cloth. Such, however, is the fact, as far as we are informed on the subject. The mills in this country—Slater's, for example, in Rhode Island—were spinning-mills only; and in England, though the power-loom had been introduced, it was used in separate establishments by persons who bought, as the hand-weavers had always done, their twist of the spinners.

"Great difficulty was at first experienced at Waltham for the want of a proper preparation (sizing) of the warps. They procured from England a drawing of Horrocks's dressing machine, which, with some essential improvements, they adopted, producing the dresser now in use at Lowell and elsewhere. No method was, however, indicated in this drawing for winding the threads from the bobbins on to the beam; and to supply this deficiency, Mr. Moody invented the very ingenious machine called the warper. Having obtained these, there was no further difficulty in weaving by power-loom.

"There was still great deficiency in the preparation for spinning. They had obtained from England a description of what was then called a bobbin and fly, or jack-frame, for spinning roving; from this Mr. Moody and Mr. Lowell produced our present double speeder. The motions of this machine were very complicated, and required nice mathematical calculations. Without them Mr. Moody's ingenuity, great as it was, would have been at fault. These were supplied by Mr. Lowell. Many years afterwards, and after the death of Mr. Lowell, when the patent for the speeder had been infringed, the late Dr. Bowditch was requested to examine them, that he might appear as a witness at the trial. He expressed to Mr. Jackson his admiration of the mathematical power they evinced; adding, that there were some corrections introduced that he had not supposed any man in America familiar with but himself.

"There was also great waste and expense in winding the thread for filling or weft from the bobbin on to the quills for the shuttle. To obviate this, Mr. Moody invented the machine known here as the filling-throstle.

"It will be seen, by this rapid sketch, how much there was at this early period to be done, and how well it was accomplished. The machines introduced then are those still in use in New England—brought, of course, to greater perfection in detail, and attaining a much higher rate of speed; but still substantially the same."

* * *

OF the provisions made for the workers in the factories and the social problem raised by the new industry, Mr. Lowell wrote as follows: "By the erection of boarding-houses at the expense and under the control of the factory; putting at the head of them matrons of tried character, and allowing no boarders to be received except the female operatives of the mill; by stringent regulations for the government of these houses; by all these precautions they gained the confidence of the rural population, who were now no longer afraid to trust their daughters in a manufacturing town. A supply was thus obtained of respectable girls; and these, from pride of char-

acter, as well as principle, have taken especial care to exclude all others. It was soon found that an apprenticeship in a factory entailed no degradation of character, and was no impediment to a reputable connection in marriage. A factory-girl was no longer condemned to pursue that vocation for life; she would retire, in her turn, to assume the higher and more appropriate responsibilities of her sex; and it soon came to be considered that a few years in a mill were an honorable mode of securing a dowry. The business could thus be conducted without any permanent manufacturing population. The operatives no longer form a separate caste, pursuing a sedentary employment, from parent to child, in the heated rooms of a factory; but are recruited, in a circulating current, from the healthy and virtuous population of the country.

By these means, and a careful selection of men of principle and purity of life as agents and overseers, a great moral good has been obtained. Another result has followed, which, if foreseen, as no doubt it was, does great credit to the sagacity of those remarkable men. The class of operatives employed in our mills have proved to be as superior in intelligence and efficiency to the degraded population elsewhere employed in manufactures, as they are in morals. They are selected from a more educated class — from among persons in more easy circumstances, where the mental and physical powers have met with fuller development. This connection between morals and intellectual efficiency has never been sufficiently studied."

* *

MR. LOWELL'S summing up of Mr. Jackson's character is as follows. It would stand as well, it seems to us, for the portrait of almost any of these great cotton leaders whom we have named and of that older generation of Boston merchants who did so much to make New England what it is.

"Reviewing the career of Mr. Jackson, one cannot but be struck with the multifarious and complicated nature of the business he undertook, the energy and promptness of his resolution, the sagacity and patience with which he mastered details, the grasp of mind that reached far beyond the exigencies of the moment. Yet these qualities, however pre-eminent, will not alone account for his uniform success, or the great influence he exercised. He had endowment morally, as well as intellectually, of a high order. The loftiest principles — not merely of integrity, but of honor, governed him in every transaction; and, superadded to these was a kindliness of feeling that led him to ready sympathy with all who approached him. It was often said of him, that while no one made a sharper bargain than he did, yet no one put so liberal a construction upon it when made. His sense of honor was so nice that a mere misgiving was enough to decide him against his own interest. With his extensive business and strength of character, he necessarily had collisions with many; yet he had few enemies, and to such as felt inimical toward him he harbored no resentment. Prompt in the expression of his feelings, he was equally so in the forgiveness of injuries. His quick sympathies led him to be foremost in all works of public spirit, or of charity. He was fearless in the expression of his opinions, and never swerved from

the support of the right and the true from any considerations of policy or favor. He felt it to be the part of real dignity to enlighten, not to follow the general opinion.

"In private, he was distinguished by a cheerfulness and benevolence that beamed upon his countenance, and seemed to invite every one to be happy with him. His position enabled him to indulge his love of doing good by providing employment for many meritorious persons; and this patronage, once extended, was never capriciously withdrawn.

"The life of such a man is a public benefaction. Were it only to point out to the young and enterprising that the way to success is by the path of honor — not half-way, conventional honor, but honor enlightened by religion, and guarded by conscience — were it only for this, a truth but imperfectly appreciated even by moralists, the memory of such men should be hallowed by posterity."

* *

WE have already alluded in these pages to the organized effort which has recently been inaugurated for the preservation of beautiful and historical places in Massachusetts. Since our notice of the matter, a second conference of persons interested has been held in Boston, at the Institute of Technology. President Sprague of the Massachusetts Senate presided; at this meeting speeches were made by Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Judge Shurtleff, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and others; and letters from Governor Brackett, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, and many others who are warmly interested in the effort were read. The conference appointed a committee to promote its purposes; and the circular which this committee has issued touches so many of the interests for the promotion of which the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE exists that we commend it to the attention of every New England reader, with the wish that societies like this Massachusetts one might be organized in every New England State.

"The fundamental facts of the subject with which the Committee has to deal are two, namely:

"1st. It is the self-interest of the Commonwealth to preserve, for the enjoyment of her people and their guests, all her finest scenes of natural beauty and all her places of historical interest.

"2d. Private ownership of such scenes and places now prevails, so that not only is the public completely barred out from many especially refreshing and interesting spots, but these valuable places are often robbed of their beauty or interest for some small private gain.

"The problem calls for intelligent action on the part of the Legislature, and generous action on the part of private citizens. The Committee will ask the Legislature to act for the best interests of the Commonwealth by establishing a Board of Trustees, capable of holding lands for the use and enjoyment of the public; and the Committee will ask the owners of lands, and the possessors of money which can buy or maintain lands, to endow the Trustees with suitable lands and considerable funds immediately upon their incorporation. With the fostering approval of the Legislature, the large and small gifts of enlightened citizens have provided Massachusetts with colleges, libraries, art museums, and hospitals. When the State shall

have established the necessary organization, gifts of beautiful and interesting places and sites may confidently be expected, for no nobler use of wealth can be imagined.

"Judge William S. Shurtleff of Springfield, Hon. Henry L. Parker of Worcester, and Moses Williams, Esq., of Brookline, have been appointed a Sub-Committee on Legislation. The establishment of an advisory Board, in addition to the Board of Trustees, will probably be recommended to the Legislature, its members to be elected as Delegates from existing incorporated associations. The State possesses many thriving historical and out-of-doors societies, and they will be called upon to unite in establishing and assisting a Board of Trustees which shall be capable of holding property valuable to one and all. Such acts of the Trustees as involve the assumption of permanent trusts will come before this Board of Delegates for confirmation.

"The Committee desires to hear from the officers of all societies which may wish to send Delegates to the proposed Board, and also from the officers or members of any societies which may see fit to assist the Committee by adopting resolutions favoring the establishment of the proposed Board of Trustees for public places.

"The Committee hopes to be informed of all movements now on foot looking to the opening to the public of any beautiful or historical places, as also of all lands which it may be desirable and possible to obtain for the proposed Trustees. Letters may be addressed to the nearest member of the Committee, or to the Secretary, Charles Eliot, 50 State Street, Boston.

"Lastly, the Committee requests all persons who may feel interested in this attempt to facilitate the preservation of natural scenery and of historical memorials to send contributions for this purpose to the Treasurer of the Committee, George Wigglesworth, Esq., 89 State Street, Boston. If the working fund can be made large enough, the work of the Committee can go on prosperously; otherwise it must languish.

"Committee: Francis A. Walker, Sarah H. Crocker, Marion Talbot, Wm. C. Burrage, C. S. Rackemann, George C. Mann, L. Saltonstall, F. L. Olmsted, C. S. Sargent, Moses Williams, Sylvester Baxter, Elizabeth Howe, Wm. S. Shurtleff, Joseph Tucker, Christopher Clarke, Richard Goodman, Franklin Carter, George Sheldon, Henry M. Dexter, Henry M. Lovering, George R. Briggs, J. Everts Greene, Henry L. Parker, Philip A. Chase, W. C. Endicott, Jr., Henry P. Walcott, Chairman; George Wigglesworth, Treasurer, Charles Eliot, Secretary."

* *

In this general connection we would express the pleasure with which we learn of the earnest effort which is being made to establish a strong association for the care of the White Mountain region. Many of the most beautiful places in the White Mountains have already been desecrated and despoiled in the most reckless and unnecessary manner; and there is danger that the modern Goth and Vandal may work much greater mischief there, unless put under stringent police regulations. The White Mountains should be regarded by New Englanders as a public trust. New England altogether is becoming more and more with each successive year the great pleasure resort for the people of

the whole country. It is because her shore, from Campobello and Mount Desert to Cape Ann and Cape Cod, is of peerless attraction, and because her hills and mountains are beautiful. This beauty is her most precious natural possession; it is, if we may speak to those who will take no higher view of things, her chief stock in trade—beauty and utility here being immediately one. This alone should dictate the most careful protection of the beauties of our shores and mountains, and short shift with whatever is ruthless and wanton. But it is upon a higher plane than this that we urge that the time has come when this province can no longer be left to haphazard; and we welcome the news from the White Mountains, for the claims of the White Mountains are pre-eminent.

* *

It is a thing worthy to be made special note of, and a very grateful thing, that the Boston Board of Aldermen has just swept from the stage, by a vigorous use of the broom for such cases provided, a nasty play which was being presented at one of the theatres of the city, and locked up the doors of the theatre, pending assurances from the management of a decent respect for its obligations to the public. It is grateful, because it reveals what some are liable to forget, that even in this free country—of free speech, free press, and all the other freedoms—the public is not without power and machinery to protect itself, and that there is no freedom here except the freedom to do right. But it is grateful chiefly because it has proved the occasion of eliciting from the managers of other Boston theatres such emphatic endorsement and such clear expression of their feelings as to the duty of the directors of the modern stage in what concerns the public morals. "If it were fit for the young and old people of Boston to see," said one, "I am confident that the board would not have taken this unprecedented action." Another was inclined to blame the audiences that crowded to see the play. "There will never be anything kept upon the stage for which there is not a lively demand by the patrons of the theatre," he said. "Plays are never so bad as the audiences would like to have them, and so long as pieces of this sort pay well they will be produced. Those in which vice is made attractive certainly should be stopped, and that seemed to be the sole purpose of the 'Clemenceau Case.'" He was surprised that the piece was allowed a second production in New York city or that it had been allowed in the other cities. The business manager of the Boston Theatre had no hesitation in declaring the action of the Aldermen righteous. "The stage," said he, "is first for the entertainment, then for the elevation of the people; in no sense is it for their degradation or disgrace, and it should not be made so. As for the particular piece involved, I have not so much as seen it, but, of course, like everybody else, I have read much that has been written about it by representatives of the press. The dramatic critics, to a man, have condemned it because of its bestial suggestiveness, therefore I know it must be 'smoky,' to say the least. The Aldermen have seen the show, therefore their action was not taken in ignorance. But after all, it can hardly be claimed that the Aldermen are the best censors in this matter; to my mind the critics

of the press are the better. The critics have said with all the force they could command, that such plays have no excuse and no place on the stage. The representative and the respectable members of the dramatic profession, I believe, are of the same opinion. As for the Boston Theatre, I can say that Mr. Tompkins would never even dream of allowing his stage to serve for the production of such a play as the press says 'The Clemenceau Case' is. The press and the Aldermen have seemingly joined in this matter to protect the public; they have also protected the stage."

All of which suggests a few thoughts concerning the present condition of the American stage, especially as regards public morality. It is a pleasure to see the present generation of our literary men turning to the drama to the extent which we are now seeing; for a dramatic era in the history of any literature is almost always a vital and a hopeful era. But our authors do not need the stage as an incitement to literary effort more than our people need it for their culture. It is hopeful to see the indiscriminate hostility to the stage which has so long pervaded great sections of our American society — good sections, religious sections — decaying. It is hopeful to have such kindly words as have been spoken in late times by so many of our leading religious teachers — Beecher, Swing, Phillips Brooks. The bitterest opposition to the stage which we hear to-day is usually the most ignorant — often from men who never heard a dozen plays of any sort, and those chosen as carelessly as one might seize a random lot of publications at the news-stand, to determine whether the printing-press be a blessing or a curse. Your hand would doubtless catch Howells's last book, of which perhaps twenty thousand have been printed, and Mrs. Southworth's last, — and we surely do not mean that Mrs. Southworth's books are bad books — which has three times as many readers; the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, with its circulation of — less than a hundred thousand; some *New York Weekly* or *Police Gazette*, with their many hundred thou-

sands. What then? Stop the printing-press, or discriminate and discriminate, educate and educate? Yet we venture that the proportion of good, bad, and indifferent dramas played in the city month after month is, compared with the good, bad, and indifferent books and papers printed, as two to one in favor of the stage.

The morals of the stage have had their ups and downs, like the morals of everything else. When they were at their worst in England, in the day when Wesley and William Law made the protest whose power we still feel, how much better than the theatre was Newcastle's politics? And in those rotten days of decomposing Rome, which the opponents of the drama quote so much, how much better than the actor was the emperor or the priest? To-day, from a fairly large knowledge of actors, we must say that we deem them men and women usually of great humaneness and of many virtues, a bad class to hit upon as representative sinners, — as good a class as our grocers, whose tea and sugar we do not stop buying when one of them turns out a scamp. We wish that Boston Aldermen would now turn their attention to the bookstalls. These need attention far more than the stage to-day. We shall publish in the next number of our MAGAZINE a much needed article upon "Our Unclean Fiction," showing how an insidious immorality is possessing much of our American fiction that still has welcome in what calls itself good society. Perhaps this evil can only cure itself; but the evil of the journals of crime and filth, which flaunt in the windows of news-stores in our every street, existing simply for the sake of pandering to what is lowest and most brutal among men, and constituting the most productive school of crime in our midst, — this is an evil so gross, that it is amazing that a civilized society should permit it for another hour. It should be cured by the policeman, and at once; and the Board of Aldermen that first moves in the matter, will have applause even warmer than that just won from the theatrical managers of Boston.

THE OMNIBUS.

THE ARMY TEAMSTER.

THERE are laurels enough for the soldier,

For the hero, laurels and song;
Brave deeds on the field of battle
Are echoed in cheers from the throng,
Who have never a thought for the teamster,
The butt of an army's fun;
For who has kept count of the battles
His patience and labor have won?

Big, and brawny, and awkward,
Stupid, and rough, and profane, —
The army depends on his movements,
The soldier waits for his train.
He is only support for the others.
A kind-hearted drudge at the best;
Yet a hero, perhaps, 'neath his dulness,
If put to a soldierly test.

All the faithful are not with the fighters;

There are those who must toil and bear
The brunt of the army's burdens,
Yet none of the glory share.
But the battle were lost without them,
The soldier a hero in vain;
And muscle and brawn are needed,
As well as valor and brain.

Then a song for the faithful teamster,
And a place for his spirit among
The every-day, common-place workers,
Unnoticed, unlaurelled, unsung!
He is strength for the battle-leaders;
Unsupported, their triumph were shame;
And the hero were helpless without him,
Though no honor-list carries his name.

— Jessie F. O'Donnell.

CUPID'S THEFT.

WHILE sauntering on a summer's day
Near where my love had chanced to stray,
The little god espied her;
And quietly the roguish elf,
Stealing on tiptoe, placed himself,
All unobserved, beside her.

So fair a face, young Cupid thought,
By artist's skill had ne'er been wrought
On canvas or on stone;
And lest no other hand should serve
Such peerless beauty to preserve,
That task should be his own.

Then from his quiver forth he drew,
To match her cheek's imperial hue,
A full-blown damask rose;
And next, the whiteness of her brow,
In spotless purity to show,
A lily's leaf he chose.

To catch the color of her eyes,
And for all time immortalize,
A violet he took;
His paints prepared — but now perplexed,
He really knew not where he next
For canvas was to look.

Not long, howe'er, was he in doubt;
For soon the problem he worked out
When he had pondered on it;
The tricky elf, with cunning art
For such sly thefts, purloined my heart,
And painted her upon it.

And so upon that summer's day,
It came about in just this way,
My own true love I won.
When on my heart her face he drew,
He painted better than he knew,
Albeit 'twas half in fun.
— T. H. Farnham.

* *

GOING ABROAD.

WITH just the glimmering of a hope,
In one dark corner of the station,
I tried to read, and not to mope, —
It was a dreary situation!

When suddenly I had the glimpse
That always keeps my heart from sinking, —
Tall feather, coat, and sunny crimps;
Yes, all of which I had been thinking!

Oh, girlish figure clad in brown,
This, after all, is not deniel me,
That ere you leave the staid old town,
A little while you stand beside me!

Oh, well-gloved hand, it is not given
To hold or furtively caress you.
Words, too, must fail me, but — thank Heaven!
I may at least blurt out, "God bless you."

Now one more moment of despair,
One glance at coat and crimps and feather,
And into the soft April air
Her train and mine go out together.

Though clouds of smoke the scene expunge,
We keep abreast, right well I mind it!
At length her engine makes a plunge
And leaves my train a mile behind it.

I can but think it is a type
Of my life struggle to be near her.
What if the time should ne'er be ripe
And she be every moment dearer?

Yet still my soul this comfort hath;
That was its glory for a season, —
She touched my life, she crossed my path;
To think of me, she has some reason:
— Lucy C. Bull.

* *

THE SPARE ROOM.

OUR front room, it was furnished fair,
But closed to all the life of home;
A reservoir of mouldy air,
A corpseless catacomb.
A stern domestic quarantine
Scared childish footsteps from its door,
As if a powder magazine
Were kept beneath the floor.

But when our folks had company,
The unused doors were opened wide,
And on the lavish luxury
We feasted open-eyed;
But we were strangers there, and hence
A nervous terror flushed each cheek;
Before the grand magnificence
We dared not move nor speak.

And so we sat in vague alarms,
And sighed for some supporting pegs
For our unnecessary arms
And our superfluous legs.
We smiled our india-rubber smile,
A long, perfunctory, muscular grin,
Which advertised to all outside
How bad we felt within.

Our hearts were in the barn at play,
Or played at tag about the shed;
Our bodies, statuettes of clay,
Sat in the parlor — dead.
In moveless suffering we sat on
And wept for back-yard haunts to roam.
As, by the brooks of Babylon,
The Hebrews wept for home.

In intellectual kitchens dole
Strong men their choicest life away,
And keep the front rooms of the soul
Unopened to the day.
They keep the pantry well-equipped,
The cellar they will never seal,
The parlor is a darkened crypt
Without an occupant.

Hence blest is he who quits the quest
For wealth, or fame's receding goal.
And every day returns for rest
To the front room of the soul.
Who lets the tempest rave and roll
Around him, in his glad release,
Within the front room of the soul
He findeth perfect peace.

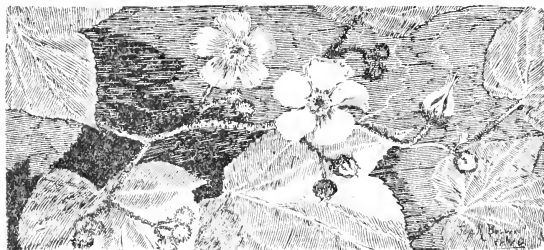
— S. W. Fox.

A RIDE WITH WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A DOZEN years ago, I was called on business to a town in western Maine. It was in the spring; the roads were rough, and I had left the train at the nearest railroad point, still fourteen miles from my destination. While I was pacing the platform with rueful thoughts on my ride by stage over the muddy roads, a fine team, driven at a lively pace, came up to the platform, and I recognized in the gentleman driving an old acquaintance, who was a prominent citizen of the town to which I was bound. I informed him that I was on my way there. "Well," said he, "I can get you over there quicker than the stage can, and I can give you good company." He then told me he had come to the station for Mr. Phillips, who was to deliver a lecture in the town that evening. The kind invitation to ride with them was gladly accepted, and in a few minutes the train bearing Mr. Phillips arrived, and we started on what proved to be one of the most enjoyable rides of my life. Our road lay among the foothills of Mt. Washington, and there were many grand views given us of the White Mountain range. Mr. Phillips was one of the most delightful of talkers, and we were eager listeners. As we journeyed on, we turned the base of a hill which opened up a view of a valley before us, and a lonely farmhouse on the side of a hill opposite arrested Mr. Phillips's attention. Requesting our driver to halt, he gazed in silence for a few moments at the solitary house on the hillside. Then turning to us, he said, "Gentlemen, that house reminds me of John Brown's home among the Adirondacks, the place where they buried him." We resumed our journey, and he gave us in his own unequalled manner story after story of John Brown, and those times that tried men's souls. One story among others, from the graphic way in which it was told, made a lasting impression on my memory. According to Mr. Phillips, after Brown's arrival in Kansas to aid the free state men in their struggle for freedom, the slaveholding element finding him a formidable opponent, and that he could neither be driven away nor cowed by any effort of theirs, put a warrant for his arrest in the hands of the United States marshal of the district, a fierce fellow from South Carolina. He, knowing Brown's courage

and determination, and not liking to undertake the job without solid support, called on Colonel Sumner (afterwards a general in the war of the Rebellion), who commanded the United States forces in the territory, for troops to assist him in making the arrest. Colonel Sumner furnished him a company of dragoons and, obedient soldier that he was, accompanied them himself, though heartily detesting the whole business. The marshal and his party arrived at Brown's cabin a little past noon, just as he was eating his lunch. Brown hearing the noise outside, came to the door and inquired their business. When it was made known, he said, pointing to the marshal, "That man will never arrest me!" Something further was said by the arresting party, and Brown again said, "That man will never arrest me!" The whole party, of course, awaited the movements of the marshal, who did not seem to be in haste to lay hands upon his man, though Brown stood before him in the cabin-door alone and, as far as could be seen, unarmed. Colonel Sumner suggested to the marshal that he was there with his troops to assist him, if he was unable to execute the warrant alone, but he must first make the attempt. At this, Brown the third time said, "That man will never arrest me!" The marshal, after a further delay spent in fumbling over his pockets, decided that he had not brought the proper documents with him, gave up the attempt, and the whole party rode away, leaving Brown "holding the fort." Shortly after this event, this same marshal with a posse of the slaveholding element, ambushed Brown and a few of his followers, and in the *rencontre* that ensued he was killed and his party put to flight. Mr. Phillips said that Colonel Sumner told him that never did he see such coolness and nerve as Brown showed during the time of the attempted arrest, and that he did not wonder, under that determined look fixed upon him, that the marshal felt that "discretion was the better part of valor."

As we arrived in front of our hotel, Mr. Phillips said, "What, here so soon, gentlemen?" That afternoon ride with that wonderful man, his genial, sunny disposition, together with the graphic glimpses he gave us of those troublous times and famous men, I treasure as one of the rarest experiences of my life.—*J. H. Barnes.*





From a crayon drawing by Rowse, in the possession of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

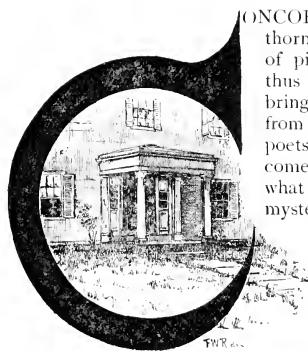
NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1890.

VOL. III. NO. 4.

EMERSON AND HIS FRIENDS IN CONCORD.

By Frank B. Sanborn.



CONCORD, the home of Emerson and Alcott, of Hawthorne and Thoreau, becomes more and more a place of pilgrimage for those who appreciate what is best, thus far, in American literature. Every day, almost, brings to that plain Massachusetts town these pilgrims from far and near,—old lovers of the place and its poets, returning to their first love,—or else new comers, who have heard of Concord, and wish to see what it is like. Who can explain the geographical mystery of genius, or measure its attractive and consecrating force? We visit the slender and sluggish Avon winding through green meadows, among elms and willows, or twining round the base of wooded heights crowned with an old castle, or a church-tower,—yet what charms us is not the beauty of the scenery, lovely as that is,—we are drawn thither by the memory of Shakespeare,

who rambled in these meadows, sailed on this stream, and made love amid these groves of oak and elm. So is it with the quiet loveliness of Concord,

“Its silver lakes that unexhausted gleam,
And peaceful woods beside the cottage door.”

We value these not so much for their own grace and charm, as for the pleasure they gave to Emerson and his friends, who have made the name of Concord as famous in America as Stratford is in England. Most of all do we think of Emerson there,—since to him more than to all the rest does the town owe its celebrity, and by him has its landscape best been painted in memorable words:

“For me in showers, in sweeping showers the Spring
Visits the valley,—break away the clouds,—
I bathe in the morn’s soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
Sparrows far off, and nearer April’s bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous sings a delicate overture,
To lead the tardy concert of the year.

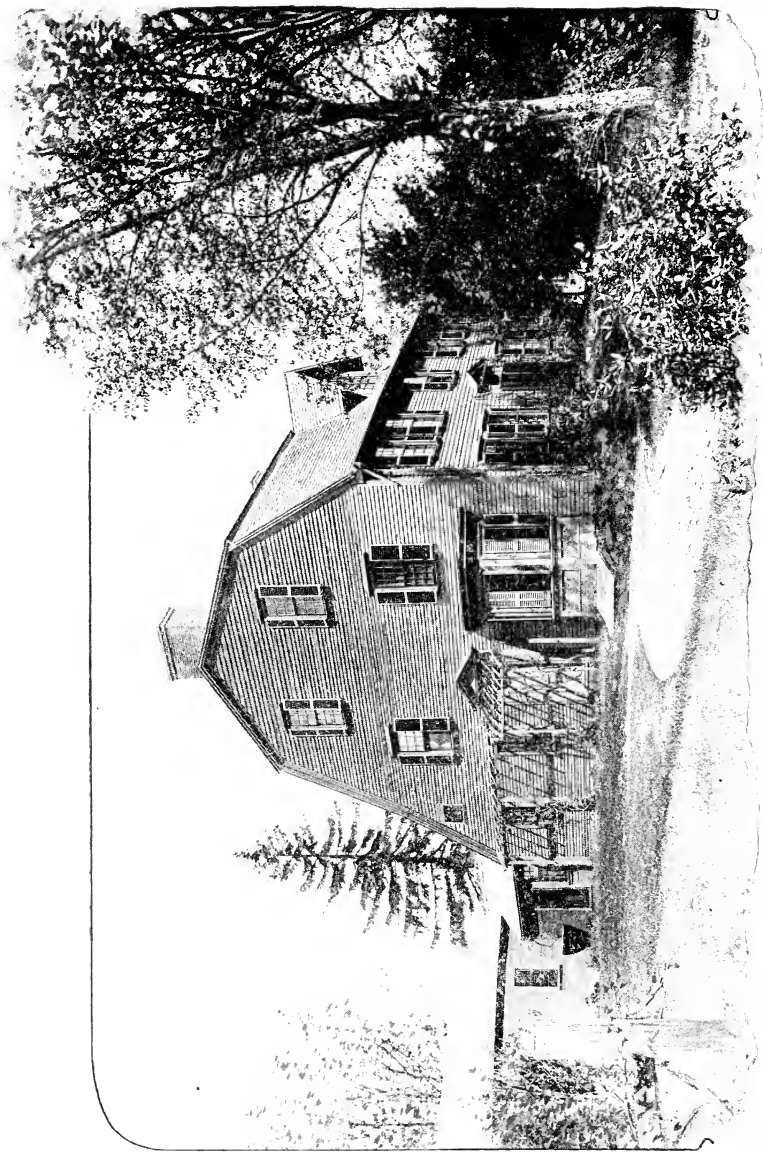
* * * “Then flows amain
The surge of summer’s beauty; dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.

* * * * *

“I am a willow of the wilderness,
Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-loving columbine
Salve my worst wounds.”¹

These pictures, and countless more from Emerson’s pen, not only describe the scenes amid which he lived for half a century, but show us, by literal record or glancing allusion, his whole way of life

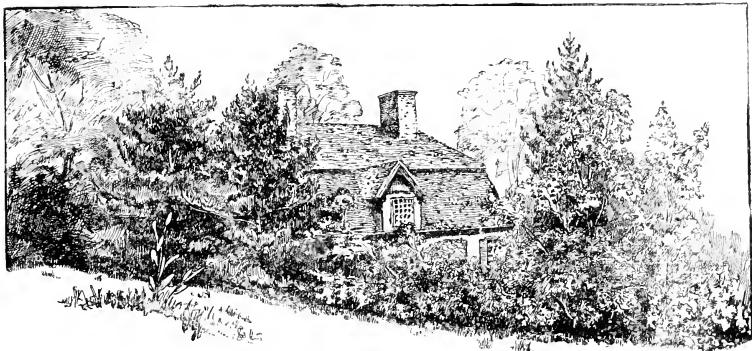
¹ Emerson’s “Musketaquid.”



THE OLD MANSE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WILFRED A. FRENCH.

there. He did not spend so many hours of the day abroad in the woods and fields as Thoreau or Wordsworth did, but hardly any day failed to see him wandering to his numerous and familiar haunts, until the short illness of which he died kept

Old Manse, and as far beyond that eastern "hilltop over against my house," from which Emerson saw "the spectacle of morning from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share." It was called "Peter's Field" from its dusky



The Old Manse, from the Battle Ground.

him within doors. And with him much of the charm of Concord scenery died also, —

"Now younger pilgrims find the stream,
The willows and the vine;
But aye to me the happiest seem
To draw the dregs of wine."

Emerson had visited Concord often as a child to see his relatives in the Old Manse, which his grandfather built; had been carried there as to a city of refuge, with his mother and brothers, in the hard winter of 1814-15; had been a school-boy, a theological student and a youthful preacher there, before he made it his abode in 1834, the year after his return from his first tour in Europe. It was ancestral ground to him, though his family had small possessions therein, but his affection and his poetic imagination gave him indefeasible ownership between the soil and the sky, according to the tenure of Roman law, — as he intimated some years afterward: —

"Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit its acres yield
At midnight and at morn?"

This field was on the south bank of the Concord River, a short half mile below the

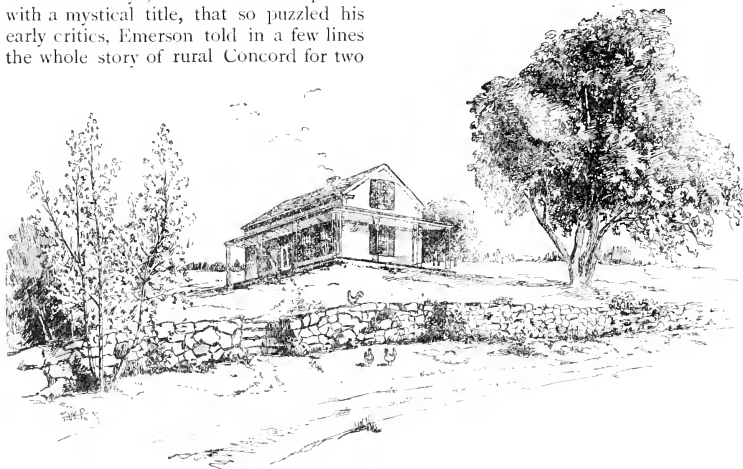
occupant, one Peter, who had succeeded to Caesar Robbins — that other African who gave his name to the neighboring wood. Along this river bank above the great meadows, and through the wood, in the rear of the pine-crowned ridge where his grave is now seen, Emerson had one of his favorite walks — extending as far eastward as to "Copan" a small peninsula thrust out into the meadow, on which grew oak trees in fantastic forms that suggested to Ellery Channing the idols of Palenque and Copan in Central America. This region was one of the earliest frequented by Emerson, when his four brothers, William, Edward, Bulkeley and Charles, "came with him to the wood."

Two of these dear brothers, and the most brilliant, Edward and Charles, had died before 1838, when that pathetic poem, "The Dirge," was written. They were the earliest of Emerson's Concord friends, and those for whom his attachment was the strongest; they gave to the plain and homely landscape a tinge of romance which it had not before, and which it has never since lost. Yet was there always something romantic about the township — from its first history, through whose twilight glance dimly In-

dian chieftains and a forest-queen, Tahattawan, with her fortress on Nashawtuc — down through the time of Simon Willard, the Indian-fighter, and Peter Bulkeley, the devout pastor, to the day when King George's red coats, recoiling from the musketry of the minute men at the Bridge, fled from beneath the window of Parson Emerson, in the Old Manse, down the Lexington road, to Merriam's Corner, and Menotomy, and checked not their flight till they were safe in Boston. Now whatever was poetical in the aspect or the annals of Concord, Emerson had early traced and cherished — to appear afterward in his verse or prose, oftentimes where the reader least looks for it. Thus in "Hamatreya," one of those poems with a mystical title, that so puzzled his early critics, Emerson told in a few lines the whole story of rural Concord for two

They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,
And sighed for all that bounded their domain;
Ah, the hot owner sees not Death, who adds
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more."

Notwithstanding this discouragement of ownership, Emerson, with that beautiful inconsistency which is the key to his whole character, became a landowner in Concord, and gloried thereat. In one of his hundred lectures before the Lyceum there (in December, 1857), I heard him say: "The place where a thoughtful man in the country feels the joy of eminent domain is his wood lot. If he suffer from accident or low spirits, his spirits rise when he enters it. I could not chide the citizen who should ruin himself to buy a



"The Lonely Cottage on the Hill."

centuries, — beginning with a bead-roll of the names of the English colonists there:

"Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Merriam,
Flint,

Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and
wood.

Where are these men? Asleep beneath their
ground,

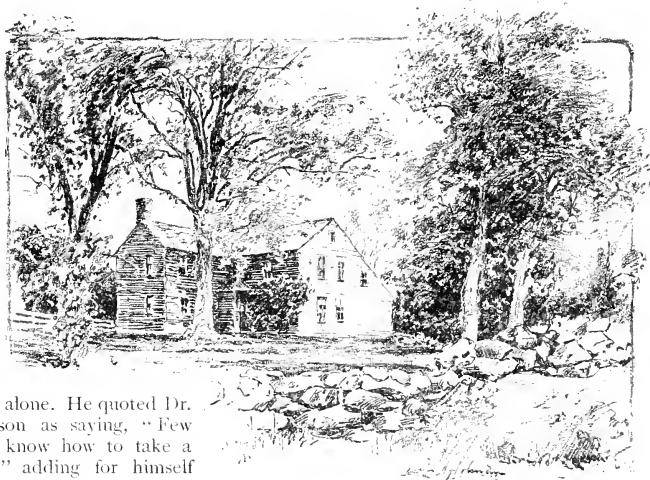
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plow,
Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not
theirs;

Who steer the plow, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave.

patch of heavy oak timber. I admire in trees the creation of property so clean of tears, of crime, even of care. They grow at nobody's cost, and for everybody's comfort. When Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. I think no pursuit has more breath of immortality in it. 'Tis one of the secrets for dodging old age: for Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. It is the best of humanity that goes out to walk. In happy hours all affairs may wisely be post-

poned for this." Emerson acted upon this rule, and perambulated the roads and wood-paths of Concord for many years, — sometimes with a companion, but more

Of all the companions with whom Emerson rambled abroad, none had a surer instinct for scenery and impressions



The Edmund Hosmer Place.

often alone. He quoted Dr. Johnson as saying, "Few men know how to take a walk," adding for himself that it is a fine art. "There are degrees of proficiency, and we distinguish the professors from the apprentices. The qualifications are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. We have the finest climate in the world for this purpose: if we have coarse days, and dog-days, and white days, we have also yellow days, and crystal days, — days neither hot nor cold, but the perfection of temperature. The world has nothing to offer more rich than the days that October always brings us, when after the first frosts, a steady shower of gold falls in the strong south wind, from the maples and hickories. And in summer we have scores of days, when the heat is so rich, yet so tempered, that it is delicious to live. For walking you must have a broken country, neither flat, like the prairie, nor precipitous like New Hampshire. The more reason we have to be content with the felicity of our slopes in Massachusetts, — rocky, broken and surprising, but without this Alpine inconvenience."

than Ellery Channing. Describing an afternoon with him in October, 1848, Emerson said: "In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man. We struck across an orchard to a steep hill of the right New Hampshire slope, newly cleared of wood, and came presently into rudest woodland landscapes, unknown, undescribed, and hitherto *unwalked* by us Saturday afternoon professors. The sun was setting behind terraces of pines, disposed in groups unimaginable by landscape gardeners. Through a clump of apple-trees, over a long ridge with fair out-sight of the river, and across the Nat-Meadow Brook, we came out upon the banks of the river just below James Brown's. (This is a little southwest of the village, half-way from the town square to White Pond.) Ellery proposed that we should send the Horticultural Society our notes, — 'Took an apple near the White Pond fork of the Duganne trail, an apple of the *Beware-of-This* variety, — a

true *Touch-me-if-you-Dare, — Seek-no-further-of-This.* We had much talk of books and lands, and arts and farmers."

The farmers of Concord, to be sure, were a frequent theme with these professional walkers, who crossed their fields, leaped their fences, and gathered new and strange fruits from the wild trees of their pastures. These farms which make up the town, are now but a small part of that demesne of the mind which goes by the name of Concord. All at once their "sitfast acres," as Emerson called them, began to yield poets and philosophers, whose lines have gone forth unto the ends of the earth. Or, as our poet said to the farmers about him :

"One harvest from your field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop those acres yield
Which I gather in a song."

thorne, Channing or some other holds the pen. From his hill, Ponkawtasset, in 1845, Ellery Channing looking down on the river and its intervale, thus contributed his chapter to the farmers' chronicle :

"In my small cottage on the lonely hill,
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,
Surrounded by a landscape lying still
All seasons through, as in the winter's prime,—
Rude and as homely as these verses chime,—
I have a satisfaction which no king
Has often felt — or Fortune's happier thing.

"For all about me live New England men,
Their humble houses meet my daily gaze,—
The children of this land, where life again
Flows like a great stream in sunshiny ways;
This is a joy—to know them—and my days
Are filled with love to meditate on them,
These native gentlemen on Nature's hem.

"This man takes pleasure o'er the crackling fire;
His glittering axe subdued the monarch oak;
He earned the cheerful blaze by something
higher



The Samuel Hoar Place.

It is this aftermath of the Concord meadows that now concerns mankind more than all the harvests that went before or shall come after. And yet the farmer has his place of honor in the song and the story, whether Emerson or Haw-

Than pensioned blows,—he owned the tree he stroke,
And knows the value of the distant smoke,
When he returns at night, his labor done,
Matched in his action with the long day's sun.

It is in this idealizing manner that the

Concord authors speak of their neighbors who own and till the soil,—and so there has been a greater affinity here between the man with the hoe and the man with the pen, than in most places. These authors also each took his turn at the plow or the spade, or some other farm-tool; and I have seen Alcott hoeing in

are those farms, but the life of farmers is unpoetic. The life of labor does not make men, but drudges. The farmer is an enchanted laborer, who, after toiling his brains out, sacrificing religion, love, hope, courage, to toil, turns out a bankrupt, as well as the shopman." This was the reverse of the shield. Yet his neigh-



Thoreau's Birth-place.

his garden, and Emerson up in an apple-tree, with saw and shears, pruning the branches. Hawthorne milked refractory cows at Brook Farm, and wore his woollen frock at the Old Manse. Thoreau has described his own farm labor, and Channing, in his "Woodman," pictures the scenes of that winter when he chopped trees in a Concord wood lot. Before that he had split rails on an Illinois prairie, and lived in a log hut there. But they could all see the other side of the farmer's life—such golden opportunities and such trivial results—as in the life of other men. In a passage from his *Journal*, which Channing has copied in his life of Thoreau, Emerson says, "There below

bor and friend for many years was a farmer,—Edmund Hosmer, whose picturesque dwelling by the river is here represented, and over whose well-tilled acres Emerson was fond of walking and of leading his companions.

I suppose that it was with Hosmer in mind that Emerson wrote for his unfinished poem of "Saadi," those lines on Hassan, the camel-driver, which Channing, in his life of Thoreau, was the first to publish:

"Said Saadi,—When I stood before
Hassan, the camel-driver's door,
I scorned the fame of Timour brave;
Timour to Hassan was a slave,
In every glance of Hassan's eye
I read rich years of victory;

And I, who cower mean and small
In the frequent interval
When wisdom not with me resides,
Worship Toil's wisdom that abides!
I shunned his eyes—the faithful man's,
I shunned the toiling Hassan's glance."

At the other extreme of the social scale, yet not many generations removed

those also which could not be stated." This recalls the saying ascribed to Bacon, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones procure fortune." Miss Hoar lived with her father in his conspicuous house on the village street, of which a sketch is here given: she accompanied him to South Carolina in 1844, and was



The Thoreau-Alcott House.

from the toiling farmer, stood the family of Samuel Hoar, who had married a daughter of Roger Sherman, (the Connecticut statesman, bred a shoemaker) and who stood in Emerson's mind for something consular and generous, as indeed he was. His daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hoar, who would have married Charles Emerson, but for his early death, was one of the dearest of Emerson's Concord friends, and his counsellor in many matters, intellectual and spiritual. He called her "Elizabeth the Wise," and praised her cheerful outlook on life, the admirable fairness of her mind, and her true and delicate sensibility. One distinction made by her and cited by Mr. Cabot, though it has the advantage of being reported in Emerson's exquisite diction, should be given here, to show the quality of her intelligence: "Elizabeth defined common sense as the perception of the inevitable laws of existence. The philosophers considered only such laws as could be stated; but sensible men

banished with him from that ungenerous State, which in its love of human slavery, forgot its own canons of courtesy. This drew from Emerson the remark,—"There is but one man in South Carolina, as far as I can see; the rest are but repeaters of his mind,"—and that man, of course, was Calhoun. Samuel Hoar died in 1856; Elizabeth, in 1880; of her brothers, one (Edward) was the companion of Thoreau in some of his excursions; the others are Judge Hoar and Senator Hoar. Their mother it was, who said of Thoreau: "He talks about Nature just as if she had been born and brought up in Concord."

Perhaps Nature had that birth and training,—it was a good place for her. But Henry Thoreau certainly was born and bred in the town, of which Elizabeth Hoar said, "Concord is his monument, adorned with inscriptions by his own hand." He was born in the old-fashioned house which Miss Richardson's sketch has restored to its primitive aspect,—for

though standing yet, it has been removed, after the Concord fashion, to another site, and has lost the quaint sloping roof, which gave it an old-world character, like the similar farmhouse in Torrington, Ct., where John Brown was born. This "Minot house" (for Thoreau was born in the home of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Minot, in July, 1817,) stood on the right hand of the "Virginia Road," as you come from Lexington to Concord by that route,—"an old-fashioned, winding, at length deserted pathway." Channing calls it,—“the more smiling for its forked orchards, tumbling walls, and mossy

great tract sometimes called 'Bedford levels,' where rises the Shawsheen river." Thoreau only lived in this house eight months, yet such was his memory that he could remember a flock of ducks which his baby eyes rested on there. As a child he was next brought to the village of Concord—from which his birthplace is distant more than a mile to the northeast—and in that village and its enviring woods, he lived nearly all his life. He died in the Alcott-Thoreau house on the village street, half-way between the river bank and the Fitchburg railroad, in May, 1862. The trees around this house, as



The Orchard House, Mr. Alcott's former Concord Home.

banks." It occupied a low knoll, overlooking a wide region of tame or wild country: "about the house are pleasant, sunny meadows, deep with their beds of peat, so cheering with its homely, heartlike fragrance; and in front run a constant stream through the centre of that

shown in the engraving, were nearly all planted by Thoreau: the projecting L, with the chimney contained, in its upper story, the shop where the Thoreau family made lead pencils, and prepared plum-bago for electrotyping,—which was the modest bread-winning occupation of

Henry Thoreau's father, and which he handed down to his children. This house was purchased by Louisa Alcott, in 1877, after the death of Sophia Thoreau, the last of the children, and it was the home of the Alcott family for nearly ten years. Mrs. Alcott died there in October, 1877, and Mr. Alcott was there attacked in October, 1882, with the paralytic stroke from which he never fully recovered. He left this house in 1886, and died in Boston, March, 1888. The house stands on the south side of the street, facing the north, and directly opposite, during Thoreau's lifetime, stood the house of Ellery Channing, whose garden ran to the river bank; and there under a rank of tall willows, Thoreau kept his last boat. His first boat, with which he and his brother John sailed down the Concord River and up the Merrimack, in 1839, had been made over to Hawthorne in 1843, and was that in which Hawthorne and Channing made their excursions up the Assabet, as described in "Mosses from an Old Manse."

When, in October, 1834, Emerson came to reside with his mother in the Old Manse, Thoreau, a lad of seventeen, was at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1837; Alcott was newly returned from Philadelphia to Boston, to begin there his famous and unfortunate Temple School; Hawthorne had not emerged from his dim chamber at Salem, where he wrote tales, and waited for the age to find him out; and Channing was a lad of sixteen in Boston, having left the Round Hill School at Northampton, where he had for fellow-



From the Hill
1842

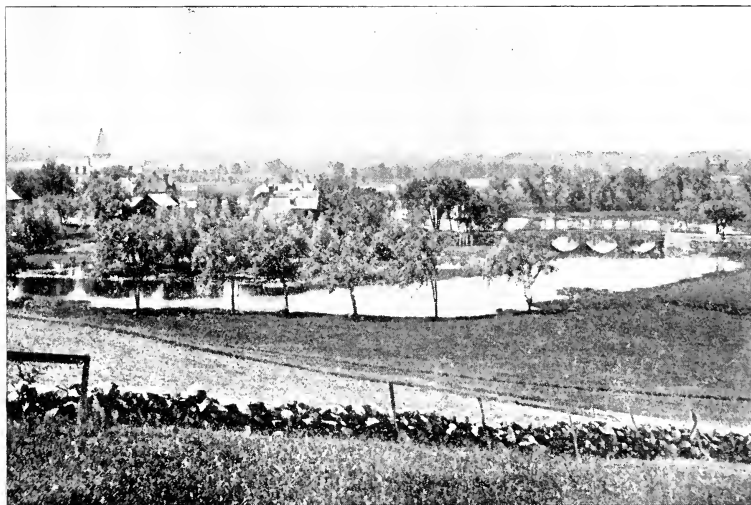
View from Eastern Hill.

pupils, much older than himself, Motley, the historian, and T. G. Appleton, the wit of Boston. Emerson himself was at that time but one and thirty; Alcott, thirty-five; Hawthorne, thirty. Thoreau was native to Concord, and Emerson had ancestral roots there; but it was partly chance and partly mutual attraction which brought these friends all together by the winding river, in 1842. Emerson had thought of a possible retreat to the Berkshire hills, or even to the Maine woods; and when in 1834-5 he became engaged to Miss Jackson, of Plymouth, she sought to fix his residence in that town. His reply is worth noting, as it indicates how early he had chosen the vocation of poet. He wrote in the spring of 1885: "I am born a poet,—of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet. That is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is

very husky, and is for the most part, in prose. Still, I am a poet, in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter. A sunset, a snowstorm, a forest, a certain river-view, are more to me than many friends, and do ordinarily divide my day with my books. Wherever I go, therefore, I guard and study my rambling propensities. Now Concord is only one of a hundred towns in which I could find these necessary objects, but Plymouth, I fear, is not one. Plymouth is streets." This was conclusive, and Concord was chosen. So was the site of their new house,—for in April, 1835, he wrote to his brother in New York:—"I hope to hire a house and set up a fireside next Sep-

tember. Emerson's Journal, "to the top of Dr. Ripley's hill, and renewed my vows to the genius of that place. Somewhat of awe, somewhat grand and solemn, mingled with the beauty that shined afar, around. I beheld the river, like God's love, journeying out of the gray past into the green future." In some verses of the same period, but little known, he gives this companion picture of sunrise :

"Stand upon this pasture hill,
Face the Eastern star, until
The slow eye of heaven shall show
The world above, the world below.
Behold the miracle!
Thou saw'st but now the twilight sad,
And stood beneath the firmament
A watchman in a dark gray tent,
Waiting till God create the Earth,—

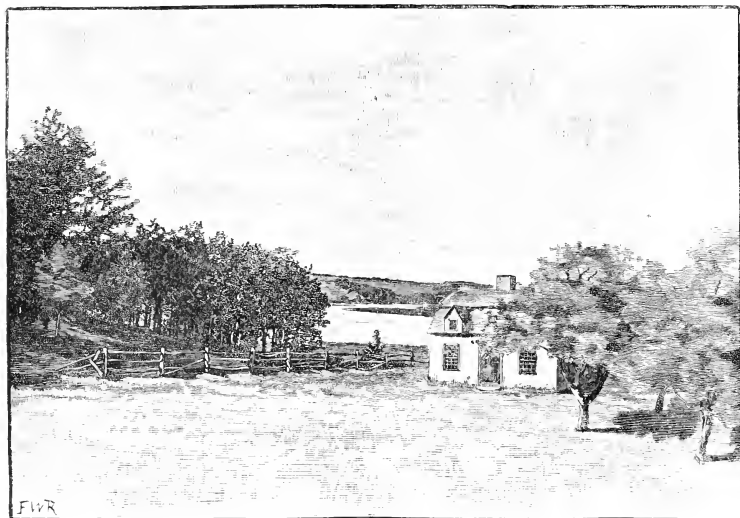


Concord River.

tember. Perhaps Charles, also; and a year hence shall we not build a house on Grandfather's hill, facing Wachusett, Monadnoc, and the setting sun?" This was the "Eastern Hill," opposite the Old Manse (for "Grandfather" was Dr. Ripley, the old minister, who lived there)—a place sacred to the brothers. "I went Sunday evening, at sundown," says

Behold the new majestic birth!
Sleeps the vast East in pleased peace,
Up the far mountain walls, the streams increase,
Inundating the heaven
With spouting streams and waves of light,
Which round the floating isles unite."

Here the verse is unfinished, and even the thought is halting or redundant,—but the picture is impressive. Our artist has



The Baker Farm.

given the present slope and vestment of this hill, looking towards "the green Musketaquid," and across it to the opposite slope of Ponkawtasset, where afterwards stood Channing's "small cottage on the lonely hill." The projected house was never built, for Emerson bought a house elsewhere, and Charles Emerson died in May, 1836.

Already in 1834 had Emerson's first book, "Nature," begun to take form, and it is traditional that it was mainly written in the Old Manse. It came out anonymously, and when the inquiry was made in 1836, "Who is the author of Nature?" some wit had his answer ready — "God and Waldo Emerson." With this little book New England Transcendentalism was introduced to the world,—not, as Emerson playfully said afterward, "as a known and fixed element like salt or meal,"—but as a vivid and rather indefinite potentiality. Yet, such as it was, it had a long career and noteworthy results. In consequence, partly, of Emerson's marriage in Plymouth, for all practical purposes thereafter, Concord and Plymouth were the two shire-towns of Transcenden-

talism: and though Alcott, Emerson, Channing, and Thoreau were more at home in Concord, they were familiar with Plymouth, too — its Pilgrim Rock, its Hill-side garden, its warm, sandy wood roads (warm in winter and cool in summer), and its breezy Island out in the bay. It was while preaching and lecturing at Plymouth in 1833-4, that Emerson became the lover and the betrothed of Miss Jackson (whom he married in September, 1835), and it was one of the towns where he continued to lecture for years. Marston Watson, of Plymouth, who was at Harvard College with Thoreau, and who, after graduating in 1838, took to gardening and tree-planting on a hillside of his native town, was one of the Transcendental circle, and made his country house of Hillside a resort for the brethren of the faith. Alcott thus describes the spot, in a sonnet to Watson:

"Thou, better taught, on worthiest aims intent,
Short distance from the Pilgrim's sea-washed
street

Thine orchard planted; grove and garden there
And sheltering coppice hide thy mansion neat,
By winding alley reached, and gay parterre:

Where cordial welcome chosen friends shall
meet
From courteous host and graceful lady fair;
Then thy choice fruit we taste, thy wisdom hived,
England's rare Evelyn in thee revived."

It once happened that Alcott and Thoreau spent some days together at Hillside, and in their walks through the surrounding wood they encountered the remains of a dead hog—his white, firm jawbone, and his bristles quite untouched by decay. "You see," said Thoreau to his vegetarian friend, "here is something that succeeded, besides spirituality and thought,—here is the tough child of

all other interests. Is Nature as full of vigor to your eyes as ever, or do you detect some falling off, at last? What a prospect you can get every morning, from the hilltop east of your house? I think that even the heathen that I am, I could say, or sing, or dance morning prayers there of some kind."

So it seems that the Transcendentalists, like the Zoroastrians, worshipped on the hilltops, and liked each to have one of his own: Emerson, as we saw, had early celebrated his Eastern hill; Channing had his cottage on the hill; Alcott, when he laid out the estate which Hawthorne



The Home of Emerson

nature,"—and they fell into high converse respecting the bristly darling of the great mother. Returning to Concord (this was in April, 1858) Thoreau wrote to Watson: "Is the mystery of the hog's bristles cleared up? and with it that of our life? It is the one question, to the exclusion of

afterwards occupied, called it "Hillside," and resorted to its ridge for the morning and evening view; while Thoreau, in his long rambles, had many hilltops for his worship. One of these, (whimsically called *Conantum* by Channing, because it was part of the large farm of Eben



CONANTUM AND FAIRHAVEN BAY.

Conant) looks down upon Fairhaven Bay and Baker Farm,—places of much resort in the days that we speak of.

The first walk I ever took with Emerson was to Walden, in 1854; and one of the first after I came to live in Concord in 1855, was to Baker Farm, beyond Walden,—a tract of meadow, upland, orchard and woodland, lying on the north-east side of Fairhaven Bay, opposite Conantum, and running down, with a fair lawn, along a brook, to that lovely water. It is much changed now,—the “trivial cabin,” where Thoreau found the Irish family of John Field, has long since gone to destruction, and a great brick and stone villa, with a high terrace in front, and huge stables on the ridge behind, now looks out upon Fairhaven, and the scene that was so lovely in Thoreau’s and Channing’s time. It was Channing who, in 1847, or thereabout, made the verses which Thoreau quotes in his chapter on Baker Farm in “Walden.” “My way,” says Thoreau, “as I set out one afternoon to go a-fishing to Fairhaven, through the woods, led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning,—

as Emerson showed it to me, in that afternoon of May, 1855, when we wandered through it.

“Cell of seclusion,
Haunt of old time,
Kid of confusion,
Empty of crime;
Landscape where the richest element
Is a little sunshine innocent.

“In thy insidious marsh,
In thy cold, opaque wood,
Thy artless meadows,
And forked orchard’s writhing mood,
Still Baker Farm!
There lies in thee a fourfold charm.

“And here a poet builded
In the completed years,—
For behold! a trivial cabin
That to destruction steers.
And west trends blue Fairhaven bay,
O’er whose stained rocks the white pines
 sway;
And south slopes Nobscot grand,
And north the still Cliffs stand.

“Pan of unwrinkled cream,
May some poet dash thee in his churn!
And, with thy beauty mad,
Verse thee in rhymes that burn,—
Thy beauty—the beauty of Baker Farm—



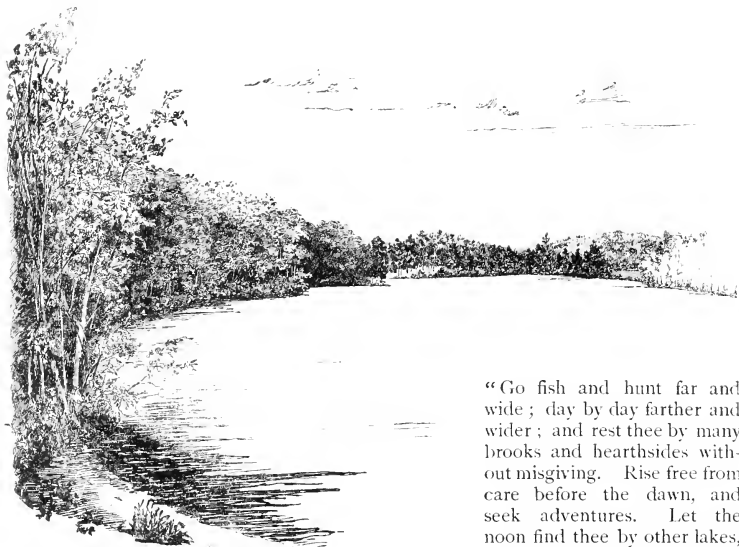
“Thy entry is a pleasant field
Which some mossy fruit-trees yield
Partly to a ruddy brook,
By guiding musquash undertook,
And mercurial trout
Darting about.”

Thoreau omits most of this singular poem, which so well paints the landscape

The Eastern Hill
Concord. 90

In the drying field,
And the knotty tree,
In hassock and bield,
And marshes at sea.

"Idleness is in thy preaching,
 Simpleness is all thy teaching!
 Churches in these steepled woods,
 Galleries of green solitudes,
 Fretted never by a noise, —
 Eloquence that each enjoys.
 Come ye who love
 And ye who hate,
 Children of the holy Dove,
 And Guy Faux of the State,
 And hang conspiracies
 From the tough rafters of the trees!



White Pond.

"Still Baker Farm!
 So fair a lesson thou dost set,
 Lesson no one may forget:
 Commensurately wise,
 Consistent sanctities;
 Value that cannot be spent,
 Volume that cannot be lent,
 For Heaven thou art meant!"

What a medley of thoughts! you will say,
 — what a kaleidoscope of pictures! Yet
 all this could that tranquil scenery sug-
 gest to the imaginative soul, — to

"That inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude."

Thoreau himself was inspired by it,
 when he said: "My haste to catch pick-

erel, wading in retired meadows, in
 sloughs and bog-holes, in forlorn and
 savage places, appeared for an instant
 trivial to me, who had been sent to school
 and college. But as I ran down the hill
 towards the reddening west, with the
 rainbow over my shoulder, and some faint
 tinkling sounds borne to my ear through
 the cleansed air from I know not what
 quarter, my good genius seemed to say, —

"Go fish and hunt far and
 wide; day by day farther and
 wider; and rest thee by many
 brooks and hearthsides with-
 out misgiving. Rise free from
 care before the dawn, and
 seek adventures. Let the
 noon find thee by other lakes,
 and night overtake thee every-
 where at home. There are
 no larger fields than these, —
 no worthier games than may here be
 played." And indeed, such was Thoreau's
 life, as we look back upon it, — a game
 played in the great fields of Nature, — a
 ramble through time and eternity, where
 each locality, like these environs of Con-
 cord, became by turns magically vast and
 magically small, — the macrocosm and the
 microcosm of the Universe.

Crossing by boat to Conantum, from
 Baker Farm, (which is in the town of
 Lincoln) a short mile took Emerson and
 his friends to White Pond, in the south-
 west corner of Concord, near to Sudbury.
 This was one of their less frequent resorts,
 but of an unequalled beauty in certain

days. Thoreau said of it: "As at Walden, in sultry dog-day weather, looking down through the woods on some of its bays, its waters are of a misty bluish-green or glaucous color. One who frequents it proposes to call it Virid Lake." This was Channing, no doubt, who had an artist's eye for color, and could lead his companion where the loveliest effects were always to be seen. How much of Channing and how much of Emerson enters into the description which they both gave of this lake, after their visit in 1848, it would be hard to say, — but thus it stands in Emerson's journal, which often owed some of its best suggestions, but never its best periods to Channing's, or Thoreau's perceptive and creative imagination:

"Another walk with Ellery Channing, well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what we saw; it needs the pencils of all the painters that ever existed to aid the description. We went to White Pond, a pretty little Indian bath, lonely now as Walden once was; we could almost see the sachem in his canoe in a shadowy cove. Making the circuit of the lake, on the shore, we came at last to see some marvellous reflections of the colored woods in the water, of such singular beauty and novelty that they held us fast to the spot, almost to the going down of the sun. The water was very slightly rippled, which took their proper character from the pines, birches and few oaks which composed the grove; and the submarine wood seemed all made of Lombardy poplar, with such delicious green, stained by gleams of mahogany from the oaks, and streaks of white from the birches, — every moment growing more excellent. It was the world seen through a prism, and set Ellery on wonderful Lucretian theories of 'law and design.' For how many ages of lovely days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine, — shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossings of these coarse threads, which in the water, have such momentary elegance."

But Channing, twenty years later, after

Thoreau's death, himself described White Pond in a poem, from which a few well-picturing or pathetic verses may be quoted:

"Gem of the wood, and playmate of the sky,
How glad on thee we rest a weary eye!
When the late plowman from the field goes home,
And leaves us free thy solitudes to roam.
Who haunts thy woodpath? ne'er in summer
pressed
Save by the rabbit's foot, the pheasant's breast;
Naught save the blue kingfisher rattling past,
Or leaping frog that breaks his lengthened fast;
Naught save the falling hues, when Autumn's sigh
Beguiles the maples to a sad reply,
Or some peculiar air a sapless leaf
Guides o'er thy ocean by its compass brief.
Save One whom often here glad Nature found
Seated beneath yon thorn, or on the ground
Poring content, when frosty Autumn bore
Of wilding fruit to Earth that bitter store,
O, welcome He to thrush and various jay,
And echoing every period of the day, —
To each clear hyla trilling the new spring,
And late gray goose, buoyed on his icy wing!
With thee He is associate. Hence I love
Thy gleams, White Pond! thy dark familiar
grove,
Thy deep green shadows, clefts of pasture-
ground, —
Mayhap a distant bleat the single sound,
One distant cloud the sailor of the sky,
One voice — to which my inmost thoughts reply."

The places already mentioned were of those which Emerson and his friends most frequented, but there were others — the Cliffs and Nashawtuc, overlooking the river, along which, oftentimes their path was the wake of their boat; the Walden woods and the Hill of Three Friends — Emerson, Channing, and Thoreau — rising above the Pond; the Great Meadows, the Estabrook country, Mason's pasture, Flint's Pond, Bateman's Pond, the banks of the Assabet, and the hill Anursnac towering above it, the highest in Concord. These and many another rural scene rise in the memory as I recall the hundreds of rambles I have taken with these friends, or heard them describe. The spirit of the landscape has been given by each writer in many detached sketches, some of which I have cited, — by Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Channing and Thoreau, — and these have become a familiar portion of our literature. But a youthful and unknown poet, who sang sweetly, but for too short a season, has conveyed in pleasing verse his perception of the whole scene amidst

which these famous men moved for so many years. Something of Keats's echoes through the stanzas wherein he portrays the experiences and dreams of boyhood.

CONCORD RIVER.

"Gently the River, with an even flow,
Marks the broad plain of grassy meadow-land,
Or, swifter moving when the March winds blow,
Casts on its bank faint lines of shining sand;
But fairest when, by summer zephyrs fanned,
Agleam with the last glow of dying day,
Gold dints appear amid the billowy gray.

"As the months pass, the stream gives new
delight;

For ere the springtime's early freshness fades,
When May's soft fingers, healing Winter's blight,
Open young buds in the far woodland glades,
There shoots the water-grass, with slender blades;
And violets don their purple-tinted robes,
Whereon the dewdrops hang their pearly globes.

"Or when hot Summer comes across the hills, —
Her way locks with roses white and red,
With scarlet poppies whence soft sleep distills,
And with imperial lilies garlanded, —
She who rich odors all around doth shed, —
Then soothing 'tis, where trees arch overhead,
To moor the floating skiff, and idly lie,
Watching the birds high-soaring in the sky.

"And next, when Autumn, his dark temples
crowned
With vine-leaves, through the sore brown meadow
wends,
When woods re-echo to the baying hound,
And the light leaf slow to the stream descends;
Where the tall gracile elm his branches bends,
Great joy it is along the bank to stray,
Culling the feathery grasses on the way.

"Or last, when Winter binds the river bright
With hard and gleaming ice — a swift-forged
chain —
Even in that chill season 'tis delight,
To roam across that broad and glittering plain,
Or skim its surface, as the short days wane,
Gliding along with swift and steel-bound feet:
— Truly, the changes of the year are sweet! "

I have skated with Emerson on Walden, and with Thoreau on the Musketaquid; have swum with Alcott in the green water of Thoreau's Cove, and with Thoreau himself in the Assabet; with Channing in every stream and lake of Concord.

The view of the Concord River given in this article is of that part of the stream, before the Assabet falls into it, where Thoreau most frequently sailed in his boat, and along which, or in sight of which, he preferred to ramble. This long

reach of the river lay to the west and southwest of his various homes in the village, and therefore it was in this direction that he instinctively turned, as he said in one of his essays:

"When I go out of the house for a walk, uncertain as yet whither I will bend my steps, and submit myself to my instinct to decide for me, I find, strange and whimsical as it may seem, that I finally and inevitably settle southwest. My needle is slow to settle, — varies a few degrees, and does not always point due southwest; but it always settles between west and south-southwest. The future lies that way to me, and the earth seems more unexhausted and richer on that side. Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free."

The river in a flood, Thoreau said:

"Sleeps from Nashawtue to the Cliff
Unruffled by a single skiff."

It is this very reach, "from Nashawtue to the Cliff," that is pictured; and along this Thoreau's Worcester friends, Blake and Brown, used to come skating in the winter, accompanied by him on their return trip.

These men were followers of Nature in all her recesses, and lovers of whatever she could show of glad or sad. In contrast with the smooth youthfulness of the verses just cited, let us read Channing's "Flight of the Wild Geese," which Emerson kept in his portfolio for years, hoping to find the right syllables to represent the cry of that migrating bird, — and finally printed it in his "Parnassus" without the expressive chorus:

"Rambling along the marshes
On the bank of the Assabet,
Sounding myself as to how it went,
Praying that I might not forget,
And all uncertain
Whether I was in the right
Toiling to lift Time's curtain, —
And if I burnt the strongest light, —
Suddenly, high in the air,
I heard the travelled geese their overture
prepare.

"Stirred above this patchèd ball
The wild geese flew, —
(Not half so wild as that doth me befall
Or, swollen Wisdom, you.)
In the front there fetched a leader,
Him behind the line spread out,
And waved about, —
For 'twas near night,
When these air-pilots stop their flight,

"Cruising off the shoal dominion
Where we sit;
Depending not on their opinion,
Nor hiving sops of wit;
Geographical in tact,
Naming not a pond or river,
Pulled with twilight down, in fact,
Mid the reeds to quack and quiver, —
There they go,
Southward in a row, —
Spectators at the play below.

"Mute the listening nations stand
On the dark receding land:
How faint their villages and towns
Scattered on the misty downs!
A meeting-house
Appears no bigger than a mouse.
How long?
Never is the question asked,
While a throat can lift the song,
Or a flapping wing be tasked.
'Flutter not about a place,
Ye concomitants of space!'

"Then once more I heard them say, —
'Tis a smooth, delightful road,
Difficult to lose the way,
And a trifle for a load.'

Is there not something peculiar to Concord in these rude verses, pregnant with thought, and now and then giving birth to some happiest phrase, like that in the concluding lines? Yet there was truth and pertinence in what Emerson wrote about himself and others, in 1847 :

"We get our education ended a little too quick in this country. As soon as we have learned to read and write and cipher, we are dismissed from school and set up for ourselves; we are writers and readers of opinion, and we write away without check of any kind, — play what prank, indulge what spleen or oddity, or obstinacy comes into our dear head, and even feel our complacency therein; and thus fine wits come to nothing. We are wits of the provinces, Cæsars in Arden, who lie on our oars with the fame of the villages."

It would have benefited the Concord authors to come more in contact with men of the same genius who were their equals, and to live less with one another. But it was peculiarly the fate of their genius to be solitary, to be ever "toiling to lift Time's curtain," and querying whether they "burned the strongest light." It was a clear and ardent light which they kindled, to be sure, and one that shows no sign of going out, but of leading men further on,

"As shepherd's lamp on far hillside
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain's heart."

After all, the interest of the Concord pilgrimage centres about Walden, where Emerson walked in his own pine wood, and where Thoreau dwelt for many months, and entertained his friends in his little cabin. His going there was determined partly by his early love for that fair water, and partly by the fact that Emerson, a year before, had bought land there. In October, 1844, Emerson wrote to his brother William :

"In one of my solitary wood-walks by Walden Pond, I met two or three men who told me they had come there to sell and to buy a field, on which they wished me to bid as purchaser. As it was on the shore of the pond, and now for years I had a sort of daily occupancy in it, I bought it — eleven acres, for \$8.10 an acre. The next day I carried some of my well-beloved gossips to the place, [Thoreau was one of them, no doubt], and they deciding that the field was not good for anything if Hartwell Bigelow should cut down his pine grove, I bought for \$125 more, his pretty wood-lot of three or four acres; and am now landlord and water-lord of fourteen acres, more or less, on the shore of Walden, and can raise my own blackberries."

This "field" of 1844 has now become a grove, and where Thoreau used to sit in his cabin-door and look out upon the pond, trees have grown up that hide all but a glimpse of the water from the pilgrim-visitor who goes to add a stone to the cairn that now marks the site of the hut. It was the next spring after this purchase that Thoreau, then twenty-seven years old, borrowed an axe of Mr. Alcott and went into the new wood lot to cut the timber for his house. He encamped there more than two years, but in that time made one of his journeys to the Maine woods; and when he left Walden, he went to live in Emerson's house, during its master's absence in Europe. Emerson sailed Oct. 5, 1847, and this was a month later than Thoreau's withdrawal from the woods, which took place Sept. 6. The cabin was sold to a gardener, and afterwards became the property of a farmer in the northwest corner of Concord, three or four miles from its original site. There it stood, not far from Estabrook Farm, one of the more distant resorts of the walkers, until

by neglect and decay it fell in pieces soon after Thoreau's death in 1862.

Long after Thoreau left his hermitage, Emerson added to his possessions a larger tract of woodland on the south shore of the pond, opposite his first purchase, and commanding, from a rocky ledge, not only a view of Walden, but a glimpse of the western hills, toward which he loved to look off. Here he planned to build a lodge for outlook and retirement, in the midst of what he called his "garden," — but the plan was never realized. He describes this ridge in these lines :

"My garden is a forest-ledge,
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.
"Waters that wash my garden-side
Play not in Nature's lawful web,
They heed not moon or solar tide, —
Five years elapse from flood to ebb."

This mystical account alludes to the irregular rise and fall of the water in Walden, which will often be high when the neighboring river is lowest, and low when the river floods all the meadows. The rise and fall of the pond is six or seven feet, and it only reaches its very lowest level once in fifty or sixty years. Thoreau says in "Walden : —

"There is a narrow sand bar running into it, with very deep water on one side, on which I helped boil a kettle of chowder, some six rods from the main shore, about the year 1824, which it has not been possible to do for twenty-five years."

That is in 1852. But about 1885 this sand bar emerged again from the water, so that a chowder could have been made on the very spot where young Henry partook of it with his father and mother sixty years before. At present (1890) the pond is almost at its highest level again, so that I lately waded knee deep where I have often walked dry shod.

To none of his haunts in wood and field did Emerson go so much as to Walden and its groves. I have often walked the circuit of the pond with him, — passing up the Lincoln Road till we came to the wood path that led to his "forest-ledge," then descending from that height to the railroad track, and walking along

that, across the southwest side of the water, and returning on the north side, through the pine wood above Thoreau's Cove. Once as we walked along the track, Emerson stooped and picked up a stone which he threw into the green water, and as he did so, recited to me the verse which he had not then printed, —

"He smote the lake to feed his eye
With the *emerald gleam* of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles well to hear
The moment's music which they gave."

When I saw these lines in print, he had changed the expression to "beryl beam," — but I thought the first form of it more descriptive.

When Walt Whitman paid his first and only visit to Concord, in 1881, he made his pilgrimage to Walden, after having taken part in a conversation on Thoreau, and other authors the previous evening. There had been a great attraction between himself and Thoreau, when they first met in 1856, at New York or Brooklyn, and for a long time after Thoreau's return home from that New York visit, he had much to say concerning Whitman. He admired the poet and the man even more than did Emerson, who was at first and long continued to be deeply impressed with Whitman's genius. Emerson gave me the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" in 1855, when it came out, and as we were walking together that summer, talked to me in warm praise of it — calling it "a mixture of the Bhagavat Gita and the New York *Herald*." In 1862 when Thoreau died, Emerson gave the eulogy at his funeral, and in it he said, "Three persons made a profound impression on Thoreau in these later years, — John Brown, Joe Polis, his Indian guide, and *another person not known to this audience.*" I did not know who was meant, but not long after, when Emerson had been looking over the journals and letters of Thoreau, with a view to their publication, he told me that the third person whom Thoreau admired was Whitman. I said, "But you omitted that striking remark when you printed your eulogy" — for it does not appear there. Emerson replied, "When I told Sophia Thoreau that this third person was Whitman, she ques-

tioned the fact of her brother's admiration, and so I omitted the passage. But now that I have read Thoreau's journals, I see that I was right, and Sophia was wrong, — I had not overstated the feeling of Henry for Whitman."

Nor is it easy to overstate the regard which Emerson felt for Thoreau, for Alcott, and for his other chosen companions. They were associated in his thought, as he in theirs, with all that is loveliest in Nature, all that is most inward in the life of the soul. There is a passage in Emerson's journal for June, 1841, quoted in Dr. Emerson's biography, with which these random memories may fitly close, since it ends with one of his starry sentences, reminding those who knew him, of that nightly observance or worship of the stars, which was long a part of his life.

"The good river-god has taken the form of my valiant Henry Thoreau here, and introduced me to the riches of his shadowy, starlit, moonlit stream, — a lovely new world lying as close, and yet as unknown, to this vulgar trite one of streets and shops, as death to life, or

poetry to prose. Through one field we went to the boat, and then left all time, all science, all history behind us, and entered into nature with one stroke of a paddle. Take care, good friend! I said, as I looked west into the sunset overhead and underneath, and he, with his face towards me rowed towards it. — Take care; you know not what you do, dipping your wooden oar into this enchanted liquid, painted with all reds and purples and yellows, which glows under and behind you. Presently this glory faded, and the stars came and said, Here we are. These beguiling stars, soothsaying, flattering, persuading, who, though their promise was never yet made good in human experience, are not to be contradicted, not to be insulted, nay, not even to be disbelieved by us. All experience is against them, — yet their word is Hope, and shall still forever leave experience a liar."

"The sun set — but set not his hope;
Stars rose — his faith was earlier up,
Fixed on the enormous galaxy
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time."



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE MILLIONAIRES?

By Charles F. Dole.

THE increase of colossal fortunes threatens our civilization with serious problems. Society practically says to a considerable number of men: "You shall have out of the product of the work of the world whatever your heart desires,—palaces, carriages, yachts, luxurious fare, sumptuous apparel, jewels and diamonds, the freedom to travel over the world." All this and more society contrives by the laws to secure to the millionaire. Moreover, we make this marvellous money power hereditary, for we permit our Croesus to extend to his children and grandchildren the same liberty of drawing at will on the resources of the world. There are already vast properties that increase faster than the family which uses them. We have, therefore, a caste lifted above the shoulders of the world and authorized by custom and the sanction of the law to gratify their desires at the cost, in single instances, of the whole annual labor of one hundred or more average men, or the utmost possible savings of a thousand men.

If, indeed, the founder of the fortune had deserved well of the world; if, in every case, his wealth represented some grand and exceptional service; if he had been a Socrates or an Emerson, deepening the foundations of morals and making human life better worth living for every one; if he had been a Sophocles or Shakespeare, enriching the world's literature forever; if he had been an Ericsson or Fulton, winning the secret of the powers of nature; if he had been a great captain of industry, learning to organize and save the labor of thousands of men—in all such cases society could well afford to bid the great helper ask for himself what he desired. What shall we say, however, of the ordinary millionaire? Has he ever done for society anything to entitle him to command the unlimited services of the world? Indeed, too often he has speculated his way to fortune by gigantic methods of cheating and gamb-

ling; or he may have been made accidentally rich by the growth of the great town around his stupid grandfather's farm; or, very often his sole title to fortune is by the accident of birth.

The moment, now, that wealth comes into the hands of the undeserving; as soon as the rascals are seen sailing their yachts and living like princes off the meagre savings of average men; when the rich man's son proves a fool, and yet society is obliged to humor his whims and see him waste where others starve; or when a millionaire Senate can be suspected of legislating its silver and tariff bills to roll still larger the profits of huge syndicates of capitalists, there seizes on all of us a sharp sense of injustice. It sometimes seems as if no man ought to have so much as a million dollars.

It is not strange that we hear various schemes to get rid of the millionaires. Tax them out of existence; fix a graduated income tax, so that there could be no object to grow very rich; let society assume eminent domain over the land, so as to narrow their field of speculation and gain; let society also perform those functions of transportation and even of manufacture which hitherto have made individuals rich. The presence of bad, piratical, luxurious, idle, stupid, wasteful millionaires affords the most powerful stimulus to all these schemes.

It is not clear, however, that the trouble which creates such obvious injustice is not in human nature, rather than in the system that permits millionaires. True, the bad or stupid millionaire wastes by wholesale, but he may not cost society so much in the form of waste as if his income were divided among a thousand equally stupid men. While at times we feel like using our power to get rid of the millionaires, it must be granted that there are compensations in enduring them. One worthy millionaire, for example, helps to reconcile us to the existence of two or three bad ones. Who knows, also,

but that the millionaire system stirs energy and produces results for all of us which we should be slow otherwise in acquiring? Who knows but that on the whole the millionnaires take better care and make shrewder use of the savings of the world than if we all had a voice in spending the money? Are we who can never be millionnaires therefore *sure* that we should like better to live in a world which had made them forever impossible? I am not quite sure. Meantime, let us see what we might do with them, as long as they continue. In other words, let us establish our ideal use for them, and ask whether it would in any respect be at the loss of human welfare.

It is a constant complaint at present everywhere, that the millionnaires escape the burden of taxation. The poor pay in full for the public expenses; the rich mainly collect of the poor. The rich are also accused of evading their legal taxes. Our laws, with their false and arbitrary distinction between real and personal property, almost make evasion justifiable.

Suppose, then, that society stops pursuing the rich man, and hunting after his stocks and bonds and mortgages and trying to force him to pay twice on the same value, as though he were an enemy. Suppose it no longer asks him to swear oaths about his property. Suppose it only taxes what is in sight; since all that really is, is in sight somewhere. Let society now adopt the good rule to "pay as you go," refuse to undergo debt, and get rid as fast as possible of existing debts. This alone, by releasing great masses of capital, will effect a decrease in the rate of interest for the benefit of every poor man. Besides, as soon as we raise by a tax whatever we need to spend for the government, we shall all take better care not to spend public money for nothing. If people knew that the vast pension payments came at the rate of ten dollars a family out of their own pockets, who would be so reckless in voting to pay pensions?

Some one is ready at once to object: — "Do we not need all manner of improvements,—school-houses, library buildings, court houses, and city halls, parks and water-works, not to speak of such national

toys as fast cruisers and forts? How should we get these things without making loans?"

This is exactly what we are coming to. We propose to depend altogether upon the rich men for all the great extra expenses of society. We do not propose to tax or compel them, but to establish a public opinion as to the duties and responsibilities of wealth which no man would wish to disregard.

Suppose, for instance, there is needed a city hall. We will not ask the poor to pay taxes for the new building, but we will substantially say to perhaps a single very rich man: "Here is an opportunity for an honorable public service. We are all aware that your wealth, which all society has helped you to win, is more than you or your children need or deserve. We, therefore, give you the opportunity to recognize the obligation which you are under to the city which has provided you with the shelter of her laws and institutions. We will allow you the privilege of giving the city its hall." Who supposes that a building so given, and superintended by the care of the giver, would offer any chance to the unscrupulous for waste or jobbery?

Or, suppose there is need of a new park. Let us appeal to the rich men and women of the city to give the park out of their superabundance. What a mere bagatelle the gift of ten or twenty millions of dollars would be from the rich men of New York or Chicago.

Suppose that Mr. William F. Weld, whom Boston worried with the stupidity of her tax system to take his twenty millions to Philadelphia, had been genially encouraged to present his native city with the complete system of parks. There was something to make the poor old man die happy, to give his grandchildren honor and a name, and millions enough more wherewith to go on and do likewise, and to lighten the burdens of the taxes of the poor for a hundred years!

Or, let us see who really wants a navy. Let those who can afford be asked to build a ship. Let Mr. Astor build one. Let Mr. Pullman build another, if these men believe in such costly and hazardous public furniture. They can, at least,

build them far more economically and with greater glory than the national government can.

"But this is impossible," you object. "The rich men would not give."

Please not be so dogmatic. The plan follows good, old-fashioned precedent. The rich men of Athens, for example, used to fit out a war trireme or give a public celebration. Tax a man, put the law upon him, and he will rebel. But take him on the side of his honor or his generosity, or his public spirit: bring to bear, not the law, but a vigorous public opinion, and the man will give. This is human nature and according to history.

Besides, you will have ceased to harass and pursue the rich man and act the spy upon him. You will have welcomed him to live in your city, where now your assessors would fain drive him out. The man may be expected to appreciate the more humane treatment, and to feel kindly towards his townsmen.

In short, we propose for a while to treat the millionnaires like Christians,—better, it is true, than they deserve to be treated, but no better than we ourselves like to be treated. We propose to assume the truth, that they owe grand services to society, and that they would naturally choose to do generous things; we propose to educate our children to this idea; we

propose to make the opinion gradually irresistible that expects a rich man to hold his money as a trustee for the benefit of society, and is shocked at a man's refusal so to hold and use it.

Here is something much more practicable than Mr. Bellamy's scheme. Once bring our plan into vogue in a single city, and it would spread to others. Once let it command general attention, and we hardly see how the bad millionnaires could do much harm. Taxes would become always less burdensome, and every municipality would gradually come to possess, by the munificence of the wealthier members, all the advantages which the most advanced socialist could urge. Neither could the great fortunes easily roll up into dangerous dimensions in the face of increasing public needs, reinforced by more enlightened education. We already see some symptoms of change in this direction, and possibilities that make it worth while to spend efforts here, rather than to try to alter the whole existing basis of society. We might cite the wise and generous gifts of Mr. Rindge in Cambridge, Mr. Baxter in Portland, and Mr. Pratt in Baltimore, as among the signs which show that our rich men are not without conscience, generous ambition, and a healthy sensitiveness to the public opinion of their responsibility.

OUR UNCLEAN FICTION.

By Joshua W. Caldwell.

THE Teuton is chaste. The social purity and the civil liberty which we enjoy are products of a happy marriage between Christianity and the rugged barbaric virtues of our Teutonic ancestors. It is not to be disputed that the freedom of the individual and the sanctity of the family are most esteemed and most secure in the countries which are controlled by the descendants of the tribes which Tacitus calls German. The foremost race of men in modern times has been the Anglo-Saxon; or, if you prefer, the Anglo-

Norman. A compound of Angle, Jute, Saxon, Norman, and Kelt—all Teutonic except the last. If the Norman did come from France, bringing a new language and refinement, and lordly contempt for the uncouth Saxon, he must confess a close kinship with the object of his disdain and tyranny. In this English composite, the only un-German element is the Keltic, and that is inconsiderable. There was no such fusion of Angle or Jute, and Kelt, as there was of Norman and Saxon. At his first landing, the Northman swept

across the island like a besom. The mingling of blood which ensued was such as takes place always between contiguous peoples, and not such as occurs when two races inhabit the same soil. The Celtic race has been no less persistent than the Anglo-Saxon. The Welshman is as much a Briton now as he was in the days of Llewellyn, or when Hengist and Horsa first laid their hostile prowess on British soil. The Irishman grows every day more Irish, and now much more confidently than for centuries before hopes for emancipation from the Saxon oppressor. If a little of the volatile Celtic blood, as well as the "fiery essence" of Norman and Dane, has been injected into Saxon veins, it has produced no very great result. Upon the contrary, the Englishman is not only essentially a Teuton, but the purest and most thoroughly representative type of his race. The territory upon which history discovered the Germans has received the family name, but for German quality, and above all for German institutions, we must turn to England.

Tacitus was the first in Europe to write of the Germans, the virtuous barbarians. They alone, of all the barbarians he had ever known, were content with one wife to each man. They respected women, and the women were virtuous. Unchastity was cruelly punished. To press a woman's hand improperly was to incur a heavy fine. They were fierce and warlike, loved battle, and the scent of blood, but they were independent. They were free-men. They met together, made their own laws, and selected their own rulers. It has been well said that we may discover in these early Germans, and their crude institutions and methods, the germs of everything that England and Englishmen have since become. The two things important above all others are the family and representative government.

The family is the corner-stone, the fundamental fact. To the family two things are indispensable: chastity among women, and the union of one woman with one man. To the chaste German folk, the teachings of Christianity upon the subject of marriage and the family were wholly acceptable. The family life of the

German races has been the purest and the best. To this, more than anything else, is due the superiority of German civilization, especially of English civilization, in all its elements and products.

At present we are concerned with English literature, but this really includes everything, thought, character, institutions. Henry Morley says:

"The full mind of a nation is its literature; and one may be very sure that to a true history of the literature of any country must belong a distinct recognition of the national character that underlies it, gives coherence to it all, and throughout marks it with strength and individuality."

English literature is the record of English thought, the product and visible manifestation of English character. The character of the great English race, the purest strain of the old warlike, independent, chaste, German blood, is manifest in it. This is the reason why the literature of England is the cleanest the world has produced. In the quality of its morals, it is unapproached. It is the crystallized thought of a clean and virtuous people, a transcript of the life of a race which by physical, intellectual, and moral superiority leads the march and controls the forces of modern civilization.

In the rude times, when our literature had its beginning, English writers were rough and coarse, if we judge them by our present standards. The grossness of the times was freely portrayed. Chaucer, borrowing liberally from Boccaccio, wrote many things which offend our more refined taste. Defoe printed book after book, which no one can read now without amazement and blushes. *Tom Jones*, the first great English novel, contains episodes which exclude it from many libraries. But no one will assert that Chaucer, or the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, or the immortal inventor of *Tom Jones*, was an immoral writer, or ever sought to make vice attractive. On the contrary, we respect these men as masters of English letters, and writers of high purpose. *Tom Jones* is dangerous company, perhaps, for our boys, and too little refined for our maidens, and is well bestowed in the locked corner of the bookcase: but it is objectionable because

the author's work is true to the life of an unrefined age, and not because it is inherently or consciously immoral.

French prose began with Rabelais; Italian prose with Boccaccio, — two of the most immoral books. The printing-press has never issued anything more revolting than Rabelais; it is base and lewd from beginning to end, and has no literary excellence to offset its foulness. Boccaccio is free from the coarseness of Rabelais, but is infinitely more dangerous. Vice is surrounded with a halo of wit and satire. Unchaste episodes abound, all related with the art of a born story-teller, and the skill of an accomplished writer. Italian prose has never gone beyond Boccaccio. The literary quality of his work is the highest the language affords. Both Rabelais and Boccaccio are immoral. Vice, unrebuked, runs riot in their pages, the theme of laugh and jest. This is not true of any English book of high rank, even in the earliest days of our literature. Licentiousness has never been a characteristic of the English people, nor has it, except for a brief space and from extraneous causes, appeared in their literature. It is true that at times foreign influences have made inroads; and it is because the more important of these influences were Italian and French that I have said so much of Boccaccio and Rabelais.

Modern literature began with Dante; lighter poetry and prose fiction, with Petrarch and Boccaccio. The influence of these three is plainly visible in English literature from the time of Chaucer till the Restoration. In every department of literary endeavor during all this time, the Italian influence was constantly present, but never controlling. More than any other, Boccaccio furnished material to the workmen, but the work was always done after the true English model. The English character prevailed throughout. The literary achievements of this period are our greatest; in it flourished Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Shakespear, Hooker, and Bacon.

The most dangerous foreign invasion was that which followed the Restoration. The age which we call Elizabethan had just closed. A time of comparative quiet

had succeeded the intense activity of that extraordinary and glorious period. It was a time of reaction. The influences which prevailed under the Protectorate had not been favorable to the growth of letters. It is important also to note the fact, that with the return of the Stuarts, the people lost power and lost heart. The life of the time centred in a profligate court. Books were no longer written for the people, but for the nobility and the king. The theatre sprang into new and vigorous, if unhealthy life. Charles II. had been educated, or had been brought up, in France. His tastes were all French; that is to say, corrupt and licentious. His nobility shared his predilections. Many had been with him in exile. Those who had remained in England had endured with hatred and loathing the rigorous restraints of Puritan rule, and were equally ready for the voluptuous gayety of the court. No sooner were the restraints removed, than society rushed into excesses which rivalled those of the court of Louis the Fourteenth. The Puritan would not tolerate the theatre; the Stuart adored it. Plays like those of Shakspeare and his followers would not suit the new taste. In France, however, flourished a school of dramatists, whose productions were altogether acceptable, and these furnished the model on which the new English play was constructed. To this influence we owe what is worst in Dryden, together with all the licentiousness of Wycherly, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Congreve. These are the chief figures in this time of French ascendancy in English letters; and this is the one period in the history of English literature of apparent degeneracy and retrogression in taste and morals.

I say apparent, because, after all, the manifestation was essentially superficial. The great book of this age was John Bunyan's, and Bunyan was alive in the year which witnessed the second expulsion of the Stuarts. Jeremy Collier, a sturdy and true Englishman, was not afraid, in the face of the king and court, at high tide of the popularity of Wycherly and his fellows, to denounce their indecencies. The sentiment of England was with him. His victory was complete.

The evil was stamped out, and a little later Addison ushered in a new and splendid era in English letters. Since that time, the moral atmosphere of English fiction has been growing steadily clearer and purer; and, whatever else may be said of contemporary English fiction, it is certainly true that no charge of deterioration in this respect can be sustained.

The novel is the latest development in modern literature,—later in England than elsewhere. It has attained its present position as an established and important branch since the middle of the 18th century. It deals with character, with life and all its passions, especially the passion of love. The old definition of a novel was: "A story wrought around the passion of love, with a tragic or a joyful conclusion." This, however, was before Mr. Howells and Mr. James began to write novels. But the novelist, whether a Boston realist or not, is from the essential nature of his pursuit, constantly subjected to the temptation to trespass on forbidden ground; if he had been permitted to follow his own inclinations, it is probable that the barrier would long since have been passed even in conservative England, and English fiction given over to the evil ways of the French. Upon the contrary, however, a resolute public opinion has prevailed, and there has been a steady growth in the right direction. To such an extent has this been true, that among continental readers, English fiction has become a synonyme of prudery and insipidity. The English novelists have frequently complained loudly, sometimes piteously, sometimes pettishly, of the trammels which public sentiment has placed upon them. No one chafed more under this restrictive sentiment than Thackeray. The public, he thought, treated him with unpardonable severity, in refusing to allow him to write books not fit to be read by "young ladies in white muslin." Even our American realists in fiction, who have for the most part, with seeming content, consistently confined themselves to the commonplace, join in this complaint. But the English public, and until recently, the American public, has persistently said no.

The novelist, like less or more gifted men, is concerned to advance himself in his profession, to impress the public mind. His artistic sense tells him, perhaps, that in the portrayal of certain forbidden aspects of life, and passions of human nature, his powers will have easier opportunities. He frets, if he is a certain kind of novelist, because he is not allowed the same freedom in the choice of subjects and in their treatment, that is enjoyed by his brother artist of the chisel or the brush. The strong common sense and constitutional conservatism and morality of the people of England have required him to curb his aspirations for effect, and confined him within wisely established limits.

If proof or argument is needed to support the claim of superior morality for English fiction, compare it with the French. The leading English novelists in this century have been Scott, Thackeray and Dickens; the leading French novelists, Balzac, Hugo, George Sand, Dumas, and Zola. For Victor Hugo, I have only words of praise: but do not the writings of the others abundantly support the contention here made? There is not one of these four great French novelists who has not written books to which no English writer of equal rank would have dared to attach his name. A like difference, resulting from a dissimilarity of national character and habits of thought, has always existed in the literatures of the two countries. Conceive a man of Anglo-Saxon blood writing, for the world's reading, a book containing passages of such indescribable indecency as are to be found in Rousseau's *Confessions*! The literature of America, in its beginning, was essentially English, because its writers and its readers were of the English race. Its founders were Irving and Cooper, and the Transcendentalists of New England. The traditions and methods of the mother country prevailed, even after our American revival of letters had created a national sentiment in literature. It is only within the last few years that any departure from them has been attempted. We have now a number of writers, male and female, of varying degrees of inferiority, who call

themselves a school, and whose efforts are devoted to fostering immorality. They write books which overflow with filth. These books are widely read, perhaps not by the best people, but certainly by those who are much more likely to be hurt by them. The rapid multiplication, and the undeniable popularity of the "erotic novel," is a menace to American morals, and a disgrace to American letters.

How are we to account for this phenomenon, for which the history of the literature of our language affords no precedent or parallel, unless it be in the corrupt literature of the Restoration? Does it not occur to us first of all to seek for a like cause,—a foreign influence? In my judgment this is the true explanation,—a foreign influence coming through two channels. It seems indisputable, that a principal cause must be found in the fact that in the centres of thought and population in this country, the Anglo-Saxon modes of thought and belief have been for the time superseded by a sort of cosmopolitan sentiment with a large Gallic constituent. The tremendous influx of foreigners of other races than our own has created a hybrid population, and unsettled conviction on almost every subject.

The thought centres of this country are undoubtedly Boston and New York. The reading public is largely made up of the inhabitants of the great cities. The population of Boston is 70 per cent foreign, that of New York is 80 per cent foreign, and that of Chicago, 90 per cent foreign. Consider together the facts that literature in England has constantly improved in moral tone even to this day, that the same spirit prevailed in American letters until recently, and that now the literature of this country is produced principally where foreign population and influences are ascendant, and can we reach any other conclusion than that the immoral tendency of our popular fiction is largely the result of a moral decline among the people, caused by the presence of a numerous, unassimilated and inferior foreign population? Prosy, moral, English and American books and plays are not palatable to the twelve hundred thousand foreigners of New York City. Zola

and Sardou have a seasoning more to their taste. Hence, the S., P., R., A. J. school, of New York realists, producing such books as—but we will not advertise them.

It is not to be disputed that, first of all, the New York publisher consults New York taste, and while it is probably true that the American element is superior in intelligence and culture, it is certain that a considerable majority of the readers of ordinary current fiction in that city are foreign born. The larger cities of the country are nearly all under the dominion of foreign, un-American sentiment. It is in these cities, with their publishers, their papers, and magazines, that the writers congregate. Books of the kind we speak of are printed in New York because there is in that city a demand for them. They are indices of the intellectual desires and moral status of a great mass of readers in the metropolis. New York begot them, and New York sustains them and is begetting more of the kind.

But, it will be said, the argument is defective, because a large portion of our immigrant population is Teutonic. It must be borne in mind that the allegation of moral superiority applies especially to the Anglo-Saxon people and literature. It is by the Anglo-Saxons, I submit, that the old German institutions and characteristics have been best preserved and developed. It is also true that the Teutonic as well as other immigrants are drawn from the lower classes of population, and are not, therefore, thoroughly representative. It may be admitted that the objection to the argument is in a measure valid. But who will stultify himself by denying to our foreign population a tremendous influence in literature, as in everything else; and who will deny that the great mass of this population is un-English, un-American, and inferior intellectually and morally?

This is one source of foreign influence. The other is described in the one word—Paris. A prominent man of letters said to me recently, that in his judgment the French were almost entirely responsible for our immoral fiction. There are ten thousand Americans resident in Paris. Thousands more annually visit that allur-

ing capital. Paris sets the fashion. These Americans readily yield to its fascinations, and become converts to its ways of acting and thinking. Pilgrims returning home bring with them the Parisian ideas. If they are only ladies and gentlemen, it is probable that this will appear most strikingly in a certain un-American and Gallic freedom in the range of conversation. If they are artists, a decided preference for unflinching nudity in art will be perceptible. If they are writers, they will laud the liberality of French sentiment, and long for the freedom of Balzac and Zola. I have heard it asserted that it is possible to trace directly to Paris the responsibility for all our erotic writers, who with accurate knowledge of our national conditions have begun at a propitious time the imitation of French romance.

The French theatre has had not a little to do with the matter. Sardou and his high priestess of indecency, Sara Bernhardt, have visibly impressed us. They have greatly aided in degrading both the stage and the press. A little while ago *La Tosca* would have been hissed off the stage. Even now the newspapers denounce it; but cosmopolitan New York applauded it, and the provinces looked at it between their fingers, and its trail has been left all over the country. An older generation of New Yorkers would have shuddered at the sight of such books as *Thou Shalt Not*, *Fatima*, and *The Pace That Kills*. But this generation of foreign birth, or Parisian taste, exhausts edition after edition of them.

These are not the only causes of the outbreak, but they are the most important. It is not uncommon to charge the fault upon the newspapers. But if these are sensational, and sometimes unclean, is it not for the same reason that the books are bad,—that is because they suit the public taste? The newspaper is now more than ever devoted to the news. The day of learned editorials and great

editors seems to have passed away. The policy of the elder Bennett prevails. The journals no longer seek to mould and direct opinion; they run with it and cater to it. The public prints the newspapers as well as the books. Our inquiry must go to the forces which move the public and give form and direction to opinion.

A subordinate cause of this demand for literature of a low order, intellectually and morally, is the fact that there is a numerous reading public of limited intelligence. There are millions of readers, of inferior culture and refinement. This is more attributable to immigration than to anything else. Everybody almost can read, and does read; and the standard of fiction has been adjusted to the level of common-school readers.

It is necessary to limit the application of this criticism. It is not true that American novelists of the higher order and established reputation have been infected. The atmosphere in which Howells, Aldrich, and Lew Wallace move is still undefiled. But a low sentiment and culture have produced a class of vicious writers to supply their own wants, who are ready to devote their poor talents to the gratification of a depraved appetite, finding thus a grateful notoriety and substantial rewards.

The condition cannot continue. Our capacity of assimilation is only temporarily exceeded by the tremendous increase of foreign population. Moreover we shall relieve the situation by judicious legislation, if necessary, and that in the near future. The Anglo-Saxon character and sentiment will again prove themselves stronger than the French and all others. At the heart we are still sound. American institutions, a higher education, and the general advance of civilization, will triumph over these temporary evils; and the pitiful pessimist and eroticist will lose their audience and find their occupation gone.



QUEBEC.

By Samuel M. Baylis.

IMPERIOUS, throned above the blue expanse
Of flowing tide that laps the cliffs and slips,
Past prisoned logs and chains of anchored ships,
Straining in leash for swift deliverance !
The Old ill brooks the New : old world romance
Invades the mart, breathes from the muzzled lips
Of war-dogs couchant on their curb, and drips
From blood-stained battlement. Anon, perchance,
From cloister-bell quaint summons tinkling flows,
Waking pale ghosts that flit in cowl and hood,
Or stately glide, or clank in grim array —
Dream-shades of vanished night. Morn, breaking, glows,
Flushing roof, spire, and frowning gun in flood
Of sunlight, presage of a new-born day !

THE PROBLEM.

By James Buckham.

AS when a child, to problem set,
Works out some answer, wrong or right,
And turns him to the book, to get
From sure solution surest light,—
But finds no key ; the problem stands
Enigma-like — intended so—
And if, or not, his little hands
Have wrought it right, how shall he know?
So I have toiled at life awhile,
Have blundered sore, erased with tears ;
But bide the verdict of my toil
Till God the sphinx-like problem clears.



William Lloyd Garrison

Aged 48.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GROZELIER IN 1854.

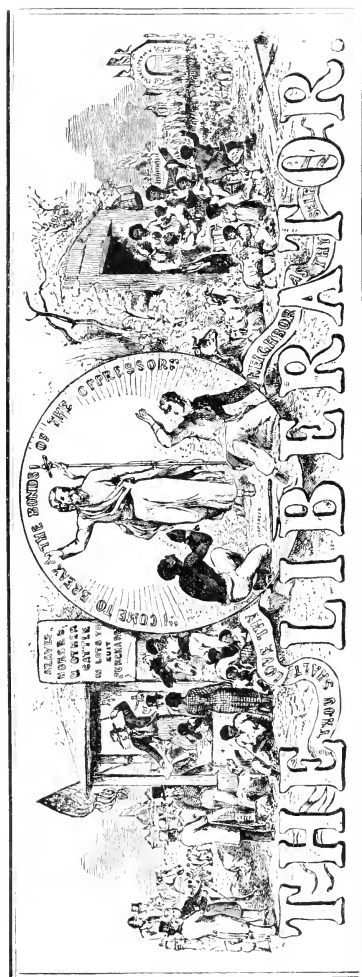
ANTI-SLAVERY BOSTON.

By Archibald H. Grimké.

WITHIN the Boston of to-day are contained many Bostons; for a great city, like a great soul, is a many-sided subject. It too has its epochal experiences, its circle within circle of history, growth, and character. Banyan-tree like, the great city, starting from a single parent stock, branches out ultimately into a whole forest of interrelated and complex facts and forces. The Boston of colonial times is not the Boston of the Revolution, nor is the Boston of the Revolution the Boston of the Anti-

Slavery period. Each possesses a historic interest and distinction all its own. Inspiring and illustrious is the Boston of Otis and Quincy, of Adams and Hancock; but not less so is the Boston of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, and Parker. The enduring endeavor of these men, their courage, eloquence, and superb devotion to human liberty, make this third epoch of the city's growth as glorious as any chapter of her history. The places whereon the Abolitionists stood and struggled and achieved have become holy ground. To point out,

broadly, the localities and landmarks thus consecrated, and the associations connected with them, is the main purpose of this paper.



Anti-Slavery Boston had its origin in Garrison and the *Liberator*. The time was the winter of 1831. In 1829 the

young reformer had unfurled the banner of immediate and universal emancipation, in the slave city of Baltimore. The slave power had manifested its resentment by flinging the prophet into prison. There he had remained seven weeks, a martyr to free speech and the freedom of the press. When his prison door opened, it was upon a man consumed by a supreme, unconquerable purpose. The iron of oppression had entered into his soul and made him one with the slave. There was a gigantic wrong to overthrow, and he, with nothing in his hand save a pen, resolved to overthrow it. He needed, in these circumstances, a place to stand, and he selected Boston. He needed also a lever, and he chose the power of the press. Thus equipped, and standing where the men of 1776 had stood and battled before him for political liberty, he began with unrivalled zeal to throw the whole weight of his great soul upon the end of his lever of more than Archimedean power.

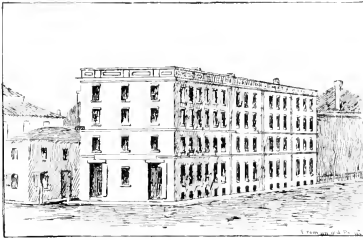
The precise spot where he began operations by the publication of the *Liberator* was in one of the upper rooms of the building then standing on the northeast corner of Congress and Water Streets and known as Merchants' Hall. Oliver Johnson, a life-long friend and coadjutor has left this photographic impression of the place: "The dingy walls, the small windows bespattered with printers' ink, the press standing in one corner, the composing stands opposite, the long editorial and mailing tables covered with newspapers, the *bed* of the editor and publisher on the floor." Had he introduced into his negative a negro boy and the office cat, the picture would have been

complete.

Harrison Gray Otis has also preserved for us a realistic sketch of this cradle

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE HEADING OF "THE LIBERATOR."



Merchants' Hall in 1831.

CORNER OF CONGRESS AND WATER STREETS.

room of a great cause. A copy of the *Liberator* had found its way to Robert Y. Hayne, then United States senator from South Carolina. He did not throw it aside as of no consequence. On the contrary he was so evidently impressed that he wrote to his friend, Mr. Otis, then mayor of Boston, for information respecting the paper and its editor. Mr. Otis thereupon exerted himself and sent an officer to ferret out the man whose composing stick had begun to trouble the waters in a distant state. The officer went and saw, but the word which he brought back was not calculated to disturb the serenity of so great a man as our Boston mayor; for he wrote the Carolina senator: "His [Garrison's] office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all colors."

Bearing its obvious limitations in mind, this was a

perfectly accurate description of the paper and its editor. What the Whig leader saw he depicted with bold and telling touches; but he did not see all. The masterful soul and idea were beyond his ken. It required a poet's vision to detect these and read them aright. This the genius of Lowell did in the noble verses beginning, —

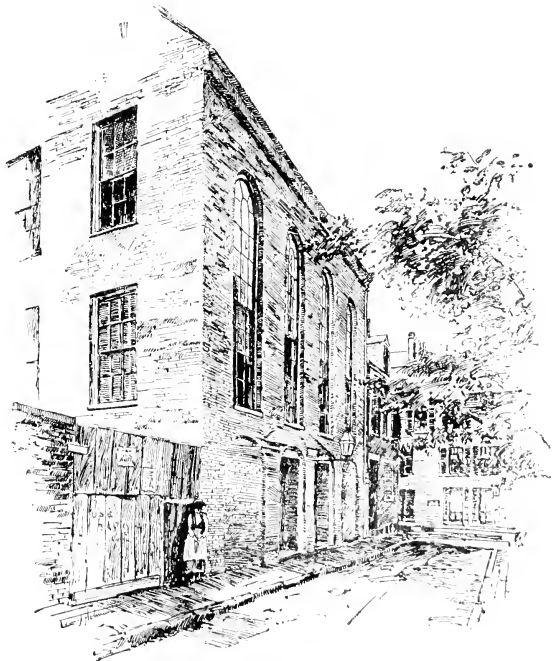
"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man.

The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began." —

and ending :

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain,
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain."

It was in this small, dark chamber that Garrison, brave as Luther, wrote those



Joy Street Church.



Maria Weston Chapman.
FROM A DAGUERROTYPE, ABOUT 1847.

immortal words: "I am in earnest: I will not equivocate: I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL BE HEARD."

Next in point of time and perhaps importance is the building where was formed the first Anti-slavery Society of the period. The scene of this momentous event was laid in still humbler and obscurer quarters. It was in the schoolroom for colored children (Boston did not then tolerate mixed schools), on the first floor of the African Baptist Church on Smith Court, off Belknap (now Joy) Street. This was the despised negro section of the city, known in the Pro-Slavery slang of the day as "Nigger Hill." The building still stands there, a small two-story brick meeting-house. In the auditorium in the second story, the oppressed black man had the gospel preached to him every Sunday: while in the big dim room underneath, his children, on week days,

had imparted to them the mystery of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In this room gathered on the evening of January 6, 1832, fifteen brave and earnest souls. Their names it is well to repeat: They are William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Johnson, Robert B. Hall, Arnold Buffum, William J. Snelling, John E. Fuller, Moses Thacher, Joshua Coffin, Stillman B. Newcomb, Benjamin C. Bacon, Isaac Knapp, Henry K. Stockton, David Lee Child, Samuel E. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring. Twelve, the apostolic number, went away from that meeting, the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Just as the little company was about to separate at midnight, the spirit of prophecy fell on Garrison, who said to his followers: "We have met to-night in this obscure schoolhouse; our numbers are few and our influence limited; but, mark my predictions,



The Old State House at the time of the
Broadcloth Mob."



Francis Jackson

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1860.

Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power." A few years sufficed to justify the young leader's confidence.

About this homely old meeting-house cluster stirring memories and illustrious names. Here in after years thundered

Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Wilson, and Burlingame against the barbarism of slavery and the aggressions of the slave power. And here, when driven from Tremont Temple by a Pro Slavery mob, Wendell Phillips once led his supporters and made his speech. Frederick Douglass, who was present, gives in a letter to

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore a graphic account of this meeting: He says: "In the last demonstration of Pro-Slavery mob violence in Boston just before the war, when a sacrifice was wanted for the slave god of the South, and it was proposed to shed

threading her way with him through the frantic and howling mob, as calm and serene as a rainbow over a thundering cataract. With a solicitude which deadened all sense of my own danger, I followed and watched these two noble

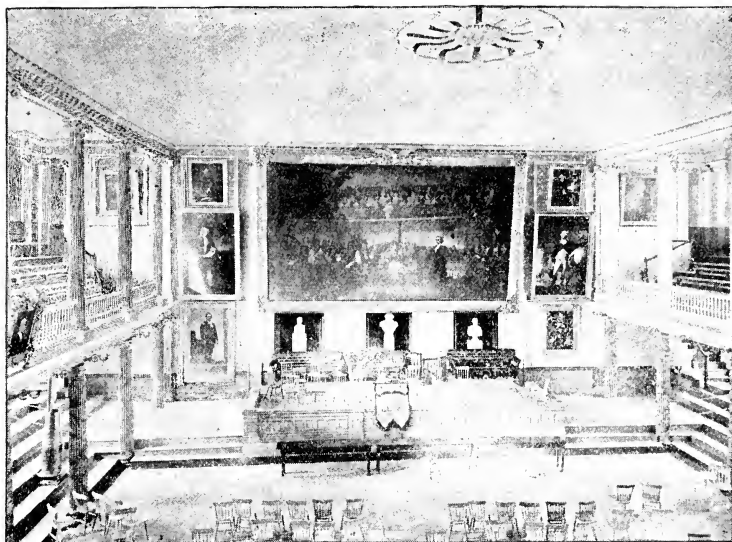
people elbowing their way through the dense and excited mass, from Cambridge Street, through Belknap (Joy) Street, to the little Baptist Church once presided over by Father Snowden. I shall never forget the sense of relief when I saw them both safely seated in the little pulpit, with John Brown, Jr.—a true son of the hero of Harper's Ferry. John Brown, Jr., with two loaded pistols by his side, had already given direction how the congregation should behave for safety, in case a rush should be made upon the pulpit by the mob, which was howling at the door and around the building. Happily no rush was made—had there been, no doubt there would have been blood shed that night. Mrs. Chapman sat there like a guardian angel, doing more, no doubt, by the power of her noble womanly courage and serenity to hold that mob in check than the presence of the deadly weapons in the hands of the brave John Brown, Jr." At the close of the meeting the great orator and a few friends, finding themselves shut in on Smith Court by the "frantic howling mob,"



House of Francis Jackson, 31 Hollis Street.

the blood of Wendell Phillips for the purpose, I saw this noble woman [Maria Weston Chapman] leaning on his arm,

defiled silently through the narrow L-shaped passageway running between Joy and North Russell Streets, and thus



FANEUIL HALL.

escaped the malice and violence of their enemies.

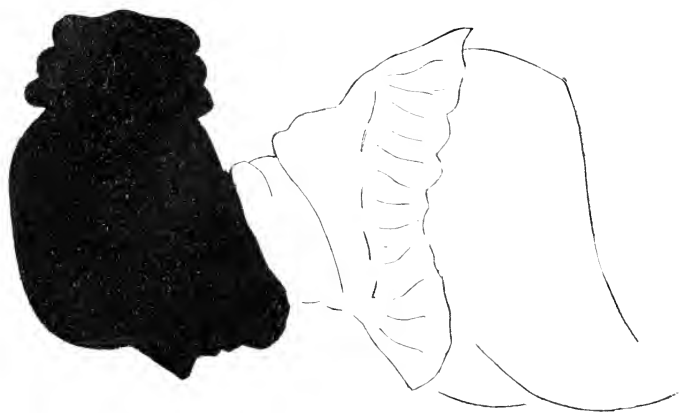
The formation of the New England Anti-Slavery Society in 1832 was followed by that of the national organization in 1833. From this time the tide of Abolitionism rose rapidly to its flood. So also did the counter tide of Pro-Slavery opposition. The consequence was a season of mobs all over the free states. The most memorable of the lawless attempts to abolish the Abolition movement in the North occurred in Boston, October 21, 1835. It is known in Anti-Slavery annals as the "Broadcloth Mob." The sections of the city associated with the Abolition movement, were more than doubled that day before the sun went down, by the performances of that eminently "respectable and influential" mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" in the community. The immediate occasion of the riot was the annual meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society that afternoon, at their hall in the building then numbered 46 Washington Street, situated midway between State

Street and Cornhill, and the expectation that George Thompson, the famous English orator and Abolitionist, would address it. That noon an inflammatory handbill denouncing "that infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson" and offering a purse of one hundred dollars "to reward the individual, who shall first lay violent hands" on him, was distributed "in the insurance offices, the reading-rooms, all along State Street, in the hotels, bar-rooms, and among the mechanics at the North End," and so scattered about the town. And from every quarter of the town, men gathered to do the deed or to witness the outrages, inasmuch that between three and four o'clock they were, according to various estimates, from two to five thousand in number. Both sides of Washington and State Streets in the neighborhood of the Old State House, then used as the City Hall and Post Office, were filled with the spirit of mischief. The multitude lay extended like a huge irregular cross. The head darkened in front of the Anti-Slavery offices, the foot reached to Joy's Building; one arm embraced the Old State

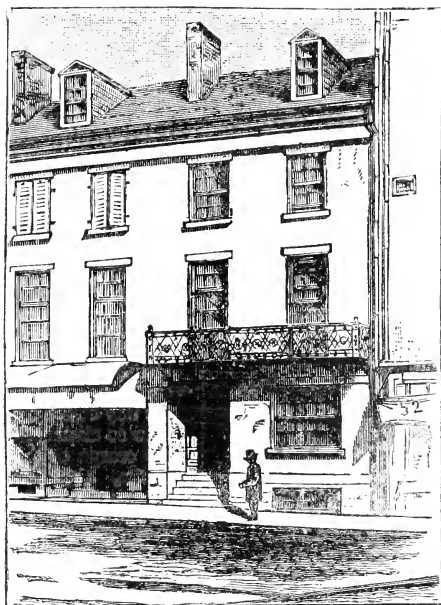


Wm. Phillips

FROM THE "LIBERTY BELL," 1845; THE ORIGINAL AN ETCHING BY
J. ANDREWS, FROM A LACQUERED COPY BY SOUTHAMPTON



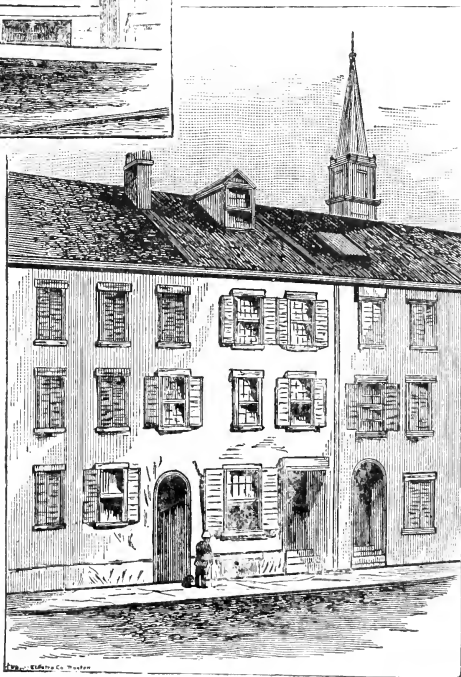
Ann Greene Phillips.
FROM A SILHOUETTE MADE IN LONDON IN 1841.



Wendell Phillips's House in Essex Street.
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

House, while the other stretched along Court Street to the Court House. The motive which created the riot was hatred of the Abolitionists; its purpose to "smoke out" George Thompson, and treat him to a kettle of tar and feathers. The non-appearance of Mr. Thompson defeated the designs upon himself. Mr. Garrison had also been invited to address the ladies that afternoon; and he was present. Missing Thompson, the mob turned upon him with the fury of madmen. Reading aright the omen of the storm which was gathering about them, the ladies advised Mr. Garrison to retire from the hall. This he prudently did, but instead of

leaving the building went into the *Liberator* office adjoining the hall, where the ladies were making heroic efforts to proceed with the business of their society, and there employed himself, with that marvellous serenity which never deserted him, in writing an account of the riotous demonstrations to a distant friend. But he did not finish the letter, for the rioters, rushing into the hall in search of him, had kicked out the panels of the door leading into the room where he was calmly writing. Escape was not possible, but the presence of mind of Charles C. Burleigh saved him from instant violence. At this crisis, too, the attention



Mr. Phillips's House in Common Street.—From an old Print.



Theodore Parker.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GROZELIER ABOUT 1855.

of the mob was directed to the Anti-Slavery sign, which hung from the office over the street. This the rioters below demanded to have thrown down to them; and this by order of the mayor was directly done. Garrison could not possibly be got out of the front end of the building. Out of the rear, therefore, he and his friends sought a way. But this, too, was impossible; for the mob with its ten thousand eyes was searching for him within the building and scanning every window from without. He was finally discovered in a carpenter's shop in the rear, and made to descend by a ladder into Wilson's Lane, now a part of Devonshire Street. At the bottom he was seized by his enemies and dragged into State Street, in the rear of the Old State House. The

mob threw a rope around his body, tore the clothes from his back, the hat from his head. Some were for murdering him on the spot; while others stood out for milder measures. This division, undoubtedly, saved his life. Mayor Lyman and his officers came to his rescue. Pulled and hustled, he was at length got into the Old State House through the south door. But the fury of the mob grew so alarming at the escape of their victim, that the officials, as a last desperate resort to save from destruction the old building and Garrison's life, determined hastily to commit him to jail as a disturber of the peace. It was out of the north door that Garrison was now smuggled. He was got

into a hack in waiting, and after a terrific struggle with the maddened multitude, the horses started at break-neck speed through Court Street to Bowdoin Square, through Cambridge into Blossom Street, and thence to Leverett Street jail, the mob pursuing the flying vehicle to the very portals of the old prison. Here the editor of the *Liberator* was locked into a cell, and there spent the night of October 21, 1835.

The jail, which was situated on the north side of Leverett Street near the corner of Causeway Street, was demolished in 1852. The morning after his incarceration, Garrison made upon the walls of his cell this inscription: "William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to



Col. T. W. Higginson.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING
THE WAR.

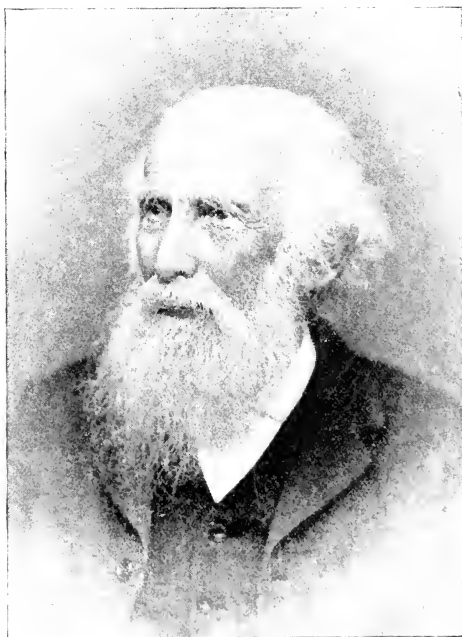
save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. Hail Columbia! Cheers for the Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey! Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotical land be loosed from his fetters!"

Just around the corner from the jail, at No. 23 Brighton Street, Mr. Garrison and his heroic young wife lived at the time. Five weeks before the mob, a strongly built gallows, having two nooses dangling from it, one for Thompson and one for Garrison, was erected before their front door. The house was one of several in a brick block. The block still stands, but exactly which of the dwellings is the identical one occupied by the Garrisons cannot now be satisfactorily established.

When the Female Anti-Slavery Society was driven

from its hall by the mob, the ladies, on invitation of Francis Jackson, retired to his house, but finding Mrs. Jackson seriously ill went to the home of Maria Weston Chapman, at No. 11 West Street, where they finished their annual business. When Mayor Lyman represented to the ladies that afternoon, at 46 Washington Street, that it was dangerous for them to remain in their hall, it was Mrs. Chapman who undauntedly replied: "If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere." James Russell Lowell has preserved for us the portrait of this beautiful and accomplished woman in the following lines:

"There was Maria Chapman, too,
With her swift eyes of clear steel-blue,
The coiled-up mainspring of the Fair,
Originating everywhere
The expansive force without a sound
That whirled a hundred wheels around;
Herself, meanwhile, as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæan Sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn."



Elizur Wright

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1883.



Charles Sumner and Longfellow.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

She was, as Mr. Lowell puts it, the mainspring of the Anti-Slavery Fairs, which were at first held in her parlors. Her home in West Street, and later at 39 Summer Street, was for a decade the social centre of Anti-Slavery Boston. Edmund Quincy, when in the city, could always be found there.

Number 31 Hollis Street will be remembered with emotion as long as any of the old Abolitionists or their descendants survive: for there lived Francis Jackson, one of the staunchest of Mr. Garrison's supporters. It has already been remarked that upon the breaking up of the meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery So-

ciety by the "Broadcloth Mob," the ladies, on invitation of Mr. Jackson, retired to his house, but, owing to the illness of the hostess, finished their business at the home of Mrs. Chapman. The invitation to the society to hold a meeting at 31 Hollis Street was subsequently repeated and accepted. On November 19, less than a month after the riot, the ladies held a notable meeting in the parlors of Mr. Jackson, a meeting

1835, Wendell Phillips declared twenty years afterward, was owing to "fifty or sixty women and *mainly to one man*," — Francis Jackson, who gave to the women driven from their hall the use of his house. "And if in defence of this sacred privilege (free speech) . . . this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth," wrote Mr. Jackson in reply to a note of thanks from the society, "let them fall if they must; they cannot crum-



Lewis Hayden.

never to be forgotten in Anti-Slavery circles. Harriet Martineau, then visiting Boston, graced the occasion by her presence and voice, bravely avowing then and there, in words which could not be misunderstood, her full agreement with the principles of the society. There also sprang up between her and Mrs. Chapman a close and lifelong friendship. That free speech was saved in Boston in

ble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me after their owner shall have been whipped into silence." Braver words in face of graver peril were never uttered by his Puritan or Revolutionary forefathers. "History, which always loves courage," said Phillips, "will write them on a page whiter than marble and more incorruptible than gold." Certainly the words and the



Dix Place—Residence of William Lloyd Garrison.

memorable circumstances which called them forth ought to suffice to make the old dwelling-house, which still stands, a landmark of the times when men and women struggled and died for liberty.

For many years it chiefly fell to Mr. Jackson and his neighbors, the Garrisons, "to offer welcome and entertainment to Anti-Slavery lecturers, country delegates and visitors to the various Anti-Slavery anniversaries, newly-made converts, strangers from abroad, and fugitive slaves. "There were others," wrote Mr. Garrison,

from whom we quote, "who gave us their company because of our interest in the cause of temperance, or non-resistance, or some other movement, or because of some peculiar crochet of their own." It was a "constant influx, not without its trials and embarrassments, but more commonly with its enlivening influences."

One chamber in 31 Hollis Street Francis Jackson devoted as a room of refuge for fugitive slaves, and many there were who found shelter therein. "I cannot withhold my aid from them," he wrote shortly before his death, "I cannot deny them while I have my strength left. They, and the millions they have left, are my system of Theology, my Religion, my Atonement. I have helped to enslave them—my father helped; unknowingly, it may be, nevertheless, helped. I believe in this kind of Atonement; my reason accepts no other. I believe the slaves are God's chosen people."

Just across the street from this historic house stood Hollis Street church, theatre now, not wanting in dramatic action then. For, from its pulpit, brave and eloquent John Pierpont renewed, Sunday after Sunday, his contest with the rum power and the

slave power intrenched within the pews. He was sustained in his prolonged contest with these twin abominations by the strong arms and unflagging zeal of Francis Jackson and Samuel May, that sturdy Boston merchant, who, like John Hancock, preferred liberty to dollars and dividends. The name happily survives, and with added lustre, in the venerable son who worthily bears it, and who occupied a position of marked influence and usefulness in the moral movement against slavery.

Some buildings are a kind of palimpsest in brick and wood, several periods having written upon them, one over another, their different stories. Such a building is Faneuil Hall. Here the patriots of 1776 rocked the cradle of American Independence. Here in later years their successors nursed the genius

the friends of freedom. After this memorable beginning the old hall did literally echo with the principles of the Anti-Slavery reform. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Parker, Wilson, Quincy, the two Adamses, father and son, Pillsbury, Douglass, Higginson, Howe and John A. Andrew became in time familiar figures on its



Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison

of universal emancipation. Again and again its walls rang and echoed with those principles which, at midnight and in the obscure room, Garrison had foretold would ere long, "shake the nation by their mighty power." The prophecy received remarkable and splendid fulfilment five years afterward, in the great meeting called to denounce the murder of Lovejoy, and which gave to Wendell Phillips the opportunity to make that marvellous speech which placed him at its close in the front rank of orators and of

platform. Over and over, as the strife waxed between freedom and slavery, did the "pictured lips" of Otis and Quincy, Adams and Hancock, "break into voice," through those, their real descendants, in defence of the rights of man. If great names and eloquence and transcendent service in the cause of humanity have power to consecrate any place, then surely is Faneuil Hall doubly consecrated and sanctified.

That gloomy granite structure, the Court House, has also its stirring story

and associations. During fugitive slave times it was the scene of some of the saddest and most exciting acts in the history of Boston. In 1851, pending the trial of Sims, it was girdled with heavy chains to prevent a rescue by the friends of the doomed man. That they might enter the building, the judges of the Supreme Court, among whom was their grand old chief, Lemuel Shaw, bowed their judicial necks under the infamous fence. Two months before, Shadrach,

teeth in expectation of an attempt to rescue the wretched man. A company of Anti-Slavery friends had, notwithstanding the obstacles and danger, resolved that Burns should not be sent back to slavery. In execution of this resolution, a band of Abolitionists, prominent among whom were T. W. Higginson and Lewis Hayden, burst open the middle door on the west side of the Court House by means of a heavy beam of wood. During the *melee* which followed, one of the mar-

shal's guard was killed by a pistol shot. Just how or by whom the fatal shot was fired has never been settled. The deed demoralized the band of rescuers, who stood not on the order of their going, but in a kind of panic beat a precipitate retreat, leaving poor Burns to his keepers and his too tragic fate.

On the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets stands the house where Wendell Phillips was born. It was there that his mother held up his "baby feet" to walk for the first time the streets of the old town which he loved inexpressibly, and which also, when a man, he was to make "too sacred for the footsteps of a slave." But the small two-story brick house on Essex Street—into which he and his invalid bride moved in November, 1841, and in which they were together for more than forty years, in joy and sorrow, through the storm and sun-

shine of the long conflict for freedom—was, beyond all other places, "bound up with every fibre of his heart." Not anywhere within the limits of the city exists a more sacred spot than was this homely little house, with its small parlors and diminutive bedrooms; for there lived and labored one of the purest spirits and most consummate orators of the century. It was demolished in 1882, to make room for the Harrison Avenue extension.

Here is a specimen of the scenes which



John A. Andrew.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

another fugitive, was spirited away out of the sinister-looking old temple of justice, by a party of colored men under the lead of Lewis Hayden. Shadrach's rescue was effected through the east door opposite where now stands Young's Hotel extension on Court Square. On the night of May 26, 1854, the Court House wore to the friends of freedom in the city a particularly villanous aspect: for within its cruel walls crouched Anthony Burns, a prisoner. It was, besides, armed to the

the invalid wife grew accustomed to expect when the husband went off "abolitionizing." The time was Sunday, December 21, 1860, the day after the secession of South Carolina from the Union; and the particular "abolitionizing," the masterpiece of invective delivered that morning in Music Hall, called "Mobs and Education." The speech was a philippic against the enemies of free speech, who were the "friends of the Union." Rarely had the great orator been so merciless and terrible. His words stung to madness the prejudice and hatred of his foes. The storm of passion which had gathered around him as he spoke, burst as, under the escort of a score of friends, he emerged from the Winter Street entrance to the hall. As soon as the crowd, which was choking the passageway, caught sight of him, it set up angry cries, such as, "Crush him out!" "Bite off his head!" at the same instant rushing forward to carry out its murderous purpose. But the resolute front of the body-guard of the inspired lash of iniquity, backed by the energy of the police, balked the mob. We will let the *Liberator* finish the story.

"On entering Winter Street, the mob, which almost blockaded the street, yelled and hissed and gave vent to their impotent rage by such cries as those given above; but the party proceeded down the street and up Washington Street, surrounded by a strong detachment of police, and followed by an immense throng of people, many of them friends of Mr. Phillips, and determined to protect him from injury. The singular procession excited the attention of people living on the route largely, and the windows looking on the street were crowded with faces expressing wonder and curiosity. Arrived at his house on Essex Street, Mr. Phillips entered, with a few of his friends, when three cheers were given by some of those present, which were answered by hisses from the other side. Deputy-Chief Ham then requested the crowd to disperse, which they did, though somewhat slowly, and with manifest reluctance. So ended the disgraceful scene."

From the Essex Street home the Phillipses moved to No. 37 Common Street, where during the last two years of his life Wendell Phillips lived, and there he died. There died also Ann Phillips, his wife, a woman cast in the large mould of a true daughter of freedom.

To quote from the excellent memorial

sketch of Mrs. Phillips by Mr. Francis J. Garrison:

"For some years Essex Street was the centre of the small Anti-Slavery community of Boston. Within five minutes walk to the south lived Francis Jackson and Samuel and Mary May, on Hollis Street, and the Garrison family, on Dix Place. Not much farther away, in the opposite direction, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, on Winter Street; while just around the corner to the north were Theodore Parker's house on Exeter Place, Miss Mary G. Chapman's on Chauncy Street, (the Boston home of the Weston sisters and Mrs. Chapman, when they came to the city,) and Charles F. Hovey's on Kingston Street. Mr. Phillips has told how often, as he looked from his own chamber window late at night, when some lecture engagement had brought him home in the small hours of the morning, he saw the unquenched light burning in Theodore Parker's study."

The house numbered one on Exeter Place was not only the library and study of a great scholar, with books everywhere, covering the walls of every room and of the stairways, running like a luxuriant vine from front hall to attic, but the resounding smithy of the New England Vulcan of the pulpit, where were forged those thunderbolts against wrong which he launched from the platform of Music Hall at statesmen and their wicked measures. From the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850, to the day that the mighty and militant preacher of righteousness passed out of it to meet the death angel under Italian skies, the house was a focal point, about which revolved the Anti-Slavery forces of the city. Here was harbored Ellen Craft, and here with her in the house the "fighting parson" wrote his Sunday sermon, a loaded pistol lying meanwhile on his desk. It was here on the evening before Thanksgiving Day of the year 1854, that Theodore Parker was arrested for violating the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. The house, which, alas! has disappeared before the southward march of business "improvement," was at once the Mount of Transfiguration and the Gethsemane of a modern prophet, who proved himself in very deed a fetter-breaker and genius of universal emancipation.

On Avery Street lived that accomplished scholar and great-hearted defender of the rights of man — Elizur Wright, who ably edited the Boston *Chronotype*, in associa-

tion with Dr. Samuel G. Howe and Frank W. Bird, during the Fugitive Slave Law days.

On Phillips Street still stand two of the landmarks of Anti-Slavery Boston; viz., the home of the late Lewis Hayden, and the Baptist Church for colored people. In the latter was held many an Anti-Slavery meeting addressed by nearly all of the prominent leaders. Here Governor Andrew preached, on occasional Sunday mornings during the war, sermons fitted to the needs of his hearers and the exigencies of the hour. There are those who well recall these occasions when the war governor turned parson for an hour, and his coming into the church leading by the hand his son John, then a child, now a Massachusetts member of Congress.

Lewis Hayden's house, No. 66 Phillips Street, was a rendezvous of that band of Anti-Slavery men who believed that resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law was obedience to God. There went Phillips, Parker, Dr. Bowditch, and others of their mind, to talk over plans and perfect arrangements to defeat the execution of the law. And there at times John Brown, the stern believer in blood and iron as a deliverer, brooded and schemed for the slave. Some there are who well remember when William Craft was in hiding here from the slave catchers, and how Lewis Hayden had placed two kegs of gun-powder on the premises, resolved to blow up his house rather than surrender the fugitive. The heroic frenzy of the resolute black face, as with match in hand Hayden stood awaiting the man-stealers, those who saw it declare that they can never forget.

The Melodeon, where now stands the Bijou Theatre, was the first meeting-house of Theodore Parker's society after he began to preach in Boston. It was also the hall where Anti-Slavery meetings were frequently held. Many of Mr. Phillip's masterly speeches, such as "Public Opinion," "The Sims Anniversary," "Philosophy of the Anti-Slavery Movement," were delivered from its platform.

Mr. Garrison gave his first three lectures on Slavery, in 1830, at Julien Hall, situated on the northwest corner of Milk and Congress Streets, on the spot now occupied by the Post Office Extension and

its broad sidewalk. There, also, George Thompson once lectured on the same subject, and experienced a hairbreadth escape from a mob which had secretly planned to seize him. The plot was discovered by Samuel J. May, and frustrated by the coolness and dexterity of the Anti-Slavery women. Here, also, held forth the infidel preacher, Abner Kneeland, a man of blameless life, whom "Christian" Boston persecuted and imprisoned on the charge of "blasphemy."

Anti-Slavery Boston would be palpably incomplete with the imposing figure of Sumner left out. He was, in truth, one of the chief builders of the sacred city of that strenuous martyr age. The site of the house on Revere Street, where he was born, is now occupied by the Bowdoin schoolhouse. But the house which is closely associated with him as an Anti-Slavery leader is the one numbered twenty on Hancock Street. Here were prepared many of his early speeches against slavery; and here, also, the orator declaimed them prior to their delivery in public.

As Anti-Slavery Boston had its beginning in Garrison and the *Liberator*, this article shall find its conclusion in Garrison and the *Liberator* also. The *Liberator* had five successive offices during the thirty-five years of its existence. It took up quarters first in Merchants' Hall, on the corner of Congress and Water Streets. Then for a season it was published at No. 46 Washington Street. Here the landlord, alarmed for the safety of the building at the time of the "Broadcloth Mob," served notice on the publishers to remove the paper. The paper and the society next took rooms at No. 25 Cornhill. Subsequently still, they removed to No. 21 Cornhill, the society occupying rooms in the second story and the *Liberator* in the fourth story; where together they continued until the year before the war, when the inseparables made a final removal to Washington Building, on Washington Street, opposite Franklin. There the paper passed forever into history as one of the greatest reformatory instruments of the century.

From Dix Place, in 1864, its editor removed to 125 Highland Street in Roxbury, which was thenceforth to remain his home

until his death in 1879. There the illustrious reformer found rest from his transcendent labors. As in feudal hall the knights of old put off their armor, and laid aside the powerful lance with which they had fought and overcome; so there, his cause triumphant, this modern knight,

"Who revered his conscience as his king,

Whose glory was redressing human wrong,"

resigned his arms and the militant weapons of the press. The library and the parlor are to-day an Anti-Slavery museum, crowded full of the records, the relics, and the faces of that tremen-

dous conflict, in which he was the moral leader. It is as if the son had written over each door the legend, "Sacred to *him*, to liberty, and to the mighty movement which *he* started." The old homestead is sacred, besides, to the fragrant memory of that lovely and heroic woman who was, in very truth, the wife and helpmate of William Lloyd Garrison. One cannot remember the husband "without remembering all the beauty of that star,

"Which shone so close beside him, that they made
One light together."

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

By W. P. Dole.

VINCIT qui patitur: so runs the phrase

My fathers chose, speaking to all their race,

In motto brief, what in each age and place

Should be found true. For he who still displays

Patience serene and calm in darkest days

Is victor yet, though Fortune hide her face,

Or sternly frown; though every charm and grace

Fade from the life where pallid sadness stays.

He conquers who endures. Aye! let me learn

To suffer and be strong; nor quite despair,

Though friends prove false, and lying tongues prevail,

And malice work its will; beyond the veil

That hides the future may lie scenes more fair;

May shine a light I cannot now discern.

A DAY IN THE YOSEMITE WITH A KODAK.

By Samuel Douglass Dodge.

FOR every hundred persons living west of the Mississippi River who have seen St. Peter's at Rome, hardly ten, I think it may safely be said, have visited the Yosemite. Two small hotels in the valley are ample for all who may at any

one time seek accommodations, and on an average two coaches a day during the season will carry all who seek conveyance to that place of grandeur. One thing is certain: the foreigner "doing" the United States seldom omits the Yosemite; yet

many an American tourist travelling in California leaves the coast in ignorance of the wonders and beauties of the famous region. On a beautiful Sunday in May of this year, out of sixty-five guests at the Stoneman House, over forty-five were foreigners, most of them on a trip around the world; and that proportion is not unusual during the season. To the foreign tourist the Yosemite ranks with Niagara; and from those who have seen the wonders of nature on every continent the verdict seems to be that the Yosemite stands pre-eminent — the greatest of all.

While during the last quarter of a century railroads have found their way to distant points throughout our land, while the skill of engineers has overcome obstacles seemingly insurmountable, while mountains have been crossed and rocks tunnelled, and busy cities have sprung up where twenty-five years ago were wildness and solitude, the Yosemite to-day is but a few miles nearer a railroad than it was in 1870. And yet the hardships of the journey have been materially lessened; for no longer does the visitor at Clark's Ranch, now the pleasant little hamlet of Wawona, mount the saddle for a ride of twenty-six miles up and down the mountain, but a coach carries him by a fairly good road into the valley, up to the very door of the hotel, and leaves him to enjoy the majestic scenes about him with none of the after-pangs of a long saddle ride. Aside from this improvement, and the generally better condition of the road, through the efforts of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company, the visitor in 1890 sees but little change from twenty years ago. There will be the same trail to take him to Vernal and Nevada Falls, and the same method to get him there; the same road to Glacier Point, Sentinel Rock, and Upper Yosemite Falls. His sure-footed mule or horse will be equipped with a saddle, if not the same, at least equally hard and uncomfortable. At the hotels in the valley he will find accommodations practically the same; and yet, considering the sixty-five miles and more of mountainous road, over which all supplies must be carried for the use of the hotels, and the difficulty in getting and retaining proper help, no one, as he sits down to a fairly good meal at either hotel or pays his seemingly large bill at his departure, will be disposed to grumble; for he will

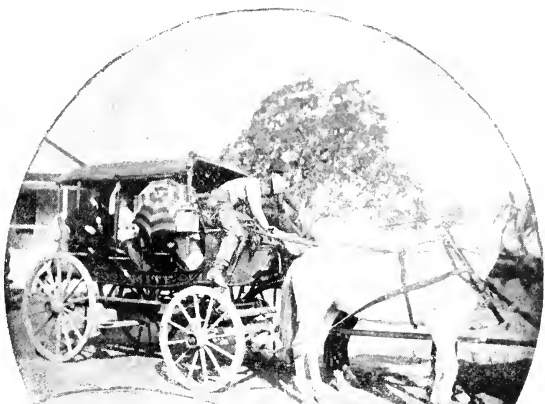
consider that there is but one Yosemite, and that it is a long way from the beaten track.

It seems almost ridiculous to point a Kodak at those scenes, to which no painting by word or pen or color can do the least justice; and yet as the stage rattles up to the hotel, and the tired and dusty travellers dismount, the little leather cases containing the cameras of the amateur photographers have become so omnipresent that a porter would think something was missing did he not have one slung from either shoulder as he leads the guest to the office. And when, after a rest from the fatigues of the journey, the tourist sets out from the hotel, armed with his instrument, to register, if may be, a few of the many glorious scenes about him, that those at home may enjoy them, there comes a feeling of utter helplessness at the prospect before him. It is like going out to battle with a toy pistol. Even the stately summit of El Capitan seems to look down in scorn at the presuming amateur as he points his camera at his polished side, as if to rebuke him for his effort to catch even a part of his stately grandeur; and the "Spirit of the Evil Wind" at Pohono or Bridal Veil Falls seems to roar more loudly, as if in anger, as it falls like an avalanche of snow over its inaccessible summit. But we apologize to our conscience, that it is only to record the incidents of our trip and to catch such bits as may serve in the future to remind us of our visit, and not that we expect in the remotest degree to portray the scene before us.

The branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad from Berenda to Raymond has now reduced the staging to sixty-five miles, which means that if you leave Raymond at half-past seven in the morning, the next day at noon you will be in the valley. A Pullman sleeper on the six o'clock evening train out of San Francisco lands you without change at Raymond at six in the morning. Here we breakfast at a small hotel owned by the proprietors of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company, and also of the Wawona Hotel, which lies thirty-nine miles away over the mountains, where we shall spend the night after our first day's ride. Having mounted the box seat by the side of Sam Owens, a veteran in the service, whose very presence inspires con-

fidence that he will carry us safely around the treacherous curves and past the dangerous heights, the whip snaps, the leaders spring forward, and in a few moments the little hotel is left behind, and we are making for the first stop, twelve miles away, where we find our first relay of fresh horses. These first miles, covered in the cool of the day, the very air a tonic, a comparatively level road, and with no sense of weariness, are quickly passed. We have left the cultivated fields of wheat far behind in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. We are now where California is free, beautiful, and wildly luxuriant. The undulating hills are clothed — it was in the early springtime — with brilliant masses of scarlet, purple, crimson, and blue wild

flowers. The rich, tall grass of the natural meadows, with its peculiar green color, blends harmoniously, and the cattle grazing in such luxuriant pastures make pretty pictures. We reach Grant Springs at one o'clock, with a vigorous appetite, and full justice is done to the best meal we shall have until we reach there again on our way back to 'Frisco. As our coach draws up to the door,



we find two coachloads of people upon the piazza on their way back from the valley, having left Wawona that morning; and the questions, "Did you meet much snow in the valley?" and, "Are the falls very heavy?" are quickly asked and answered; for no introduction is necessary for an acquaintance among western travellers, especially on a trip to

I. The Start. II. We reach Grant's for Dinner.

the Yosemite. We look with some interest become more familiar with it; for on the



mountains we shall find it growing close to snow-drifts, like a little tongue of flame darting out of the newly thawed earth, and with its little crimson bell wrapped in a crimson leaflet: we shall wonder that such a beautiful thing should grow among those high pines, with great snow-banks all about it.

We leave Grant's after an hour's rest, and steadily climbing the mountains for several miles, we are at last upon the summit of the first mountain range. From this point we begin to go down slowly for about seven miles into the valley where Wawona lies; and to-morrow we shall climb another mountain and down again

First View of the Yosemite Falls.

upon these recent tourists, for they are fresh from the place toward which we are bound. Their eyes have just feasted upon the scenes toward which we are travelling; and we eagerly question them, only to receive the invariable response, that "the half had not been told us."

Some of these pilgrims had with them a beautiful and curious plant, the like of which we have never seen, and upon inquiry we find it is called the snow-flower, a strange, bright, scarlet-crimson blossom like a fleshy hyacinth. We shall ere long



Nevada Falls.

before we reach the valley. As we approach the summit of the first range we enter the true forest belt and find ourselves banked by snow on either side, for busy men have been working for weeks past cutting the road through great drifts and preparing the way for an entrance to the valley. In some places during the winter snow fell upon these mountains to the depth of twenty feet; and to have waited until the snow should melt would have kept all visitors away from the Yosemite until late in June.

But here we are, among the pines and cedars; and, oh, the loveliness and grandeur of the stately columns, two hundred feet in height, and straight as an arrow, losing themselves in a crown of misty foliage, while others stand burnt and dead, telling of forest fires. The air is scented with the delicious fragrance of the pines; for the ground is carpeted with the needles and dried cones, and the hot sun draws from them the aroma which we breathe in, feeling that every breath gives health as well as fragrance. We have not yet seen the "big trees," but these grand forest pines, with a diameter of from five to nine feet, and each tree, if laid on the wharf at San Francisco, with a value of from \$400 to \$800, inspire us with wonder and amazement, which will last until we see the "Grizzly Giant" with its diameter of thirty-three feet. We have spent a long day of delight; we have gone through banks of snow ten feet in height; we have passed through quiet glades where the soft lawn-like turf was all jewelled with flowers; we have crossed deep gulches where streams, swollen to torrents by melting snow on the upper hills, rush down with foam and fury. Though the day has been filled with images of beauty, we are tired with the jolting and bumping always to be encountered on a stage ride in early spring before the roads are in order, tired of trying devices to avoid concussion of the spine, and so we rejoice to see down at the foot of the hill the little white hotel, where we shall rest for the night and be refreshed and strengthened for the twenty-seven miles of staging which lie before us.

It is with regret that we leave in the early morning hours the cheery little hamlet with its meadows clothed with the verdure of early springtime. It is a delightful

spot, this Wawona, and we are tempted to stay another day, and in the little mountain streams verify the statements that trout are plenty there; but we have grander scenes before us, and with the consoling announcement that the water is too high for good fishing we take our regular places upon the stage, and are soon toiling up the steep ascent amid more forests of pine, until at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea we begin to descend the mountain. And all at once, with no premonition, the great Yosemite Valley breaks like a vision upon our sight. So suddenly do the granite crags and stupendous waterfalls appear before us, that it is a shock to the senses. This is "Inspiration Point," and we do indeed *breathe* in, not the pure air alone, but with it a sense of solemnity and awe inspired by the grandeur and unexpected beauty of the scene; unexpected, because no painter's brush or writer's pen has ever yet been able to give it a semblance of reality.

I can describe the scene no better than to say that the valley from here seems like a great sunken pit with perpendicular walls and a beautiful green meadow lying between them, through which flows that "River of Mercy," gleaming like quicksilver. Upon our left stands El Capitan, the great chief of the valley, the field marshal of the granite crags about us, that stupendous specimen of natural masonry, a huge perpendicular granite rock, thirty-three hundred feet in height, with its sides bare and bleak, no marks or lines of stratification, no crack in the huge mass, no crevice where any living thing can grow, nothing save a spot upon its side, twenty-five hundred feet from its base, where stands a huge flourishing pine, its only ornament. As we approach nearer to this magnificent battlement of polished granite, we can begin to realize its height of three-fifths of a mile, and as we look up towards its cloud-crowned summit there comes a sense of fear that it might fall and overwhelm us.

Down the valley, over a beautiful road, along the river bank, we continue our course, gradually approaching Pohono or Bridal Veil Falls, which from Inspiration Point seemed in the distance like a silver apron hanging from the mighty precipice. The rocky mass over which it falls forms the other portal to the valley. We pass

close to the falls on our way up the river, and the stage stops near its base; for though we shall return to the falls before we leave the Yosemite, — for we must see it when the setting sun shall paint the rain-bows, — we must linger now a moment, though we are tired and hungry, and have four miles yet to ride before the Stoneman House is reached. Over the summit the torrent comes, falling in silvery rockets nine hundred feet, and losing itself amid the clouds of spray among the pine-trees at its base. It seems to fall in intermit-

the photographer to take these colors, but now we press the button with no enthusiasm, for we know how far from reality will be the resulting picture.

Reluctantly we continue our journey, passing under the towering forms of Cathedral Rocks and the Sentinel Rock, the latter an obelisk one thousand feet in height, rising from its pedestal two thousand feet in height. The Cathedral spires, those two high turrets on Cathedral Rock, seem almost threatening as we pass by, and our attention is called to a huge pinnacle lying

at the base, and we are told that there were once three spires on this grand rock, until some years ago this one fell with an awful crash.

When we reach the base of Sentinel Rock there bursts upon our amazed vision, across the river from us, our first view of the great Yosemite Falls. From our position across the valley from it we only see its first plunge of sixteen hundred feet — the other two leaps are concealed by the foliage and rocks; but we feel that we are in the presence of something of which we have read and dreamed, and which at last is before our very eyes. We can only glance now as we



Nevada Falls and the Cap of Liberty.

tent volumes, as though at times a pent-up mass had given way, and the roar for a moment is tremendous; then for a second there is a lull, when another rush is heard, like the falling of an avalanche of snow. There are no sheets of water; it is all foam, and seems to vanish into spray before it reaches the crags at our feet.

We saw this fall again the next afternoon, when in the spray turned to rain-bows, jewelled by the setting sun, the dazzling tints of the diamond, ruby, emerald, and topaz seemed to mingle. Perhaps some day the ingenuity of man will enable

pass, but we shall take another day to see this marvellous cataract, and will view it from below and from above; for no one can realize the full majesty of this monarch until he has crept to its very feet or climbed to Eagle's Peak and viewed its headlong rush from the very summit.

After a moment's stop at Barnard's, we are once more on our way to the Stoneman House; and after a pleasant drive of a mile, with the Merced River almost at the horses' feet, we cross at last the little bridge and, weary and hungry, yet happy withal, and in good spirits, climb out at

the porch of the hotel and seek the needed rest and refreshment. Our excursions shall begin in the morning. This afternoon shall be spent in the enjoyment of a quiet rest upon the hotel piazza.

As we sit there, it seems to me as if we could never escape from the valley. We feel imprisoned, surrounded by the high granite walls on every side; it seems as if none but winged creatures could ever scale those frowning summits. We shall learn that, by labor and patience, zigzag trails over ledge and crest, through rock-blasted pass and across dangerous crevices, have been built, so that we may climb to those heights above us and look down on the green and level valley below. We look about us from our window, and from every steep ravine come clouds of sparkling spray. There are temporary waterfalls in every direction. Streams caused by the melting of the heavy snows upon the Sierra mountains are coursing down the steep sides of the cliffs and, flashing in the sunlight, are vanishing in spray before they reach the bottom. They seem like silver streamers floating from the summits. They will not be seen later in the season, and we count ourselves fortunate to have come here so early.

In the morning, long before the sun has appeared over the surrounding cliffs, we are ready for our trip to Mirror Lake and Vernal Falls. We have planned the trip the night before, with the advice of those at the hotel who are familiar with the valley, and in good season we are riding up the road, across the little bridge, through the woods toward Mirror Lake; for we must reach it before the first gleam of the sun touches its quiet waters. How placid it is in the quiet morning

air, cradled in the midst of those granite giants, and how perfect from its dark bosom does it give back the reflection of Mt. Watkins and the pines and willows fringing its shores! It is only for a little that the illusion lasts; for when the rays of the sun flash upon its bosom it vanishes, and we turn our faces in the direction of Vernal Falls. At the bridge over the Merced River we stop to look at the dark rushing waters, and take a picture of North Dome rising to a height of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet



First Glimpse of Vernal Falls.

above the valley, — that splendid crest of granite which rises before us. Here at the bridge we find saddle horses awaiting us; for we must now leave the green meadows, the floor of the valley, and begin the ascent up an impressive gorge, five miles to the falls above. On the sure-footed beast we climb the trail, on the very edge of the mountain, with the rushing, roaring river below us. It is an awful precipice at our very side, and we instinctively keep close to the wall of the mountain. A lovelier mile of river scenery than this first pass up the Merced cannot be imagined.

The river leaps from rock to rock over and around the huge mossy boulders, and in constantly recurring cascades roars in its tumultuous descent, as we look at it

names so full of poetic meaning and so singularly descriptive have been ruthlessly abandoned and will soon be forgotten.

The summit of Vernal Falls has for many years been accessible by means of a steep flight of wooden steps from the bottom; but of late years these have been pronounced unsafe, and we go by the trail a long way around, after a moment at the little cabin under the overhanging rocks. It is a strange and interesting trip, this climb around and over the mountain, at



through the huge pines that fringe the cliffs above it. Soon we cross these foamy rapids, and at the little bridge catch our first glimpse of Vernal Falls. As the sunlight flashes upon its water, falling four hundred feet from summit to base, we wonder why the picturesque and descriptive Indian name of *Pi-wa-ack* (glittering waters) was changed to that of Vernal Falls. It seems to be a modern tendency

to substitute commonplace and meaningless terms for those old Indian ones. *Yo-wi-ye* (great twisted water) has now become Nevada Falls. *Tis-sa-ack* is now only South Dome; and many other



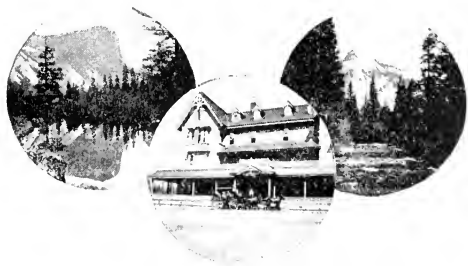
I. Bridal Veil Falls. II. The Yosemite from Inspiration Point

times upon the very brink of a tremendous precipice, then through great banks of snow twenty feet high, and yet the sun so hot that an umbrella is a needed protection. At last we reach the level summit and see

before us the mighty Nevada Falls, falling in a sheer leap of seven hundred feet, close to the towering crag known as the Cap of Liberty, a huge, bare cone of granite thirty-one hundred feet in height. We make a detour to reach the summit of Vernal Falls, and stand upon a natural ledge of rock like the parapet of a huge rampart; it is hard to believe it was not put there by the hand of man to enable us to view in safety this grand waterfall. Over this ledge we look down upon the falls, as, with ceaseless roar, at our very feet, the water pours over the precipice into its basin, four hundred feet below. The ledge of granite in front protects us like a balustrade, and though our feet are upon the smooth polished rock, we may creep to the very edge with no fear of accident. Looking down into the large chasm, the valley lies calm in green repose, half in light and half in shadow, and through it all, among the pines, a varying line of silver marks the course of the Merced River. The huge range of granite, terminating in Glacier Point, seems to cut off the river in its course, and the whole scene is shut in by towering walls of rock; and while the sun gleamed on the polished face of the Glacier Point, the pine woods in the deep gulches were rich in shadows of dark purple.

We retrace our steps up the river, now a roaring, foaming torrent, and just above the Vernal Falls the river rushes down a steep descent, and glittering in the sunlight, swift as an arrow and dazzling as a shower of sparkling crystals, it seems indeed like a "Silver Apron," or a "Diamond Race," both of which names have been given to this reach. We cross the wooden bridge,

for a moment watching the impetuous rush of the waters, and continue our course to the little wooden inn built a short distance from the foot of the mighty Nevada Falls. So immense is the volume of water now that the spray is wafted over the porches, and the mountain meadow round about glistens like a dewy morning. Some Spanish priest in years gone by gave this the name of Nevada, or Snow Falls; he must have seen it as we did to-day, in its flood, as it poured its resistless volume in foamy avalanches over the summit, into the granite bowl beneath. We should like to climb to the summit of this fall, but the morning has passed, and the afternoon is to be spent in a ride on the floor of the valley; so we turn our horses homeward, looking back with feelings of regret as we pass down the narrow track, upon the glorious scenes we leave behind. Down the mountain, slowly and carefully, our beasts pick their way along the snow-banked path, until we reach the level plain, and a gallop of half a mile brings us, tired and hungry, to the door of our hotel. When shall we again spend a morning so delightfully? When again shall we see such wondrous sights? Tomorrow is Sunday, and as we pass the little chapel in the midst of the natural loveliness of this forest sanctuary and this rock-girt shrine, we feel how glorious to worship surrounded by such scenes; and as we gaze up to the granite cliffs sending their summits toward the azure sky, the old words of Scripture come into our thoughts with eloquent force: "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary," and, "As the hills stand about Jerusalem, so standeth the Lord round about his people."



THE ROMANCE OF MILES O'MEARA.

By John Elliott Curran.



John Elliott Curran

MY uncle, Mr. Miles O'Meara, was well known at the New York bar during his lifetime. He was a man of fine instincts, lofty views and exquisite feelings, fastidious in his habits, nice in his language. In short, he reflected, here, attributes and a style of behavior which he had inherited from a long ancestry of Irish gentlemen. The following paper was found among his effects: and, as he seemed to have desired some publicity to be made of it, I think it well to let it appear in the present form.

TO MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS: As I know you have been somewhat curious why I, although having acquired a fair fortune in my profession, have remained a bachelor, I beg leave to state a few facts bearing upon that point.

I have known few women at all well. At one point in my life, indeed, I did get to know one young lady, whom I admired very much. She was younger

than I, of a most estimable character, the essence of refinement, a woman of delicate physique, with remarkable blue eyes. I enjoyed her society very much. None of you ever knew or saw her. As I suppose you would like to know why I never proposed marriage to her, I will tell you.

Down on a street corner, not far from the City Hall, and east of Broadway,—a busy, bustling corner formed by the intersection of two of the narrowest of the streets of New York, sunk in a kind of valley and darkened by the high buildings in the neighborhood,—a corner of noise and brawl, where drays were always getting entangled and blocking the way, and where wagons were forever endangering the lives of pedestrians by their wild descents of the pitching streets,—down on this corner, some years ago, a little street shop, setting out an array of apples, pears and all fruits in their seasons, snugly stood. The owners of this establishment were Pietro and Maria Novara, brother and sister. Their trade appeared to be rather the most flourishing of any carried on at such booths in that quarter of the city. My office windows overlooked the spot, and I could not help noticing, looking down at the stand half-abstractedly during my work, as I often did, how it grew. First I marked the addition of a glass case, containing a variety of candies, a feature which largely increased the custom of small office boys. Next, an assortment of nuts appeared. Finally, as warm weather came on, the stand was extended and a huge, but cracked punch-bowl, with lemonade in it, and a soda-water fountain were set out; while under this extension was kept a store of ice-cream, which was retailed in three sizes of glasses, worth respectively one cent, five cents, and ten cents. The most significant mark of prosperity, however, was, perhaps, the renting of an adjoining cel-

lar, which was now ventured upon. What other booth could boast a cellar? What other concern could not put all its apples into one barrel and stow that away, by friendly janitor's leave, under the great stone steps near by for the night? So thrive the business of the Novara stand.

I forget on what occasion it was that I first became aware of the dignity and beauty that belonged to the proprietress of this stand, or how it was that I became convinced that she possessed a strong, yet lovely character. One thing I am sure of, that neither when I became aware of that fact, nor when I received that conviction, did I know her name or had I spoken to her one word. The most that I had done was to take an apple from her stand from time to time, and drop a few pennies into her open cash box for it. But that was nothing, except that at those times I saw her face. It was a singularly interesting face. Its beauty was not of that sort which is wholly due to regularity of features. She was a person of commanding figure, a figure which was well crowned by a head that was carried proudly, but not haughtily. With masses of jet black hair, and large, deep, black eyes, she did not need regular features to make her beautiful. The well-filled chin gave an impression of determination and firmness; while the full red lips above, in turn, half denied these qualities to her. Further up still, the eyes, with all their softness, seemed to hold in their depths a smouldering fire, which one would hardly venture or wish to stir. A little smile was always given for your purchase, but it was evidently artificial, coming by force of habit, while her thoughts appeared to be far away. Her varying postures, as she stood all day before her stand, were strikingly graceful, and full of dignity. Indeed I had never seen in marble or in life a better expression of grand repose. Of all these characteristics I became sensible only gradually, from repeated observations made of her through my office windows, made not at all as a study, but almost unconsciously, while I was trying to see, truly through some question of law; so that when it finally did occur to me that the woman

who had been standing day after day in front of that bank of fruit over the way was, after all, a living and real object, I found myself disposed at that very moment to admire her; and becoming thereafter more earnestly attentive to her looks, and noting more closely her honest face, the dignity of her carriage, and her quiet manner, my admiration increased.

The brother was apparently eight or nine years her junior. He appeared to be a mild-natured fellow, whom the small boys often teased, and to whom, in turn, he not infrequently gave chase,—for what cause I, from my perch, could only conjecture: it was certainly nothing that was ever laid up between them, for they were always on good terms the next time. He worked hard at his business, and I have seen him more than once setting down, with a red face, a barrel of apples from his back, presumably brought over from Washington Street. At such times the sister would be seen to shake her head at him and laugh, as if to say, "That was a hard tug, Pietro;" and he would shake his head and smile, for reply. They were never demonstrative.

As I watched the two from time to time, I saw acts of the sister which showed her character a little. The policeman on that beat was a handsome young fellow, comely enough to attract your notice. He sometimes opened a little conversation with Maria. She always responded pleasantly, with freedom and ease, but with such a dignified grace, that I imagine Mr. Policeman would as soon have thought of making love to a duchess as to her. Some little children, too, passed habitually that way, to and from school, as I judged from their satchels of books. On a warm afternoon, they would occasionally stop and indulge in the one-penny glass of ice-cream. The smallest of the troop, a little dumpling of a girl, seemed never to have the requisite penny. But, at the same time, her glass was always filled and she would eat its contents lingeringly, eyeing Maria with curious wonder. At such times, madame invariably came down from her dignity, her face broke into smiles, and she stooped and kissed the babe and chatted with it, and started it off home-

ward again with such a hearty befriending, that I believe it might have brought tears to the eyes of a sentimental person to have seen it.

No kind of weather drove this child-loving merchant from her business. There was an awning over part of the stand; but it was a better shield against the few hours of afternoon sun than against the rain. Rain or shine, she was there; through driving snowstorms she was there; all through the coldest, bleakest day of the winter she was there; standing, in her faded black hood and cloak, as patient and stately as if there were no chilling wind and no frost nipping at fingers and toes.



"She stooped and kissed the baby and chatted with it."

I confess that I was not wholly unaffected by what I saw of this young woman. She was too striking a person to be seen day after day and always forgotten. Her portrait easily stayed in my mind; and it is only telling the truth, to say that I did not exert myself very much to get it out. Why should I? Are not enough ugly things seen on one's march through life, to make one linger over the

fair when it is met? Do we not pass enough unlovely objects on our road—say, weeds, dirty pools, half-burned stumps, gliding snakes—to make us pause and regard, and afterwards delight to remember, whatever wild flowers we may chance to spy? In some such way Maria's image stayed in my mind. It was a grateful relief to have stumbled upon so much beauty; and as it rose from time to time upon my mental vision, it was only natural that it should receive welcome. Nor, indeed, were the slight expressions of her moral character, which had caught my eye, wholly without effect upon me. They, in time, introduced a personal element into a matter that had

been purely aesthetic. The picture of the little white-headed, rosy-faced chit, contentedly eating its donated pennyworth of ice-cream, came somehow to be closely associated in my mind with the portrait of the tall, dark woman; and beautiful as Maria was, her attractiveness took on a new light when I regarded her in this simple charity. Here was a glimpse of soul, which made her something besides a mere physical beauty. Yet, after all, I think her physical beauty moved me more than such part of her soul as I had been able to get a glimpse of.

Such was the state of affairs when fate was about to bring me into closer, only a trifle closer, relations with this Italian woman. It was one afternoon, toward dusk; I had just left my office for home, and was about to cross one of the streets which formed the corner where the booth of the Novaras was. The street was packed with carts and drays,—an unbroken string of them moving down toward the East River, while the inter-

secting street was filled with a similar string moving toward the Battery. As I stood waiting for a gap in the line, a young man appeared in the street, picking his way among the vehicles. He was about to pass in front of a team that was standing still, when the driver suddenly started his horse. The lad caught the rein and checked the animal enough to get by. The driver instantly gave the young fellow a cut with his whip, that raised a welt on his neck and cheek. The victim pulled out his handkerchief and began mopping the bloody wound. My first impulse was to leap on the dray and give the devil his due, *vi et armis*. A policeman was standing on the corner. Somebody demanded that he should arrest the driver. The policeman looked at the sufferer carelessly, but wavered. At that moment, a crowd having collected, I was conscious of some excited person of good size behind me, whose breath came quick and hot against my cheek. We all moved toward the young fellow who was hurt.

"Did that man hit you?" skeptically asked the policeman, pointing to the bobbing head of the drayman, which was fast going down the street out of sight.

"Yes; he did hit me," mildly responded the young man.

"Yes, and I saw him," emphatically echoed a clear, ringing female voice. The exclamation came from the same person who had been for some moments excitedly pressing behind me, and I was a little startled to find out that this person was a woman. I turned my head, and saw such a flashing pair of eyes! — a tiger's could not have been fiercer, — while the blood richly mantled the dark cheeks. It was Maria Novara. She looked quickly at me for corroboration, and our eyes met. Prepossessed as I was by the desire of vengeance for the stinging wrong that had been done before my eyes, I nevertheless was very pleasantly affected by the sense of sympathy with her, which her look at that moment gave me. Meantime, some one in the crowd had got the bewildered young man to make to the policeman a determined complaint; and that officer, probably seeing from the angry faces that the

weight of opinion was against him, finally showed some sign of yielding and doing his duty, by protesting: —

"How can I arrest him? he's gone now."

"No, he isn't," I quickly responded. In fact, by standing on tiptoe, the offender, with his white nag jogging along, was still visible at some distance down the street.

"Come on, then," was the officer's sullen rejoinder; and the chase began. I led. The huge policeman followed close upon me; and before we had gone a block and a half, his heavy voice hailing the drayman brought the latter to a stop. Presently we came up with him.

"What d'ye want o' me?" he demanded. "There's my number."

"I want you," was the officer's reply, his blood at last getting up, now that he was fairly at work: "turn around, there!"

So saying, he hopped upon the wagon, signalling me to follow. The assaulted man was slowly coming down the street, his bloody handkerchief still at his cheek, with a great crowd of men and boys following, flanked away out in the street by a flying cloud of urchins. Up on the corner we had left, rigidly stood Maria, her hands folded beneath her gingham apron, looking intently on. I shall not soon forget the look of savage exultation on her face as we finally pulled up at the corner, and she surveyed the assailant in custody.

"Now, then!" shouted the officer: "who saw this thing? You did," nodding at me; and I nodded back. "And you saw it?" he said inquiringly, looking at Maria.

"Yes, I saw it," she willingly assented.

"Then come up here, and go along to the station house," he said.

What a look of bewilderment and dismay overspread her face! "No: what have I done?" she at length found tongue to say. I explained to her, that she was going to testify.

"But my stand," she said; "Pietro is not here; there is nobody to watch it;" and there were the throngs of men and boys passing it on their way home. It was a rather puzzling objection. Even

the policeman looked half perplexed ; but, " I can't help it," he said.

Suddenly a light fell upon Maria. " I know," she said, and turned and hurried off to the opposite corner, where there was another booth, from which she brought back some trusted acquaintance to keep shop while she was away. Arrived at the station-house, the necessary proceedings were gone through with, Maria—it was at this time that I first learned her name—behaving with due solemnity and intelligence.

On leaving the station-house, Maria and I descended the steps together ; and as our ways were the same, I walked along beside her. It was the first time I had been with her in quiet ; and I was hardly prepared for such a satisfactory impression as she made upon me. Dusk had fallen, the passers-by in the streets had become few, and our way was half lit up by the streams of yellow light which came from an occasional street lamp and shop window. Maria fairly strode along ; yet with abundant grace. Her tall figure was held quite erect, her step was springy, and each movement passed into the succeeding with such gentle transition, that the whole motion of her form as she swept forward was like poetry ; and the regular, swift rustle of her garments, recurring with each step, seemed, as we moved along, to gain a resemblance to some low, inarticulate whispering, whose meaning one strove in vain to catch. Her voice was soft and musical, yet firm, as if indicative of a nature that was sympathetic, yet resolute. As to manner, she was perfectly at her ease throughout our promenade ; reserved rather than talkative, but attentive, and not at all repellent ; perfectly competent to take care of herself, and yet apparently without a thought of being on her guard ; taking my company, not indifferently, but in a kind of cosmopolitan, half-interested way ; and when at length we reached her stand, which was now lighted up by two flaming torches faithfully unearthed and kindled by her vicegerent, she bade me good-night as kindly and unconcernedly as if she had been one of the fashionable young women uptown.

The next morning, we were all at court,

—the complainant, his head swollen and bandaged, the witnesses and the accused. His Honor, the police justice, sat in state on his bench, and examined us all in turn. The result was, that Michael Conneshaugh, the drayman, though swearing a stiff denial, stood committed upon a charge of assault and battery. Bail was thereupon furnished by two ward politicians.

" Now for the witnesses," remarked the justice in a severe tone. " Where is the complainant ? " The complainant timidly arose. " Complainant, execute a recognizance before the clerk for your appearance at this trial. Mr. O'Meara," alluding to me, " will do the same. Maria—Novara," then said the judge meditatively, looking at the record. She arose. " Maria Novara," he repeated, looking up, " have you any occupation ? " She stated her occupation. " Hm." Then, after a pause, he went on, somewhat pompously, " Maria Novara, under the provision of law empowering me, in my discretion, in cases of this kind, to require other security than the witness's own recognizance for his or her appearance at the trial of the case, I feel, under the circumstances, that it is my duty to require you to furnish such security for your appearance at the trial of this cause ; " and the justice, leaning forward upon his desk, threw his eyes unconcernedly hither and thither about the courtroom, awaiting a response.

The poor girl was quite taken aback. " I have no security," she said.

" You will have to provide security," returned the judge, his eyes cast up at the ceiling, and drumming with his fingers on his desk, " or go to the House of Detention until this cause is tried."

She was dumb with wonder. I doubt if she knew precisely what the House of Detention was, only that it was a jail of some kind. As she stood there, speechless, the scarlet rose higher and higher on her cheeks and an angry look crept into her eyes. I could read her thoughts, —poor girl. She had been witness to an act of gross injustice, —the suffering object was there before us ; the perpetrator had walked out of the court room in freedom ; and she, who had, in her indig-



"She drew herself up to her full height, and looked into the eyes of the judge."

nation, voluntarily offered herself as a witness to secure punishment, was to be marched off to prison! She gradually drew herself up to her full height, her black cape falling from her shoulders, and looking into the eyes of the judge, who now had his upon her, she said composedly, "I shall be at the trial: you can always find me; but I have no security to give;" and remained standing.

To judge by the glare in his eye, his Honor seemed to take the utterance and manner of the girl as something of an affront to the majesty of the law. Still glaring at the witness, he said emphatically, "You will have to give security, or go to the House of Detention; clerk, make out a commitment."

"One moment, if your Honor please," said I; "if your Honor will be satisfied with me as bondsman, I will give security for the appearance of this witness."

The judge looked somewhat surprised. "Why yes," he said, "if you will be her bondsman, why that—that will do."

I bowed my acknowledgments, and

then turned to look at Maria. She was still standing there, the unnatural rigidity of her posture gradually relaxing, with her eyes bent on me, the fire of indignation in them giving way to a kind of tearful, glad look of thankfulness. I passed over to her. "Thank you,—very much," she said, smiling,—smiling mechanically, in the same way that she did when taking the pennies from the customer, but with such a strong expression of regard in her eyes, that I felt it was taking an unfair advantage of her to watch it. Then we went up to the clerk's desk, the signing of the bond was briefly attended to, and we parted.

It was now with positive mystification that I regarded, from time to time, the Italian tradeswoman from my office window. Her bearing had, as I have intimated, long before this impressed me as being different from what one might expect in a woman of her occupation. Little as I had seen of her, I had seen enough to be struck with the dignity of her carriage and with a certain tell-tale

abstractedness of manner which seemed to say, "O, this is nothing; I know of something much finer than selling apples;" and yet there was a faithfulness to that business of selling apples which should lead the observer to think there could be nothing else in her mind. But now that I had been with her under somewhat trying circumstances, and had seen her spirit, her zest, her righteous anger, and how she sustained her dignity and high bearing in all these various cases, and now that I had heard her voice more at length and had been by her side long enough to get fuller impressions, I was indeed, and somewhat annoyingly, puzzled to make out why, being such a woman as she appeared, she kept that stand over there; or why, keeping the stand, she had happened to come by such qualities as she disclosed. It was not a problem that I bore about with me all the time. But every day as I passed her, and received her bright hearty "Good morning," the question would rise again in my mind, and rise with such vigor that sometimes I would catch myself still musing over it after I had seated myself before my desk for the morning's work; and once in a while, studying law points out of my windows as of yore, and wandering, in my sight, over all the face of the opposite building,—into its windows where gas jets burned for busy mechanics bending over their work, and into its other windows, dingy, where coatless persons were descried everlastingly going through some motions which kept time to the dull bang of eternal machines; straying with my eyes into these windows and down to the haberdasher's shop-fronts below, with their rows of cravats, socks, and gloves, and, still below that, to the hurrying crowd of people on the narrow sidewalk,—her form, stationary in the human tide, would become fixed in my vision, the legal imps would spirit themselves away out of my brain, and I would find myself at length turning away from my window and back to my work, with the fair riddle on the street below still unguessed.

In due course of time, I meanwhile getting no wiser as to the apparent disagreement between Maria Novara's man-

ner and her avocation, the case of the People vs. Conneshaugh came on for trial. From the proceedings on that occasion, however, it fell out that I got some clue to the puzzle. The policeman who made the arrest was, after the complainant, the first witness on behalf of the people. I followed. Of course, the testimony was all one way; and there seemed not a ghost of a chance for the prisoner's acquittal. The next and last witness was Maria Novara. She corroborated our story in all respects. At the close of her examination, Conneshaugh's lawyer took her in hand for cross-examination. She was the first witness to whom he had given so much attention. Said he:

"Where is your stand, which you say you keep?"

"At the corner of Jam and Crowd Sts."

"And where do you live?"

"At No. 3 Randolph Court."

"On which floor?"

"On the top floor."

"How many rooms have you?"

"Two."

"Are your parents living?"

"My mother is dead."

"How long has she been dead?"

"Many years."

"Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"Is your father alive?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"In prison."

"In prison, is he?"—the attorney's face lighting up. "And where?"

"In Rome."

"O, in Rome; and what for?"

"For his country,—and being a republican," she answered, with slightly flashing eyes. The attorney thereupon changed his line of inquiry.

"Have you any friends in this city?" he at length resumed.

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

Here Maria repeated several Italian names, all belonging to men.

"Have you no female friends?"

The witness was thoughtful a moment, and answered, "No."

An impressive silence ensued, during which the witness became crimson.

"And how often do you see your good friends?" asked the attorney sneeringly.

"Every week," was the firm reply,—the witness's face still crimson.

"Where?"

"At my rooms;" and the crimson deepened.

The attorney here paused, as if thinking he had done enough damage to the witness's character, without risking any further questions, but he finally added, "Do you live alone?"

"No; my brother lives with me."

"But he is younger than you?"

"Yes."

"That will do;" and the witness left the stand.

All through the rest of the trial, she sat without once moving, her face still red and her eyes fixed abstractedly on one point in the opposite wall of the court room. I was indignant. The prisoner's attorney, one of the lowest class in the profession, had succeeded, I was positive, in eliciting from the witness only certain half-truths, which might seem to go, if one had not seen the witness, towards depriving her of full credibility. I felt moved to step down and question her, ere she left the stand, in her own defence, but reflected that I too was a witness, and that it might make matters worse if I should intervene in her interest, considering too that I had already appeared as her bondsman.

As for Maria, I could detect, easily enough, what was passing in her mind. She had intelligence enough to perceive the attorney's object, and every succeeding question of his, it was plain to see, pierced her like a knife. But, once aroused, she was too proud to attempt to explain anything to this contemptible hound, or to the court in which he had a right to appear as an officer. At the same time, she was too submissive to think that she could do aught but sit there and be dishonored as might best suit the fancy of her interrogator, and too honest, notwithstanding his unfair questions, to hold back one word of truth in answer. When I thought of the contrast between this noble character and her pursuing slanderer, and thought of the helplessness of the girl in the clutches of the law,

I was greatly aroused at it all, and felt deep pity for her.

Michael Conneshaugh was convicted.

As we left the court-room, I approached Maria, walking gloomily along, and said, in as comforting yet respectful a way as I could: "This not a very pleasant matter, being in court."

She looked up at me a moment without a word, and then looked down again. Her face wore an expression of intense pain. Suddenly she raised her face once more, and looking at me very earnestly, said, "Will you come to our club to-morrow night?" She waited anxiously for an answer.

"What club?" I asked.

"Where I meet my friends," she replied. I knew well enough, the way she said the word "friends," that she was referring to her ordeal on the stand.

"I want you to see them," she went on; "I want you to know them."

I understood her. Little as she cared for the court, she wished to set herself right before me, and to have no shadow of suspicion in my mind against her. I was flattered by her wish, for I truly respected her, as I was obliged to do, after what I had seen of her. I could not have refused her this just request, and told her I would come.

"At my lodging," she added, with a subdued joyfulness, "between eight and nine; No. 3 Randolph Court;—you will remember?" And so, for the second time, we parted at the court-house door.

If I had previously been curious about this woman herself, I was even more curious now about her club! What kind of a club could it be? What could its object be? What social feature of Italian life, perhaps, did it represent? I could think of no answer to these inquiries; and even after the lapse of thirty-six hours, wending my way to No. 3 Randolph Court, I was as much in the dark as ever.

Randolph Court proved to be a secluded spot. The passageway to it was so narrow that, in the darkness, I passed and repassed it before making its discovery. The straight lane led me, at some length, into a little court, which

was diamond-shaped, with one end, where the lane entered, cut off. The pavement, sloping for drainage toward the centre, appeared by the uncertain light which came from the surrounding

of the court a large tree grew, destitute of branches below the house tops, but spreading above them, so that it must have shed a grateful shade in summer time over the roofs of the buildings it



"The door was opened by Maria in person."

windows, to be scrupulously clean; but the railed wooden steps, leading to the various dwellings, were broken and rickety. By some queer chance, at one side

grew against, and over the court itself. It struck me as not so bad a nook to live in, in this big city, if I were poor.

I met no difficulty in finding No. 3,

for a hall lamp illuminated a glass on which that number was conspicuously painted. Up the staircase I went, stairs which were clean, like the court, but crazy, like the steps outside; and up the next flight, which was lighted like the first. By good luck, I rapped on the right door. It was opened by Maria in person. There was, indeed, a picture, — having the doorcase for its homely frame. She had exchanged her customary black apparel for a plainly made dress of deep blue, which exposed her neck. Her abundant black hair was plainly dressed, well up on her head. Her erect figure was full of grace, and her face radiant with welcome. "Come in, come in," she said, "here is the club." Several men had risen from a table, about which they had been gathered, and upon which lay scraps of paper looking very much like MSS., and came forward. I know not what she had told them, in expectancy of my coming, but as she presented them to me, each one took my hand warmly, with a look of pleasure on his face. Pietro, the brother, was also there, appearing more good-natured than ever. These persons were none of them well dressed: one or two were quite shabby; yet they all impressed me as perfectly well-bred, and as possessing the genuine humanity which makes men gentlemen. They were all of medium age, except one who had gray locks, nearly white; a tall, spare man, whom I judged to be seventy or past. His wrinkled face was still fresh-colored, but there was a look of care in his blue eyes. He was urbane and cordial in his manner, but very grave. There was not an unprepossessing face in the whole number. I guessed, correctly as it turned out, that they were all Italians. Each bore the rather distinctive marks of his race; but in each, I thought, the evidences of a generous and upright nature dominated even those of nationality. One, perhaps the youngest, with auburn hair, was handsome enough. In short, I could not see what right a woman who vended apples and nuts on a street corner could have to associate with persons who had such faces as these; and while I was strengthened in my previous notion, that she was certainly supe-

rior to her avocation, this new development of her surroundings only deepened my mystification.

In a moment, however, light came. "Here," said Maria, taking up a folio sheet of paper and pointing to its caption, "here is the name of our club, *The Exile*. It is the name of our paper, too. See, there is our press:" and she indicated a hand printing-press which stood in one corner, standing there, as I remarked, in curious offset to the bank of green flowering plants, which, unconscious of the plebeian boxes they were in, grew and thrived contentedly enough.

"Every Thursday night," she continued, "we meet here; the wiser heads," smiling at the men, "bring and compare their writings, and we set up the type. To-morrow, Pietro will work all day at the press, and the next day *The Exile* will go to our friends in Italy, and we hope it will do good there and help on the freedom of our country."

What a good little speech it was! so clear, and suited to the purpose, and so simply delivered at the lips of this erect, stately young woman! And what a vindication this very "club," its members, and its work were, of the woman who had thought I might be unfavorably impressed by a cross-examination drawn from her by a conscienceless attorney! This living explanation, unnecessary as it was, which I stood here in the midst of, was so dramatic and forcible when I considered everything in reference to that girl, which had finally led up to it, that, human as I was, I felt the tears starting to my eyes, and only checked them by forcing myself to think of something else.

Happily, I was not allowed to interfere with the work of the meeting. I had arrived just when the editing had been finished and the composition was about to commence. At this labor all engaged, except the old gentleman, Jacopo Ansaldo his name was, and myself. They went to work with a will, the men taking off their poor, rusty coats and rolling back their shirt sleeves, as Maria rolled back, too, the sleeves of her dress. I have never been a conservative in politics; at least, not such as to have been otherwise than deeply interested in the renovation of

Italy. The labor for that cause being done in this wretched part of the city, up here in this garret with its sagging ceiling, its bare floor, and its cracked walls, by people who were so poor, but who were rich in their cheerful devotion to their country, and rich in their love of liberty, seemed to me sacred. How could I help honoring these spirits, which, the more their love had hurt them, had the more closely embraced it, whose banishment from their country had seemingly only increased their attachment to it? Were they not enviable in such a life? Was not the woman who kept her stand on the corner of Jam and Crowl streets living far above me?

My conversation with Jacopo Ansaldo only augmented my respect for this little assembly. He gave much light, both upon the past and present of this great political matter. Occasionally, in the midst of our talk, Maria would leave her work, and, standing by us, add to the old gentleman's recital, by way of explanation or correction, some word which showed a startling familiarity with her country's affairs. I could not but think that, since she had been old enough to comprehend at all, the chief concern of her life must have been this patriotic struggle. Everybody treated her with a worshipful respect. She seemed, in fact, to be the moving spirit of the club, and more than once some question as to the arrangement of the paper was brought to her for decision.

The journal was not large, and by eleven o'clock the composition was completed. Maria now turned housekeeper, as she had previously been, in my acquaintance, tradeswoman, patriot, hostess and printer. She busied herself in an adjoining room, and presently beer, biscuit, and a jar of tobacco were produced, the meed of the evening's work. I found good companionship here, good talk, and good hearts. It was a pleasant end to a pleasant evening. At length, when my pipe went out, I arose to go. It proved a signal for breaking up. I expressed regrets that I should possibly disturb them, but they assured me they all had work enough for the morrow, and, with mutual good wishes, we all departed together.

The location of Jacopo Ansaldo's lodging was such that his road home and mine were the same. Said I, abruptly: "You may fancy that I, knowing nothing of Maria Novara's history, have some natural inquisitiveness as to how she came into her present position." Of course I referred to her poverty in keeping the apple-stand.

"Ah!" he replied, seeming to go back into the past, "Maria is a dear, dear girl."

"Nobody could help admiring her," I suggested, after a pause.

"No, nobody," he said, and was silent. After a while he spoke again, in a musing way: "I remember so well holding the dear little thing in my lap, years ago, and dandling her long, black curls, while the father sat by, and we both admired the big, trusting eyes. She had such faith: such an utter ignorance of falsehood: believing everything and everybody: doubting nothing; never dreaming that all the world was not as honest as she, as little willing to harm as she, as loving as she. Poor, poor child! Could she have foreseen what has come! Could the little plump feet have known how all the day long they were to harden on these pavements! Could her eyes have known the cold stare they were to get day after day from the strange faces in this city! Could her body, so tenderly cared for in the kind home, could it have felt the cold it has suffered in these streets—to earn pennies, pennies; earn them to spend again, in the cause of her country! That dear, little child! what has its faith and innocence found? Ah, well!" and Jacopo Ansaldo, biting viciously at his pipe as he stalked on with his hands behind his back, drew a heavy sigh.

"She is a good woman," he continued. "You see her spirit, her courage. And her father in prison, dead or alive she knows not. She loved her father. They were much alike. Poor Andrea was too honest, too brave, too noble, too truthful. What does he get for it in this world of falsehood? A dungeon. He forfeits his chair. He writes his lectures according to the truth; he refuses to distort history and suppress it; and his voice is taken from him. He is silenced—

silenced by the false government that is afraid of truth, afraid to hear it, afraid to let it even be whispered in the land, much more afraid to let it be proclaimed from a professor's chair. Ah, well! that is all past. But," he added, after a pause, turning to me and smiling, "you want to know how she came here. Well, I will tell you. To make a long story short—for I turn off at the next corner—when Andrea lost his seat at the University, he removed to Rome, and lived by instructing a few private pupils. Among them was Cesare Lana, a young Roman of good birth and rich. This young man was a Radical, and before long a strong friendship grew up between him and Andrea. At length they began to publish, in secret,—it is no secret now; they are both in prison for that and other things,—they began to publish a republican journal. It was edited very ably, and made a great impression wherever it came. After a while, Maria discovered it. Lover of freedom, devoted daughter, brave woman as she was, she insisted on sharing in the enterprise—in its dangers, as she did already in its hopes. Her ingenuity and energy assisted much in the circulation of the sheet. Just then the war of 1859 came on. In 1860, the city was in a ferment. Cesare Lana could not rest. I cannot tell you what he did not do. It is sufficient that he was detected, Andrea was implicated, the facts about the journal came out, Cesare and Andrea were imprisoned, and Maria and her brother were forced to leave the city. They could have stayed in Italy; but the Republic was now what they lived for. They knew they could not work unmolested there. They came here. You see how they live, and what they do. I know that their paper, *The Émile*, has effect abroad. But it is hard for these two dear children." And Jacopo Ansaldo shook his head and was silent. At length, however, he looked up quickly and asked, "But are they not doing best?"

I reflected, and could not but assent. We had reached the corner. My companion extended his hand. I thanked him, expressed a hope of seeing him again, and we bade each other good-night.

The mystery of Maria Novara's apple-stand was explained, but I was in no greater repose of mind respecting her now than I had been before. I could not reconcile myself to the thought of her continuing her present mode of life. It was too public, and too far beneath her. At times, indeed, the whole story of my acquaintance with her would appear to me to be only a dream,—something not a part of my waking life. How could it be that any person of her occupation—the keeper of an apple-stand, one of hundreds in the city—should have anything to do with my life, or intrude as often as she did, though it was not over often, into my thoughts? It could not be. There must be some delusion about it. "Go about your work in a practical, hard-headed way, and don't allow these phantoms to disturb you,"—so I said to myself more than once, but in vain. Perchance I looked out of my window; that patriot figure was on the sidewalk opposite, quietly standing, quietly vending her vulgar wares. Resentment of her fate then invariably overtook me. What a shame! what wrong! So I felt, until it seemed as if by my inaction I became part perpetrator of the wrong. But at such times I became conscious of how little I could do to right the wrong; nay, I could do absolutely nothing. "Are they not doing best?" Jacopo Ansaldo had said, and I could not but think again that they could do only what they were doing. Was money or social position her ambition? Had these any place now in her life? Could she accept them and be at rest if they were offered her? Was it not her pleasure now, her duty, indeed, not to be at rest? With the father in prison, and the restoration of her country still warmly agitated, was it for her to retire now from the agitation and give over active work for both country and father? For with the liberation of the former would certainly come the release of the latter. Was it for me, or any one, to attempt to set before her any less noble, any less lofty object in life, and endeavor to make her satisfied with it—to clip the wings of this young eagle and make her fly near the ground? God forbid! Would that

we all might be soaring with her, albeit we should then have great troubles like hers to bear! Yes, I found, finally, that Maria Novara would not be turned into a dream, but was rather becoming the reality, while my own drudging lawyer's life was the one that was beginning to appear phantasmal.

In the midst of these thoughts and counterthoughts of mine, the morning papers suddenly announced one day that General Cadorna had forced the Porta Pia and that Rome was in the hands of Victor Emmanuel. "Hurrah!" I exclaimed, both on account of the event for its own sake, and on account of the stake the Exile Club had in it. Those were stormy times—in the autumn of 1870. Sedan had passed into history only a few days before, and here, now, was the keystone at last set in the arch of Italian

lic yet. But we thought it was best to accept what has come, and not seek to destroy it just because it is not quite what we want. Perhaps the Republic will come by and by of itself. Any way, we are a nation again; that is a great deal."

"So *The Exile* will be stopped now?" I suggested.

"*The Exile* will be stopped," she answered.

"And the club?"

"Ah! I cannot tell. We have been so long together." Then she paused a few moments. "We will wait and see."

"But it is a great event," I said, half disappointed at her coolness over it.

"Ah, yes," she replied; "a great event, great; too great to understand all in one day. We must wait and watch what will come;" and I felt rebuked,—as if I had been superficial.

"And your father?" I asked, after a moment.

She shook her head.

"No one can tell."

Just then she was called away, and I bade her good-by and passed on.

Again, I was in disquietude about her. Italy no longer needed any help from her or any other exile, in order to become a free and united country. Maria's political life was ended. There could no longer be any dignity, therefore, in her keeping the apple-stand. Hitherto, her life had been symmetrical: with the printing press in the garret for the spirit to work at, and the booth on the corner to keep the spirit in the body; apple-selling by day, for a chance to print for country by night. But

now the printing was over, should the apple-selling go on alone? The thought was intolerable to me. I pondered. Was it not desirable that I should put her in communication with some of my lady friends? Yes; if they could be of any use. But what could they do? Help her to some place as



"The large man gravely impressed a kiss upon her submissive forehead."

unity. I did not see Maria that day, but the next morning I accosted her as I was going by, and asked her what she thought of the news.

"Well," said she, quite thoughtfully, "on the whole, it is very good news. We talked it over last night. You know we are republicans, and Italy is not a repub-

dressmaker, or milliner, or what not? Out of the question. Imagine Maria settled for life as a dressmaker! I could see her smiling kindly, but so amusedly, at the offer. That would surely not suit her independence of character, to say nothing of her mental demands. No; she was socially far above anything of that kind; the notion of calling in my lady friends was nothing short of ridiculous. What else, then,—what possible thing else? In my extremity, I resolved to invite her to the opera. But no, that would not do. She would most likely think I was wronging her. I could do nothing then? So it seemed; and I chafed under my fetters.

It was in this unsatisfactory state of affairs, a month, perhaps, having elapsed since the entry into Rome, that I, sitting in my office, and some clamor arising out in the street, went to my window and looked out. The commotion was on the sidewalk directly beneath me; and as my interest in it was languid, and the weather was chilly, I did not open the window, but stood before it, regarding the figure of Maria, who stood nearly in the middle of the street, watching intently whatever was going on. Presently, I became conscious that a man, who had been standing on the opposite sidewalk for some time, was keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed upon Maria. He was a tall, well-made man, with a handsome, rather sal-low face, deep-black beard and hair, and fashionably dressed. Perhaps it was because I was struck by his good looks and powerful build,—at any rate, I was gradually getting displeased at the interest he was showing, when a mettlesome horse, attached to an express wagon, came furiously down the steep street. Maria did not perceive him until he was almost upon her, and started nervously back, only just in time to escape being struck; but not before the man who had been watching her had darted forward like a flash and helped her backward by a quick, but gentle pull at her shoulder. She turned about involuntarily to see who had assisted her, with a smile, as if at her own foolish-

ness, on her face. To my surprise, as soon as she saw the man's face, her smile disappeared, and she stood regarding him like one spellbound. In a few moments, however, she recovered herself, and then such a glad smile suddenly overspread her face as I think I have never seen on mortal face else, and the tears first standing in her eyes, began to drop, drop, down upon her laughing cheeks, and the lips quivered even in their glad smiling. Gradually her hands somehow found their way into his, and this large man gravely, in the faces of such of the passing throng as might chance to be looking, impressed a kiss upon her submissive forehead. This was a meeting, indeed. I turned away in some emotion, and walked to the farther end of my room, and stopped there a few moments, stopped as if perforce to think. Possibly I stood there longer than I was conscious of. When I returned to my window again, Maria and the stranger were both gone.

Naturally enough, the new-comer turned out to be Cesare Lana, who, with Andrea Novara, had been at length released from confinement. Is it strange that, loving her as he did, he was grave when he actually found her at the rude work which he had heard was her support for so many years? Could it have been otherwise than overpoweringly pitiful for him so to see her? Or could Maria have well restrained her tears when he then, by look, made the silent declaration of love which weary years of imprisonment had postponed, and forever postponed? Ah, well; it did come right at last. At last the spell was broken; dungeons opened, noble spirits came out into the light, hearts that had been torn asunder came together again; printing presses grew silent, garrats vanished, apple-stands were bestowed on struggling countrymen; the seas were covered with sails taking back reunited hearts to Italy; gray-haired fathers muttered tremulous blessings on the bowed heads of noble daughters; solemn marriage vows were heard. Hearts bloomed again—in Italy.

THE DEAD.

By H. P. Kimball.

IF you had lived, I would have come one day,
Perhaps through many a rough and stony way ;
Come, just my head upon your breast to lay,
To look into your eyes ;— with earnest brow
I would have said, —
“ I wronged you once, that day, now so long past ;
You looked for strength that should stand firm and fast ;
I gave you weakness ; but am come at last
With somewhat better ” — but, alas, not now,
Since you are dead.

ONLY.

By Katharine Lee Bates.

ONLY a Devonshire lane.
Shall we follow its twists and its turns?
The hedges are high,
Green walls, blue sky
Must content the eye,
Save for the wavering ferns,
Jewelled with rain.

Only a streamlet at end.
Shall we take the willow trees' hint?
See how they dip
To the silvery strip,
While the tremulous tip
Of the lowermost leaf traces in't
A poem, pretend.

Only a finch to translate,
Bulfinch with rosiest breast.
Stoop on thy wing,
Spell it, and sing,
Till the meadowlands ring,
And sweet from invisible nest
Answers thy mate.

Only the song of a bird,
Conned from a song on a stream,
Writ by a leaf —
Poesy brief !
Yet my wearisome grief
Is melted away like a dream.
God has been heard.

MAKING MAN-O-WAR'S-MEN.

By W. L. Luce.



IN Narragansett Bay, about twenty minutes' sail from the city of Newport, lies a small island, seventy acres in extent, known by the old inhabitants in the vicinity as Coasters' Harbor Island. On its southern slope, three hundred yards from the beach, stands a large stone edifice known formerly as the "War College" — originally an asylum for the poor of Newport, to which city the island formerly belonged. In the spring of 1881, this island, by the kindness of the voters of Newport, was presented to the United States government to be the location of the United States Naval Training School. The gift was accepted, and operations begun to fit the place for a training station; and if the old whalers who used to rendezvous in the harbor could see the island now, they would hardly recognize the Coasters' Harbor Island of old.

On the southern extremity of the island, within thirty yards of the sea-wall, surrounded in summer by a beautiful grassy lawn, is a large brick building. On its lower floor is a hall, one hundred and sixty feet in length, by forty-eight in breadth, its walls bristling with all the small-arms of modern warfare. This is the Drill Hall. On the upper floor are all the paraphernalia of a first-class gymnasium. Moored in the harbor lies the old line-of-battle-ship, *New Hampshire*. Her appearance now is anything but warlike, though in years past, she was a most formidable craft; with her three tiers of guns, seventy-four in all, and her fighting crew of one thousand Yankee tars. She is two hundred and twenty feet long, with four decks. The decks are well lighted and ventilated by ports or windows, extending the whole length of the ship on both sides. A house is built over the entire length of the spar deck, which is lighted by side windows and skylights.

The complement of men, under the ship's present commission, is one hundred and sixty. The number of boys on board hardly ever exceeds four hundred; at present, there are three hundred. The boys are organized in divisions 1, 2, 3, and 4, and these are subdivided into gun-crews, sixteen boys in each crew, — a full division being six crews. A commissioned officer is in command of each division, to which are also attached three school-masters as instructors. The instructors in seamanship and gunnery are old man-of-wars-men, who thoroughly understand the practice, as well as the theory, of what they teach.

Let us take a glance at the day's routine aboard the ship. At 5.30 A. M., reveille is sounded by the bugler, at which the boys "turn out," arrange their bedding in their hammocks, and lash them with the clews neatly twisted and turned in. When hammocks are piped up, each boy carries his hammock to the hammock stower. One hour is then allowed for scrubbing clothes, drying down decks, and washing. The call for early inspection is sounded thirty minutes before breakfast, when the boys form in two ranks on each side of the main deck, and are inspected by the master-at-arms and the ship's corporals, under the eye of the officer of the day.

At 8, breakfast formation is sounded, at which the boys quickly fall in, as at inspection, when they are mustered and then marched in military order to their messes on the deck below. At 8.45 the "sick call" is sounded, when all who are sick or wish to see the medical officer report at the "sick bay." At 9.20 the call to "quarters" is sounded, and every person on the ship goes to his station; the muster-roll is then called, and absentees reported to the commanding officer. A short passage of scripture is then read, and a prayer offered by the chaplain, followed by the Lord's prayer repeated in unison by the ship's company. After quarters, the following study and drill routine begins:

| | | 1 st Period 9.30 to 10.30 | 2 nd Period 10.45 to 11.45 | 3 rd Period 1.15 to 2.15 | 4 th Period 2.30 to 3.30 | 5 th Period 3.45 to 4.45 |
|------------|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| Monday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Infantry. Seamanship. School. Infantry. | Boats. School. Gunnery. School. | Liberty on shore until 7.15 P.M. Infantry. School. Boats. | School. Seamanship. School. School. | Gymnastics. Gymnastics. Singing. Singing. |
| Tuesday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Seamanship. Infantry. Infantry. School. | School. Boats. School. Gunnery. | Infantry. Liberty on shore until 7.15 P.M. Boats. School. | School. School. Seamanship. Seamanship. | Gymnastics. Gymnastics. Singing. Gymnastics. |
| Wednesday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Clothing Inspection. School. Gunnery. School. | Seamanship. School. Gunnery. School. | Gunnery. Seamanship. School. Seamanship. | School. Gunnery. Seamanship. Infantry. | Recreation. Recreation. Recreation. Recreation. |
| Thursday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | School. Infantry. Boats. School. | Gunnery. School. Infantry. Seamanship. | School. Seamanship. Liberty on shore until 7.15 P.M. Gunnery. | Boats. School. Liberty on shore until 7.15 P.M. School. | Gymnastics. Singing. Gymnastics. Gymnastics. |
| Friday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Infantry. School. Seamanship. Infantry. | School. Gunnery. School. Boats. | Seamanship. School. Infantry. Liberty on shore until 7.15 P.M. | School. School. Boats. School. | Gymnastics. Singing. Gymnastics. Gymnastics. |
| Saturday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Bedding Inspection. School. Gunnery. School. | Clothing Inspection. School. Gunnery. School. | Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. | Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. | Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. Liberty and Recreation. |
| Sunday. | 1 st 2 nd 3 rd 4 th | Get ready for Church. Church Service. Church Service. Church Service. | Church Service. Church Service. Church Service. Church Service. | Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. | Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. | Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. Recreation and Rest. |

Seamanship drills include knotting and splicing, mast and spar drill, model instruction, sail exercise, sending down light yards, swimming, and the use of the palm and needle. "Monkey topsails" are fitted to yards in the gymnasium, on which the boys are drilled before being sent aloft. Laying aloft is a part of the daily routine, and is continued until the boys are thoroughly accustomed to the exercise.

Boat drills include fittings of boat: the nomenclature of the different parts; rowing and sailing boats; signals by the naval, commercial, and army codes; compass instruction: lead, log, and sounding lines. Gunnery drills include "great-gun" nomenclature and drill; exercise of the howitzer afloat and ashore; gatling gun drill; broadsword fuses and primers: and the use of torpedoes.

Infantry drill includes the school of the company and battalion, and target firing; and the school instruction, with slight variations, is the same as in our common

schools on shore. Officers and instructors, in their respective stations, are ordered to report all shirking or skulking, and to point out those who merit praise. Young recruits are not hazed, and the officers have a sharp look-out for their welfare. Practical joking is strictly forbidden, quarrelling or fighting is severely punished, and the use of tobacco is against the rules. Extra duty, restriction of liberty, withholding money, and solitary confinement on bread and water, are punishments which are greatly dreaded. The last mentioned punishment never exceeds three days, except by sentence of a court martial. There is a library on board, well stocked with standard works, from which books, periodicals, and the daily newspapers are issued to the apprentices during recreation hours.

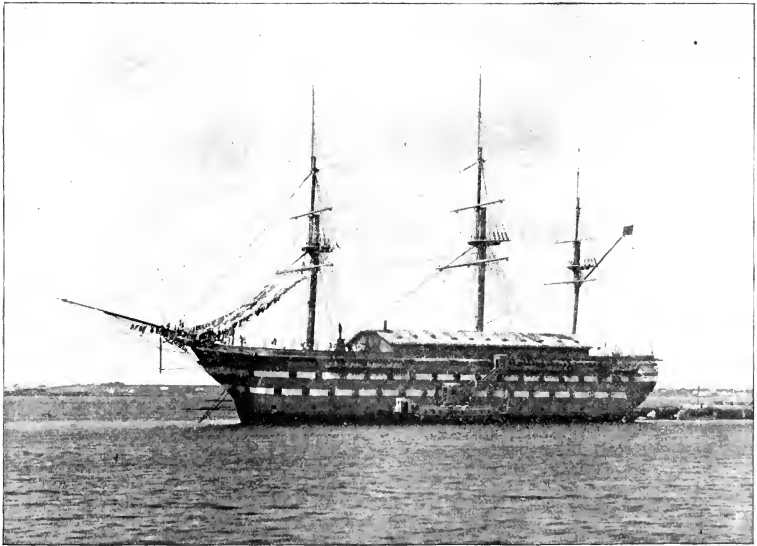
Boys are enlisted on the *New Hampshire*, or on the following named vessels and sent to that ship: the *Wabash* at Boston, *Minnesota* at New York, *St. Louis* at Philadelphia, and the *Dale* at Washing-

ton. If a boy, upon examination, be considered fit for the naval service, the obligation to serve continuously during minority is read and explained to him, he signs the agreement, and is enlisted. Preference is given to the sons of old sailors and soldiers. A boy, upon presenting himself for enlistment must be accompanied by his father, mother, or guardian.

When a boy is received on board he at once comes under the regulations. He is required to take a bath, have his hair neatly trimmed by the ship's barber, and be vaccinated. The master-at-arms points out to him his hammock-hook and number, showing him how to lash and carry

its issue. Prompt and cheerful obedience to orders, and a respectful bearing toward those in authority are insisted upon. The boys are taught to regard the training ship as a home, and every effort is made to render it as comfortable and attractive as possible. Singing, dancing, and other sports are allowed on all proper occasions, and every boy is required to attend service on Sunday morning, the service being conducted by the chaplain on the main deck.

As soon as a boy is enlisted, he is furnished with all necessary articles of clothing, and of small stores, such as needles, thread, buttons, scissors, jack-knife, comb, shoebrush, blacking, soap,

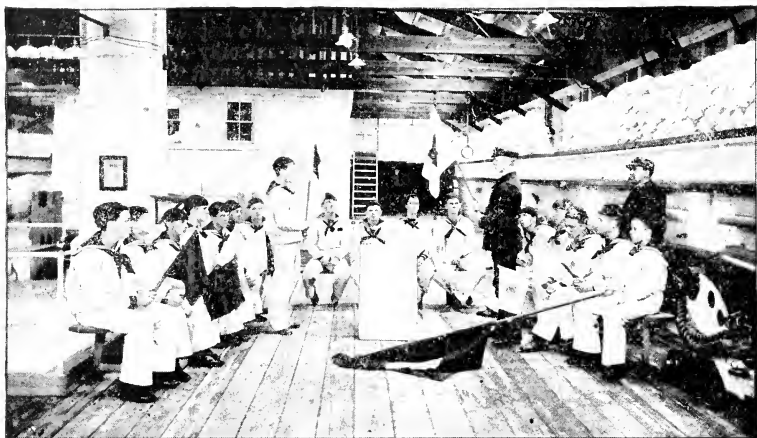


U. S. Training Ship "New Hampshire."

his hammock, and where to take it when ordered up for stowage in the nettings. From the start the boy is taught to keep his clothes in good order, and in thorough repair: cleanliness of person and clothing is strictly enforced; and much stress is laid upon it at all inspections. Every article of clothing is distinctly marked with the owner's name immediately after

etc., the cost of the same to be charged to his account.

For enlistment a boy must be more than fourteen, and under eighteen years of age, he must be free from all physical defect, and have a good moral character; ignorant or vicious boys are never accepted, and those whose conduct exerts a bad influence are quickly discharged.



Signal Instruction.

The pay and prospects of the naval apprentice are as follows. On entering he becomes a "third class apprentice," with pay of ten dollars per month, and one ration, or in lieu of it thirty cents per day; but by attention and good conduct, his pay may be raised during minority, as he obtains higher ratings, ranging from eighteen dollars to thirty dollars per month. Each apprentice is now given his outfit of clothing, costing forty-five dollars, by the government.

The course of study at the training

station occupies from six to eight months, at the expiration of which time the apprentice is sent to a sea-going ship, and when not absent on foreign cruises is allowed to visit his home two or three times a year, if his conduct and the state of his account warrant it. At the age of twenty-one, those who wish are admitted to the gunnery school at Washington for instruction, and by passing the requisite examination can attain the rank of seaman gunner; and it is contemplated by the Navy Department to have all candi-



Knotting and Splicing

dates for warrants as boatswain or gunner hold seaman gunner's certificates. Thus these life positions, with salaries of \$1200 to \$1800 per annum, may be obtained when vacancies occur by the most intelligent and deserving. Boys who wish, study with the view of entering the merchant service, and the course of instruction will, no doubt, contribute materially to their success. But to whatever station in life they may be called, many of the boys will look back to the six or eight months spent on the old *New Hampshire* as the most enjoyable period of their lives.

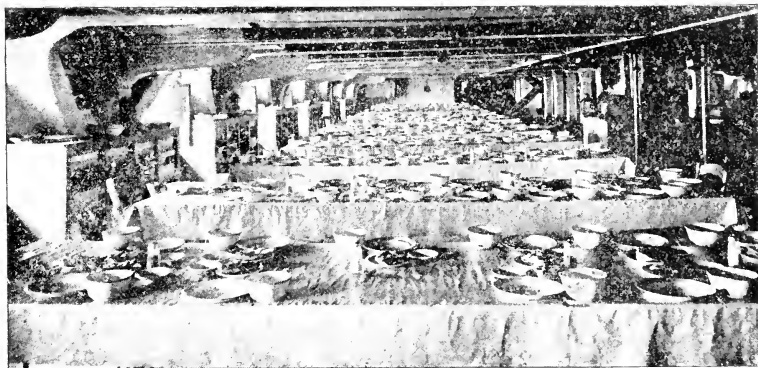
The singing instruction of those who

"Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave,
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America, the home of the brave.

"The Yankee cruiser hove in view, the *Kearsage*
was her name;
It ought to be engraved in full upon the scroll
of fame;
"Her timbers made of Yankee oak, and her
crew of Yankee tars,
And at her mizzen peak she floats the glorious
stripes and stars.

Chorus.

"A challenge unto Captain Semmes, bold Wins-
low he did send,
'Bring on your *Alabama*, and to her we will
attend;
For we think your boasting privateer is not so
hard to whip;



Mess Tables—Lower Gun Deck.

are musically inclined affords a vast amount of amusement, and the singing is not enjoyed by the ship's company alone, the boys occasionally giving exhibitions of their vocal talent at the opera house in the city, where they always have a good audience and are appreciated. Among other sea songs, the boys like to sing the following, with which they make the old ship ring from stem to stern.

It was early Sunday morning in the year of
sixty-four,

The *Alabama* she steamed out along the
Frenchman's shore;

Long time she cruised about, long time she
held her sway,

But now beneath the Frenchman's shore she
lies off Cherbourg Bay.

Chorus: —

And we'll show you that the *Kearsage* is not
a merchant ship!

Chorus.

"It was early Sunday morning, in the year of
sixty-four;

The *Alabama* she stood out, and cannons loud
did rear;

The *Kearsage* stood undaunted, and quickly she
replied,

And let a Yankee eleven inch shell go tearing
through her side.

Chorus.

"The *Kearsage* then she wore around and broad-
side on did bear,

With shot and shell and right good will, her
timbers she did tear;

When they found that they were sinking, down
came the stars and bars,

For the rebel gunners could not stand the
glorious stripes and stars.

Chorus.

"The *Alabama* she is gone, she'll cruise the seas
no more,
She met the fate she well deserved along the
Frenchman's shore;

"The *Guerriere*, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, oh!
With as choice a British crew,



Bugle Squad.

Then here is luck to the *Aearsage*, we know
what she can do,
Likewise to Captain Winslow and his brave
and gallant crew."

Chorus.

Another favorite song is the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*:

"It ofttimes has been told
That the British seaman bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy,
oh!
But they never found their match

As a rammer ever drew,
Could flog the Frenchman two to one so handy,
oh!

"When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
'Come, clear ship for action and be handy, oh!
'To the weather gage, boys, get her.'
And to make his men fight better,
Gave them to drink gunpowder mixed with
brandy, oh!

"Then Dacres loudly cries,
'Make this Yankee ship your prize;
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, oh!



Marine Guard — Bayonet Exercise.

Till the Yankees did them catch,
Oh, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy,
oh!

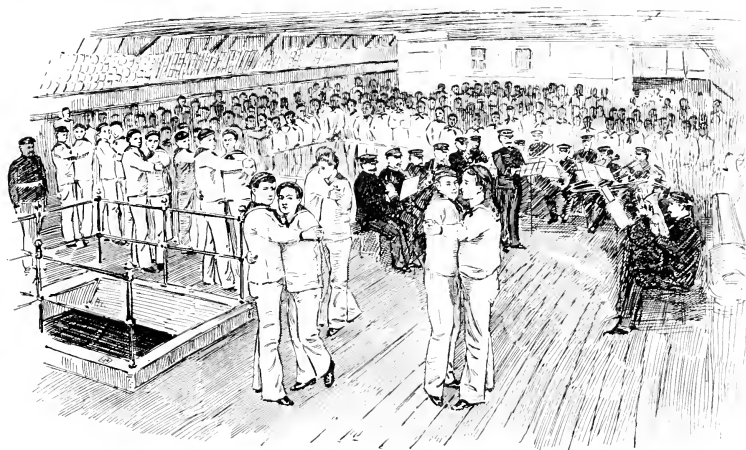
Twenty-five's enough, I'm sure,
And if you'll do it in a score,
I'll treat you to a double share of brandy, oh!

"The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not,
Till they got within the distance they called
handy, oh!"

'Now,' says Hull unto his crew,
'Boys, let's see what we can do,
If we take this boasting Briton, we're the dandy,
oh!'

"The first broadside we poured
Carried her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate look abandon'd, oh!"

The cruising ships of the training squadron are the *Jamestown* and *Portsmouth*, of twelve guns each. In the spring and fall, before starting on their summer and winter cruises respectively, they report at the training station to get their crews from among the boys who have finished their course of instruction at that place. When it is understood that the training



Dancing on the Deck.

Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers said,
'Lord! I didn't think those Yankees were so
handy, oh!'

"Our second told so well
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which dous'd the Royal ensign neat and handy,
oh!"

'By George!' says he, 'we're done,'
And they fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee Doodle
Dandy, oh!"

Then Dacres came on board,
To deliver up his sword,
Tho' loath was he to part with it, it was so handy,
oh!"

'Oh, keep your sword,' says Hull,
'For it only makes you dull.
Cheer up, and let us have a little brandy, oh!'

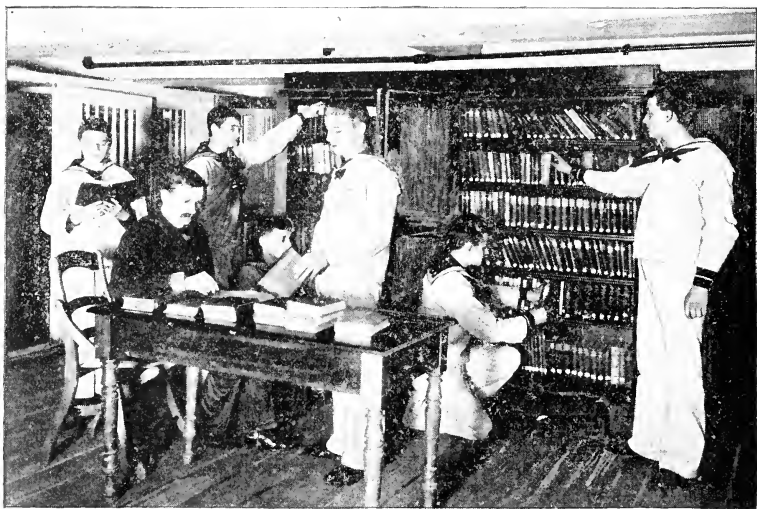
"Now fill your glasses full,
And we'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy, oh!"
John Bull may boast his till,
But let the world say what they will,
The Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh!"

fleet is expected, the ships are anxiously and impatiently watched for by those who expect to man them; and at such times, scenes like the following are common. Some sharp-eyed little fellow spies a square sail to seaward, and yells with all his might: "Square rigger in sight. The *Jimmy* (*Jamestown*) is coming." All now is excitement; the cry runs along the deck like wild-fire and is taken up in all parts of the ship; the boys rush to the ports and into the rigging, and there watch for an hour or two as the strange sail comes slowly along toward the harbor. Finally, a murmur of dissatisfaction runs along the side, and the boys one by one leave the ports and the rigging, for the "square rigger" develops into a merchant vessel, and looks of disappointment are seen on many faces. This occurs about once a day for at least a week before the quartermaster reports,

"The Training Fleet in sight, sir." When the squadron is really moored in the harbor, there is a general hustling among the boys who expect to be transferred. Mending clothes, writing letters home, naming the strange countries which they expect to see in a few weeks, and promising their friends all sorts of pets and curios on their return from their cruise. In the midst of these preparations, the call to quarters is sounded, and the boys "fall in": while a look of eager expectancy is seen on nearly every countenance, as they listen to the reading of the names of those who are to be sent to the different ships: for, although he may have been under instruction for five or six

one of these uncertain ones hears his name, a sigh of relief escapes him and a smile dispels the look of doubt: he seems to grow three inches taller, gives his trousers a hitch, pushes his cap back over his starboard ear, and at the conclusion of the reading looks with a smile of pity upon those whom he considers "not seaworthy," because their names were not read to go in the draft. These preliminaries usually take place in the morning. Just before dinner, the boat-swain's pipe is heard, and like magic all noise ceases for a second, and then the stentorian tones of "Old Ben," boat-swain's mate on the main deck, is heard.

"You boys, who are going in the draft,

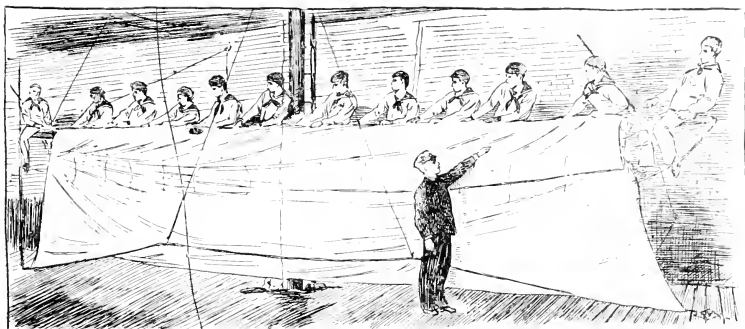


In the Library.

months, a boy is not always certain that his standing in studies, drill, and conduct at the time the "draft" was made out warrant his being sent to sea. Such an opportunity for the student of human nature hardly ever presents itself as at this time, to watch the faces of the uncertain ones as they stand in ranks awaiting their fate, "to be, or not to be" written upon their countenances. When

lash your bags and hammocks together, and be ready to leave the ship at two bells" (one P. M.)

To the impatient ones, time drags slowly, but finally two bells are heard, and then there is a general shaking of hands: while "Good-by," "Take care of yourself," etc., are heard on every side. The word is passed, and the boys "fall in" in the port gangway, and, as the



"Close Reefed"

name of each boy is called, he leaves the ranks, takes his clothes-bag and hammock, and goes over the side into the cutter which is waiting to take him to his new home.

This cutter filled, it makes fast to the steam launch which is to tow the cutters containing the transferred boys to their respective ships. The next cutter filled makes fast to the last, and so on until all are embarked, when the order is given to shove off. As soon as this order is executed, the voice of some young Triton is heard, as he rises to his feet, cap in hand :

"Three cheers for the captain."

Instantly every head is uncovered, and following the "Hip, hip, hip," are three rousing "Hurrahs," which echo and re-echo for miles around : while the band plays "The girl I left behind me" and "Auld Lang Syne."

And well may they cheer their captain : for, though they spend the remainder of their lives in the naval service, they possibly may be commanded by his equal, but never by his superior in thoughtfulness and care for their comfort and welfare. Those who remain on board crowd together on the forecastle, to shout another "good-by" to their late ship-mates, as they are towed under the bows and away toward the three ships which are to bear them to foreign climes ; and those left behind hear the voice of song growing fainter and fainter in the distance :

"A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep,

Where the scattered waters rave

And the winds their revels keep."



THE REVEREND HENRY BRONSON.

By John Eliot Bowen.



John Eliot Bowen.

this way for you and your trunk. How fur is it? Some call it eight miles and some ten; so I always say a leetle more than eight, perhaps, but a leetle less than ten. In summer, I calculate to get to Audley 'bout sundown, but now that days is shorter, it's dark before I get fairly to the village."

The fellow sauntered off in the direction of the nondescript vehicle dignified by the name of stage. The traveller deposited his alligator-skin "carpet-bag" alongside his portmanteau on the station platform, and prepared to waste twenty minutes. There was nothing of interest in his surroundings; so he pulled from his pocket a letter, which he had already read often enough to tell the position of

each word with his eyes shut, and read it slowly again.

MY DEAR MR. BRONSON:—

You do not know how pleased I was to hear from you, whom I remember as the little boy who used to come and ask for the plums growing on the old tree in the dooryard. Other boys used to steal them, but I never have forgotten you. And now you're a man grown, and working yourself to death over city preaching, and want to get away to the New England hills. Of course you may come here! My niece—my niece has just come eighteen—and I often feel lonely, especially these long evenings; and an



CAN you tell me when the stage starts from here for Audley, and how long a drive it is?"

"Yes, sir, I can; I'm the driver of the stage from here to there. There she stands, over by the post-office, and I'll be startin' in twenty minutes, providin' they're spry in sortin' the mail. You wait here, and I'll come

extra person in the house would be very welcome, the more so that he is the son of dear Lucy Bronson. Then, too, we have felt the need of a man about, since the post-office was broken into last month and some guns and powder stolen. You shall have the spare room, which has not been used since winter before last, when there was a funeral at the Basticks', and more relations came from abroad than they could accommodate."

The homely details of kindness were supplemented by the merest mention of finances. Altogether, the letter seemed more an invitation to visit than a business arrangement between landlady and lodger.

It is necessary to state how the young clergyman happened to be seeking the quiet hospitality thus offered by Miss Frances Gray. The Rev. Henry Bronson had overworked himself. He had had the entire charge of Dr. Foster's Broadway Presbyterian Church, while the venerable pastor was recuperating his shattered health by a summer trip in Europe. Preaching to the strangers who presented themselves at the church of a Sunday morning was the least part of Mr. Bronson's work; his chief energy was devoted to the dependencies of the church. The mission chapel, with its summer school and reading-room, and the Presbyterian poor, needed his constant attention. He had a Sunday afternoon service at the chapel, and two prayer-meetings a week. On another evening he gave a lecture in the reading-room, and on another he talked to the working-men in the schoolroom. And then he visited the poor. That was the hardest part of all. To endure the heat and the stenches, to see the wretchedness and squalor, and to suffer the sight of disease and woe, were severe trials for the Rev. Henry Bronson. No one who has seen the poverty of a New York tenement house only in winter can appreciate his experience. He saw babies dying in their mother's arms; he saw children wasting away because they had no breath of air; he saw men cold in death, while the sweat of life was still upon them. He did his work conscientiously and thoroughly. He spared neither his time nor his strength. He braved contagion. But he did it all simply as a duty. He tended the sick; but he could not cheer them. He had

no power to make the sufferings of others his suffering, nor his own hopes their hope. In a work at once so arduous and so distasteful, it is not strange that his nerves were exhausted. At the end of three months, Mr. Bronson was in as great need of rest as was Dr. Foster at the beginning, and he was now seeking the change his physician ordered.

Mr. Bronson held Miss Gray's open letter in his hand, abstractedly, until the rattling stage charged down upon him from the post-office over the way.

"All ready?" cried the driver. "Here, I'll put your trunk in front, to sit on, and stow the odds and ends between your feet and the tail-board. G'lang there, Spot."

In a few moments the dingy station and the village were out of sight, and Mr. Bronson was talking freely, or rather listening freely, to his companion.

"Never be'n in these parts, I s'pose."

"Oh, yes; I lived in Audley a good deal when I was a young boy: used to stay with my uncle there. Ezra Thome, his name was."

"I want to know if you're related to 'Squire Thome. I worked for him many a year on the old place. The house is now torn down. If he was living he could tell you some pretty likely stories about me and him huntin' every fall, for twenty years. We used to go out as soon as the apples was picked. We were called the two best shots in the county. I never saw him miss a bird until after his second paralysis stroke. If he once got the circumference of a thing, he'd blow it clean out of existence. And he always had a science dog. There ain't no sech dogs now'days. He never used nothin' but a muzzle-loader, but he could hit as fur as he could see. And he didn't have to see always, neither. I remember one day we was in the brush, early in October, before the leaves was off, and we started a flock of quails and didn't see a one of them; but he fired at the sound with one barrel, and that skeered a woodcock which he didn't see neither, but he fired at his whistle, and within five minutes old Dash had fetched in three quails and the woodcock. G'lang there, Spot."

"I have often heard that story from

my uncle's lips," put in Mr. Bronson. "I think you were my uncle's servant, Peleg Porter."

"That's my name, but I don't know 'bout the servant. Ezra Thome never called me nothing but Peleg. But now that you've guessed my name, I reckon I can guess yours. You must be Lucy Thome Bronson's boy; but how you've changed!"

"Yes, I'm Henry Bronson, the Reverend Henry Bronson."

"A preacher, be ye? Then I don't 'spose you're much on shootin'."

Mr. Bronson didn't notice the contemptuous comparison of professions marked by Peleg's inflection, and answered:

"I presume I could shoot well with a little practice, but I have devoted myself so thoroughly to pastoral work as to leave little time for sports. I am a lover of nature, however, and feel that I know the habits of birds. All the sights and sounds of autumn are pleasant to me. I love to see the fields of harvest grain and to hear the 'Bob White's' whistle."

"If I'd know'd that, I'd pintoed out to you the flock of quails I see in the buckwheat lot that we passed back a way. Did yer see um?"

"No; which side of the road were they?"

"Wall, we've only passed one buckwheat field, and that wan't on the woods side. But you won't hear no quails whistle 'Bob White' at this time of year. They make a noise 'bout as big as the peep of a good lively chick."

With this, Peleg gave a chuck that started Spot out of a leisurely revery. He put no further questions and volunteered no further information for a time, and Mr. Bronson's thoughts chased each other from the trials undergone to the prospective pleasures, and back to the work which had been so distasteful.

Rev. Henry Bronson liked the pleasant things of life. Anything that cast a shadow on the bright side, annoyed him. He felt that he was qualified for the best of society; but through the long summer months he had seen only its dregs, and those under the worst of circumstances. He had never before had the faintest conception of what mission work in the

city was. He had occasionally, when in the seminary, gone to the mission school to address an evening meeting, but that was in the winter. There were poor people at the mission then, to be sure, but there were also the zealous young lady workers of the church, to be talked to and to be walked home with. He wondered if he should find Miss Gray's niece anything like those mission teachers. He knew nothing of this niece, not even her name. He had no recollection of any child living with Miss Gray when he was in Audley. At first he was pleased to picture the girl as possessing the ideal charms of the country maiden. But as he drew nearer Audley, his thoughts were concerned more with himself.

The Rev. Henry Bronson knew that he was personally an attractive man. If he had failed to learn that himself, his friends, his young lady friends, those whom he used to meet at the mission, would have easily convinced him of the fact. Knowing that he was attractive, he felt that it was difficult for any young lady to whom he was more than ordinarily attentive to withstand the something within him that called for sympathy, and was usually answered when it called. He admitted to himself that such a feeling implied conceit; but he did not believe that it was well that he should ignore what might be of so much annoyance to himself and of so much peril to others. Being a man of conscience, and a minister of the Gospel, it was his duty to protect others from harm—from the sorrow, perhaps, of unrequited love. Two young ladies, during the previous winter, had shown unmistakable signs of affection for him, and the thought of this unhappiness and of the measure of his responsibility for it interfered with not a few hours of rest and study. He could not be blind to the evidences. He had read in "Guenn," one of the few novels he had allowed himself in the seminary vacations, how Harmon had unconsciously won the heart of the Breton peasant girl; and he had failed to comprehend the artist's want of conception. He believed, as he had often said, after reading the book, that the man was responsible for the misery that Guenn endured. For

himself, he had determined to keep his eyes open, and, if possible, prevent any girl from falling in love with him. He had often thought that the surest way lay in matrimony, but the thought was never allowed to outweigh his ambition. A wife would hamper him; he had not the means to support a family, and, more than all, he had never been in love.

This whole train of thought had been set in motion by Miss Gray's reference to her "niece just come eighteen." The Reverend Henry Bronson felt that his determination was to be put to the test. He had come by this time, when they had almost reached Audley and night was fast falling, actually to believe that the niece was a sweet and comely girl who would fall an easy victim to his attractions, if he let them shine. This he had just promised himself he would not do, when Peleg whipped up at the top of the hill that was crowned by the spire of Audley. In a few minutes he drew up before a house set back a hundred feet from the road, casting its bright lamplight out over the drifted leaves, as if jealous of the October starlight. The door opened before Mr. Bronson, followed by Peleg carrying his luggage, had covered half the distance from the gate to the house. It was Miss Gray who stood there, with a lamp in one hand and the other extended to greet him.

"And so here you are," said Miss Gray laughing, and leading him to the sitting-room, where the walnut wood was blazing on the hearth of a Franklin stove. "My niece is seeing to your supper; you must be hungry as a bear." And again Miss Gray laughed at what Mr. Bronson thought must be some hidden humor in her commonplace remark.

But it was only Miss Gray's way. Poor Miss Gray! Laughter had been the chief solace of her life. She was always smiling, and in conversation she was always apparently trying to repress her irrepressible desire to laugh. Her laughter was not of the kind called forth by a witty story, it was not spasmodic. It was like the ceaseless bubbling of a spring, and was as much beyond her control as the breath that filled her lungs, or the blood

that coursed through her veins. At the end of a long sentence she laughed to regain her breath. She always laughed when her nerves were affected, either by fright or embarrassment. She laughed when others wept. She was often misjudged by those who met her casually, or knew her but slightly. To them she seemed at once simple and affected. But her friends knew that no one had a kinder heart, and the poor knew that no one had a more generous hand than Miss Frances Gray. Some of her neighbors remembered when she was quite like other people. Some of them once saw her face serious and pallid, and heard her voice when it was cold and harsh. That was many years before, when word was brought that John Morton had accidentally shot himself while climbing over a wall with a loaded gun. John Morton was to have married Fannie Gray within a few weeks. The friends who brought the news were startled at her expression and her questions. But when the story was told, a sad smile stole over Miss Gray's face, and she said: "How selfish in me to grieve. John was not really mine yet; but to his poor mother he was all in all." And she laughed as sadly as she smiled.

But it was with a cheery accompaniment of laughter that Miss Gray now put her questions to Mr. Bronson concerning his journey, his health, and his recollections of Audley. Then she sent him to his room, bidding him come down directly for his supper. In the dining-room, with a pyrotechnic display of smiles and giggles, Miss Gray presented the Reverend Henry Bronson to "my niece, Stella," or, as he afterwards learned, Miss Estelle Murray.

His surprise at the figure before him did not prevent him from hastily renewing to himself the resolve he had made as to his behavior toward Miss Gray's niece. She was not the country maiden of his fancy, but he could see at a glance, he thought, that she would be quite as susceptible. Mr. Bronson prided himself upon his quick perception of character, and here, he saw, was just such a one as he feared to come in contact with. He knew that he would find her pleasing, and he felt that if he should yield to the temp-

tation to bring about a sympathetic intimacy, her happiness would be endangered. He was of such a reflective turn of mind that he could indulge in such thoughts as these while taking part in a conversation and making himself entertaining. It was not for long, however, that he was suffered to control the direction of his thoughts. Estelle Murray, or Stella, as every one called her, was too engrossing a personage for any young man to ignore for long. Mr. Bronson had seen figures as tall and shapely as Stella's, but he had rarely seen one so simply clad that seemed so stately. Her face was not regular, and in repose — its usual state — was not noticeable; but the instant she spoke, or, by smiling, disclosed her teeth and let her eyes come to life, the expression was fascinating. It was her first remark that put an end to Mr. Bronson's personal reflections.

"Aunt Fannie, perhaps Mr. Bronson doesn't take cream in his tea," she said, with a look of inquiry toward the handsome young man opposite.

"Thank you, if it is English breakfast tea I do prefer it without the cream," said Mr. Bronson, looking from one to the other, and adding to Stella, while Miss Gray covered her embarrassment in laughter: "The cream, though delicious in itself, seems to take away from the delicate flavor of the tea."

"So I think," answered Stella, with the light now gone from her eyes.

"In Russia," Mr. Bronson went on, addressing Miss Gray, and drawing upon his reading rather than experience, "where tea is the national beverage and its quality is far superior to that of ours, they use lemon instead of cream; and in Morocco, where tea is held in almost as much favor as coffee, no cream or milk is used, but so much sugar that the tea is like a syrup."

"Dear me," said Miss Gray, bobbing off into a fit of laughter, and recovering in time to smooth down her hair front, whose shining surface threatened to crack if the commotion below continued.

"When I was in England," Stella said, her face brightening again, while Mr. Bronson scarcely concealed his surprise at learning that this girl had travelled farther than he, "I met a Russian lady who made

me the best cup of tea I ever drank. When were you in Russia, Mr. Bronson?"

"Why — I — in fact, I have never been abroad. But I have read a great deal in the way of history and travel," Mr. Bronson replied, with the consciousness that he was not disconcerted.

"I sometimes think," Miss Gray timidly began; and she might have added "but I rarely speak," for she got no further before Mr. Bronson interrupted, saying:

"The study of history was always a favorite with me. I took the first prize in my class at college for the final examination in history, and I did some historical writing."

"Oh, perhaps you can tell us then," broke in Stella, "what it was that led to the Mexican war, and how Texas was interested. This question came up to-day as I was looking over some old letters and came across one from Zachary Taylor. I am woefully ignorant of American history, and as for Mexico, I have never read anything except Prescott's history."

"Well, Prescott," Mr. Bronson replied, "doesn't come down to recent times, as you doubtless remember; and unless you were familiar with the history of both Mexico and our own country, during the first half of the present century, the answer to your question would hardly be intelligible to you."

At this reply the smile faded from Miss Gray's face and seemed to appear somehow on Stella's. But she, nothing daunted, said:

"Perhaps, then, you will tell me what to read that will prepare me for a clear understanding?"

"Oh, certainly; there is Bancroft to begin with," —

"Yes; to begin with, but never to end with. I am afraid I shall have to content myself with looking up Texas and Mexico in the Encyclopædia. But do you mean to say you ever read the ten volumes of Bancroft?"

"No, I can't say that I ever did; but —"

"Come, Stella," Miss Gray now said, with some spirit, fortifying herself with a preliminary giggle, "do give Mr. Bronson a chance to eat. This broiled chicken is much more interesting than the Mexican war."

Stella became quiescent, and a far-away expression stole over her face, while Mr. Bronson was evidently relieved at Miss Gray's diversion. The conversation turned to village matters, and the new arrival was told of the slight changes that had taken place since he was last in Audley.

When the supper was over, Stella remained to clear away the tea things and Miss Gray led the way to the sitting-room. Stella soon appeared, and at her aunt's request sat down to the upright piano in the corner and played several pieces in a finished though rather perfunctory manner. Afterward Mr. Bronson sang a few German ballads, and with so much expression as to touch both Stella and Miss Gray. The former thanked him for his music with much feeling as she bade him good night.

The Reverend Henry Bronson did not consider himself a susceptible young man. He attributed his wakefulness that night to the English breakfast tea which he drank without cream. But his mind was filled with pictures of a tall and lithe figure and of eyes that for a moment flashed with expression and beauty, and then became so dull that it seemed as if the soul within must be asleep or dreaming. He fancied that he was talking with the person pictured, and he led the imaginary conversation into paths where his reading and learning might shine. He even hazarded to speak again of customs in foreign countries, and, as if in justification of his temerity, he told how the great Alexander von Humboldt knew the countries in which he had never travelled better than those who had visited them; and how, when some one had heard him in his old age describe the streets and sights of Jerusalem in detail, asked when he was in that city, he replied, "I never was in Jerusalem, but sixty years ago I prepared myself for a visit to the Holy Land." There was something so reassuring and calming in this anecdote, that Mr. Bronson, after recalling his resolution to spare the niece, fell asleep, only to see the figure and continue the talk in his dreams.

The young minister woke the next day to a life that was to be as quiet and

peaceful and yet as inspiring as the landscape that met his view as he looked from his open window. The hills and valleys were a rest to the eye, yet the crispness of the October air, which he fancied he could almost see, roused him to inflating and beating his chest. Already, he was living in a different world from that which had made the experiences of the summer. No recollections of that time trespassed upon the enjoyment of the present. He entered naturally and completely into the new existence. Much of his time during the days that followed was passed with Stella. They walked together, and once or twice he went with her on her sketching tours, and talked or read to her while she painted a bit of brown landscape or a corner of the pines to which the deep, dull red of some sturdy oak lent its color. But it was too cold for her to sit at her work as she had been accustomed to before Mr. Bronson arrived. And so, when he could not longer carry her easel, they walked busily together in the October sunshine. Stella had lived long enough — four years — in England to be a good walker, and was ready for long tramps over the hills and through the woods. They scuffled their feet through the fallen leaves like children and startled the chipmunks and sometimes almost ran upon a partridge by the brookside, which in turn startled them with its roaring rise. They were becoming good friends and enjoyed the companionship of each other. They seemed to get on better together when not talking, though Mr. Bronson was slow to perceive this. He often noticed, however, that after a silence, which he had interpreted as the sympathetic sign of an equal appreciation of some distant view, he would have to repeat a remark several times before winning a response. And when the answer came it did not always bring that life to the eyes that he looked for.

Scarcely a day passed that he did not ask himself if he had been true to his resolve. Had he been wrong to tell some secret of his ambition as if to pave the way to an exchange of confidence and sympathetic interest? To be sure, he could see no result of his wrong-doing, if

such it were. He had won no confidence in return. But he did not want that, and if he could have overcome his fear of that and the recollection of the confidence bestowed upon him by those two girls the previous winter, it would have been a pleasure frankly to trust the secrets of his hopes and ambitions to some one, especially if that some one were Stella. Sometimes he was on the point of confessing to himself that he did not understand Stella. What was it that sometimes roused the quiet girl to that pitch of suppressed excitement, that left her cheeks aglow and her eyes ablaze for hours? Had their walk that day been longer or pleasanter than usual; or had her friends in England written something of special interest?

He sometimes felt curious about those friends, but he forbore — for the sake of his resolve — to question Stella. He felt there was a kind of secrecy hanging over her life in England, because she and Miss Gray never talked of it. When Stella was in this extraordinary mood, her music was no longer perfunctory. In the early evening, while the others sat before the open fire, with no other light than that on the hearth, she would play on and on with a touch of feeling that seemed to tell the story of her heart. With no notes before her, she would pass from the melodies of Beethoven to the wild rhapsodies of Hungarian and Polish composers; or with a few notes of her own, so soft as to seem like silence, she would introduce a love song, played so skilfully that one heard the echo of the voice. Miss Gray would almost cease to smile and the other listener would be strangely moved to hear, perhaps, one of his own German songs whispering to him:

"Leh'n deine Wang' an meine Wang'."

At such times the music never ceased suddenly, but seemed gradually to die out, and then Stella would softly rise and go to prepare the tea, leaving the others in silence.

Mr. Bronson was of course presented to the good people of Audley. They had wondered at the fine young man who accompanied Miss Gray to church on a bright Sunday morning, and could

scarcely believe the rumor that it was Lucy Bronson's child grown to manhood and recently graduated from the United Theological Seminary. He was introduced to the minister at the close of the plain service, and that week he attended the prayer-meeting, which his voice in the singing and his prayer made more than usually interesting. He was already feeling so well that he accepted the minister's invitation "to supply the pulpit," on the following Sunday.

He chose a simple, earnest sermon. It was a rare spiritual treat to the people to listen to his beautiful words. They could understand and appreciate it all, and they were deeply moved. Stella, sitting among the choir, whose accompaniments she played on the small organ, seemed touched by the earnestness of the ringing voice. At the close of the service many waited to press the young man's hand in gratitude. The old were eager in his praise, and not one among the young but thought how lucky was Stella that she could see and talk with the Reverend Mr. Bronson constantly and to her heart's content, — and the latter words were weighted with more than usual significance.

Mr. Bronson met the people socially, also. He went to the sewing society and talked with the old and played games with the young. Perhaps his heart was more with the children; certainly he was nearer to Stella when with them, for she was their leading spirit. But he made friends with all equally. He went to another company that night — a corn husking. This might have been thought by some a compromise his ministerial dignity, but with Mr. Bronson dignity was, to a certain extent, a movable quality. However, Stella and even Miss Gray were going to the corn husking, and why should not he? If he had known just how far he would forget his early resolutions he might not have gone. But he went with the others and made comments, learned or gay as the case seemed to call for, upon the novel entertainment. The two lines of grotesque Jack-o'-lanterns on either side of the way approaching the scene of the frolic he likened to the avenues of sphinxes leading to an Egyp-

tian temple; and he joked about the red ear and the penalties he would exact if he found one. Once among the merry-makers it was impossible to be other than gay. The people of the village and some from the surrounding towns were lined out through the long barn in two rows, with the corn in the husks piled up along the centre between them like a great billow. There was a hum of activity surprising indeed to those who had expected entertainment only. Baskets were rapidly filled with ripe yellow ears, and these were emptied into barrels which stood behind the workers; and when the barrels would hold no more, farm hands in blue overalls bore them to the corn barn, where the golden tide was fast rising in the great bin that held its hundreds of bushels.

At first it seemed as if all were there for business; but soon a shriek far down the line, followed by a peal of laughter, told that the hunt for red ears had begun in earnest. As yet, neither Mr. Bronson, nor Stella, nor any of the young people just about them, had found one.

"What shall I do with a red ear if I find one?" Mr. Bronson asked of Stella with some earnestness.

"Kiss young Widow Bastick," answered Stella, with a roguish twinkle in her eye, and pointing up the line to that comely person, who had left her widow's weeds at home for the evening.

It was not just the answer Mr. Bronson expected, but he thought it would serve Stella right if he took her at her word. And so, a few moments after, all the workers near by stopped in amazement to see the Reverend Mr. Bronson surging along on the crest of the billow of corn toward Mrs. Bastick, whose back was toward him. He swayed down upon her from his insecure footing with an embrace that brought a color to her cheek rivalling that of the corn he held in his hand. All the men who saw laughed out their hearty approval, and the women and girls giggled and blushed consciously, each one as though she had been kissed and was the cause of the merriment. Stella seemed pale by the lantern light as Mr. Bronson returned to her, and she grew paler when he remarked:

"Now, the next ear shall be for you."

Soon with a look of excited triumph he touched Stella on the arm and pointed to another ear he held in his hand.

"Give me the ear," she said.

"Oh, yes; but first you must pay the penalty."

"Mr. Bronson, I beg of you give me the ear. Please do; or throw it into that basket."

"Ah, but you know I said the next ear should be for you, to pay for the joke you made me play on Widow Bastick."

"I am very sorry for that," Stella broke in hurriedly. "It was unkind in me. I shall ask her to forgive me. But please, Mr. Bronson, please, if you care to oblige me, give me that ear."

Quick as a flash Mr. Bronson's old resolve came to mind, and he thought that he must not acknowledge that he cared for her at all. Stella was looking at him appealingly. He did not notice that her eyes were filling with tears, nor that she caught her breath almost in sobs. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her cheek. In an instant the look of entreaty passed. The eyes flashed and seemed to dry up the tears that were about to fall. The mouth was rigid and the lips were blue. But she said not a word; and as they went on husking the corn, Mr. Bronson wondered if Stella were pleased or displeased. Perhaps she would only care for him the more, because he had seemed not to care for her. He forced his mind to frame the hope that this would not be the result, but his heart was all the time hoping that it would be. Somehow he was less gay during the remainder of the evening, and it was a relief to be called by the sound of the dinner-horn into the house for the refreshments which his digestion could not have coped with several weeks before. He ate and helped others to the pies, the doughnuts, the cheese, the coffee, and the sweet cider, and with a proper air of dignity he shook hands with the farmers and their wives. But these could not forget so easily the young minister's escapade of the evening. The women were less hearty in their salutations, perhaps, but the men nodded to him knowingly. One poked him in the ribs with his great stubby thumb and

whispered "Widow Bastick" in his ear, and a group of boys who heard, snickered and scudded out of the door.

After the supper, Miss Gray did not care to remain longer, and Stella said she had a headache. So they all walked home together, their silence being in strange contrast to the merry sounds coming from the horse barn, which had been cleared for dancing. There, under the lanterns swinging from the beams, and the festoons of ground-pine above the stalls, the young people danced Money-musk, the Caledonian, and their reels far into the night. Two fiddlers in a box stall scraped away ceaselessly, knowing no fatigue, their time growing ever quicker.

To the merry-makers, the sound of laughter was inspiring: but to Stella, awake on her pillow, and not far enough away to escape the sounds, it seemed a senseless din.

There was a certain constraint in the actions of Mr. Bronson and Stella toward each other for a few days following the husking. But they were soon upon their old footing of familiarity—a familiarity that never seemed to become intimacy. Mr. Bronson by this time felt completely restored in health, and knew that he was able to enter upon his winter's work. Dr. Foster, of the Broadway church, had written, asking him to become his permanent assistant. It had been Mr. Bronson's ambition to secure precisely this place, and yet he hesitated to leave Audley. After some uneasy thought, however, in which his judgment got the better of his heart, he wrote to Dr. Foster that he would return to New York in a few days, probably at the beginning of the coming week, and would enter upon his duties at once.

When Mr. Bronson announced at the tea table that evening that he had only a few days more to pass in Audley, both the ladies expressed their regrets sincerely, each in her own way.

"Dear me, it's so sudden!" said Miss Gray, her face wreathed in smiles, though under them all a sympathetic concern was visible. "You seem like one of the family. I can't bear to think of you going, and the evenings getting longer all the time, and some one liable to break into

the post-office again, and steal another gun, if there's any left." And here the little lady stopped short, and bobbed and swayed and laughed, quite overcome by her speech.

"I am really sorry," said Stella; and there was an earnestness in her eyes that Mr. Bronson found even more fascinating than their more brilliant expression. "I shall be lonely in my walks. And I hoped to read so much German with you. You made *Wallenstein* so interesting; and I wanted to read *Nathan der Weise* with you. By myself, I cannot read much beyond poor Heine. Must you really go?"

"Yes, duty calls me," said Mr. Bronson tritely. "I have a fine opening which I must not neglect. And then, I am so well that I have no excuse for staying. I little thought that I should find a New England village in October a genuine Lotus land, much as I knew I should enjoy it here. The long walks have done me a world of good." There did not seem to be much heart in this speech; and Mr. Bronson did not intend that there should be. For when he decided upon his answer to Dr. Foster, he resolved that he would conceal his emotions to the bitter end. He had about made up his mind to leave on Monday; but on Saturday morning, two of the ladies in the village, having heard that he was about to return to the city, called to ask him to wait for the next meeting of the Sewing Society, which would be held on the following Tuesday, a week earlier than usual, if he would only stay. He was only too ready for the excuse and thanked the ladies and said he would remain. Immediately after they were gone, he was sorry that he had agreed to protract his stay. Each day—each hour, almost—he questioned more the wisdom of keeping his heart bound down by his judgment, as he put it. He had long ago confessed to himself that no girl had ever impressed him as Stella had. But he assured himself that she would not be a fitting match for him, even if he cared to marry, which he did not. During these last days, however, he could not hold to his previous opinions with anything like steadfastness. He looked back over the weeks of his stay in Audley, and felt that he had not deviated from the

path of consistency. He could not now. He thought, however, that something might occur on one of these last days, though through no fault of his, that would bring Stella and himself to an understanding. He thought of this again and again, until he began to hope that some extraneous agency, some fate or some Providence, would secure for him what his heart seemed now to crave, and spare him from yielding to the temptation to renounce his rules of life. No such power intervened, however. But on Tuesday evening, the minister met him at the Sewing Society and said that he had just heard of the death of a former parishioner and wished to attend the funeral on Thursday, and that he would be under deep obligations if Mr. Bronson would put off his departure until Friday so that he could take charge of the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. Again Mr. Bronson consented to stay, and every one called him very kind.

The next morning Mr. Bronson and Stella started off for a walk over the hills, which had now taken on the more sombre colors of November. On this walk, perhaps their last, Mr. Bronson alternately hoped and feared that something would happen. He was almost overcome by the sentiment of the situation. He felt that his heart clung to all that was associated with Audley: to the hills and woods, the scenes with which he was now so familiar; to Miss Gray and her cosy little home; more than all to the girl whose presence so affected him and whose absence he would not know how to bear. He thought of this girl, left to her lonely fate, for she had confessed that she would be lonely. Would her loneliness be greater because he had come into her life and gone out again? If so, how could responsibility attach to him, in view of his constant effort to control any desire to show more than commonplace friendliness?

In spite of these thoughts, Mr. Bronson felt a craving for the least word of sympathy from Stella. He fancied that her silence, as they walked along, their cheeks glowing in the sharp breeze and crisp air, was due, perhaps, to feelings akin to his own. But when she spoke, it was to call attention to the fanciful shape a cloud

had taken, or to point out a gray squirrel barking to himself, high up in an old oak tree. Only once did Stella show any sentiment, however much she may have felt. She stooped to pick a violet she spied, which had been protected from the frost by an overhanging sod. She held it for a moment as though dreaming the thoughts its delicate beauty suggested, and then reached and drew it through the buttonhole of Mr. Bronson's coat, and said to him,—

"This is a sign of the springtime. It means life and beauty and pleasure. Why should you go from us now? These dead leaves are the only sign you know."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Bronson, "that this belated flower is a sign less true than that flock of crows steering for the South. But I don't need signs to assure me that I would find beauty and pleasure in Audley. My life, however, must be elsewhere."

Stella made no answer to this, and the silence was not broken by further personal remarks. On their return home, Mr. Bronson left Stella at the gate and went to the post-office for the noon-day mail, expecting a letter from Dr. Foster. The letter did not come, but there was one for Stella, addressed in a handwriting he had come to know and associate with her letters from England. This, however, he noticed bore the New York post-mark. Stella had gone to the kitchen to see about dinner, and Miss Gray took the letter to her. When Mr. Bronson appeared in the sitting-room at the dinner hour, he felt at once that something had happened. There was an excitement in the air that was very unusual in the Gray household. There was no one in the room, but he heard voices raised high and uttering rapid sentences. The hour struck, and in the house where punctuality was the primal virtue, the dinner was still unannounced. When finally Miss Gray, flushed and smiling, came to announce the meal, Mr. Bronson fancied that, if there had been a quarrel, the little lady had triumphed. But in the dining-room he found Stella with such a glow of pride and happiness in her eyes, her face, and her whole being, that he knew his first surmise was wrong. He was utterly

at a loss, however, to account for any quarrel or even difference of wish between these two most amiable women he had known. He wondered if it had anything to do with his departure. At the close of the meal his curiosity was in part satisfied, when Miss Gray said to him :

"We are not to be so unprotected after you go as I feared, Mr. Bronson. A gentleman from England, an old friend of Stella's family, has just arrived in New York, and is coming to pay us a visit. We expect him to-morrow evening."

This was all the information volunteered, and Mr. Bronson forbore to put questions that he feared would be unwelcome. Stella, without saying a word to him concerning the English gentleman, went to her room, remaining there till tea time. At tea the conversation was somewhat constrained, and in the evening several neighbors called, out of compliment to Mr. Bronson. Mrs. Bastick, who was one of the number, coming in with her brother-in-law, never appeared better, not even at the husking. She kept her eyes on Mr. Bronson, and asked him, after one or two had gone, if he would not please sing a few last songs. He sat down to sing, and Stella stole out of the room. For a time Mr. Bronson did not notice her absence ; he was merely conscious that he was not in good voice. This was not apparent to Mrs. Bastick. She sighed at the end of each song and flushed with pleasure when Mr. Bronson asked if she would like any special last song.

"Do sing 'Forever and Forever' : it will just suit my mood."

He sang the song, but he did not notice that his listener's eyes were suffused with tears when he had done.

"O Mr. Bronson," she said, as he took his seat beside her, "you don't know how happy you have made me. I have never heard such music in Audley. My poor husband wouldn't have even a melodeon in the house, he disliked music so, and always said, besides, that he needed a hay tedder more ; and since he was taken from me there has been no music, nothing but loneliness in my life, — that is, until you came. Do you know, Mr. Bronson, that when you were singing just

now I thought I had quite forgiven you for what you did at the husking. Don't you think I'm good to say so?"

"Why, certainly ; it is very kind of you. I always hoped you understood that it was only a joke."

"Oh, then you didn't kiss me because you wanted to? I don't know that I shall forgive you now that you say you did it for a joke,"

Mr. Bronson, for the first time since he had known her, now looked deeply into Mrs. Bastick's eyes. He had never realized before how large and soft and brown they were. Her cheeks, too, had a bloom that he had failed to notice even at the husking. It was not strange, considering that he had never included widows in the class of those before whom he must restrain his charms, that he followed Mrs. Bastick's lead by saying in his lowest tone :

"I am bound to be forgiven, my dear Mrs. Bastick, even if I have to kiss you again because I want to."

"O Mr. Bronson, you mustn't talk that way," was the soft and frightened answer, "especially with others in the room that may be listening. But there's my brother getting up to go. Now do come in and see me, to say good-by. I shall be all alone to-morrow and — perhaps — I'll forgive you."

Mr. Bronson's answer was not intelligible, for Stella had come into the room again, and as usual she was engrossing his interest. When the guests were gone Stella said good night at once ; but Miss Gray, before following, took Mr. Bronson's hands in her own slight grasp and said, with a smile whose sadness turned to sweetness at the first spoken word :

"Now that you are going, I don't know whether my feelings toward you are those of a mother or a sister : I only know they are very deep and very tender. Bend down and let me kiss you good-night. I feel as though this were the parting, for to-morrow the Englishman will be here."

Poor Miss Gray and poor Mrs. Bastick ! Mr. Bronson had no brotherly or filial or lover's sentiment for either of you.

Greatly to the young clergyman's annoyance, Stella excused herself the next morning when he proposed a final walk. He wanted to be with her, — to watch

her, at least, every moment that remained to him. But Stella, consciously or otherwise, avoided him all day long. In the late afternoon, returning from a solitary and dejected stroll, he saw from without Stella bending over the flowers in the sitting-room window, — the chrysanthemums that were her chief care and delight. Entering the room, he found that she had disappeared through the other door. Going to the window-boxes he was dumb-founded to discover that every one of the treasured blossoms had been picked. What did it mean? Was any sign here? He thought of the violet Stella had given him the day before, which he had put carefully between the leaves of his Bible. He found one flower that had evidently been dropped. He raised the fragile blossom and pressed it to his lips. As if to rebuke the sentiment, the flower at his passionate touch loosed its petals and let them fall in a shower at his feet.

Stella was as resplendent that evening as if she were a star in reality as well as in name. Mr. Bronson thought her a vision of beauty as she joined Miss Gray and himself in the sitting-room, where they were awaiting the arrival of Mr. David Marvin by the evening stage. Stella wore a simple black silk evening dress. The skirt was without trimming, and there was little effect at looping, but it was full of grace to the hem of the train. The sleeves were short enough and loose enough to show a beautifully-rounded arm. The dress was made with a high collar or ruff at the back, and in the front revealed a neck so pure that it gained rather than suffered by the row of chrysanthemums that bordered the corsage, and separated, as it were, the night from the day with the colors of the dawn. Mr. Bronson justified the use to which a part, at least, of the prized flowers had been put. He had never seen Stella so beautiful. But he asked himself — was all this simple splendor designed to win from him at the last moment a declaration of love, or was it for the expected guest?

Mr. Bronson never could remember the exact circumstances of Mr. David Marvin's arrival. He remembered that there was a sound of footsteps at the door before there was any sound of stage at the

gate, and that, by the time that he and Miss Gray were in the hall-way, Stella was in the arms of a tall, handsome fellow who was exchanging kisses for tears. He had an indistinct recollection of introductions, and of an explanation about a walk and a broken-down stage-coach. He could recall nothing in connection with the supper that evening, except that he put cream into his English breakfast tea, and that the new-comer wore a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, which matched those worn by Stella, though none of hers, as he could see, even in their crumpled condition, was missing. He afterwards concluded that Stella must have put a part of the flowers in the Englishman's room, where the latter found them in the interval between arrival and supper.

Miss Gray went to prayer-meeting that evening with Mr. Bronson, but the other two remained at home. After the meeting, the people whispered to one another their disappointment in the service. Mr. Bronson left to himself seemed to them completely at sea. He almost forgot to give out the hymns and he read two chapters and a half in the Acts of the Apostles. There was no telling how much longer he would have read if Deacon Somers had not coughed sharply, and brought the young man to himself. "He don't seem to have much management about him," said one. "He's always depended likely on some one to kind o' direct, and if that person ain't there, he's nowhere." "I guess," said another, who had hinted a week or two before that their pastor was getting along in years and that some young man would soon have to fill his place, "that our minister is good enough for us. Even if we could get him, we don't want to settle young Mr. Bronson just yet, I reckon." These remarks all led up to the general verdict that "young Mr. Bronson didn't seem to hold out very good."

As he and Miss Gray, returning home, walked up the path to the house, they heard a voice, which Mr. Bronson in his dazed state thought for a moment was his own, singing:

"Ich'n deine Wang' an mein' Wang'."

Even Miss Gray started and looked at

Mr. Bronson to make sure that he was not singing to himself, so like his voice was the voice that they heard. Mr. Bronson excused himself at the door, saying that he had some things to pack, and went to his room. There he wrote a note to Miss Gray, saying that he had suddenly decided to take the early train, and not wishing to disturb them, had left this written good-bye. He prepared his small portmanteau and satchel and then sat down by the window to watch for the stage that carried the early mail to the station. Through the long night he sat there waiting. Before daybreak he carried his portmanteau out into the bitter night air and then stole back for his satchel. By the roadside he waited. When the wagon came, which was used that morning in place of the broken-down stage, the day was only dawning.

His old acquaintance, Peleg Porter, was nonplussed to find a passenger at that hour, and that passenger the Reverend Mr. Bronson! But he began to talk to the young minister, even though he re-

ceived no answers. He gave an account of the accident the evening before. Then he spoke of his young passenger, who held one of the horses down and kept him from kicking and plunging when he had fallen and the stage was overturned. "I judge," he went on, "that that young man is Stella Murray's sweetheart, as we heern so much about when she first come home from Europe. She wanted to go back to England to him, but Miss Gray, so I heerd, put her foot down and she says, 'I don't believe he sets much by you, and if he does he'll come and git you.' And Stella, she's just waited, and here he is, sure enough, though some folks did say when you come here that p'r'aps Stella now'd forgit all about that English chap."

The Reverend Henry Bronson became Dr. Foster's assistant, and at the end of two years succeeded him. He often thinks of his visit to Audley and of sweet Stella Murray; and he always congratulates himself that he refrained from enticing her into a sympathetic intimacy.

HARVARD'S BETTER SELF.

By William Reed Bigelow.

ALL college men know that the ill-favored side of college life is presented, most fully and most often, to the public. As President Adams, of Cornell, has said,¹ "sobriety and industry attract no attention, while profligacy and idleness have a marvellous knack of getting themselves reported." Our oldest university has suffered some injustice, in the minds of many people, from misconceptions based on exaggerated reports of students' pranks and an ignorance of what is really happening at Cambridge. These errors can best be cleared away by the simple statement of what the Faculty are doing for students, and what the better-minded students are doing for themselves and for others.

¹ Moral Aspects of College Life. *Forum* for February, 1890.

When Professor Henry Drummond, of Edinburgh University, made his tour of the American colleges in the fall of 1887, he visited Harvard among the last. He told the students, in one of his addresses, that he had been warned against Harvard as a school of atheism and a nest of infidels; but never had he been more happily surprised. Harvard, he said, was one of the most religious colleges that he had visited², and her daily chapel service "the most religious service, public or private," that he had ever seen. Those who know the college best consider these

² Professor Drummond visited Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst, Smith, Hartford Theol. School, Univ. of Penn., Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Union College, Columbia, and the medical schools in New York City, spending about three days at each place in religious work.

words no idle compliment, but an honest opinion and merited praise.

Few people, outside of Cambridge and Boston, have any adequate idea of the service of worship that opens every week day in the academic year at Appleton Chapel. Twenty minutes before nine, the old college bell-ringer sends out a warning chime, and then keeps up a gentle tolling of the bell, while the students gather for morning prayers. As the first dozen enter the chapel and select seats, the organist begins a voluntary. By twos and threes, others enter, to meditate in the almost empty church, where the morning light shines dimly in through tinted panes, as though striving to cheer the sombre walls. During the last minute the students throng into the chapel, until there is a congregation of several hundreds. At fifteen minutes of nine the organ is stilled and the preacher enters the pulpit. As he rises before the congregation, they also rise, and preacher and students read a psalm together. Hardly are all seated again, when the opening chords of the anthem peal forth from the organ, and the choir sings. The boy choir of the college church is composed of picked voices, carefully trained sopranos and altos, and enjoys a well-earned reputation in the city. The basses and tenors are selected from the students and comprise many of the best singers in the University. Oftentimes a solo or duet is sung in place of an anthem.

After this song service comes the reading of the Bible, with comments by the preacher, and a prayer. It is the preacher's share in the exercises that is most unique and most attractive. To listen every morning for two weeks to the eloquent words of Dr. Phillips Brooks, full of the "beauty of holiness"; for another two weeks to search out the distinctive features of the Old Testament books, as they are explained by Dr. Lyman Abbott; to hear a glowing eulogy of Moses from the lips of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and to follow him as he points out the greatness of the Bible heroes from morning to morning, — these are high privileges, and they are attractions.

The array of the preachers to the Uni-

versity for the past few years is an imposing list of pulpit orators and thinkers. First among them must be placed the name of the Plummer Professor of Christian Morals, Dr. Francis G. Peabody. He is the controlling mind and warm heart of the religious influence of the University. With him have been associated during the past three years, Dr. E. E. Hale, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and Rev. G. A. Gordon, of Boston, Dr. Alexander McKenzie and Rev. William Lawrence, of Cambridge, Rev. T. C. Williams of New York, and Dr. Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn. Each of the college preachers leads the chapel services for about six weeks during the college year, usually making three visits to Cambridge of a fortnight each. It is well to dwell on the great opportunity for religious instruction which the presence of these men affords. No system of family worship can begin to be so attractive as this simple, yet splendid service. No one man's teaching can be compared to the rich variety of religious thinking which is offered by these great church leaders.

When the prayer is ended, — sometimes in the full sentences of the prayer-book, sometimes the utterances of a "heart's sincere desire," often only the familiar Lord's Prayer, — the students rise and sing a hymn in closing. With a short benediction and a responsive amen from the choir, the service is ended.

The only Sunday service in the college chapel is a sermon in the evening. The college preachers supply the pulpit four times apiece during the year, and clergymen from other churches preach on the remaining Sunday evenings. They are usually representative men of all Protestant denominations: among the preachers of the last two years have been Prof. George P. Fisher of New Haven, President Hyde of Brunswick, Rev. W. N. McVickar of Philadelphia, Rev. Philip S. Moxom of Boston, President Andrews of Providence, and Rev. Robert Collyer of New York. Seats are also provided by the college in churches of the different denominations in Cambridge.

The influence of the preacher to the University does not stop every day at nine o'clock in the morning, nor is it

limited to the chapel pulpit. The University Calendar invariably contains the following notice:—

"The preacher conducting morning prayers may be found at Wadsworth House I. every day during his term of service."

Wadsworth House is the residence of the college preachers while in Cambridge. It stands in the "Quadrangle," in the heart of college life, where it has stood since 1726, when it was built for the President's home. Here the young men can meet the preachers personally, and converse with them confidentially on all the perplexing questions that university life raises in regard to religion, morality, and charity. This consulting-room is seldom crowded, but never neglected. Dr. Abbott says, in the *Christian Union*, that during his first two weeks' stay at Cambridge, over fifty men visited him here. Professor Peabody speaks of it as one of the most encouraging spots from which to view the University. The students who have availed themselves of its privileges know full well the cheering influence of their college pastors, and rarely content themselves with one visit.

This is the voluntary system of university religion. Prof. F. G. Peabody, one of the leaders in bringing about the new system, has some interesting words on the subject, which I quote from the *Harvard Monthly* of May, 1888:

"Two methods have hitherto presented themselves as open to the universities in dealing with religion. The one is the method of compulsion, the other is the method of abolition. Compulsion toward religion in the life of youth has bred repulsion from religion in the life of many a man. He has come to regard religion as an obligation, rather than an opportunity; as a system of police, which he may try to evade, rather than a spirit of life which he should be encouraged to seek. . . . Religion is not a thing which can be barred out of the world of study. . . . There is hardly a single department of study to which one can make the least concession without being brought into immediate relation with the interest of the spiritual life, and out of which does not necessarily come, either confirmation of conviction or increase of uncertainty. It is in vain that a university or an individual attempts to be neutral in such a matter. Religion is too large and too penetrating a thing to be shut out. Agnosticism toward it is not a neutral position, either in a university or in an individual. It is a position of positive and direct influence. 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me

scattereth abroad.' . . . Thus the voluntary system in religion is a twofold act of faith; it is a faith in the power of religion, and it is a faith in the impulses of young men. The other systems of religion in colleges seem to proceed not from faith, but from doubt. The system of abolition doubts the power of religion, and assumes that a university can get on without it. The system of compulsion doubts the impulses of young men, and assumes that they cannot be trusted in their deeper leadings. The system of privilege assumes two things: that religion rationally presented can hold its place among the competing interests of the time, and that the hearts of young men are naturally receptive and responsive to its call."

Others have discussed this system and spoken in its praise. In volume nine of the *Andover Review* is a sympathetic article on "the experiment at Harvard," by Mr. D. N. Beach. Two years ago he wrote:

"Harvard University is now in the second year of an experiment which will mark an epoch not only in its history, but ultimately in the history of education in America. I refer to the solution—for it is nothing less than that—of the problem of the relation of religion in its outward form to university life."

Mr. Beach cites the objection, that religious services in colleges must be protected by compelling attendance, or they will fall into contempt. He answers it by saying:

"In point of fact, compulsion engenders in many students a contempt for the official religious services, which no amount of contempt into which the same service might fall through default, if not required, could equal."

There is another phase of this college church, that distinguishes it from most other church bodies and demands our admiration. Appleton Chapel presents the spectacle of a congregation made up wholly of young men from diverse denominations and with almost innumerable tenets of faith. In the last eight graduating classes before '90, there have been 353 avowed Unitarians, 350 Episcopalians, and 204 Congregationalists. These are the three largest denominations represented. Are there, in the Christian churches of to-day, doctrines so fundamental that all can believe them, and a common ground on which to meet in church unity? Mr. Beach asks this question and answers it as follows:

"Is not a composite board, is not this union of Unitarians and Trinitarians, is not the possibility of still greater breadth in time to come,—are not

these a compromise, and as good as to say to young men that religious opinions are matters of indifference? Not at all. There is not a man on the board, nor is there likely to be, who is not a person of profound religious convictions. What is here is, rather (and it is the most palpable ground for hope that there ever will be religious unity in the world), a recognition, under divers religious forms and opinions, of certain underlying eternal religious truths; the reality of an unseen world, the reasonableness and authority of righteousness, the wisdom and love of God, the manifestation of truth and of God in Jesus Christ, the working in men of God's spirit, and the living struggle by which a man may, by God's help, be righteous not only, but conquer for himself a real and reasonable faith amidst the doubts and temptations of daily life. . . . Such men, under whatever creed or ritual, always have been, and always will be, the true priests and seers for men."

It is the liberality of Harvard's University religion, together with its potent spirituality, that wins the favor of young men.

A very popular service has been introduced during the winter term, for several years, as a vesper service on Thursday afternoons. The chapel is thrown open to the public, and the students take this opportunity to invite their friends to the college. The ladies seem especially pleased with the exercises; and Thursday afternoons assume the aspect of half-holidays. Vespers begin at five and last some forty minutes; they are largely a service of song, but always have a short sermon. The music is furnished by the college choir, aided usually by some soloist from the neighboring cities. On Thanksgiving week of last fall, the boy choir of St. Paul's church, in Boston, assisted the college choir in singing Garrett's *Harvest Cantata*; and at the last vespers of the year, the choir gave a successful rendering of *The Wilderness*, the magnificent arrangement by Sir John Doss of the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. The addresses on these occasions are also of such exceptional interest that they are published from year to year, under the title, *Harvard Vespers*.

These are the efforts that are put forth by the University government to foster true religion. Few churches are supported so liberally. Two funds, amounting to over \$50,000, are set apart "for the support of religious worship on Sundays and other days," and the income from

them is at present all applied to this purpose. President Eliot states in his report that the cost of the college services, including vesper services every Thursday during the winter term, was \$7,555.33, in 1888-89.

The University has done for the students all that is within the power of devoted interest and ample means. It is from the responsiveness of the students that the success of the "experiment" must be determined. Professor Peabody wrote at the end of the second year of the voluntary system:—

"We may confess that there are not a few members of the University who have not been led into our chapel, but we know that more *worshippers* have gathered there under our new conditions than when all our students were present. . . . We may deplore the froth of vice and folly which floats conspicuously on the surface of our own college life, just as it is to be seen on the surface of every other college community; but we observe, each year with greater distinctness, a deeper current of sober responsibility sweeping through the main channel of our life."

From the very outset the leaders of the new system have refused to consider the average attendance at morning prayers as in any sense a rational test of growth in college spirituality. As Prof. Peabody wrote:—

"We put away from ourselves, therefore, all ambitious attempts at numerical success, and all sensational efforts at artificial persuasion."

Yet a numerical test would prove highly gratifying to the college preachers, if they cared to apply it. From year to year the attendance at morning prayers has steadily increased. Some preachers are more popular than others. Some seasons are especially propitious. Last spring, when it was feared that Dr. Phillips Brooks might not return to the board, the chapel was fairly crowded during his final week. Dr. Lyman Abbott writes that the average attendance at chapel during his stay was about three hundred. In stormy weather, or just before the examinations, the congregation sometimes dwindles to a hundred, but the average attendance at morning prayers must be nearly three times that. The exact attendance is not announced by the preachers.

The quality of the attendance is the greatest gain. Students no longer come

rushing into chapel, attired only in a mackintosh and rubber boots ; nor do they finish their breakfasts in the pews instead of reading the responses. They do not come every morning, but a large majority come several mornings during the week. If the attendance averages two hundred and fifty, the individual worshippers number nearer one thousand. There are few who never go to chapel. There are many who seldom go, but who enjoy the services when they are present, and carry away with them an awakened interest in religious things. Many a man of this class is struggling to overcome the inertia of scholastic routine, and take time for a more regular observance of college worship.

The general religious interest is indicated also by the growing activity of the students' societies. The Harvard Young Men's Christian Association has almost two hundred members, and holds meetings every week, which are conducted by the students. The society is stronger than ever before, and is planning to keep a general secretary who can devote himself entirely to work in the college. This society urged the Faculty last spring to establish a general course of Bible study. The Faculty at once responded to the request, and arranged a series of meetings for the coming year devoted to an introduction to the study of the Bible. They are to be informal, conversational meetings, open only to members of the University. The college preachers and Professors Everett, Toy, Thayer, Palmer, and others, will conduct the discussion on the Old and New Testaments, comparative religions, and similar topics.

St. Paul's Society is an organization of the Episcopalians in college. In the classes of '88 and '89 there were more professing Episcopalians than of any other denomination. This society is about as large as the Christian Association, and has a similar mission. The two organizations co-operate heartily in carrying on Christian and charitable work.

There is also a Total Abstinence Society in college, that has a large membership and holds some open meetings with speakers each year.

Many of the students connected with

these societies do charitable work in Boston, under the direction of the Associated Charities. Some work at the Trinity House, which is a social club with reading-rooms and evening classes for working men. During the winter of 1887-88, five meetings were held on Sunday evenings in the Globe Theatre. Music was furnished by the college boys, and addresses were made by the college preachers. Admission to these services was wholly by tickets, which were systematically distributed by the students among the poorer quarters of Boston. These meetings were stimulating to the young men as well as interesting to the congregation, who were largely non-church-going people.

It might justly be inferred from many of the mischievous reports which go the rounds of the daily press, that to be interested in religious work debarred a man from participation or prominence in athletic and social life at Harvard. No impression could be more unhappy ; fortunately, it is not true. Very rarely in recent years has Harvard sent a Mott Haven team to New York that has not had among the prize winners several active members of her religious societies. The president of the Athletic Association during the past year was also president of the St. Paul's Society. The crew and the eleven usually have several representatives from the Christian Association and St. Paul's. In social life, the men of religious convictions have never lacked popularity with their fellows so long as they have avoided cant and lived consistently. The last two presidents of the Christian Association were both given positions on the board of Class Day officers. The first marshal of '90 was also a member of that society ; and the orator two years before was a St. Paul's man. Among the many clubs and social organizations of the University, a religious or irreligious test seems never to be applied ; for were it otherwise, the societies would be thoroughly honeycombed by avowed churchmen.

In scholarship the more sober-minded students have had the same experience as in athletics and the societies. The last four presidents of the Christian Associa-

tion all spoke Commencement parts, which are assigned by competition on a basis of scholarship. The officers of St. Paul's have been represented equally well on the graduation platform. The influence of the scholars at Harvard is certainly a strong bulwark for religious thought.

That the religious sentiment of the University is strong and growing, we have additional confirmation in President Eliot's last report. "It may be mentioned, incidentally," he writes,

"that there is need of a new building of moderate size within the College Yard for the use of the University Preachers and the religious societies. Such a building ought to contain an auditorium for three or four hundred persons, another for one hundred, a reading-room, a music-room, which the chapel choir could use for rehearsals, and a large parlor,—the whole to be in charge of the preachers to the University for the time being."

This recommendation is striking evidence of a healthy growth in college sentiment and college needs.

The preachers into whose hands is committed the spiritual welfare of the University for 1890-91 are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and Rev. William Lawrence, of last year's board, Rev. Brooke Herford and Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

There are many forces at Harvard, not nominally religious, that have a strong influence for good. Among them are the College Conferences. These are meetings where the students are addressed by public-spirited men on live questions. After the address, a discussion often follows between the students and the speaker, with inquiries on interesting points. These meetings were inaugurated in 1887, and have been continued each year with marked success. During the year 1889-90 College Conferences were held with discussions of these topics: Reforms in Political Methods, by Mr. R. H. Dana; The Health of Students, by H. P. Walcott, M. D.; The Belief in Immortality, by Prof. C. C. Everett; College Discipline, by Prof. W. S. Chaplin; Problems of Charity in a Large City, by Mr. A. T. White, who was given the degree of A. M. at Harvard's last Commencement in recognition of his great services as

a philanthropist; The Necessary Elements of the Religious Life, by Prof. G. H. Palmer; and some others, including a series of addresses on the professions.

The speech on the Law as a Profession, by Judge Jeremiah Smith of New Hampshire, was an especially straightforward presentation of right and wrong. Judge Smith's advice to the students embraces a faultless standard:

"If the case is absolutely evenly balanced, a lawyer should not take it to trial unless he will argue it fairly. If he discovers a case to be unjust after it comes to trial, he should abandon it at once, and this is done far more frequently than is usually supposed. . . . Many are slow to abandon cases found to be unjust on later examination. I know, however, of many successful men who have lived up to the highest standard I have advocated. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln."

Another magnificent sermon was the address on Public Life, by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Sever II, where all the Conferences are held, was packed to suffocation throughout his remarks. His speech was full of sturdy utterances:

"Our man of leisure must learn as his first lesson that with him leisure should mean work; and he must have convictions and the capacity for enthusiasm, or he will not amount to anything. . . . In any event you must be thoroughly democratic—that is, thoroughly American. You must learn to accept a man merely for what he is, and to make no claim for recognition that you cannot prove by actual service. You are out of place in American politics until it has become second nature for you to adopt this impartial attitude; until in opposing or backing a man, it simply never occurs to you to think of anything but his capacity, integrity, and courage."

The giving of the "The Soldiers' Field" to the college was another occasion of some earnest words. Mr. H. L. Higginson presented the students with a field of twenty-seven acres as an addition to their athletic grounds, and addressed them publicly in Sever Hall in eulogy of the men for whom the field was named. It was given by him as a memorial of six college comrades "who died for their country." Mr. Higginson said to the students:

"One of these friends, Charles Lowell, dead, and yet alive to me as you are, wrote me just before his last battle: 'Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you'll find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don't seek office, but don't "disremember" that the useful citizen always

holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life always ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty, unpretending hero; but we are not going to have a country very long, unless such heroism is developed. There! what a stale sermon I'm preaching! But being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen.' This was his last charge to me, and in a month he was in his grave. I have tried to live up to it, and I ask you to take his words to heart and to be moved and guided by them."

Quotations of sound advice, deeply impressed, might be multiplied; these serve to show the high standards that are continually placed before Harvard's students.

There are almost innumerable opportunities for special study in Biblical literature. Professor Lyon gave a course of lectures during the past year on the Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament, showing the discovery and deciphering of inscriptions that throw light on Hebrew history. At the Divinity School there was a course of lectures on Ancient Religions and Christianity, by officers of the University who were not teachers in the school. These included lectures on Archæological Evidence of Ancient Religious Rites in the Ohio Valley, by F. W. Putnam, Curator of the Peabody Museum; Everyday Religion of the Greeks, by Prof. J. H. Wright; The Relation of Christianity to Modern Life, by Dr. Lyman Abbott; and similar lectures on Roman, Scandinavian, and Indian Religious beliefs. Nearly every evening there is some lecture or public meeting where the student can hear the great problems of life discussed; charity work in the cities, the Indian question, the education of the Negro,—these subjects and many others are brought before him constantly.

As the result of so many golden opportunities, what is the student character at Cambridge to-day?

"It is the universal opinion, so far as I am aware," writes Col. T. W. Higginson in the *Christian Union*,

"of those who, like myself, have known Harvard University for half a century, that the moral standard is on the whole higher, and the standard of gentlemanly conduct incomparably higher, than fifty years ago. . . . The newspapers were justly indignant with the silly youths who daubed red paint on the statue of John Harvard; but to those who remembered when the college chapel

was blown up with a bombshell, the modern delinquency seemed less serious. When a student comes out late from Boston intoxicated—a sight almost never seen in Cambridge by daylight—the reporters make the most of it; but I can remember when the Senior class assembled annually round 'Liberty Tree' on Class Day, and laded out bowls of punch for every passer-by,—till every Cambridge boy saw a dozen men in various stages of inebriation about the college yard. Yet there were then only two hundred undergraduates, whereas now there are thirteen hundred; and the whole tone of college life is higher among the larger number than among the smaller."

The standard of conduct is not only higher now than formerly, but it compares favorably with contemporary colleges. When a recent class took their Commencement dinner together at the Hotel Brunswick, barely a man was intoxicated in a class of over two hundred. Yet a Senior in a class of less than seventy-five, graduated this year at one of New England's most orthodox institutions, is authority for the statement that twenty-five of his classmates were drunk at the Commencement dinner. If the morality of colleges is to be estimated by a comparison of flagrant offences proportioned to the number of students, Harvard will stand guiltless before many a sister school.

Perhaps the good tendency of Harvard's discipline and public sentiment may be shown by the effect upon lazy students. President Eliot says that last year,

"One person in nine failed to maintain his place in the college. . . . The Dean points out with satisfaction that while forty-two students were dropped in 1888-89, thirty-four students who had been dropped in former years succeeded in making good the deficiencies which had caused them to be dropped. The success of college discipline is to be best judged, not by the number of the lost, but by the number of the redeemed."

Not only is there a healthy public sentiment in regard to morals and scholarship; it exerts a most powerful influence on college athletics. Not for years has there been such an awakening in athletic interest at Harvard as during the past season. Harvard has gained few victories; but she has seldom sent out better teams, more faithfully trained, than in 1889-90. Last fall she made a protest against what seemed an overwhelming influx of professionalism. However hasty her action may have appeared, it was certainly syn-

cere. Acknowledging her own past errors, Harvard has entered the field in defence of pure college games played by college men for fun. She claims no inherent virtue above her opponents, but she asks them to join her in rooting out manifest and growing evils, such as importing athletes under the name of special students, calling back a bearded host of graduates for football material, and buying up stalwart freshmen from the preparatory schools. The feeling of Harvard men, graduates and undergraduates, is well expressed by Mr. H. L. Higginson in his remarks on the presentation of the Soldiers' Field:

"In your games there is just one thing that you cannot do, even to win success. You cannot do one tricky or shabby thing. Translate tricky and shabby — dishonest, ungentlemanlike. . . . Mates, the Princeton and the Yale fellows are our brothers. Let us beat them fairly if we can, and believe that they will play the game just as we do."

The general feeling of the college toward religion has been discussed at length. The great body of the students are receptive, in a place where large opportunities are offered them. Rev. C. F. Thwing wrote in the *Congregationalist* two years ago:

"It would not have surprised me more when I was in college to see Memorial Hall tower float-

ing in the Charles, than to see Harvard students holding public religious services in the Globe Theatre, with eminent clergymen as preachers, and the President of the University bestowing the approbation of his presence."

Certainly, times have changed for the better since his day.

In speaking at the banquet of the Schoolmasters' Club, Professor Peabody said, in substance, that:

"the dangers in college life are not so much from the wickedness of boys whose doings are heralded far and wide, as from the evil that arises from many home habits, school sentiment and over-estimate of self. . . . There is little hope for a boy whose father is a man of the world, and whose mother is engaged otherwise than in home duties, whose older brothers and sisters are already leading lives of gayety if not of dissipation. . . . Some preparatory schools are so un-American, so un-democratic and priggish as to impress upon their students that they are the favored ones on this earth."

This is the true explanation of most that is deplorable in college life. It is only the outgrowth of tendencies planted in the school and the home. Happily, the converse of this is also true; if boys come from sensible homes and democratic schools to Harvard, they will find it a place unexcelled in developing influences and opportunities. In every case the choice of what the man will be must rest with the man himself.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

By Charles H. Tiffany.

The unfinished love-song quoted here was found on the body of a young soldier of the Army of the Potomac, who was killed in battle.

THE calm Rappahannock flowed on to the sea,
By the armies that lay in the stillness of sleep;
The roar of the battle had died on the lea,
And the silence of night reigned, majestic and deep.

At the front of the lines which the Federals held,
A soldier stood guard by the river that night;
Though footsore and weary, no trials had quelled
His love for his country, for freedom and right.

Yet there burned in his bosom, more tenderly dear,
A love that made sweet all the dangers he faced,—
A love that made perilous duty appear
Like a path to the heaven her sweet presence graced.

Inspired by his thought, as the light zephyrs move
 With sweetness and harmony, rhythmic and free,
 He sang to the stars of his far-away love,
 And the calm Rappahannock flowed on to the sea.

“Art thou thinking of me in my absence, love !
 Art thou thinking of me as I roam ?
 Is there naught in the innocent joys of life
 That can cheer thee, as when I’m at home ?

I would fain think my presence was needed, love,
 To make full thy sweet measure of bliss ;
 Yet I’d not have thy heart know a sorrow or care
 That I could not by kindness dismiss.

Art thou thinking of me in my absence, love ?
 Art thou dreaming of joys yet to be,
 When fate shall have ceased its unkindness to us,
 And returned me, rejoicing, to thee ?

It is thus that I banish the sorrows, love,
 It is thus that I wait day by day,
 Assured that a true heart in unison beats
 With mine own, though I’m far, far away.

Then still think of me, as —”
 God ! in yonder track
 What moves in the darkness so silent and slow ?
 They are men, they are men, — ’tis a midnight attack !
 There’s a flash from his gun — there’s a shriek from the foe.

’Twas enough : for that bullet, sent true to its mark,
 Unmasked their design, and fast spread the alarms,
 And the bugles rang out their wild notes in the dark,
 And from slumber’s sweet dreams sprang the soldiers to arms.

The charge was repulsed in disaster and flight,
 And the ground by the river was strewn with the slain ;
 But the strife was renewed by the dawn’s early light,
 And the ground was charged over, again and again.

Ere nightfall the sunlight in victory kissed
 And bathed in effulgence of rich golden hue,
 Till it seemed that the rainbow its brilliancy missed,
 The glorious flag of the red, white, and blue.

By the calm Rappahannock is many a grave,
 Where they “carved not a line” and they “raised not a stone,”—
 The heroes who tried their dear country to save,—
 And our sweet midnight singer lies buried in one.

And over that grave, from the earliest spring
 Till the last leaves have fallen from each woodland tree,
 The birds of the valley his requiem sing,
 As the calm Rappahannock flows on to the sea.

A GENERAL OF THE REVOLUTION.

By William A. Crafts.

THE reputation of military commanders, so far as preserved in popular histories, is based on achievements that appeal to the imagination,—the fighting of battles, the gallant defence of a forlorn hope, or skilful strategy which results in signal success. Less conspicuous, though often not less important, services are apt to find small place in history. In a recent examination of a volume with the comprehensive title of *Washington and the Generals of the Revolution*, the writer found that even the name of Major-General William Heath did not appear. Yet General Heath was one of the general officers appointed by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts before the battle of Lexington, was one of the first brigadier-generals appointed by the Continental Congress, the next year was promoted to the rank of major-general, served faithfully through the whole war, and throughout enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Washington. It is true he was not in any important engagement, but that was not from any lack of personal courage, energy, or want of military knowledge; in respect to the last qualification he was probably the equal of a majority of the generals in the Revolutionary War. He was, however, assigned to some important positions, which it was of the utmost importance to hold, and which the offensive campaigns of the enemy threatened but did not assail. It may not be too late, and it certainly is not too early, in this time of the last centennial celebrations of events connected with the Revolution, to recall his services and recognize their value.

General Heath was a descendant of one of the early settlers of Roxbury, Massachusetts, and his intermediate ancestors were sturdy yeomen who were prominent in the affairs of that ancient town and parish. Though engaged in the peaceful pursuits of a farmer, he had from his early manhood a taste for military affairs, and was a careful reader of such books on military achievements and the art of war as he could then obtain. He early became a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery

Company of Boston, which was then considered a school for the soldier, rather than a pleasant refuge for civilians who would avoid a draft for jury duty. He was appointed by Governor Bernard a captain in the first regiment of militia in Suffolk County, and so attracted the notice of the governor that he declared he would make him colonel. But the hostility of the people of Boston to the Stamp Act and other measures of Parliament was such that the royal governor found it necessary to be cautious in his appointments, and as Heath's sympathies were with his countrymen he did not receive the promotion.

Between 1770 and 1775 Heath had published a number of communications in the *Boston Gazette*, over the signature of "A Military Countryman," in which he had strongly urged military organization and practice in the use of arms as a wise measure of defence against any foreign invader. As he was at that time a member of the Committee of Correspondence, and later of the Committee of Safety, which were organizing resistance to the oppression of the mother country, and was an associate of Adams, Warren, and other leading patriots, there is little doubt as to the foreign invader he had in mind.

In February, 1775, the Provincial Congress appointed Heath and several others general officers to command the militia which might be assembled to resist any attempt to enforce the obnoxious laws of Parliament. On the 19th of April, after meeting with the Committee of Safety, he directed the movements of some of the companies of militia which were hurrying to harass the British troops on their precipitate retreat from Lexington until they reached Charlestown, and he then posted detachments and sentinels to guard against any surprise at night. He thus had the distinction of being the first general officer to exercise command in the long struggle for independence; and he was the last general officer of the day when independence had been achieved and the army was about to be finally disbanded.

When the Continental Congress took

measures to organize an army for the defence of the United Colonies, and with rare good fortune selected Washington for commander-in-chief, Heath was appointed one of the eight brigadier-generals, his commission dating from the 22d of June, 1775. In August, 1776, Heath was promoted to the rank of major-general, and it is probable that this was done with the advice of the commander-in-chief.

Two or three days after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, General Heath, in command of the advanced brigade of the American army, marched for New York. At the time of the battle of Long Island he was in command of the forces on the upper part of Manhattan Island, and when the American army withdrew from New York his division was moved to the vicinity of White Plains, and a part of it was in the engagement at that place, which was a series of skirmishes rather than a battle. When Washington crossed the Hudson for his memorable campaign in Jersey, Heath was assigned to command in the Highlands, which he was to fortify and hold as a position of the utmost importance to prevent a junction of the British forces in New York with those moving from Canada, by which it was proposed to sever New England from the other colonies and thus render the subjection of all the easier. Heath's characteristics were caution, strict obedience to orders, and thorough loyalty to his chief as well as to the cause of American independence; and Washington, who had doubtless then gauged the character of his prominent subordinates, assigned him to this post because of those qualities.

While holding this position Heath administered a rebuke to that pretentious and arrogant soldier of fortune, General Charles Lee, which he well deserved, and by which the loyal obedience of the one is contrasted with the insubordination of the other. Lee had been an officer in the British army, but having retired on half-pay, he had come to America, where he professed an ardent sympathy with the cause of the colonists, and when they were driven to a resort to arms he was naturally suggested for a military command. He was appointed the second major-general of the continental army; but that did not satisfy his ambition or his vanity, for he thought that his experience entitled

him to the foremost place, and from the first he was jealous of Washington. At the outset he aspired to the distinction of settling the difficulties between the colonies and the mother country, and though he may not then have contemplated treachery, he began by proposing an unauthorized conference with British officers, his former comrades. Later, when the colonies had entered upon a war for independence, he fancied that he was to be the hero who should secure the glory and honors of victory. When Washington with a part of the army crossed the Hudson, he left Lee with a force nearly as large in a strong position at North Castle, east of the river, with instructions to act as the movements of the enemy should render necessary. Howe with the main body of the British forces having followed Washington into Jersey, Lee was expected to hasten to the support of the latter. But though aware of Howe's movement, he did not march; and repeated and urgent requests for him to use all possible despatch were shamefully disregarded. Washington's army was in great peril, and but for his transcendent energy and skill would have been utterly routed and captured. While making a rapid retreat before the British, his adjutant-general despatched, by an express returning to Heath's headquarters, a message to Lee, partly written in great haste with a pencil that broke in the middle of a sentence, and the messenger was ordered to deliver the remainder orally. Its terms were, "We are flying before the British, — I pray you to push and join us." The messenger came to General Heath's headquarters, and the purport of the despatch being made known to him, he hurried the bearer forward to Lee. The message was delivered, and it is to be presumed was as urgent as the adjutant-general had ordered, for the messenger had seen for himself something of the condition of Washington's army. But instead of hastening to join Washington, Lee wrote to Heath saying he had received "a recommendation, not a positive order, to move his corps to the other side of the river," and making excuses for not complying with the "recommendation," he asked Heath to send two thousand men from his own command across the river. This Heath refused to do, as being contrary to his special instructions from the

commander-in-chief. To this refusal, which recited the instructions at length, Lee replied in a brief and arrogant note, saying that "not a tittle must be broke through for the salvation of the general and the army," and adding that he intended to take two thousand of Heath's men into Jersey, and desired him to have that number of men in readiness. Heath again, with a haughtiness equal to Lee's, responded that he should not deviate from his orders until they were countermanded in a proper manner. In this letter he wrote, "I have the salvation of the general and army so much at heart that the least recommendation from him to march my division, or any part of them, over the river, should have been instantly obeyed, without waiting for a positive order," a keen thrust at Lee's mendacious pretence that an urgent appeal was simply a recommendation to be disregarded at pleasure. He then wrote to General Washington explaining the position of his troops, enclosing copies of Lee's letters and his own replies; and before Lee had made any preparations to move he received from the general a complete approval of his action. Ten days after the receipt of the urgent message from the adjutant-general of the army, Lee was ready to cross the river, and then only after receiving explicit orders to march. Coming to Heath's headquarters and announcing that he was "going into the Jerseys for the salvation of America," he requested the general to order two thousand of his men to join him. Heath said he could not spare them, and finally declared that not a single man should march from the post by his order, adding that he knew by letter just received, that Washington did not intend that any troops should be moved from his division. Lee then asserted his seniority in command, and calling for the return book of the division, he selected two of the best regiments and bade Heath's adjutant-general order them ready to march the next morning. But Heath told his subordinate to give such an order at his peril, and requested Lee to give the order through his own adjutant-general and not to involve him or his officers in disobedience to the specific instructions of Washington. Lee complied, but he demurred to Heath's further request that he would

give him a written certificate that he had assumed command and had ordered these regiments to be detached. At last, however, by the advice of his own subordinate, he yielded to this request. Heath's persistence in obeying the orders of Washington probably brought Lee to a sense of his own insubordinate conduct, for the next morning he informed the greatly disturbed general that he had decided not to take the two regiments. He crossed the river into Jersey, where a few days afterwards, by an imprudence that had an appearance of treachery, he was captured by a troop of British cavalry while sleeping at a house several miles from the camp of his force.

Although Washington had not intended to take any force from the Highlands, the want of more troops compelled him, shortly after Lee crossed the river, to order Heath to move with the division under his command into Jersey. The order was promptly obeyed, but the movement so alarmed the New York Convention that they sent an urgent appeal to Washington for the return of this force, which they considered essential to the safety of the state; and Heath had not advanced far into Jersey when he received orders to return to his former position. Subsequently, by order of the commander-in-chief, he moved a portion of his command, composed of militia, towards New York, in order that by threatening an aggressive movement he might detain the British forces there and possibly create a diversion from Jersey. He had a successful skirmish with the British outposts, which unfortunately was magnified into an important engagement as the news spread through the country. Upon arriving before the fort to which the outposts had retired, Heath summoned the garrison to surrender in a rather grandiose style, which was the most serious mistake of this movement, for he was not prepared to follow up the demand by an assault, and he was not supplied with artillery to reduce the works. He had but two or three cannon, and the only heavy piece was disabled at the third discharge, and his force of militia could not be relied on for an assault. After ineffectual attempts to draw the British out from their works, a storm coming on in which some regiments lost much of their ammunition, it was determined in a council of all

the general officers, among whom were Lincoln and Wooster, to retire again to Peekskill. The result of the movement was a failure so far as creating a diversion in favor of the American army in Jersey, and was a source of disappointment and mortification to Washington, who had been deceived by the early reports of success and had communicated them to the Congress. But it did not diminish his esteem for General Heath, and while not animadverting upon the failure in his official despatches, he wrote a private letter to the general, in which he pointed out the latter's mistake in so friendly a manner that it did not wound his feelings nor diminish his sentiments of regard and loyalty for his chief. In army circles, however, the affair brought some ridicule upon Heath, whose pompous manner was a mark for the wit of his fellow-officers.

Whether to avoid this ridicule or for other reasons, shortly after the return to Peekskill, Heath obtained a furlough and went home for a brief visit. He had just started on his return to the army when he was met by orders assigning him to the command of the eastern department in place of General Ward who had resigned. Here he did good service in forwarding supplies, encouraging enlistments, and sending to the army recruits and new levies, a work which was beset with many difficulties at that time, when the scene of war was distant and reverses were more frequent than success. While holding this command he had charge of the troops surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga. This was a position which required firmness and prudence. Many of the British officers were arrogant, and claimed privileges and authority to which they were not entitled by the terms of the convention, while they were disposed at all times to look with contempt upon the American officers and soldiers. There were some collisions between the prisoners of war, or Convention troops as they were called, and the American guards, and on one occasion an officer was shot in an attempt to pass a sentinel when challenged. With General Burgoyne, who was permitted to go to Europe a few months after his troops came to Massachusetts, Heath's relations were as pleasant as they well could be under the circumstances. But General Phillips, the next in rank of the British officers, was

offensive in conduct and language, and with him Heath had some sharp passages of correspondence, especially in relation to the officer shot by one of the sentinels, in which he maintained the dignity and authority of an independent government, as well as his own prerogative as commander of the department. His conduct in this matter was formally approved by the Congress.

No general in the army had rendered more efficient service than Heath in organizing and forwarding recruits, securing supplies, and maintaining a watchful care for the safety of his department when holding a separate command, and no one was more faithful in keeping the commander-in-chief informed of affairs within his province, merits which were fully recognized by Washington. In recognition of these services and qualities, May, 1779, the Continental Congress elected him a commissioner of the Board of War, an office for which his experience seemed specially to qualify him. But though it was an honorable position, and he would still retain his rank in the army, he promptly declined the appointment, preferring, as he said "to participate in the more active operations of the field." He was, indeed, fond of exercising his command as a major-general, and though by reason of his assignments he had little experience in active operations in the field, there is no doubt that, notwithstanding his excessive caution, his loyalty to Washington and his faith in him would have led him to efficient service in any conflict directed by the latter. Washington, however, appreciated Heath's real merits, and assigned him to positions which he believed he could fill with greatest credit to himself and advantage to the country.

After General Gates took command of the eastern department, in anticipation of an attack on Boston by a British expedition from New York, Heath, who had repeatedly expressed a desire to return to the army, was gratified in June, 1779, by an order to that effect, and he was in command at West Point till the following year. France had then decided to send an army as well as a formidable fleet to aid the Americans. Count D'Estaing's squadron had been for some time off the coast, and a fleet of ships-of-war and transports with five or six thousand soldiers was expected to arrive at Newport. Washington was

very desirous that these allies should be received with proper courtesy and distinction by an officer of the highest rank as well as "a person of discretion and judgment," who should make the necessary arrangements for their disposition and supplies. For this duty he selected Heath, partly, perhaps, because he was then on a furlough in Boston, but also because he was well qualified to perform the duties of such an office satisfactorily to the French officers, as well as to Congress, which was also especially anxious that the allies should be treated with the greatest consideration. The result proved the wisdom of the selection. By his constant efforts to secure the comfort of officers and men, to establish friendly relations between them and his countrymen, and to impart information, as well as by his promptness in calling out the militia of Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts when an attack by Sir Henry Clinton with a formidable force from New York was expected, Heath became very popular with the French; and though the younger officers sometimes made fun of his foibles, his real merits were highly appreciated, and Count de Rochambeau wrote to General Washington: "I shall keep with me, if you think proper, General Heath, whose ardor, spirit, and activity are absolutely necessary to me." It was in consequence of this expression from the Count that Washington, in reply to a letter from Heath requesting that he might join the army and have command of the right wing, to which he was entitled, wrote: "I wish you to reconcile yourself to remaining with him a while, which will be the more easy when you consider that you will be fully advertised whenever we are in a situation to attempt anything offensive on a great scale, and will have your command." Washington's confidence in Heath is shown by another letter of a little earlier date, in which he wrote, "As to your coming on to the army immediately, I shall leave it entirely to yourself to act in the affair as you please. Your command is, and will always be ready for you."

For more than a month longer Heath remained with the French forces, rendering valuable aid to the officers in their preparation for an active campaign. In the latter part of September, 1780, Washington wrote, informing him of Arnold's

treason, and requesting him to immediately rejoin the army. He accordingly returned to New York and resumed command at West Point, which was especially important at that time when it was uncertain to what movement of the British army Arnold's treason might lead.

In the spring of 1781 the army was so short of food that there seemed great danger that it would be forced to disband unless provision was speedily made for sufficient and regular supplies to the commissary department. General Heath represented to Washington the sad condition of affairs in his department, and the latter requested Heath to visit the New England states and make earnest personal application to the executives and assemblies to furnish the necessary supplies, saying, "From your intimate knowledge of our embarrassed and distressed circumstances, and great personal influence with the eastern states, I am induced to commit the execution of this interesting and important business to you, and request you to set out on this mission as early as may be convenient." After receiving more definite instructions, Heath proceeded to each of the New England states, and represented to the executives and to the legislatures that were in session the perilous condition of affairs, and the necessity of immediate action. And this he did so earnestly and effectively that the several governments concerted measures by which regular and ample supplies of meat were thereafter forwarded to the army.

Returning to the army, Heath was assigned to the command of the right wing; and when Washington, after waiting in vain to ascertain definitely the purpose of Sir Henry Clinton, determined to go to Virginia to operate against Cornwallis with a part of the Continental line and all the French forces, he left General Heath in command of the remainder of the army. His instructions were to hold the Highlands and the Hudson against any attack, to guard against incursions from the North, to keep a sharp watch on the movements of the British, and while as a general rule acting on the defensive only, to strike a blow at the enemy's outposts or detachments, should opportunity offer. The forces under General Heath were sufficient, not only to hold the Highlands, but to be a menace to New York, should a large force

of the British be sent to aid Cornwallis ; and what with collecting forage from the country between the lines, and attacking detachments of the enemy engaged in a like business, Heath, while acting with characteristic prudence, employed his troops in such a manner as indicated a readiness for active operations.

Only two occasions demanded more important movements. When information was received of Arnold's infamous attack on Groton and New London, in the state where he was born and had lived, a brigade of Connecticut troops with a detachment of artillery was ordered to march towards Long Island Sound, to support the militia which was out in force, and the army was moved from its encampment to a position where it could act as occasion should demand. But Arnold, having accomplished his discreditable work, embarked his forces and sailed back to New York.

Shortly afterwards the inhabitants of Albany were greatly alarmed by the approach of British forces from Canada by way of Lake Champlain and down the valley of the Mohawk. The force that came from Lake Champlain ravaged a section of the country above Albany, and was expected to make an attack on the town. But Heath at the first alarm had ordered several regiments with artillery to Albany, under the command of General Lord Stirling, and called upon the militia of western Massachusetts to aid in resisting the enemy's force, which was supposed to be more formidable than it really was. The show of strength at Albany caused this force to retire. The detachment of about seven hundred men which advanced down the Mohawk Valley was met by a regiment of New York levies and some Massachusetts militia, and after a sharp conflict was defeated with considerable loss and driven back into the wilderness.

While in command of the army on the Hudson, General Heath had accomplished all that was expected of him. He had effectually guarded against a movement upon Albany, and maintained such a disposition of his troops as would have defeated any attempt of Sir Henry Clinton to force a passage of the Highlands. Moreover he had kept the army in an efficient state of discipline, which was of the utmost importance. His services received the cordial thanks of Washington when, after

an absence of eight months, he resumed command on the Hudson.

The war was now practically over. Though there was some partisan fighting at the south, there was no further movement of the main army, and the British commander in New York sought only to strengthen his defences. Negotiations for peace were commenced in Paris, and soon afterwards hostilities were formally suspended. The army was gradually reduced by discharges and furloughs, and at last, upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the time had arrived for disbandment and the separation of officers so long engaged in their arduous and patriotic service. When Heath was about to depart for his home, having performed his final military duty as the last general officer of the day, Washington sent an aide to ask him to delay his departure for a few hours, and afterwards sent him the following autograph letter : —

(*Private.*)

HEADQUARTERS, June 24, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — Previous to your departure from the army, I wish to take an opportunity of expressing my sentiments of your services, my obligations for your assistance, and my wishes for your future felicity.

Our object is at last attained ; the arrangements are almost completed, and the day of separation is now at hand. Permit me, therefore, to thank you for the trouble you have lately taken in the arrangement of the corps under your orders, as well as for all your former cheerful and able exertions in the public service. Suffer me to offer this last testimony of my regard to your merit ; and give me leave, my dear sir, to assure you of the real affection and esteem with which I am, and shall at all times, and under all circumstances, continue to be

Your sincere friend, and
very humble servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

This letter, coming from a man like Washington, could not be a mere formality. It was a final testimonial of the writer's appreciation, confidence, and esteem, which were manifested in his numerous letters to General Heath during the war, and it was prized by the recipient as more honorable and valuable than any patent of nobility from a sovereign of the widest empire.¹

¹ A large collection of Washington's letters to Heath, in addition to those which were contained in Sparks's Washington, were printed in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., 5th series, Vol. 4.

General Heath had not achieved distinction by any important military operations, nor had he, like Charles Lee and Gates, stolen laurels from the brows of other men to make himself a hero; but with an ardent devotion to the cause of independence, and a thorough loyalty to Washington, he had always cheerfully obeyed orders and faithfully performed the services required of him, and was especially efficient in affairs partly military and partly civil, which were no less important to final success than some of the military achievements that gave distinction to other officers. In strictly military service he was always prudent and probably over-cautious, but these qualities eminently fitted him for the duty to which Washington assigned him in command at West Point and the Highlands while he was himself engaged in active operations in the field. Firm in his own position, he does not appear to have aroused the jealousy of others, and he was never concerned in intrigues and bickerings such as marred the reputation of some officers and brought unmerited obloquy on others, and were a source of anxiety to Washington. Proud of his military rank, somewhat pompous in manner, and a stickler for etiquette, he was not very popular in the army, especially with his subordinates. Notwithstanding these characteristics in his military role, in civil life he was a thorough democrat. When the society of the Cincinnati was formed by the officers of the army, as they were about to separate, he opposed it on the ground that it was establishing an hereditary class of the nature of a nobility. Having by persuasion reluctantly signed

the roll, he never attended the subsequent meetings of the society, and soon had his name erased, though still contributing to its funds for the relief of sick or needy members.

Returning to civil life, he became a genuine Cincinnati and resumed his occupation as a farmer. He took an active interest in town and state affairs, was a delegate to the state convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, a state senator in 1791, and in 1806 was elected lieutenant-governor of the state, but declined the honor. When the county of Norfolk was established he was appointed Judge of Probate, and though not bred to the law, he was a man of affairs and discharged the duties of the office acceptably to the public until his death in 1814. In 1798 he published a volume of *Memoirs of the Revolutionary War*, which was composed chiefly of extracts from the diary kept during his service. Apparently with a desire to avoid egotism by the use of the personal pronoun, he substituted the words "Our General," which magnified rather than diminished the fault. It is to be regretted that he did not place the abundant materials which he possessed, in the shape of a voluminous correspondence, as well as his own reminiscences, in the hands of some one more skilled in preparing them for the press.

Though never a popular man, on account of certain idiosyncrasies, he was respected by his contemporaries and honored for his long and faithful services in the war. It is hardly creditable to his native town or his posterity that not even a head-stone marks his burial place.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

AN OLD SOUTH LECTURE.

By Caroline Christine Stecker.

TOWARDS the evening of the twenty-fifth of June, in the year 1675, the market-place of the then little town of Boston resounded with the noisy beat of drums and the sound of marching feet. It was not the arrogant tramp of British regulars, which before the lapse of a cen-

tury Boston was to learn to know but too well and to hate with a bitter hatred. It was not the buoyant tread of her brave volunteers whom in the hour of peril the potent voice of Lincoln roused from the slumber of peace to follow their country's ensign through the smoke of bloody battle-

fields. It was not the assured tread of the Republic's Grand Army, the echo of which still lingers where Boston's triumphal arches lately welcomed the thousands of war-scarred veterans. No: it was none of these. Compared with them, it was but the sighing of a summer wind against the roar of a winter tempest. And yet it was the forecast of them all.

We can imagine that the pupils of the Latin School, the site of which the City Hall now occupies, meeting, as they wended their way homeward that summer afternoon, some mustering company of suburban militia, might well ask themselves what these military preparations portended to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Without doubt, they were not unfamiliar with Greek and Roman history, but it is probable that none of them realized that before them were those destined to become witnesses of the horrors of a King Philip's War, as momentous in some of its results, and far more revolting in details, than any conducted by the Macedonian Philip or his world-conquering son.

A few days before, to Governor Leverett's dwelling, on the corner of what are now Court and Washington streets, a letter had been brought by an express from Marshfield. Its caligraphy was neither so perfect, nor even so clear, as that of the model school-boy of to-day; yet it was of vast importance, for it bore the signature of no other than Governor Leverett's "loving neighbor and humble servant," Josiah Winslow, governor of the Plymouth Colony. In itself the letter was not of a particularly alarming character. But to the town of Boston it was one of the earliest harbingers of the wild storm which was soon to sweep over the New England colonies in relentless fury, and where happy families clustered around the firesides of rude but peaceful homes leave in its train the darkness of desolation and the silence of death.

Governor Winslow's letter did not ask for military aid in behalf of the Old Colony. But the settlements on Massachusetts Bay, as ready two hundred and fifteen years ago, in the days of their early history, as they have ever proved themselves on subsequent occasions, mustered their little host at the mere intimation of need; and when the call of her sister colony came, Massachusetts was prepared to render every assistance in her power.

To clearly understand the aspect of affairs in New England at the outbreak of Philip's War, it is perhaps necessary to go back nearly six decades in colonial records, to the period of settlement at Plymouth and afterward at Boston; and at the outset the question arises: What right had the New England forefathers to settle in a country already occupied by an indigenous race, and how did that race regard their coming?

When we reflect that the blue hills and purple mountains, the peaceful lakes and rushing rivers, the sunny meadows and great forests of the land, now occupied from shore to shore by the white man, were once the sole domain of the red man, we feel, from a romantic point of view at least, that he has been the victim of cruel injustice. But where, if we pause to consider, does the injustice lie? Not in the question of settlement, surely; for if we trace the conflicting rights of European and Indian back to the source of original claim, we can see that no peculiar injustice has been done. Let us take into consideration, for instance, the claim of the white race to the soil of America. As we all know, the actual basis of that claim was no other than a grant of the pope. Now, however forward we may be to question the authority of any single man to influence the destiny of lands and nations which his eyes had never beheld, the action of Francis the First, in sending Verrazzano to plant the lilies of France in America, in 1524, was not without some warrant. He reasoned that if Adam had made a will, a chip of that valuable nugget which, in the guise of the New World, his Holiness had graciously dispensed to their Majesties of Spain and Portugal would doubtless have been bequeathed to him. He acted accordingly, and proved that the pope's authority was no more authority in such things than that of another man, and that the actual basis of claim to land tenure was discovery, subjugation, and occupancy alone, whether or no all the priests and prelates in the world fumed and fussed and shook their fists.

Such being the international law or practice of Europe in regard to land tenure, let us see by what tenure the Indians held their possessions. When the Puritans landed on the coast of New England, the various tribes each held dominion over certain tracts of territory, well

defined and well observed among one another. By what right did they hold them? Why, by the same right by which Europeans held their lands; namely, the natural right of conquest and occupancy. There is a Creek anecdote which brings into prominence this equality of claim between the two races. In 1822, the chief of the Creek confederacy, in a conversation with a missionary, boasted of the prowess of his ancestors in vanquishing, expelling, and exterminating the previous possessors of the soil. But this question silenced the boaster: "If this is the way your ancestors acquired all the territory of Georgia, how can you blame the Americans now in the state for trying to take it from you?"

It appears then that no peculiar injustice has been done the Indian race, generally speaking, by the colonization of America. Yet there were those who maintained that the aborigines, as individual tribes, had certain natural rights to the territory they occupied. Of such were the Puritan settlers, who, at any rate, made a semblance of fair purchase. Of such was William Penn, of whom a story is told worthy of repetition here. In an interview with Charles the Second, previous to his departure for America, Penn was asked by the king what would prevent his getting into the war-kettle of the savages as a savory meal for them. He replied that as he intended to buy their lands fairly, he did not think he would be molested. "Buy their lands?" repeated the king; "why, is not the whole country mine?" "No, your Majesty," said Penn, "we have no right to their lands. They are the original inhabitants of the soil." "What!" exclaimed Charles, "have not I the right of discovery?" "Well," answered Penn, coolly, "suppose that a canoe full of savages should by some accident discover Great Britain, would you vacate or sell?"

In the lottery of life it was the Indian's fate to be the loser, and we cannot regret the fact; for, if we look beyond his case, which in history has been illustrated over and over again, we see the exemplification of the eternal fitness of things. It was hard for the Gauls when the Romans crossed the Alps; for the Saxons when the Normans landed on the Sussex coast; but both Romans and Normans were breaking way for new eras of progressive civiliza-

tion. And thus the Puritan made way for a new era in America. It was hard for the Indian, but it opened one of the brightest chapters in the records of mankind; and although we give him our sympathy, we cannot close our eyes to that fact. And the eternal purpose which has run through the ages continues to-day. Take, for example, Africa, over whose partition England and Germany have been wrangling. What have the natives of the Upper Congo Basin to say about the matter as to whether or no Europeans shall enter their territory? And hard as they might try to make their voice heard, what effect would it have amid the bellows of John Bull's lungs and the clash of arms wielded by the victors of Sedan?

After this digression, let us return to our original question of how the native tribes in New England regarded the Puritan invasion of their territory. With no feelings of delight, it is very certain. And can we blame them? Unhappily it did not rest with the Pilgrims to determine the relations of the white to the red race. Relations, under circumstances not exactly creditable to the English, had been begun before the coming of the *Mayflower*. In 1614 an English captain kidnapped twenty-four poor savages, to sell for slaves in Malaga. Another captain decoyed a party of Indians on board his vessel and there opened fire upon them, presumably for amusement. That the Plymouth settlers were not all massacred the first winter is looked upon often as a merciful intervention of Providence. The fact that they were not, however, can be explained as owing to a "prodigious pestilence," which had thinned the native population along the New England coast so much that, to quote Cotton Mather's vigorous language, "the woods were almost cleared of those pernicious creatures, to make room for a *better growth*." The superstitious Indians attributed this to punishment for the murder of several white fishermen; and thinking that the English had possession of the plague, to let loose on their enemies, kept their distance pretty well at first. They held a grand pow-wow in the forest, at which they decided to keep their tomahawks quiet for a time, at least; but their medicine men were called upon to exercise all their sorcery, and curse the new-comers with all the curses in the

Indian vocabulary. Not until the end of the winter did one of them venture into the presence of the pale-faces. Then Samoset, an Indian of the Wampanoag or Pokanoket tribe, who uttered the first words of welcome, was treated so kindly that Massasoit, his sachem, followed him to the English log-cabins, and made a treaty of peace with the governor, and granted, as a friend and ally, the land adjacent to Plymouth to King James the First of England.

The settlers on Massachusetts Bay had no difficulty in establishing friendly relations with the Indians in their neighborhood. The pestilence had visited these Indians, also, and weakened their numbers, so that they coveted the assistance of the English against their troublesome enemies, the Tarratines. Although one of the clauses of the charter granted the colonists by Charles the First stated that, in his royal intention, the conversion of the savages was one of the principal aims of the plantation, he did not make any special provision for it, and the colonists at first looked naturally to their own interests rather than the weal of the Indians. However, for the most part, they dealt justly by them, the General Court adopting a series of laws in regard to their treatment, conversion, and civilization.

As for the Plymouth settlers, they remained on friendly terms with the Pokanoket Indians during the remainder of the lifetime of good old Massasoit. He died in 1660, leaving two sons, Wamsutta and Metacom, to whom the English had given the names of Alexander and Philip.

With the accession of the former to his father's authority, trouble soon arose. Rumors came from Boston that he entertained hostile feelings towards the English, and that he was implicated in a plot with the Narragansetts. Nobody can tell how true these suspicions were; but, at any rate, he was unceremoniously seized in his own hunting lodge, and conducted before the General Court of the Plymouth colony. As nothing could be proved against him, he was acquitted. Before he left the colony, he was suddenly attacked by a fever and died. The cause of his illness is unknown. One historian ascribes it to the shock of wounded dignity; another, to change of air; and a third suggests that while in town he drank rum as only In-

dians can. His tribe, however, were disposed to believe that he had been poisoned. As we have often heard, the Indian never forgave an injury. Revenge for the death of his brother Alexander is sometimes brought forward as one of the causes of King Philip's War. But, if so, it was certainly rather slow revenge for a hot-blooded Indian chief; for not until thirteen years had passed did the strained relations between Philip and the Plymouth colonists show that a crisis in affairs was imminent.

Looking backward to-day, from the vantage-ground of more than two hundred years' advance in civilization, enjoying as we do all the blessings which an efficient government has secured to us, — the blessings of peace and of one of the highest stages of national prosperity recorded in history, — we are filled with wonder when we contemplate the condition of the New England at the outbreak of King Philip's War, and compare it with the New England which is our birthright. It is true, it was not the wild and dreary expanse which the Pilgrims found when they landed on Plymouth Rock. The Pilgrims were the pioneers of another great emigration, the Puritan exodus, through which not only the colony of Massachusetts Bay had grown up, but the colonies as well of Connecticut, New Haven, and Rhode Island. Though these had come to have a population of something like fifty-five thousand whites, the interior of the country was still unsettled. The thirty years of peace which had elapsed since the Pequot War in Connecticut, had occasioned among the English a tendency to disperse and found small communities in the forest wilderness. This was especially the case in the Connecticut valley, the fertile meadows of which enticed many settlers away from the seaboard towns, and disenabled outlying villages thus formed from taking part in any united system of defence.

Against the white population of about fifty-five thousand souls there were, as nearly as can be estimated, about thirty thousand Indians. Of these there were in Massachusetts eleven hundred "praying Indians," whose savage nature had become somewhat subdued. But the Narragansetts in Rhode Island, and the Pokanokets over whom Philip ruled, and of whose former domain only two narrow peninsulas

on the eastern coast of Narraghansett Bay remained, still held to their own cherished forms of belief in the Great Manitto and the Happy Hunting Grounds in the Isles of the Blest.

The peaceful condition of New England, while it imparted a feeling of false security to the white settlers, had a different influence on these wild sons of the forest, who were still as fierce and untamed as ever; and who, if they had not forgotten the name of Sassacus the Pequot, at least did not remember the warning conveyed by his fate. As they looked upon the villages and farms of the strangers, the hue of the unconquerable green monster was reflected in their eyes. To be sure, the new-comers, in the Plymouth colony at least, claimed that every foot of ground was theirs by honest purchase. But how much did the Indians understand about honest purchase or titles which took from them their only heritage? Besides, they had other grievances. It is evident that the Plymouth settlers, worthy men as they certainly were, did not always respect that useful injunction, "Mind your own business." They were often interfering in the concerns of their Indian neighbors, and laying constraints upon them which galled their haughty spirits like the lash of a whip to a curvetting steed. When we cherish a feeling of injury, it is very seldom that we stop to consider just how far the wrong is actual and how far only apparent. And so it was, no doubt, with the Indians. The feeling of injury evidently existed; and is it unnatural that they did not pause to sharply discriminate?

We may well believe that Philip was not backward in fostering all feelings of discontent among his tribe, and the other New England Indians as well. There is no positive evidence as to whether or no he had any plan of union and concerted system of attack; but appearances lead us to think he had such a plan, although the outbreak of the war occurred before it had been brought to maturity.

Since the death of his brother Alexander, Philip had been the victim of continual suspicion. If a strange Indian were seen in his territory, the Plymouth settlers immediately concluded that he too was plotting mischief. In 1670, it was reported that he was making ready for war. The disarming of the Indians of Philip's tribe

was the consequence of the alarm, after various meetings were held at which Philip appeared, and where treaties and promises were made which tided off the outbreak of the storm for three years longer.

In 1674, on the testimony of Sausamon, an Indian convert, Philip was again accused of planning hostilities against the English. The Pokanoket sachem came himself to Plymouth to protest his innocence; but he was distrusted, although dismissed with all symptoms of friendliness. No one can say how humiliating it must have been for the proud son of Massasoit to have his words doubted on the testimony of one of his renegade subjects,—one whom the extraordinary flexibility of his religious principles marks, to speak mildly, as an artful knave. We can well believe that it was no great surprise to Philip when Sausamon's dead body was found, not long after, with marks of violence upon it, in Assawompsett Pond, near Middleborough. By Indian custom, the penalty of treachery was death. We can fancy then what indignation must have been aroused in Philip's breast when English law interfered and traced the crime to three Pokanoket Indians, who were accordingly executed at Plymouth. This affair afforded an excuse for Philip to show his true attitude towards the whites, and it was not long before it was evinced that that attitude was plainly war; for he mustered all his warriors and was soon joined by those of other tribes.

Philip's abode was at Mount Hope, a beautiful hillock extending in symmetrical undulations into the blue waters of the head of Narraghansett Bay. Swanze, a village of about forty dwellings, was the nearest white settlement. It was here that the first blow was struck. On Sunday, the 20th of June, 1675, reports arrived at Plymouth that the Indians of Philip's tribe were moving about Swanze in a threatening fashion, and that the people had taken refuge in their block-house. Governor Winslow at once despatched a letter to Governor Leverett, saying that if Massachusetts would see that the Narraghansetts and Nipmucks did not ally themselves with Philip, the Plymouth Colony would herself settle with him. Accordingly the governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony summoned his council, mustered the Massachusetts militia, and sent mes-

sengers to negotiate with the suspected chief. But when these messengers reached Swanzev, they found the village burned, and the mangled and dismembered bodies of men, women, and children strewn along the road.

When the news of this outrage spread through the country, the Massachusetts troops gathered at Boston hurried to the spot at once. They consisted of a foot company under Captain Hinchman, a troop under Captain Prentice, and one hundred and ten volunteers, twelve of whom were pirates under sentence of death, commanded by Captain Samuel Mosley, — of whom the story is told, that when in the midst of a certain brush with the Indians, he took off his wig and hung it on a tree, so that he might fight more coolly, and thus gained the reputation among the savages of having two heads.

Within three days after the arrival of the colonial troops on the scene, Philip retreated from his position at Mount Hope, crossed the bay, and landed at Pocasset. Striking northward, he fell upon Dartmouth, Taunton, and Middleboro, where houses were burned, and the inhabitants treated to every fiendish torture that Indian ingenuity could contrive: such as impaling on sharp stakes, flaying alive, or roasting over slow fires. Philip next entrenched himself in a swamp at Pocasset. From here, although almost hemmed in by the English, he managed to escape, and plunged into the forests of Massachusetts, bringing direful havoc into the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. As already mentioned, it was in this region that isolated settlements had sprung up, which were the special point of danger. For instance, there were Northfield, Deerfield, Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton, between which and the main body of Massachusetts townships over sixty miles of forest intervened, broken only by the settlements at Brookfield and Worcester. The Nipmucks, the tribe in that neighborhood, were ready to join Philip as soon as he appeared. In July, the town of Mendon in Massachusetts had been attacked by them. This made it evident to Governor Leverett that the safety of the western settlements required that as pacific a relation as possible should be maintained between that tribe and the English; so an embassy was sent to treat with them under

Captain Edward Hutchinson, a son of Anne Hutchinson, the famous preacher. They fell into an ambush near Brookfield, and Hutchinson and eight of his men were slain.

The attack on Brookfield, on the 2d of August, announced Philip's arrival in the Nipmuck country. The inhabitants took refuge in a large house, which the Indians tried to set on fire by shooting arrows tipped with burning rags against the roof. When this device failed, they built a "sort of carriage with a barrel for a wheel," loaded it with combustibles, and were just about to light it and push it against the house, when a shower came up and prevented the execution of their plan. In the evening Major Willard arrived with a force of forty-seven men, and dispersed the savages.

The tide of war now turned farther westward. Deerfield was burned on the first of September. On the same day the Indians, having discovered that a part of the garrison was absent from Hadley, which had been selected as the principal military post by the English, assaulted that town. Tradition says that the people were in church observing a fast day, when suddenly they heard the dreaded Indian war-whoop, which struck a deadly chill to all hearts. The men seized their guns, but bewildered by the unexpected onslaught were about to give way. All at once an unknown leader of venerable appearance hastened into their midst, assumed command, and succeeded in driving away the savages. As their deliverer immediately vanished, the people, it is said, regarded him as an angel sent from heaven to rescue them. Whether this story is one of those romantic myths which adorn so prettily the grimness of many of history's pages, we cannot say; but it is possible that the appearance of this mysterious stranger actually occurred, and that the explanation of the mystery was a shrewd Yankee device to shield the regicide, William Goffe, from being apprehended by English law. He is supposed to have been in hiding at the time in the house of the minister, Mr. Russell; and, seeing from the window the advance of the savages, he could not control his military ardor, even at the risk of his safety. As we have intimated, however, the whole story is doubted.

Notwithstanding the repulse at Hadley,

the activity of the Indians remained unchecked. On the second of September, eight men were murdered at Northfield. Two days afterward, Captain Beers of Watertown and most of his company were massacred on their way to relieve that place, and their heads, set up on long poles, were found ornamenting the wayside by Major Robert Treat when, with a force of one hundred men, he arrived on the scene a couple of days later. The Indians attacked his company also; but the company succeeded in bringing off the Northfield settlers in safety, and the town was abandoned, as was Deerfield. At the latter place the harvest had not been gathered. Accordingly, Captain Lothrop of Ipswich was sent to bring the grain to Hadley. His company is said to have been one of the best drilled in the colony, and consisted of ninety young men, the "flower of Essex." Just as they were fording a small stream, known since as Bloody Brook, on their return, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambuscade by a party of seven hundred Nipmucks. Captain Mosley, who had been ranging the woods with his men, came up later, to find Lothrop's company almost wholly destroyed and the savages busily scalping and mangling the dead bodies of their victims. He tried to avenge their fate, but would probably have shared it instead, had not Major Treat in his turn arrived with reinforcements and succeeded in driving the enemy away from the scene of a fight which had lasted from daybreak to sunset.

Through the autumn of 1675, the war continued to rage with bated fury, but without interruption. But with the winter came a new theatre of action, and this time the English chose the part of aggressors. It had been reported that the Narragansetts had broken the terms of a treaty forced upon them early in the war, on the rumor that they intended to join Philip in the spring with a force of four thousand warriors, and by sheltering members of Philip's tribe. It had been observed, besides, that some of the young Narragansetts had obtained scars and injuries strangely suspicious looking, when it was remembered that they were supposed to maintain a strictly neutral attitude. To the demand of the English for the surrender of Philip's subjects, Canonchet, their

chief, gave the indignant answer, "Not a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, shall be delivered up!" This reply was enough to hasten a declaration of war against the tribe. A levy of one thousand men was accordingly raised, of which Josiah Winslow was put in command, to invade their territory.

It was in the bitter cold of December that the expedition set out, and after the fearful hardships of a winter march by night through the forest finally reached the Narragansett fort, within the limits of the present town of South Kingston, Rhode Island. The Indian village was strongly defended by palisades, breastworks, and a block-house; but the English, without stopping for food or rest, began the attack. It was a terrible struggle. For three hours the fight continued before either side gained any advantage. Then the English won an entrance into the rear of the fort, and the wigwams were set on fire. It was a repetition of the Pequot tragedy of thirty-seven years before, only more horrible; for there the fort had been occupied only by fighting men, while here, mother and child, infant and old man, all perished indiscriminately in the funeral pile of their blazing homes. The conduct of Governor Winslow in permitting the destruction of the village has been censured; not alone on the score of inhumanity, but because the village might have served as a shelter to his troops, who were obliged, after the fight, to march fifteen miles in a violent snowstorm.

About a thousand Narragansetts were killed in the fort. Those who escaped repaired with Philip to the Nipmuck country, and awaited the approach of spring. The winter was not the time for aggressive Indian warfare. A successful conduct of hostilities depended with them upon the sudden surprise, the unexpected ambuscade, and dexterous retreat. For these the forest foliage was indispensable. It is said that early in the war a party of Philip's Indians disguised themselves effectually with green boughs. Philip was probably not a reader of Shakespeare; and so, in the absence of authentic testimony, we may not suppose him following the precedent set by Macduff's soldiers. The words of Emerson: "There is one mind common to all individual men," yield a good and sufficient explanation of the incident.

Towards the spring war was renewed, by the attack on Lancaster in February. The people of the town took refuge in the house of Mary Rowlandson, who has left an account of her experiences. "Quickly," she writes, "it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes beheld. Now the dreadful hour is come. Some in our house were fighting for their lives; others wallowing in blood; the house on fire over our heads; and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. I took my children to go forth; but the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had thrown a handful of stones. We had six stout dogs, but none of them would stir."

Those of the inhabitants who did not fall under the tomahawk were taken prisoners, and of these was Mrs. Rowlandson. On the subject of her captivity, she states: "Not the least crumb of refreshing came within our mouths, from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. One Indian, and then a second, and then a third, would come and tell me, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' This was all the comfort I had from them: miserable comforters were they all." After remaining three months with the savages, she was ransomed for twenty pounds, and came to Boston, where the Old South society hired a house for her family. It is through Mrs. Rowlandson that we learn the miserable condition of the savages through the winter months. Their chief food was ground-nuts, and what weeds and roots they could find in the forest; failing these, they fed upon the most "odious garbage," old bones, skunks, rattlesnakes, and even the bark of trees.

In April, 1676, a decisive blow was struck to Philip's cause by the capture of his ally, Canonchet, the Narragansett, the force and dignity of whose character were most remarkable. When a young Englishman put some question to him, soon after he was taken, he said, contemptuously: "You are a child! You do not understand matters of war! Let your brother or your chief come; him I will answer!" When his life was offered him on condition that his tribe surrendered, he desired to hear no more about it. "I know," said he, "the Indians will not yield." When informed of his death sentence, he calmly replied: "I like it well. I shall die before

my heart is soft, or I have said anything unworthy of myself."

After the attack on Lancaster, the flames of one Massachusetts town after another lighted up scenes of horror, up to the middle of May. If, as has been said, the Indians "rose without hope," they fought on doubly without hope now. Canonchet had once declared: "We will fight to the last man rather than become slaves to the English." If all Philip's allies had shared the undaunted spirit of this sachem, the task of subduing them would have been longer deferred. But they did not. There was disunion among different tribes, and many sued for peace to escape starvation. Philip's forces thus became reduced until they were merely bands of marauders. He had tried to arouse the Mohawks by a desperate stratagem. While in their country, he attempted to kill some scattering members of the tribe, so that the English might be accused of the crime. But one of his intended victims escaped, and revealed the artifice to the Mohawks, and instead of gaining the desired alliance Philip thus incurred their deadly enmity.

In July, 1676, with but a small band of followers, Philip returned to the vicinity of his old home. Here he was hunted through swamp and morass, like some wild beast, by Captain Benjamin Church, who finally surprised him on the 2d of August and captured one hundred and fifty of the Indians, among whom were Philip's wife and son. "You have now made Philip ready to die," said an Indian prisoner to Captain Church, "for you have made him as poor and miserable as he used to make the English. You have now killed or taken all his relatives, and this bout has almost broken his heart."

The Pokanoket sachem was finally driven to his last retreat, a swamp near Mount Hope. Here, in an entirely hopeless situation, when one of his subjects proposed surrender, he struck the man to the ground with his tomahawk. But the imprudent deed hastened his own fate. The brother of the slain warrior deserted to Church, and revealed Philip's hiding-place to the enemy. When the attack began, Philip, awakened from his last earthly sleep, made a final attempt to escape, but in passing the outposts he was fired upon by an Englishman and an Indian. The latter's bullets pierced the chief's heart, and "he

fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him."

The death of Philip was not the end of the war in New England. Encouraged by the news of the outbreak in the south, the Tarratines had begun hostilities. But these had grown out of different causes and there was no general war, although one-half of the Maine settlements were destroyed. But when the summer of 1678 came, the Indians throughout the country had been subdued, and peace reigned again in New England. The war had brought fearful damage to the English: but to the Indians themselves it was ruin. The Puritans were not merciful conquerors. We might accuse them of a vindictiveness which vies with that of the savage. Their treatment of Philip's dead body illustrates this. Surely, they might have given to the son of Massasoit at least a grave. But no: even this was denied. His body was dragged out of the swamp and quartered. The head was carried to Plymouth, where for twenty years it was set on a pole; one hand was sent to Boston; the other given to Philip's betrayer to exhibit for money: and the mangled remains were hung on four trees.

As for the treatment of Philip's friends and kindred, what of that? Those who were not butchered were sold into perpetual slavery. Even his wife and his son Metacomet, a lad of nine years, shared this fate. They too were sold into slavery,—“West Indian slavery! an Indian princess and her child sold from the cool breezes of Mount Hope, to gasp under the lash beneath the blazing sun of the tropics!”

It is true that a few of the Puritans of that period disapproved the policy, though on different grounds. But they could do no good. Strange as it seems, the clergy of the day were the greatest enemies of the Indians. But however cruel their conduct appears to-day, we do wrong to criticise them too severely. They were not themselves responsible for their actions; it was the fault of their age, of their religion. The stern religious zeal which actuated their emigration was that which influenced them in their treatment of the aborigines. Their faith taught them to hold fast to the letter of the law as set forth in the Bible. The Old Testament especially was their guide, their cloud of smoke by day and pillar of

fire by night. It furnished them with a precedent as to the treatment and position of heathen, and, as they regarded the Indians as heathen, that settled the matter. No feelings of compunction could turn them aside from what they considered to be the faithful observance of religious principles.

It seems a pity, then, that the Indians had no impartial historian, but have been obliged to leave the records of their lives to those whom religious principle, if nothing else, prevented from throwing any favorable light on their deeds or even their motives. In Philip's case this is especially demonstrated. No epithet in the English language seemed to the early historians too scurrilous to attach to his name. Hubbard, for instance, says: “The Devil who was a murderer from the beginning had so filled the heart of this savage miscreant with envy and malice, that he was ready to break out into open war against the English.” He does not stop to consider whether Philip had cause for “envy and malice.” Perhaps the sachem's own words to Mr. John Borden, of Rhode Island, really best explain the situation:—

“The English who came first to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn and distressed. My father was then sachem. He relieved their distresses in the most kind and hospitable manner. He gave them land to build and plant upon. He did all in his power to serve them. Others of their own countrymen came and joined them. Their numbers rapidly increased. My father's counsellors became uneasy and alarmed lest, as they were possessed of firearms, which was not the case with the Indians, they should finally undertake to give law to the Indians and take from them their country. They, therefore, advised him to destroy them before they should become too strong and it should be too late. My father was also the father of the English. He represented to his counsellors and warriors that the English knew many sciences which the Indians did not, that they improved and cultivated the earth and raised cattle and fruits, and that there was sufficient room in the country for both the English and the Indians. His advice prevailed. It was concluded to give food to the English. They flourished and increased. Experience taught that the advice of my father's counsellors was right. By various means they got possessed of a great part of his territory. But he still remained their friend until he died. My elder brother became sachem. They pretended to suspect him of evil designs against them. He was seized and confined, and thereby thrown into sickness and died. Soon after I became sachem, they disarmed all my people. They tried my people by their own laws, and assessed damages

against them which they could not pay. Their land was taken. At length a line of division was agreed upon between the English and my people, and I myself was to be responsible. Sometimes the cattle of the English would come into the cornfields of my people, for they did not make fences like the English. I must then be seized and confined, till I sold another tract of my territory for satisfaction of all damages and costs. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined *not to live until I have no country!*"

Such was the remarkable speech of Philip, and surely we may take it as a better index to his character than any of the accounts of the sundry historians, which vary from the heights of exaggeration to the lowest estimate possible to the human mind. For Washington Irving represents the Pokanoket chief as almost a royal martyr, while Dr. Palfrey depicts his royalty as a very poor thing indeed, bringing forward the testimony of Church, who mentions Philip on his capture as a "doleful, great, naked, dirty beast." But this description of his personal appearance

surely ought not to influence our judgment of his character; for, as the veterans of our Civil War might tell us, a prolonged residence in swamps is certainly not conducive to cleanliness, or an irreproachable appearance: yet a man can be a man for all that. And whatever the early accounts say, Philip's words and actions show him to have been — though a rude one — a king and father of his people; though only a savage, yet still a man, with a fate more sorrowful than is the fate of most men. He was no unworthy subject of Charles Sprague's noble plea: —

"I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead.
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to Nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillared dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom, the self-same Freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore."



MY SHIPS.

By David Buffum.

FROM my window, looking over
Meadows rich with grass and clover,
And beyond the blue and shining,
Dancing waters of the bay,
I can see the vessels blowing
Inward, outward, coming, going,
Near at hand or in the distance
Fading from my sight away.

Thus, or heavily, or lightly,
Inward, outward, daily, nightly,
Many freighted sail the vessels
On life's ever-changing sea.
Mine have brought me joy and sorrow:
But I know not, for the morrow,
What my ships may carry from me,
What my ships may bring to me.

TARRY AT HOME TRAVEL.

By Edward E. Hale, D.D.

ON THE NISSITISSET.



IT seemed to be fore-ordained that we were to explore the head waters of the Nissitisset River on the 12th of October. The 11th of October is the date of the greatest geographical discovery in history; and the 12th, of the latest. It has always been a pleasure to me that all this Algonquin country of ours was reveling in the glories of Indian summer, gorgeous in garnet and crimson and scarlet and gold, and happy in breezes from the southwest heaven at the very moment when, far away, our dear Christopher landed with his cross, and brought life and light to all America. So this was a good day, was it not, to make this long deferred push to these headwaters! If you want to know where the Nissitisset River is you can look on the map. I shall not tell you. If you want to know what the word means, you may ask Dr. Trumbull for yourself: I shall not bother him again so soon. Suffice it to say that H. had the canoe all ready, and had the day all ready; and the day has been simply perfect—as you know an October day can be. We carried our own stores so that we need not forage on the country, and started early so as to have the day.

The people at the sawmill, whose dam is the base of operations, are sympathetic, but distrustful of a canvas canoe. But I think we reassured them by a certain brazen confidence of old voyageurs, and they bade us good-by with some hope of seeing us alive again. Then came for hours what is certainly the absolute perfection of human life. Can man conceive anything more charming than this gliding on from reach to reach, in the midst of the glory of ten thousand colors, over the unrippled surface of the river,

which reflects absolutely every form and tint? You can see your graceful birch tree, or your bird flying across the sky, by looking down into the depths or up into the ether, just as you please.

My friend, Mr. Tyrwhitt, says to young artists, that if they will always choose one of these subjects where a stream or lake mirrors trees, rocks, or hills, they may always have a good "composition"; that the reflection will do the business of composition for them. Certain it is that we have been all day long gliding through a series of matchless autumn pictures.

H. and I can never agree whether the forward seat or the seat aft is the better seat in the canoe. This disagreement in a voyage of discovery like ours is no inconvenience, for we need take but one boat and each can have his own way. For my part, at the prime of life, which is about sixty-seven years of age, I am well satisfied with what I have had to-day. A heavy bearskin on the floor of the boat aft, a back devised by myself, the slope of which can be changed from time to time, the after thwart under my knees, and one's extended feet in the space between that thwart and the next, among the baskets and the shawls.

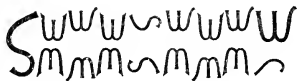
H., on the other hand, who is younger, and inherits the straightness of back of I know not how many grandfathers and grandmothers, whose chairs are still preserved, prefers to sit as erect as they did on the foremost thwart, and pulls a strong paddle there. Now with two people who paddle as well as we do, you can do what you choose in the Nissitisset and you need not be at all tired. The sensation is like that of riding Kaspar, or any other first-rate horse who is a part of you and of whom you are a part. But in the canoe you have this advantage: that when you stop for your lunch, you do not have to give the boat any oats or chopped hay, and at night you do not have to rub the boat down.

My plan for this history was to give a botanical account and a historical note of any tree which blazes in the autumn scenery of the Nissitisset. But H., who does the writing as I lie on the sofa, thinks we cannot make that entertaining, unless we have two or three prints in color for each species. Now dear George Barrell Emerson, the king of trees, found more than one hundred and thirty species in Massachusetts alone. I should think we had all these and more on the banks of our river, besides the great masses of color from blueberries, blackberries, whortleberries, bearberries, partridge berries, wintergreen berries, even strawberries and berries without a name; from *Osmundas*, *Aspidiums*, *Dicksonias*, and I do not know how many other ferns; from bulrushes, sedges, and grasses with names and without, according as he who paddles is learned or unlearned. Then, as you paddle, you cannot help seeing what you are passing through. Here is an immense Sargasso sea of *utricularia* floating so happily with its funny bladders. And do look at these leaves of the pond lilies! They must take on gorgeous color like kings and princesses and all the rest of the grand world, and here they are in their rich clarets. But see in the middle of each leaf this little green heart so well defined, as if the leaf meant to keep always fresh the memory of its happy spring.

You are looking down into the water when you see a frightened duck cross the sky. It is so lonely here that he has not heard a paddle plash since H. and Arthur made their discoveries. And there is a stately blue heron, who pays us the compliment of slowly soaring out of our way. Sometimes it is still as night, though we are in broad daylight, and a minute after the air will be merry with the notes of crickets and grasshoppers and shake-peppers, and others of those gentry who have many legs and names known only to the learned. There is the head of the king of the turtles, who waits our coming with the courage of a king, approaching to audacity, as his court journal will say to-morrow morning, and I do not doubt he is telling an admiring circle now how bravely he stood to his post; but we

would not hurt a hair of his head. Indeed at this very instant we have far more important affairs, for H. has spied some dried branches of cephalanthus from which are hanging cocoons of that elegant great moth which men call *Attacus Promethea*, and we need three or four strong paddle strokes to make sure of them. Who the fish are that play under the canoe I am sure I cannot tell; but it is sure that all the F's—fish, flesh, and fowl—and, indeed, all the flora and all the fauna feel happily at home in, on, and by the side of our dear little river.

Through half what we saw of its course, the Nissitisset cuts its way through banks which are sometimes quite bold—heavily wooded, as I have said, or implied, and that of a singular variety of evergreens and of hard wood. But after we had paddled three or four miles we came out on a large meadow, which, if the stream should happen to dam itself with floating trees, as they say the upper Nile does, would make a sort of lake like what they say the Albert Nyanza is. Through this meadow the river wiggles and wriggles by a course not yet laid down on any map. I suppose I ought to have made one, but really the steersman of a canoe, who is, while he steers, paddling also in a rapid stream which changes its course abruptly one hundred and forty-seven times in nineteen minutes, has little chance for map drawing, even if he have paper, which we had not. It is said that one of my ancestors was town clerk of Dedham for sixty years, and for that period kept the records in his head. I have so far inherited his ability that I can furnish a map of the upper Nissitisset sufficiently accurate for all purposes, with a little assistance from the printer. For if he will set two or three lines of capital M's and W's mixed, with a few S's turned sideways, from another font, we shall have a map quite accurate and sufficient for the next navigator.



Imagine these reaches, anywhere from twenty to forty feet in length and the re-

entering angles varying from 100 to 170 degrees and you will form an idea how fast we got along. You will see also from how many points of view we saw two fine steers, who were tramping about in the meadow, steers whom Juno would have loved and whose great branching horns made one remember Texas.

Stick to your paddle well, and work on this side or that as the racing current demands, and you will come to the other edge of the largest meadow in the voyage. This meadow of the upper Nissitisset is by no means the largest in the world, so that we found ourselves surely entering the gorge crowned with white pines, which had for half an hour been in full sight in the northwest. Exquisite maples again, blazing chestnuts, and solemn evergreens on either side; and once and again one of those perfect reflections in still water which doubled the glory of the whole. Here also the stream is very fast. But we had caught the trick of its eddies, and forced our way to the high bridge which was the first sign of roadway we had seen in two or three hours of this fascinating navigation. Now you must know that a swift rapid just above this bridge was the farthest point attained by all former Mungo Parks or Samuel Bakers who had tried the great adventure of these upper waters. Of course, whatever other business we had in the world, whether in the editing of magazines, or the battle with Satan,—this particular rapid must be passed. Mankind must learn whether those upper waters, which seem so attractive, are navigable.

We reconnoitered carefully, went boldly at the rapid on the port side,—to be instantly turned round and sent back. One has to secure his hat against overhanging branches, as well as the canvas below against stocks or stones. And if one tries his hand at what the Canadians call “tracking” and seizes a bush, it is a wretched failure—for one only anchors and gains no headway. Now we will try the depth at the left hand. Try? yes, to be scornfully sent back again.

One, two, three, four of these experiments; but we are learning something every time. We must go through! That

is one certain thing about it. Another is, that the stream runs like a mill sluice, but over a bottom perfectly smooth, or hard rock covered with some green water growth. Also it is deepest on our right-hand side, but then the bushes are so thick that if the boat goes through, it will be after the passengers are scraped off. Simply as H. says, the easiest way would be to walk up through the current and take the boat with us. But then the disgrace! for two voyagers to go on foot. We will try it the fifth time; and the fifth time succeeds. We do not go too far to the right, and so are not scraped off. We do not go too far to the left, and so do not run aground. “You will go safest in the middle, dear Phaeton.” We keep her head exactly to the current, so that she will fall off neither to the right nor to the left. The paddles are little more than setting poles, which work against any inequalities they can find in the rock below us. The boat quivers in the rush of the racing waters; and then, hurrah! she starts free, and in an instant we are on the smooth surface of the wider stream.

Has any one traversed it in a canoe since the great sachem, Nissitisset, assembled his chiefs here to consult them about the invasion of the Pocomtooks on the Merrimac? Or was there ever such a sachem as he? and had he any chiefs? I am sure I do not know. All I know is, that is a beautiful reach of the river, quite as lovely as anything below. I know that we went some half mile up, surrounded with its glories of crimson and of gold. And then we ignominiously turned round and went home again, afraid that we might not get home before dark. So that burning question of the source of the Nissitisset is left just where it was, though we proved that the rapids are navigable. As far as I have seen, this is much the fashion in which most discoverers solve their problems.

WHAT NEXT? We have solved the great problem. The question of the age is answered. And like Mungo Park at his head of the hill, under circumstances similar to ours, we have to ask, what shall we do?

To this question one answer almost always suggests itself. Let us have something to eat. It is not cynical to say this, for the engine does require fuel, and two machines which have worked as well as ours have must not be left to burn out their pipes. Why should they be? We have only to go down stream to the pine tree at the edge of the meadow, which H. pointed out as a good lunching place, then to haul the canoe up, to spread the bearskin on the ground, to make a little fire of dead wood and of cones and twigs of *Pinus rigida*. Now set the coffee can on the coals in the middle of the burning twigs. Open that basket and make scientific observations on the comparative worth, as nutriment, of tongue sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, rye biscuits buttered, Seckel and Sheldon pears, diluted, as the case may require, with an infusion of *Coffea Mochaica* mixed in equal parts with *Coffea Javensis*. These investigations should not be hurried, and no notes need be made of the results until supper time.

WELL, nothing will last forever, and if you will pull your canoe up stream all the morning and then return, why your afternoon voyage will be shorter than the morning. For my part, whether it be philosophical or not, I had always rather go down hill than up, be it on a highway or in the current of a river. Nor have I ever known why that old-fashioned song, which people used to sing sixty years ago, "On the down hill of Life" should have been made lugubrious, or set to a minor key. If any people like to go upstairs, that is their lookout, and they may. But, if there are to be any stairs I prefer to go down, and I'll take the elevator when I go up to my office. And on this occasion, as H. seemed to be in the mood for paddling, I let H. and the current do the work, while I did the advising and a fair part of the steering. Well for all parties that we came faster than we went. For here is good Mrs. Muller looking out from the landing anxiously to see if a smashed canoe is floating down the stream, or trying to organize a relief party who shall go, like another Captain Schley, to the rescue of these brave but unfortunate explorers.

THE LYNN WOODS.

IT is Saturday, and Saturn, or whoever now runs the day, believes in holidays as he always did. One is glad to know that the mill-hands through all New England have memory enough of the Saturday holiday to arrange their time so that Saturday afternoon shall be free, as it was in school days.

For Saturday, the good rule is to spend it out of doors. Arrange your week, if you can, between March 1st and Thanksgiving, so that you may have Saturday in the open air. Mr. Webster was right when he said,

"You can do more work in ten months than you can in twelve,"

and, for most of us, it is a good rule to do our work in five days, and take our open air on Saturdays. Where shall we go?

"Why, we have never seen the Lynn Commons. Let us go to Lynn. You remember how we broke down on that last year?"

Yes, to be sure. THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE would have had this paper months ago but for that. The Earl of Meath, an accomplished and hard-working nobleman, is at the head of the Park Commission, appointed under the new system for the government of London. And among his other duties he came over with the Countess, — known to so many children as the head of the Ministering Children's League — to study the American parks. I told him of the Lynn Commons, and it was all arranged that we should go and see them. But, when the morning came, I had to telegraph him to say that Lynn was being burned up at that moment, and we must wait for another day. Well, here is the other day. The sky is blue, the chestnuts are gold, and the maples are scarlet, and the oaks are purple. So we will go to-day.

AND here at the station is Mr. Chase, who is one of the Lynn Park Commissioners, and knows all about it, and we will go with him. What a perfect day! "Does that coffee-pot trouble you?" "Not in the least: see how nicely it fits

under the seat." We are just enough for the carriage, and, without losing a moment, we are away.

Let the New Englander in New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago understand that the city of Lynn has been able to secure a larger park than any of those cities and, for natural beauty, a finer. This comes from public spirit on the part of its people, from foresight years ago on the part of somebody, from the necessities of the water service, from the admirable provisions of the Park Act of Massachusetts, and from the bounty of Nature, who chose to send out a mass of rock, and hard rock at that — igneous with a vengeance — to make the northern shore of Boston Bay. This rock is so absolutely unyielding that it has given covert for the farmer. When Winthrop came down from Salem to Boston in June of 1630, his heart must have failed him, as he saw the wastes of salt-marshes on his left, and those forbidding ledges and hills on his right. Was it out of such surroundings that he was to make the Promised Land?

MANY years ago, a private society of gentlemen in Lynn took every chance which offered to buy land which seemed fit for park purposes, for the common good. Among these purchases is the section where Dungeon Rock is found, and Dungeon Rock gives what is so good to have in a place of public entertainment, — a romance, and a special point to visit. The romance, alas, is of the very "shakiest" foundation. But go and see if there is not a cave there, wet as the wettest, dark as the darkest, and crooked as the crookedest.

The story is this, as you may hear it on the ground, or read it in the local history.

Long, long ago, says the legend, before the earthquake of ———, some men came up Saugus River in a boat. It is not far from the place where Dungeon Rock now is, but it had not then earned its name. No, but there was a cave under it. And in this cave one or more of these men went to live. And with them, as you believe more or less of the story, went the Lady Arabella, and an

Indian squaw. Are not their portraits in the house at the mouth of the cave to this day? And hither, too, was carried the Lady Arabella's necklace, and how much other treasure indeed I do not know. Only it was not Kidd's treasure. For all this was many years before poor Kidd was trapped, imprisoned, and hung.

Very well, one or more of these visitors was living in this cave under the rock, when the earthquake came, and tumbled the rock down in front of the cave, so they could never get out, and their bodies and their treasures are there to this day. So says the legend.

Of all this you and I would have known literally nothing, but that, in the early days of Spiritism, some medium revealed it to a man who proved to have the courage of his convictions. He began to blast a hole through the rock, big enough for a man to enter, with the expectation of finding the cave and the treasure. From time to time one medium and another told him which way to direct his tunnel. He worked away at it till he died. And his son worked away at it till he died. So there is a cave there now, and, as I said, a very long one and a very crooked one, whether there was one there before or no. And whoever goes to see the new Lynn Park will do well to begin with Dungeon Rock. Do not go into the wet cave unless you want to. But climb to the rock above, and see the view. We are in great luck to-day; there is a high spring-tide, just as we are there, and you would think Lynn was a Venice, only to be approached by causeways crossing the sea.

I remember, when I was a boy, that the elegant Nat P. Willis, in one of his magazine stories, which we thought so bewitching, described Nahant as looking as if the devil's hand lay there, with the water washing it, while the long arm but just appeared, almost covered by the water. The tide is so high to-day that we scarcely see the devil's arm at all. But since Mr. Willis's day, a paternal government has built us a roadway on the inner side of the beach, so that Nahant is accessible at any time. Since his time, too, Mr. Tudor's energy has covered Nahant with fruit trees and forest trees.

In the beginning it was a wooded peninsula, and the woodlands were used for the fires of the Lynn people.

Mr. Tudor once said that he received his greatest compliment from a cow, who lay down under one of his trees to protect her from the sun. "Ah," said his friend Mr. Curtis, "she thought it was your shade over her."

No, I will not pretend to describe the marvels of scarlet and crimson and gold, which, as one rides or walks through these Lynn Commons, he wonders at, with new amazement, on such a perfect October day. The Water Commission of Lynn had to secure some large basins for the proper water supply of so large a city. They needed to protect their banks from pollutions, and so they bought considerable tracts, mostly of woodland, for this purpose. The reason why there was so little farming land and so much woodland is in the natural formation I have already spoken of. All along the coast there runs, not far back from the sea, this bold rocky ridge which comes to its end in the ledges of Cape Ann.

What with the lots already bought by the Forest Society, and the purchases made by the Water Commissioners, much of this wild land was thus held for public use. In a sense, indeed, it was held for common purposes in the beginning, though you could scarcely call them public. The original settlers made the upland common to all their number, for the pasture of cattle, for the cutting of wood, and for quarrying of stone. I believe such a disposition of land gives the headache to the modern political economists, who are afraid that "individualism" will perish from the earth. But nobody was afraid then.

However, when newcomers came in, who had not shared in the perils of the beginning, the old common owners did not see that the new people had any right to the old common property. So they surveyed and divided it among themselves, a lot for every man. Only each man had right of way across the land of every other. And so, any man of them who had a "team" and a wagon and an

axe might go to his own lot and cut his own wood for winter. And, as nobody could raise an ear of corn in his lot, it all remained clothed with the lowly wood growth with which the good God hath clothed it.

It was thus that this beautiful park became possible, when the people of Lynn, well led by public-spirited men, took advantage of the provisions which the admirable Park Act makes for just such contingencies. Here was a great tract of land, cut up into hundreds of little lots of no great value to any individual, but of untold value to the future Lynn. Now, our Park Act permits any town to appoint Park Commissioners, and appropriate money for park purposes. So far as that money goes, and not farther, they may take at a valuation land fit for their purposes. The park is not left to the selfishness of a particular owner. On the other hand, they must not go a cent beyond the money they have in hand. What happened in Lynn would be a good example in other towns. The gentlemen most interested belled the cat. They put their hands in their own pockets and took out twenty thousand dollars for this park business. Then they said to Lynn, "If you will appropriate thirty thousand dollars, to put up the Commons, we will give twenty thousand dollars for the same purpose." The city government consented, nearly or quite unanimously. Then there was endless work, of course. The owners of hundreds of lots of wild land had to be hunted up, in all parts of the world. But, clearly enough, it was a labor of love with the Park Commissioners, and they bought here and bought there. The old Forest Society made over its acquisitions, and in the grand result much credit is due to that society and its founder.

Of all this, the upshot is that Lynn has now what I call the finest park in America. Has any other city a park, close on the ocean, rising often to points more than four hundred feet above it, with precipitous descent, perhaps, so that the prospect is wholly unbroken? Nay, on the

mere measurement of acres, what other city has in one enclosure sixteen hundred and sixty acres, of which you would not willingly spare one inch?

Such is the gift which the good God, working through social history and natural history, and statute laws and the hearts of men, has given to the present and future people of Lynn. And they let Boston people come and go at their will.

I BELIEVE they are going to call their new park Lynn Commons, or Lynn Common Woods. That is, they are going to leave the name they found.

Thus far, as I will tell the readers of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in great secret, — thus far they have had one more advantage. How long it will last I dare not say. But thus far they have not had too

much money. They are never tempted to blast away a fine rock, or to grub up an exquisite tangle of underbrush. They need all their money for their roads, and they are willing to leave the footpaths where two-hundred years of "commons" have left them.

Now the good God, be it said reverently, is a far better landscape gardener than is the most eminent of his children in that line,—if only you will let Him alone. And, as the Lynn people have a good deal to spend their money on, in making roads which shall be easy to drive on and at the same time shall not knock their horses' hoofs to pieces, it may be hoped that it will be long before they undertake to "improve" the exquisite harmonies and contrasts of the wild forest which is now the glory of their proud city.

A MONUMENT TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

By Edwin D. Mead.

WHEN Kitty Ellison, the bright heroine of Mr. Howells's *Chance Acquaintance*, came to Boston, her uncle, a good old Western Reserve Abolitionist, who had voted for Giddings and read the *Liberator* half his lifetime, and with whom "Boston" was a kind of religion, charged her above all else to go and see Faneuil Hall. "See the Old South Meeting House," he said, "see Bunker Hill, see Boston Common, but above all see Faneuil Hall." And this not so much—so it is clear the good man felt—because it was the cradle of American liberty as because it was the scene of its resurrection; not so much because of what the old hall had heard from Samuel Adams, and Otis, and Warren, as because of its echoes of Charles Sumner, and Theodore Parker, and William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. And in truth, the one great

struggle in which our sacred old structure played so great a part was little more important than the other; and the occasion when Samuel Adams, on that spring day in 1764, first spoke the word Independence to the men of Boston in Faneuil Hall was not more dramatic surely than the scene when young Wendell Phillips leaped to the platform there to begin his great career as the orator of Anti-Slavery. If Faneuil Hall were to be rebaptized to-morrow, I do not know that there would be more reason to call it Samuel Adams Hall than to call it Wendell Phillips Hall. So long as Faneuil Hall stands, there stands one great monument to Wendell Phillips in Boston.

It is, I think, by a piece of great stupidity that another does not stand to-day on Boston Common. No man was ever so caustic a critic as Wendell Phillips of our Boston monuments and statues; yet

he spared that which is to my thinking the most vexatious of them all—vexatious less for positive faults, although it has few positive merits, than for the great opportunity which it has spoiled. I mean the Soldiers' Monument. This towering piece of commonplace might as well stand on Salisbury Beach or in Boston Corner as on Boston Common, so far as having any relation to anything distinctive in Boston's part in the great struggle. I believe that some of our zealous clergymen and others do figure in the bas-reliefs, though I do not know that Mr. Hale and Mr. Brooks are very grateful for this. Yet here in Boston, it is right to say, the great struggle was born. The war began here. At the top of our monument should have stood Boston's great leaders in the struggle—Sumner, Parker, Lowell, Emerson, Channing, Andrew, and their compeers; below this group, the riflemen and the cannoners who carried into effect at Gettysburg and Appomattox the ideas of Faneuil Hall. Above all—the apex of the pile—should have stood the figures of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. But we do not have that monument on Boston Common, and I am glad that we are to have the monument which is now proposed—a hall in Boston bearing Wendell Phillips's name, which shall be the home of efforts carried on in his spirit. It is, perhaps, a better monument than the other, because it will be a living monument, a monument ever in service.

We think of Wendell Phillips first as the Demosthenes of Anti-Slavery—as second only to Garrison among the great Anti-Slavery agitators. But his place in this respect has been so notably vindicated within two months that one hardly feels like touching that at all. Those who did not hear Frederick Douglass, at the late re-union of old Abolitionists, missed one of the most impressive occasions which has been lately known in Boston. The old war-horse was deflected from his premeditated speech by an unexpected turn which the meeting had taken, and spoke on the spur of the moment, with an eloquence which he himself never surpassed, in a strain to which he was moved by what seemed to him a disparagement

of the work of Garrison and Phillips. The offender was a clergyman,—without doubt a most worthy man,—who urged that Garrison and Phillips were not to be especially thanked for emancipation, for their following was small and cranky and extravagant; they said: "The Union is a compact with the devil—let it go to pieces," and other reprehensible things. The Free Soil party was not to be thanked, for it never had more than so many thousand voters; nor the Republican party, because Lincoln said in his Inaugural, that he did not mean to meddle with slavery. Our gratitude was simply due to the overruling God; and the instruments of God for whom the clerical brother had the warmest and most numerous words were three thousand New England clergymen who signed a certain estimable petition concerning the Kansas-Nebraska Bill—among them Dr. Blagden and Nehemiah Adams.

Frederick Douglass expected to live to hear it claimed that the abolition of slavery in America was the special work of the American church, something effected by sermons and ecclesiastic decrees. As for the good Lord, "he had had opportunity for the last hundred years." No man, said Douglass, had deeper reverence than himself for Divine Providence and the eternal moral laws, which can be trusted always to bring justice in the end. But the good Lord works in this world by good men, men who keep their hearts open to good influences, men alert for justice, men not afraid of the devil; and it is to these men, workers together with God, God manifest in the flesh, that our thanks are greatly due in this world, and whom we do well to celebrate. Among these, among those who created the public sentiment which it was, when ripe, that swept away slavery, carrying Free Soil party and Republican party beyond themselves, there are no brighter names than William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. If, in the thick of the fight, they used terms sometimes concerning the Constitution and the Union which were not parliamentary, and which they would themselves be glad, perhaps, to have left out of the record, it was the measure of their hatred of the sin they fought,

and is chiefly to be set down to their credit. No man who is not enough in earnest to sometimes get extravagant and violent never yet set the world on fire or kindled a reform.

I have a very great respect for the Christian Church in this country. I respect it the more because it is so full of men who feel that the exhibition which the Church made of itself in the great struggle in which Wendell Phillips took a part so heroic was a sorry one, and that its principal feeling in remembering that epoch should be one of repentance—a repentance bringing forth the fruit of a resolution that its attitude in the next great Anti-Slavery movement, upon which we are already entering in America, be a nobler one. I rejoice at the words which are already ringing from so many pulpits to justify this hope.

I say the next Anti-Slavery movement. For slavery is not something which has to do simply with negroes and plantations. Slavery is whatever chains the soul and hinders the true, full life and growth of any man or woman. The slave Epictetus, and even the slave Uncle Tom, was less a slave than many a woman who to-day makes shirts in Boston, than many a man perhaps who sells wheat in Chicago. I had occasion to give a public address on the recent centennial of Washington's inauguration, and remembered and remarked upon the impressive fact that the very New York newspaper that printed the account of Washington's inauguration, as the first president of this nation, which had published in its very Declaration of Independence the principle that all men are created equal and endowed by God with the inalienable right of liberty, printed also the advertisement of a "likely young negro wench" for sale in William Street; and that the president that day inaugurated was himself a slaveholder. Few people in New York or in America that day were conscious of the monstrous inconsistency of these things, or that that advertisement would cost billions of money and the blood of half a million of men. Few men in any age are ever conscious of the inconsistencies or the slaveries in their own society; and many readers, I fear, will fail to under-

stand me in the deep way in which I would be understood, when I say that it were far better and more fortunate to be the slave of George Washington than to be the slave of poverty, the slave of the exchange, the slave of luxury and fashion, the slave of tainted blood, the slave of tradition, the slave of ignorance, or the slave of rum.

Wendell Phillips did understand this. He understood it more deeply than any other American of our time; and he spent little time, when the fight with one form of slavery was over, in the celebration of victories, but turned to fight it in another form. It is an easy thing to celebrate old heroisms. Many who spend much time in this occupation have little heroism of their own to keep them warm. We are all on the right side in the last century's fight. A man can be almost as eloquent, and for the moment feel almost as virtuous, in belaboring poor crazy George the Third, who has no friends in the audience, as he felt on the first of all the forty Fourth of Julys on which he has done that thing, or as a Phillips would feel in dealing with some present sin that needs to be dealt with. You have not met for twenty years a man who was a Copperhead, or the son of a Copperhead, in 1861. Every one of you is an Abolitionist to-day, although Phillips faced storms of hisses, and much harder storms, in the day when there was some use in being one.

"'Fanatic,' the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand,
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land."

So wrote John Boyle O'Reilly of him when he died.

"'Disturber' and 'Dreamer,' the Philistine cried,
When he preached an ideal creed,
Till they learned that the men who have changed
the world, with the world have disagreed."

Wendell Phillips's concern was with to-day's wrong and to-day's reform. He would have taken but half-hearted interest in reunions of old Abolitionists. With Appomattox, he was done with the negro and ready for new work. No, not that; he would have been done with the negro when the negro was truly and entirely a free man and had every right of Ameri-

can citizenship secure. Until then he would not have felt the fight with *negro* slavery done. Were he here to-day, he would tell us — would he not tell us this? — that the position of the negro in great parts of our country to-day is the mockery of freedom. Only his tongue could fitly characterize the man who tells us that no law must be made to secure the negro in the exercise of his rights, lest so offence be given to those who deprive him of them. Law, he would tell us, ought to be an offence to criminals. And there is no crime in the Republic greater than crime against a free and honest suffrage.

I say that Wendell Phillips lived in the present hour and directed his efforts against present wrong. It was because he was a reformer in this broadest sense, because he typifies better than any other American of the time, the true spirit of reform, that I welcome the prospect of the proposed memorial hall, bearing his name, looking down upon us in the Boston streets, which he loved so well. It is not a memorial of Phillips the Abolitionist, it is a memorial of Phillips the Reformer. Other Abolitionists, some of them, surely not all, went to seed, exhausted by the one great effort, became simply garrulous and reminiscent. He simply girded on his armor to fight for the wronged in Ireland, for the wronged in Russia — above all, for the prisoners of poverty at home.

This Phillips saw clearly to be the slavery with which the next great contest must be waged — the slavery of poverty, the slavery of our social and industrial inequality. It was this clear vision that made Phillips's last days so prophetic and so great. Few of us yet realize the seriousness and far-reaching character of the struggle into which we are already entering. If we did realize it, we should spend far less of our energy upon the political contests upon which we now spend so much. Two thousand of our friends shout themselves hoarse yesterday, to the end that one man be made governor. Two thousand more shout to the end that another be governor. It matters very little which of the two good men be governor. Nor does all the talk about tariff which goes with it, serious and of

moment though that be, amount to much beside the really great industrial problem which is upon us, about which so little is said in the mass meetings, but which Wendell Phillips never failed to see, — as Emerson never failed to see. "Our history for three thousand years," said Emerson, "has been the history of selfishness. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, or foster their hopes, or vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world." He felt, as Phillips felt, "that the whole constitution of property on its present tenures is injurious, and its influence on persons degrading." "All voices," he said, "must speak for the poor man! Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let us understand that no one should take more than his share." Yet who can doubt that, under our present system, enough is wasted every year in luxury in Boston and New York, — how those plain little houses in Essex Street and Common Street rebuke our ostentation and indulgence! — to establish every honest sufferer there in satisfying industry; or who call Wendell Phillips a Cassandra, when he learns what Lyman Abbott tells us, in his recent noble paper on the Industrial Democracy, that one-seventieth of the population of the United States own two-thirds of its wealth? How many voices spoke for the poor man in connection with the great railroad strike in New York, in the past summer, — for the three thousand workmen who, rightly or wrongly, deceived or not by any of their leaders, believed that injustice was being done them? Chiefly we witnessed only curiosity in the strategy and the rhetoric with which vice-grand-masters and railroad magnates fought it out; — little care for the thousands of honest men, misled or not, whose bread hung on the rhetoric. Chiefly we heard voices of admiration for a third vice-president, who had "nothing to arbitrate," but only to issue mandates that any who did not come back

to work by Saturday night should never come at all. Most men like these displays of the Napoleonic, good or bad; they appeal to that love of power which is in men. It was a triumph for good government when this particular little Napoleon appeared before the State Board of Arbitration by command. It may be well for all third vice-presidents of great railroads in this country to learn that they hold their great highways in trust for the people, and that when grave issues arise, on which they may be right or may be wrong, there will be arbitration to-morrow morning or their occupation will be gone.

Phillips spoke always for the poor man, for the downtrodden man, for the underdog in the fight, for the man who could not speak for himself. He spoke violently often. He was not afraid of collision, though he loved peace and the battle of ideas alone. "Peace, if possible," he wrote in the boys' albums, "but justice at any rate." No man must suffer injustice in order that I may be inconvenienced—the state is not safe so. This Phillips never failed to see, and this enabled him to deal with every problem radically. He

knew that there was nothing anarchic in the real fibre of the American people—and he dreaded no temporary or sporadic violences in readjustment; he only dreaded injustice and gout. That is generally the test of the radical—whether he most dreads or makes most excuses for occasional rough lynch law or for the gout; whether, in politics or in religion, he is quickest with excuses for the irreverent and restless crowd who tag the pioneer, or for that which within ivied walls is going to decay. Phillips was the fearless radical. He led forever the movement party. Let the building which is to be reared to his memory stand thus forever for progress and for courage. Let it call forever to the men of his city and his country, in the words of the poem which he most loved to quote, to be "men of present valor," dealing with the new occasions and new duties of to-day, not those of yesterday. Let it speak to us forever that strong word of his, "Peace if possible, justice at any rate." Let it stand forever one more "Church of the Holy Discontent."

THE EDITORS' TABLE.

A PATHETIC and peculiar interest attaches to the two stories by John Eliot Bowen and John Elliott Curran which appear together in the present number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*. The stories were received and accepted for publication in the *MAGAZINE* at almost the same time, about a year ago. A few months later, also at almost the same time, letters were received from the friends of the two writers, speaking of their deaths, of which public notice had already appeared, and which had occurred with an interval of but four months between, Mr. Bowen having died just at New Year's, Mr. Curran in the May days. The two men, we learn, had no personal relations with each other, perhaps never saw each other, although both were graduates of the same college. Mr. Curran was Mr. Bowen's senior by ten years, although himself cut off in the early summer of his life. But both were alike men of rare promise in literature and in society, men of warm humanitarianism and of high aspiration, men of the type which America needs. The generous, strong manhood of the elder writer beats in the lines of the story here appearing. Mr. Bowen's story is one of his lighter bits, the diversion of a

pleasant hour, but not without its rebuke for the insidious vanity that needs rebuke; and the writer's whole life was one of singular earnestness, nobility and beauty. To the pleasure given us by the stories themselves is added, by the sad and striking coincidences attending their publication, the higher benefit of learning what we are brought to learn in connection of the lives and characters of the writers.

* * *

JOHN ELLIOTT CURRAN died at Englewood, N. J., May 18, 1890. From among the various notices of his life and work which appeared in the newspapers at the time, we quote the following:—

"Born at Utica, N. Y., May 25, 1848, he entered Yale in 1866. While at college he was known as an athlete, and also as a thoughtful writer. He rowed on the freshman crew against Harvard and was an adept in all sports that called for the exercise of manly strength. His taste for writing was manifested even as an undergraduate by essays and sketches contributed to the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the oldest and best of the college periodicals.

"After his graduation in 1870, Mr. Curran spent a year in Europe, and then returning entered the Columbia Law School. After his admission to the bar he practised law in New York for a number of years, but gradually abandoned his profession and turned his attention more and more to writing, contributing many short stories to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*. He wrote a successful novel, 'Miss Frances Merley,' which was published by a Boston firm, and received high encomiums from the press. But it was not only as a writer of fiction that Mr. Curran was known. He had devoted much careful study to social problems, and had written a number of thoughtful essays upon the questions of the day. His was a philosophic mind; it is believed by those who knew him most intimately that had his life been spared, the world at large would have been benefited by the results of his ripper years. But over against the unfulfilled promise of a future, however bright that promise may have been, set the actual life that a man has lived. For the influence of such a life as that of John Elliott Curran—whether it be long or brief—the world is better. He was a man of singular honesty of character. When he had once made up his mind as to what he ought to do, no consideration could swerve him one hair's breadth from his course. From the standpoint of material success this rugged honesty sometimes stood in his way. His desire to do exact justice to all made him slow to criticise or condemn any one unless he knew all the circumstances of the case. His nature, as known to those most intimate with him, was most gentle and tender. He had the broadest possible sympathy for humanity at large, and the widest charity for the erring and the unfortunate."

* *

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN was at the time of his death the office editor of *The Independent*. We quote from that paper the tribute which appeared in its columns in the issue following his death:

"Dr. Bowen was the fifth of the seven sons of Henry C. Bowen and Lucy M. (Tappan) Bowen. He was born June 8, 1858, and was graduated from Yale College in 1881. He then devoted two years to travel and study in Europe and the East, and on his return took a position in the editorial office of *The Independent*. While engaged in the daily labor incident to his duties, he pursued a course of post-graduate study at Columbia College in History and Political Economy, and received from that institution, in 1886, the degree of doctor of philosophy. As his doctor's thesis he presented a study of the English occupation of Egypt, which was published, under the title "The Conflict between the East and West in Egypt," in the first three successive numbers of *The Political Science Quarterly*, and afterward in book form, and which *The Athenæum* pronounced the best available source of information on the subject. As a member of our editorial staff, in special charge of its literary correspondence and enterprise, Dr. Bowen immediately proved himself of incalculable service to the paper in a very responsible position. He was fertile in plan and suggestion, and put himself into communication

with authors on both sides of the Atlantic who could be of service to the paper. To his activity is to be credited a very large part of the special literary features of *The Independent* during these past six years. During the few years of his literary life he developed a clear, strong style, and added to it a bright fancy which found expression in a number of excellent stories and poems which were published in the magazines. Two years ago he published a volume of poetical translations of Carmen Sylva's "Songs of Toil." But above all his scholarly and literary attainments, his friends loved him for a character which was rarely pure and noble. He despised with an utter contempt whatever was low, or coarse, or mean, or dishonest, or false. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. What others might think allowable or pardonable he condemned if he thought he discovered in it anything that was not transparent as the day and true as the judgment of the God he served. All this fitted him to be an unswervingly faithful editor, who held fair and true dealing with his readers a duty above all others. He cared not for policies, but in a grandly independent way wanted to speak the immediate truth, no matter where it might strike. He preferred to err on the side of over-conscientiousness rather than on that of slackness. He was more afraid to do wrong than most men are of death. We have never been associated with a man more stringently and yet unpretentiously pure and uncontaminated in his moral character, or more sturdily and independent in his judgment. He commanded equally the love and the admiration of the whole circle of his acquaintance. Nothing wins love like character; and it was because his friends could see clear through the crystal of his soul and find no cloud of self-seeking or untruth that they loved him. He was a man of fine presence, much sought in society, as full of humor as of wisdom, a leader among his associates, modest, eager to learn, with an open mind, teachable of all truth, and possessed of an unusually firm executive power that could find ways to accomplish what he had devised, and of a resistant will that could say No with an unbending firmness to any suggestion that seemed to him to carry a taint of insincerity. Affectionate, simple and warm-hearted, he combined with these qualities an admirable judicial fairness which was the crown of his gentle spirit. With rare consecration to his duties, and with rarely unselfish devotion to the friends he loved, and with a very happy and useful and honorable future before him, with the consciousness of strength to fill out what he had begun, and with the choicest earthly felicity in immediate view, he died, at peace with God, on the day that had been set for his marriage."

At Mr. Bowen's funeral, brief addresses were made by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., and by William Hayes Ward, D. D., the editor of the *Independent*. Dr. Ward said:

"I loved John Bowen. Two households loved him dearly. Many households loved him. We, who were more closely connected with him in the work of every day, who were associated with him in the service which God gave him and us to do, loved him much. I knew him from his infancy. I have watched him during these nearly thirty-two

years of his life, and during the last half-dozen years have been associated with him in the same office. There was reason why we who knew him so intimately should love him very much. I recall to-day, and you all recall to-day, who knew him, what was his character, what was his life. Some of you knew him as an earnest and faithful student, devoted to his books, and so devoted to them that when the ordinary time for study had passed and he was entering upon his life work, he could not give them up; but he sought in the midst of his daily work and found time to carry on his studies at one of our chief institutions. From that college and from the college where he had previously graduated, he received high honors. But I do not speak now of his intellectual character or his literary achievements. The John Bowen that we knew was not marked simply to us by that which he could do or that which he knew, but by his character. Yesterday I was speaking of his death with the veteran eldest poet of this state, and I said: "You know all about him." "Yes," was the reply, "nobody can tell me anything about John Bowen!" He knew him thoroughly; for there was a transparency, there was a simplicity, there was a truth and honor about him, which are very rare, and which when you find you can see through and know. You can know what the man is that shows that character. And so, though he made a mark rare for a young man as an author, as a writer of prose and of verse, although he had achieved his right to unanimous election into the guild of the authors of this country, we, who are proud of that promise and its forecast of fame and reputation, do not look to that as showing what the man was whom we loved. That which makes manliness is not there. That which makes fame is there; and many a man has fame whom no man loves. I have known many young men in my life, and have been intimately associated with many, have taught many, have learned from many; but I can truly say that my knowledge and experience does not recall to me one young man that surpassed him in the truly manly qualities which make it worth while to have lived, and which make it safe to die. To me he was always a model of what is right, true, and pure. How few there are that can claim that exquisite purity which he had. Of how few can it be said, as it was said to me yesterday by one associated with him in our editorial office: "John Bowen was more afraid to do wrong than many a man is of death." That marks what his character was. It is the most distinctive point in the man. I have never met a man in my life who was so strict, so careful, so exact, that what he said and what he did should be measured by the absolute square of truth. Anything that would seem to swerve by a hair's breadth from that which was absolutely true and absolutely right, he detested and he rejected. That was the chief mark of his character. It was something that stood above the intellectual, something that rose into the lofty plane of the moral and the spiritual; and for that we loved him dearly. We know how to apply those terms which denote directness and straightness to character. A right life, righteous, righteousness; and that was he. That was what he was specially marked among us for. He was

an example to every one of us; and if any question arose, the first answer that he gave showed that what he had been thinking of was,—how does that accord with the law of God and the law of righteousness? and that controlled his answer. He was a serious, manly person. Some of you knew him in his more playful and happy moments; in his social life, when no man was more free, pleasant, delightful, sociable, and enjoyable than he. A man keeps many serious thoughts to himself. John Bowen was a man that thought seriously on large topics; topics of public affairs; topics that have to do with the interests of the world and the interests of the Kingdom of God. Ah, my friends, how few such men there are! How few there are that you can stand by, that you know can be depended upon, that will not swerve by a hair's line, for any advantage, who can be depended upon always; and that was he. And therefore we loved him."

* *

WE count it a special good fortune to have received from Professor Norton, for use in connection with Mr. Sanborn's article on Emerson, the kind loan of the portrait of Emerson by Rowse, which is one of Professor Norton's most valued possessions. There is, perhaps, no more interesting or satisfying portrait of Emerson than this drawing, here directly reproduced, we think, for the first time. It was from this drawing that the beautiful steel engraving, executed and published by Mr. S. A. Schott, was made a dozen years ago. Of that fine work, Professor Norton himself wrote a notice for the *Nation*, which lovers of Emerson will be pleased to hunt up. We have thought that a careful study into the various portraits of Emerson which exist, from his early life to the later years, would be a valuable study at this time. We should like to see an exhibition in Boston or Concord of all the known or accessible originals. We should like to serve in bringing the greater public to a knowledge of them all. There are many strong photographs, notably the Hawes photograph, taken in Emerson's middle life; there are oil portraits; there are pencil drawings; there are marble busts. We would that all might be seen together.

* *

IN his charming book on "Nature in New England," recently published, it is worthy of remark that the New England writers upon whom Mr. Mabie chiefly draws, upon whom only, it may almost be said, he draws at all, are the Concord writers Thoreau and Emerson. Upon Emerson's own close relationship to nature, especially to nature in New England, which Mr. Sanborn has touched so well, Mr. Mabie says:

"It was no accident of residence that Emerson's 'Nature' was written in New England—it could hardly have been written elsewhere. It deals with the relationship of a man to nature in a profoundly poetic and spiritual mood, but also with the keenest and surest practical sense. One is made to feel that the uses of nature in man's daily life have a beauty unsuspected before,

or, if suspected, not fully realized. In this subtle and necessary companionship, not only is the soul fed with visions of beauty, but eye and brain, hand and foot, every faculty of observation and meditation, are trained. Out of the work of man in the fields, the forests, the mines, the body is nourished, the soul fed, and character developed. With Emerson, "character" is always the master word; and it is this word which he writes across every page in the great book of nature. Men cannot have any companionship with the ancient mother of the race, at whose bosom all the generations have been nourished, without consciously receiving that moral training and power which are the elements of character. And this is pre-eminently true of the relationship which exists between man and nature in New England, where industry, vigilance, and the most intelligent husbandry are the conditions of success. The history of nature could not be written there unless that of man were included, and the story of human life without the story of natural surroundings and influences would be so incomplete as to be incomprehensible. The domestic calendar includes the flight of the birds, the coming and the going of the flowers, the garnishing and dismantlement of the woods, and the fertility and barrenness of the fields; and whoever would keep the register of the season must also keep that of the hearthstone."

* *

WE have spoken before in these pages of the practice of the Directors of the Old South Studies in History, a practice begun four years ago, to put upon each summer's list of lecturers, one of the Old South prize essayists. The appearance of this young lecturer is now one of the brightest features of the summer's course. In the January number of the magazine, we published the lecture given last year by Mr. Robert Morris Lovett, one of the essayists on "Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchases." The young lecturer the present summer was Miss Caroline C. Stecker, to whose prize essay, upon "Washington's Interest in Education," reference was made in these pages a few months ago. Miss Stecker's lecture, on "King Philip's War," which appears in the present number of the magazine, is a good illustration of the excellent work in history which is being done by the Boston young people who come within the Old South circle.

A new feature of the Old South work, the present summer, was the offer of a prize of twenty dollars for the best report of the course of lectures made from notes taken during the lectures. This practice had already been inaugurated in connection with several of the Old South courses in other cities. In Boston the offer led to an earnest competition, the prize being taken by a young lady of one of the high schools, Miss Martha N. Hobart.

* *

WE wish to express our obligation to the Century Company for the use, in connection with Mr. Grinné's article on *Anti-Slavery Boston*, of the fine portrait of Francis Jackson, from the *Life of William Lloyd Garrison*, by his sons, published

by the Century Company. We have received most important assistance from Mr. Francis J. Garrison in connection with almost all of the illustrations to this article.

* *

IN all the work of Charles Bulfinch in Boston, from which work altogether it seems to us the modern city architect may learn so much, there is nothing from which he may learn more than from the general plan of old Franklin Place. Its interest and excellence lie chiefly in the fact that it was a general plan, that here was a whole street built at once, with all its houses related to each other, and arranged with a view to general effect. The utter absence of this regard for general effect, and the utter lack of relation between one building and another in our streets, is what makes the chief ugliness of our cities to-day. If there stands at this corner a structure wholly noble in its outline and beautiful in detail, there stands beside it some monstrosity or, what is sometimes almost as bad, a building beautiful perhaps in itself, but of a style all out of harmony with its neighbor's beauty. Our street lines are, with few exceptions, motley processions of giants and pigmies, ostentation and shabbiness, all huddled in chaos. What is true of the streets of banks and shops is only less true of the streets of homes. This will always be so until the propriety of public architectural supervision is recognized, until each city has its Committee on Architecture, with powers as definite and great as those of its Board of Health. The fault, after all, is less with the architects than with the people. Paris is a city monotonous often in its details; but, however faulty the style in which he worked, Hausmann gave the Paris streets dignity and beauty. Bulfinch, working upon English models, gave dignity and beauty to old Franklin Place. Looking upon its picture, and then upon the picture of the street of similar rank in the newer city, let us learn the lesson.

* *

EACH new election and each political campaign forces upon our attention the rapid growth in our democratic state of one of the greatest possible political evils, that of quick and sudden rotation in office, involving as it does, the keeping of our public affairs more and more in the hands of inexperienced men. The city council, the state legislature, the national house of representatives, is made up in ever greater and greater proportion of men new to the duties, men serving but a single short term, men not re-elected. These offices are coming more and more to be looked upon not as places for service,—simple, hard and faithful service for the people,—but as goals of personal ambition, as dignities and honors to decorate the official, as stepping-stones to higher things. From the little circle in the ward, on and up, the imperious feeling is that each in the ambitious set must have his turn; and this feeling demands that the present servant shall make way just as he has acquired that degree of experience which is calculated to make his service valuable. The result of all this is that our gov-

ernment in all its branches, from municipal to national, is rapidly becoming a *government by amateurs*. The permission in the other affairs of life of the methods which we permit in our political business would be regarded as trifling and almost insane. In our politics itself, it is bringing it to pass that the strong men of the city no longer sit, in any large number, in the council,—in this respect how lamentably behind Birmingham and Manchester and London are Boston, New York and Chicago,—and that, our legislatures are deteriorating. The strong man does not come up there again and again from the country town. He ought to come. When we get a good man

into office, we ought to keep him there, instead of dismissing him just as he has learned the ropes and knows how to serve us well. It is ridiculous to make a new man, mayor of the city each new year. No man can learn the city's business and fit himself to direct it in a year. Keep him there six years,—then we shall have Quincys there. Keep the good governor twenty years, if he will serve,—then we shall have Bradfords and Winthrops. But a democracy that cannot be practical, that does not appreciate experience, that keeps the sophomore in the majority, advertises its incompetence and invites disaster.

THE OMNIBUS.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE,

An Anti-Nationalist Wail.

Oh, dear!
The Christian virtues will disappear!
Nowhere on land or sea
Will be room for charity!
Nowhere in field or city
A person to help or pity!
Better for them, no doubt,
Not to need helping out
Of their old miry ditch,—
But alas! for us, the rich!
For we shall lose, you see,
Our boasted charity!
Lose all the pride and joy
Of giving the poor employ,
And money, and food, and love,
(And making stock thereof!)
Our Christian virtues are gone
With nothing to practise on!
It don't hurt *them* a bit,
For they *can't* practise it!
But it's our great joy and pride —
What virtue have we beside?
We believe as sure as we live
That it is more blessed to give,
Than to want and wait and grieve
And occasionally receive!
And here are the people pressing
To rob us of our pet blessing!
No chance to endow and bedizen
A hospital, school or prison,
And leave our own proud name
For gratitude and fame!
No chance to do one good deed,
To give what we do not need,
To leave what we cannot use,
To those whom we deign to choose!
When none want broken meat
How shall our cake be sweet?
When none want flannels and coals
How shall we save our souls?
Oh dear! Oh dear!
The Christian virtues will disappear!

The poor have their virtues rude —
Meekness and Gratitude,
Endurance and Respect
For us, the world's elect,
Economy, Self-denial,
Patience in every trial,
Self-sacrifice, Self-restraint, —
Virtue enough for a saint!
Virtues enough to bear
All this life's sorrow and care!
Virtues by which to rise
To a front seat in the skies!
How can they turn from this
To common earthly bliss —
Mere clothes and food and drink,
And leisure to read and think,
And Art and Beauty and Ease —
There is no crown for these!
True, if their gratitude
Were not for fire and food
They still might learn to bless
The Lord for their happiness!
Instead of respect for wealth
Might learn from beauty and health,
And freedom in power and pelf,
Each man to respect himself!
Instead of scraping and saving
Might learn from using and having,
That man's life should be spent
On a grand development!
But this is petty and small!
These are not virtues at all!
They do not look as they should!
They don't do *us* any good!
Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!
The Christian virtues will disappear!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

* * *

GRANDMA'S DIARY.

MADE of old-fashioned calico,
And dresses worn in the long ago,
Every square than a gem of Art

More precious to her faithful heart,
Was a patchwork quilt that used to be
Our dear old grandma's diary.

She would stand, I remember, beside the bed,
With her wrinkled hand on my little head,
And tell me patiently o'er and o'er,
Though I'd heard it many a time before,
How "This dress came from a famous town,"
And that was "a piece of her wedding gown."

"This blue is one our Mabel wore,
As playing round the farmhouse door,
Or roaming about the homestead lot,
Father called her Forget-me-not."
Ah, no! not forgotten; she ne'er can be,
Though the baby died when only three.

All the treasures of infant grace,
The small plump hands and dimpled face,
The eyes of brown, the curls of gold,
The winsome ways so manifold,—
I knew them all: and she to me
Was just as real as real could be.

"This gray is a piece of your mother's dress, —
Our precious little daughter Bess;
She was just sixteen when she had that,
With a scarlet feather for her hat,
And a gray fur tippet, warm and good;
The squirrels were shot in the old north wood.

Your father's folks moved here that year,
And bought their farm of old man Vere;
He saw your mother at the meeting-house,
Where she, as meek as a little mouse,
Sat by father's side through sermon time,
And their cheeks would glow and their eyes
would shine.

Your father? Oh, rough enough with boys,
And fond of rollicking fun and noise;
But the tone of his voice grew hushed and
sweet

At the sound of the little woman's feet;
And 'twas wonderful how he sobered down
At the sight of our Bessie's soft gray gown."

"And this," — but ever, to my surprise,
Here something always ailed grandma's eyes;
The patch was only a scrap at best,
A bit left over of grandpa's vest;
But drawing me closer to her side,
She said, "He wore it the day he died."

Charlotte F. Daley.

* *

AT NIGHTFALL.

FROM the west the golden sunlight
Softly falls on you and me;
See the twilight shadows falling,
Falling, deepening, silently.
Lassie — come and pour the tea!

Pausing shyly on the threshold,
Half afraid that I shall see,
Now you glance across the table,
Laughing, ah, so merrily,
As I watch you pour the tea.

Now the cream, and now the sugar,
Simpler task could hardly be;
Yet I love to see you, lassie,
Blushing, dimpling, merrily,
While you slowly pour the tea.

Lay your hand in mine, my lassie,
Lift your sweet eyes trustingly,
Can you read the misty Future,
Can you tell what it shall be —
Strange, unknown Eternity?

Shall the long years, swiftly passing,
Come between your life and me?
Shall another hear your footstep,
As you hasten eagerly,
To his side, to pour the tea?

While beside my own hearth lonely
Strangers coldly look on me —
Will you then remember, lassie,
How the night fell silently,
While you laughed and poured the tea?

— *Willis Boyd Allen.*



From "*St. Nicholas*."

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE old St. Nicholas slyly tossed bags of gold into poor widows' houses, and then ran away. His modern namesake has been sending for nearly twenty years, by the postman, to all children within his reach, that which ought to give more lasting happiness and benefit than the money-bags which the older saint dropped in at the window.

The *St. Nicholas Magazine* is a fine flower of the nineteenth century. For childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery. The world had neither books, pictures, nor other implements of happiness suited to child-nature until our own time. What a step from the rude horn-books and incomprehensible catechisms to the pictures and stories of this day, in which the best literary ability, the highest artistic skill, the ablest and most experienced editing, the largest publishing enterprise, and the finest mechanical appliances are all enlisted and combined to rejoice and enlighten children!

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE MAGAZINE.

MEN and women are just as truly the result of the atmosphere in which they have passed their childhood, as the trees and herbage of a country are the result of its soil and climate. It is by the subtle something which we call *atmosphere*, rather than by direct teaching, that the home molds a child. The chief business of a mother is to surround a child with beautiful influences. The great school-masters, such as Arnold of Rugby, Gunn of the "Gunnery,"

and others, have achieved notable results by the moral and intellectual climate they were able to produce, rather than by methods of teaching. The supreme quality of *St. Nicholas* is its bright, healthful and invigorating atmosphere. The young reader is not bored with unreadable prosing on moral subjects; there are few "Didactic Pieces," but the reader is here introduced to good company, and filled with pure thoughts and high aspirations by the wholesome influence pervading its pages.

RECREATIONS.

"THE first work of a child is play," said the great teacher Frederick Froebel. He who will lead children rightly must know how to win and hold a child's sympathy by entering into his play, and this *St. Nicholas* has done in many ways. On the side of honest sympathy with the spirits and pursuits of young people, there are descriptions of home amusements of various kinds, plays for parlor or school representation, drills and healthful exercises for both girls and boys, indoor games, funny pictures, the famous "Brownies," the never-to-be-forgotten jingles, and the riddles, the rebuses, the charades, the what-nots of elaborate entanglement that have called forth the ingenuity of puzzle-makers, old as well as young.

What shall we say of the outdoor papers? There are accounts of how to camp out, how to build toy sail-boats, admirable articles on swimming and sailing and lawn-tennis, on the

bicycle, on base-ball, foot-ball, and general athletics, and many more on subjects of prime importance to boys and girls.

TIMELY ARTICLES.

WHATEVER subject comes up, *St. Nicholas* tries to give its young readers a good understanding of it while it is fresh in the public mind. This can best be demonstrated by noting a few of the many timely subjects that the magazine has treated in its pages. Coast guard service or life-saving on the coast, the work of coast-guards in aiding ships and securing cargoes that have gone ashore, the use of light-houses and light-ships, cable-telegraphy, the method of stopping cars by a vacuum-brake, the management of the city fire-department, the use of turret ships, torpedoes, torpedo boats in war, the telephone, the minting of money, the foretelling of the weather, the electric light, the making of pottery, the cable railway, the elevated railroads, the transportation of the obelisk, the work of the war-correspondent, modern harbor defenses, the making of steel ordnance, Stanley and his exploring achievements, a visit to the real Mikado, "Among the Law-makers," a description of the routine of law-making; ballooning, choosing an occupation, the making of the Bartholdi statue, "Boring for Oil," "Among the Gas-wells," the great Brooklyn Bridge, are examples of many papers that have been printed on subjects of immediate interest at the time.

ARTICLES ABOUT CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are interested in children. *St. Nicholas* avails itself of this principle to



L. M. Alcott

From "*St. Nicholas*."

amuse them and to attract their attention to many important subjects, such as "The Poor Boy's Astor House," Parisian children, English factory children or "half-timers," the Wilson Mission House, called "The Kitchen

Garden," the life of stage-children, the district telegraph boys, the summer-home for poor children at Bath, Long Island, interesting sketches of children famous in childhood or afterwards, stories of the boyhood of distinguished authors, especially the valuable account of Thackeray, with facsimiles of his boyish letters and drawings, etc.

SERIAL STORIES.

THE stories of *St. Nicholas*, long ones and short ones, are too widely known to require any description here. They have taken the widest range, and appealed to the most diverse tastes, but they have never been of the hot, unhealthy sort — the sort that tends to produce a harvest of renegades, highwaymen, and pirates. Upon this point Mrs. Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, once wrote these strong and true words:

The mayor of Philadelphia says that he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the boy criminals in the next year, if he could banish bad plays from the boards of the variety theaters, and put bad books out of print.

Now, it will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or, worse still, the sentimental dribblings of those writers who think that any "good-y" talk will do for children. We must give them good, strong, interesting reading, with the blood and sinew of real life in it, — heartsome, pleasant reading, that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

It is right and natural for a boy to want to see the world. It is right and natural for him to wish to read books that, according to his light, show him what the world is.

The evil is the impression given to young minds that *seeing the world* means seeing the badness of the world. Let a boy understand that to *see the world* in a fair, manly way, one must see also its good side, its nobleness and true progress, and you at once put his soul in the way of a wholesome growth.

Vile writers and worse publishers are fattening on this tendency of boys, and the culpable carelessness of parents in not helping them to satisfy it properly.

Good writers and honest publishers are offering the means of remedying the great evil, and are showing the boys of this country how they may see the world and yet remain pure and true.

It has been the special aim of *St. Nicholas* from the start to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest, uncontaminated and invigorating as the open air of heaven. Among the serials in the pages of *St. Nicholas* have been some of Miss Alcott's best stories for children; Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy"; stories of breezy adventure and boyish life, by J. T. Trowbridge; such pictures of frontier life and base-ball

adventure as Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Fairport Nine"; tales of remote lands, by Bayard Taylor; Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and "What Might Have Been Expected"; Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy,"

a steady fire of suggestion, question, answer, and what not, about all kinds of things, stirring up the mind of a child to knock at Nature's doors, and pry into the secrets of science and art. One of the ingenious methods used by the magazine to excite interest in scientific



THE TEA PARTY. (FROM "LONDON CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.")
From "*St. Nicholas*."

her most famous juvenile story, and her other stories "Sara Crewe" and "Little St. Elizabeth." Many of the *St. Nicholas* stories have passed into juvenile literature as classics. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story produced in America now first seeks the light in the pages of *St. Nicholas*.

"ST. NICHOLAS" AS AN EDUCATOR.

PUT a boy to studying geography, and he gets a vague idea that Greenland is a green spot on the upper part of his map. But let him read Dr. Hayes's "Adventures on an Iceberg," and the arctic land, as by a touch of magic, becomes a real country. All the dry facts in the school-books about the "chief products" and "principal seaports" of Japan will never make that land of dainty decoration half so real as will the article in Volume VI., entitled "The Blossom-Boy of Tokio," with its thirty-seven illustrations. But there is not one of the numbers of the magazine that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination. Jack-in-the-Pulpit keeps up

study was the Agassiz Association—the most successful society of young people ever organized for scientific purposes, which was originally founded by *St. Nicholas*.

ITS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

"ST. NICHOLAS" would be a great benefactor if it did nothing but preoccupy the ground, and so crowd out the ill-weeds of noxious books and papers, which are sure to find their way where the attention is not engaged and the taste elevated by better reading. The great antidote to frivolity is mental occupation—and this antidote a juvenile magazine of the highest grade affords. But *St. Nicholas* does far more than this: to hundreds of thousands it is a teacher of religion—not in cold, dogmatic form like a catechism, not in any sectarian sense. But it teaches what a great orator once called "applied Christianity"—the principles of religion as they are applied to ordinary life. Unselfishness, faithfulness, courage, truthfulness—these things are taught in a hundred ways by stories, poems, and precepts. And these are the very core of true religion applied to the life.

GOOD COMPANY.

WHAT a galaxy of eminent men and women has *St. Nicholas*, by some hook or crook, beguiled into writing for its lucky children! Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Hughes, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Oliphant, Lewis Carroll (author of "Alice in Wonderland"), Professor Proctor, Archibald Forbes, and other famous men and women from the other side of the sea, and Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Helen Jackson, Colonel Higginson, Bret Harte, J. G. Holland, Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields, Edward Eggleston, Gail Hamilton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, Louisa M. Alcott, W. D. Howells, J. T. Trowbridge, Paul H. Hayne, James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller, Edgar Fawcett, H. H. Boyesen, Charles Dudley Warner, David D. Lloyd, Mary Hallock Foote, Donald G. Mitchell, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, W. H. Gibson, S. M. B. Piatt, Nora Perry, Celia Thaxter, and many more of the best-known names in American literature, are on its list of contributors. Indeed it would be easier to tell the few American writers of note who have not contributed than to recite the list of those who have.

THE PICTURES.

As to the list of artists who have contributed to *St. Nicholas*, it includes almost all the prominent illustrators of the day.

So much has been said of the charming illustrations of *St. Nicholas*, they have been so often and so highly praised, they have brought such warm words of commendation from high authorities in England as well as in America—that we should run the risk of becoming tedious if we enlarged upon them and their rare educational refining influence. The London "Spectator" calls *St. Nicholas* "the best of

all children's magazines," and "The Thunderer," the London "Times" itself, pronounced *St. Nicholas* superior to anything of its kind in England, and said that its "pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design."

IN CONCLUSION.

OF the success of the magazine it is not needful to speak. It is said to be without a peer in magazines of its class the whole world around. Eminent persons have subscribed for the benefit of those not able to pay for it, for the sake of its educating influence. The Ames family subscribe yearly for two hundred copies for the children of the employees in their works at North Easton, Mass. In the third largest public library in America, more than three thousand people read *St. Nicholas* every month.

When the magazine began, Charles Dudley Warner said: "If the children don't like it, I think it is time to begin to change the kind of children in this country." Well, the children do like it, but, all the same, *St. Nicholas* has changed the kind of children. It cannot be that multitudes of them should see such pictures and read such stories and poems without being better, more thoughtful, more refined, and in many ways another kind of children than those who have gone before them. *St. Nicholas* has a great list of attractive features for the coming year; it will be "better than ever," the editors say, but just how they are going to manage it is a puzzle. The price is \$3.00 a year, and the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York, will be glad to send a recent back number, without charge, to any reader of this article who is unfamiliar with *St. Nicholas*.



From "St. Nicholas."



THE GREAT TOM TOWER. OXFORD.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

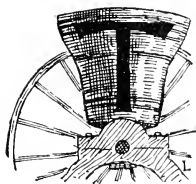
NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1891.

VOL. III. No. 5.

BELLS.

By E. H. Goss.



THE subject of bells is always attractive," says Longfellow, who has been called "the poet of the bells," having written nearly a dozen poems about them, and made many allusions to them, besides, in *Evangeline* and other works. And true it is that much that is beautiful and interesting in literature has been suggested by bells and is connected with them. Cowper, Coleridge, Moore, Lamb, Herbert, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, and many another, have all written in their sweetest strains about the bell.

From a very early period in the world's history, bells have been of great usefulness among all nations. They not only have been, but still are, the theme for the pen of poet, storyteller, and historian. How many bells there are in tower and steeple throughout the world it would be hard to tell; but they are ringing in every land, belting the world with melody; a continuous carillon of bell-music is ever sounding round the earth.

Sweet and tender are many of the strains that come to us from the poets. What memories are awakened when we hear read or sung the beautiful lay of Moore:

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!"

How gentle and sympathetic is Longfellow's tribute to Bayard Taylor:

"Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea."

Coleridge says:

" 'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath bell;
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell."

And Whittier:

"Bell, whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled, and bridals rung."

In "The Bells," of Poe; "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," of Tennyson; "The Bells of Shandon," of Mahoney; the "Church Bells," of Keble; the "Sabbath Bells," of Lamb; the "Christmas Bells," of Longfellow; the "Song of the Bell," by Schiller;—many a message and office of the bell is brought home to us; as also in that other German "Song of the Bell," translated by Longfellow:

"Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

"Bell! thou soundest merrily:
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!" etc.

It is interesting to consider the various names of bells and bell-rings which have grown up through the customs of

the years, finding their way so often into poetry : There is the Curfew Bell :

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

the *Avë Mariä*, *Angelus* or *Vesper Bell* :

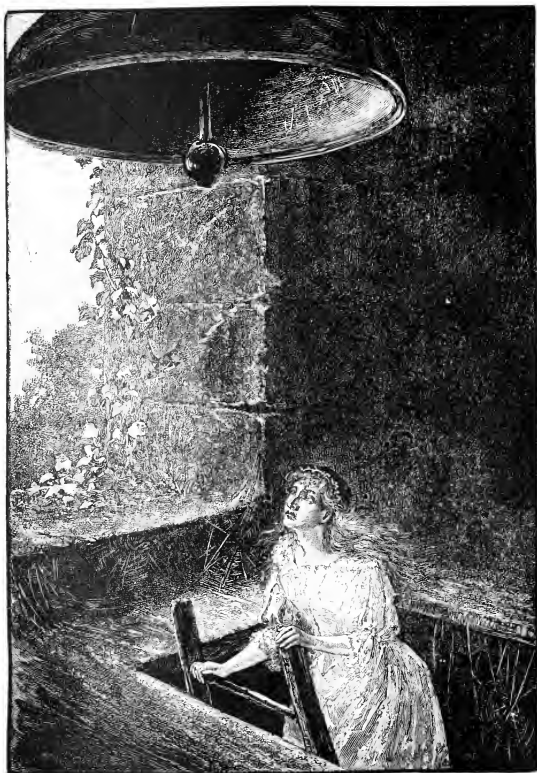
"Sweetly over the village the bell of the *Angelus* sounded ;

the *Sanctus Bell*, rung during the service, at the words :

"Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God of hosts

the *Liberty Bell* :

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."



[Copyright 1882. Lee & Shepard.]

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

the *Passing Bell* :

"Prayers ascend
To heaven in troops at the good man's passing
bell ; "

the *Soul Bell* :

"When the bell begins to toll
Lord have mercy on the soul ;"

the *Christmas Bells* :

"I heard the bells, on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play ;"

the *Advent Bell*, *Jesus Bell*, *Judas Bell*,
Compline Bell, which summoned the
people to the last religious service of the
day, *Catch-Cope Bell*, *Phantom* or *Sub-*

terreanean Bell, Sabbath or Church Bell, Funeral Bell, Tocsin or Alarm Bell, Sermon Bell, New Year's Bell, Saints' Bell, Pudding Bell, Pancake Bell, sung on Shrove Tuesday :

"But hark, I hear the Pancake bell,
And Fritters make a gallant spell;"

Ecclesiastical Bell, Refection Bell :

"Then the Abbot sleek, with his looks so meek,
Was the heartiest of them all;
And he took his place with a smiling grace,
When refection's bell did call;"

and the others that might be mentioned, besides the various uses made of the bell

Japan, Assyria, and Egypt used them at a very early period of their existence as nations, and long before they were known in Europe. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans had them. They have been found among the ruins of Nineveh, by Layard. Pliny says that the monument of Porsenna was decorated by pinnacles, each surmounted by bells : Strabo, that the responses of the Dodonaean oracle were in part conveyed by bells : Plutarch, that bells rang the Grecian wives to the fish market. The Troy of Homer had bells to ring during the siege, with which to frighten the enemy. Diodorus de-



Millet's *Angulus*.

in the commercial world. The bell has indeed made a history for itself and said much to the world.

"O what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
Reading great sermons with its iron tongue."

Bells are of great antiquity. China,

scribes the bells on the funeral car of Alexander the Great, and it is said that the mules employed in the funeral pomp had, at each jaw, a gold bell. Fletcher, in his "*Notes on Nineveh*," says that there was an Oriental writer, Dionysius Bar Salibi, who composed several theo-

logical works, one of which contained a curious disquisition on bells; he ascribes their invention to Noah, saying that "several histories record a command given to that patriarch to strike on the bell with a piece of wood three times a day, in order to summon the workmen to their labor

and Manilius, and have clanged on from Latin times till now."

An old painting of King David represents him as playing with a hammer in each hand, upon a number of bells hung up before him. Moses, in Exodus, says that "bells of gold" were appended to



The Great Bell of Moscow.

while he was building the ark; and this he seems to consider the origin of church-bells, an opinion which, indeed, is common to other Oriental writers." Bells "clang and jingle in the pages of Ovid and Tibullus, Martial, Phædrus, Statius,

the "robe of the ephod," which should be upon Aaron "to minister; and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." Zachariah also says: "In that day,"—when Messiah

shall come,— “shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord;” and in Ecclesiasticus, in the Apocrypha, while referring to Aaron, it says: “And he compassed him with pomegranates, and with many golden bells

mins in their ceremonies, and by the Roman Catholics during the celebration of mass, with which use most are familiar, and were not for the purpose of calling the people together; the trumpet, or cornet, was used for that, also for



The Tower of Ivan, Moscow.

round about, that as he went there might be a sound, and a noise made that might be heard in the temple, for a memorial to the children of his people.” In these cases they probably answered the same purpose as the bells used by the Brah-

sounding the alarm of war, and for sacrifices and festivals.

Schœttgenius, in his treatise on ancient vestments, shows that small bells were attached to the garments of Hebrew women, virgins, and boys, as well as to

the pontifical robes; and that they were also appendages to the royal costume of the ancient Persians; and Æschylus and Euripides say that they were concealed within the hollow of the shields of Grecian heroes and military leaders. In some countries, to this day, "bells are frequently attached, for the sake of their

have them in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem]. Their feast of Beiram is now announced by firing of cannon at sunset; and signals respecting their fast of Ramadan are conveyed in the same manner. The call to prayer is proclaimed by the voice of the muezzin from the minaret; and Lord Byron says that 'on a still evening, when the muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.' The Turks, too, who are very taciturn, summon their servants by clapping of hands. In short, research into this matter leads us to the conclusion that the small sorts of bells, which were wanted for ornament or private convenience, are of great antiquity."



Chinese Bell.

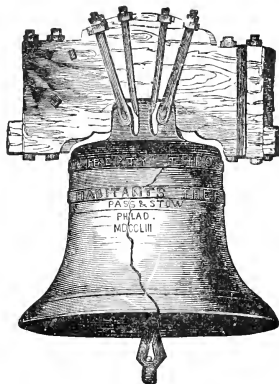
pleasant sound, to the anklets of women." This was the custom in the days of Isaiah, for he says: "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet." The little girls of Cairo wear strings of them round their feet; and Mungo Park, while at Koojar, witnessed a dance "in which many performers assisted, all of whom were provided with little bells fastened to their legs and arms."

Of the method of summons in use before bells, the Rev. Alfred Gatty, Vicar of Ecclesfield, England, in his work on the bell, says,—

"Broad plates of iron, like the felloes of a cart wheel, were sometimes struck together to produce a clashing sound; and in Tournefort's 'Voyage of the Levant,' in which there is an account of these miserable machines, it is said that the monks who reside there still make use of them for lack of bells. The Greeks formerly used a piece of hard wood that was beaten with two hammers; and the Turks have never admitted bells into their country [although they have now allowed Christians to

It is difficult to determine in just what country church and other large bells originated, but the same authority states that "our utmost inquiry leads us to the conviction that church bells were invented by the Christian church herself, and not at a very early period of her existence; for it is obvious that the primitive Christians were not summoned to congregational worship by any public signal whatever; as, in consequence of persecution, they could only meet by stealth, and chiefly at night, at the tombs of their martyrs."

The invention of bells for church uses in Europe is generally attributed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, A. D. 400. Pope Sabinianus, who lived about the year 600, is another claimant for this honor. They were undoubtedly introduced into France as early as 550. At the end of the seventh century, Bede mentions their being in England. In the

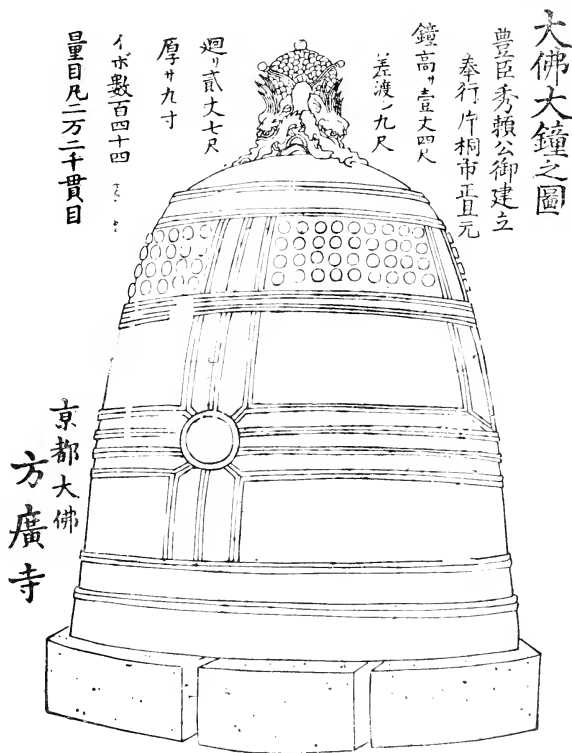


Old Liberty Bell, Philadelphia.

tenth century, St. Dunstan hung a great many in the English churches; and in the eleventh century they were not uncommon in Germany and Switzerland. From that time the bell has spoken for itself. "From its eyrie in the belfry it

dolence; nor is the worship of God attended without a summons from the bell."

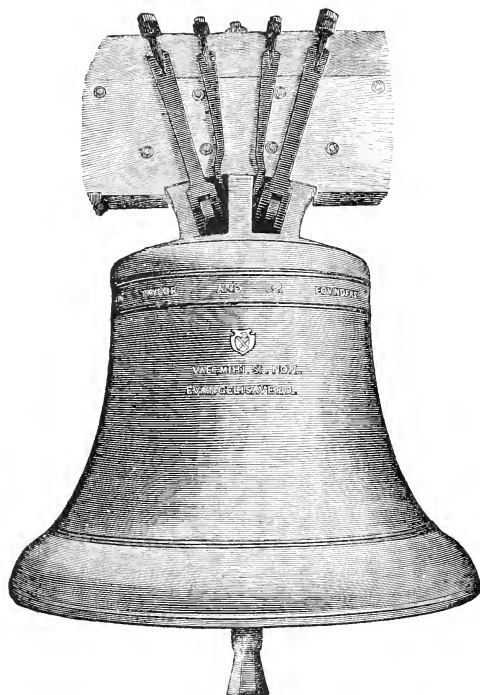
Bells have had a great influence on architecture. To them indirectly we probably owe all the most famous towers and



Bell at Temple of Daibutsu, Kyoto, Japan.

has gradually become an inspector and registrar-general of all the principal occurrences of human life. At feast and at festival, at mourning and at meeting, its iron tongue has now always something to say. No heir can be born, but the bell must take notice of his arrival; no marriage can be solemnized, but the bell must pour forth its noisy congratulations; human breath cannot quit the body, but the bell must intrude its notes of con-

campaniles in the world; and they have been intimately associated not only with all kinds of religious and social rites, but with almost every important historical event, such as the terrible scenes of the Sicilian Vespers and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the more pleasing ones of our Declaration of Independence, and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. They pealed for Trafalgar, and they tolled for Nelson. King Henry VIII. and Edward



"Great Paul" — St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

VI. pronounced edicts against their use in certain festivals, although they entered largely into the village life of "Merry England."

England, Belgium, Russia, China, and Japan may be called the great bell-ringing and bell-loving countries. Bell-founding and carillon-ringing have been sciences and great industries in Belgium, which is full of massive towers that are full of bells, so much so that it has been called "the classic land of bells." Haweis says of it, that it is the "loving and beloved of bells. The wind sweeps over her cam-pagnas and fertile levels, and is full of broken but melodious whispers." And England, with its grand old churches and cathedrals, whose steeples have peals and chimes of bells almost without number, has long been called "The Ringing Island."

It was a curious theory of Frater Johannes Drabicius, that the principal employment of the blessed in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells; and he occupied four hundred and twenty-five pages of a work printed at Mentz in 1618, to prove the same. However it may be in the great hereafter, most true it is that here on earth, among all the nations, much time and thought have been given to the bells and to bell-ringing.

Southey called bells "the poetry of the steeples"; and Longfellow, in his description of the tearing down of the cross from the spire of Stras-burg Cathedral, in "The Golden Legend," makes the poetic bells take part in the successful controversy with Lucifer, who commands the "powers of the air" to

"Seize the loud, vociferous
bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the
pavement
Hurl them from their windy
tower!"

And the bells respond at different times, as readers of that beautiful poem of Longfellow's will remember:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| " <i>Laudo Deum verum!</i> | I praise the true God! |
| <i>Plebem voco!</i> | Call the people! |
| <i>Congrego clerum!</i> | Convene the clergy! |
| <i>Defunctos plo-ro!</i> | I mourn the dead! |
| <i>Pestem fugo!</i> | Dispel the pestilence! |
| <i>Festo decoro!</i> | Grace festivals! |
| <i>Funera plango!</i> | I mourn at the burial! |
| <i>Fulgura frango!</i> | Abate the lightning! |
| <i>Sabbata pango!</i> | Announce the Sabbath! |
| <i>Excito lentos!</i> | I arouse the indolent! |
| <i>Dissipo ventos!</i> | Dissipate the winds! |
| <i>Paco cruentes!</i> " | Appease the avengeful!" ¹ |

¹ This clause, "I appease the avengeful," is justified by at least one historical incident: When Clothair besieged Sens, in 610, Lupus, Bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen to be rung; and Clothair, frightened, gave up the attack.

existing police regulations. Possibly one reason was an anxiety to keep the people housed, that no assemblages might plot against him; again, nocturnal street brawls and troubles were avoided by compelling all to be within doors. In King Alfred's time, the hour for ringing the "curfew" was eight o'clock; thus early were the people called upon to cover fires and go to bed. Thompson refers to this tyrannical law, which was afterwards abolished, by Henry I., in the year 1100.

"The shiv'ring wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected sunk into their sordid beds,
And through the mournful gloom of ancient time,
Mused sad or dreamt of better."

Out of this "ryngyng of ye curfewe" has grown the pleasant custom of ringing the evening and other bells at particular hours of the day. There are many places in England where this practice has been kept up for hundreds of years; and it is stated that in one town it has been rung every day for at least eight centuries. After the law was abolished, and the people could do as they pleased with regard to putting out their fires and going to bed, it appears from the records in many places, that the time of ringing was changed, first from eight to nine o'clock, then from nine to ten; and afterwards, according to Shakespeare, to the early morning hours; for in "Romeo and Juliet" it says:

"The curfew bell hath rung,
'Tis three o'clock."

Milton, in "Il Penseroso," describes the curfew in lines sonorous and musical as the bell itself:

"Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar."

Another English writer has said:

"It is an instance of the tenacity with which we cling to a custom that though for centuries its only use has been 'to toll the knell of parting day,' it continues to be rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer; and few who have been accustomed to its sound that would not feel, if it was hushed, that a soothing sentiment had been taken out of life."

Shakespeare makes other mention of the curfew in "The Tempest":

"You whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms — that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew: "

in "King Lear: "

"This is the foul fiend Flibertigibbet;
He begins at curfew, and walks to the first
cock; "

and in "Measure for Measure."



Entry of "Great Paul" through doorway of Tower.

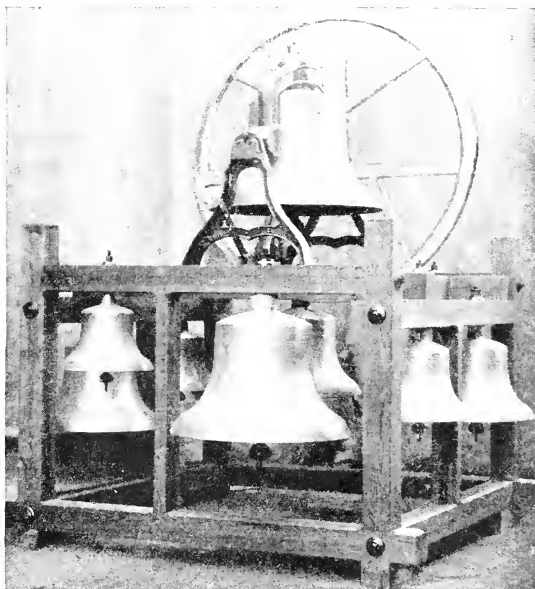
Not only in England, but in France and Switzerland, and perhaps other countries, was the curfew rung; and the custom is still continued in many places. In the Swiss Canton of Appenzell, the church bell is rung at half past eight o'clock; and this is a particular warning for all children to be in their homes; otherwise they are looked after by the street patrol. At eleven o'clock the watchman sings a set of phrases in a clear, loud voice: "Put out lights, cover up your fires, lock your doors, say your prayers, and go to bed."

Theuriet, in "Gerard's Marriage," a French story, says: "What soothing voices there are in the provincial bells that still ring out the curfew in some of the small cities! This familiar music generally closes the labors of the day, and hushes the children to sleep in their cradles better than the nurse's lullaby. There is something comforting and sympathetic in their full, clear, and peaceful sounds."

As in Old England, so in New England is the curfew still heard. In Boston the nine o'clock bell was rung from time immemorial up to within a very few years. So, also, at eight o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon. Many Bostonians regretfully miss this good old custom; old, as is witnessed by Joseph Josselyn, who visited Boston in 1663, and in his description says: "On the South there is a small but pleasant Common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalade madams, as we do in Moorsfield, etc., till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective

habitations, when presently the constables walk their rounds to see good order kept and take up loose people."

In many of our towns the curfew still rings out o'er hill and dale. In South America it is called the "Stay-bell," —



A Modern Chime.

toque de la queda — and after it was rung, at ten o'clock, the use of the streets was forbidden by municipal ordinances to the inhabitants of Quito and other Peruvian towns.

Many beautiful poems have been written about the curfew, and many are the allusions to it by the poetic pen of different nations. Perhaps no one poem has had wider reading than that of Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, "The Curfew must not ring to-night," written while a school-girl, seventeen years of age, for which the following incident furnished the subject:

"In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier for some offence was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed at the "ringing of the

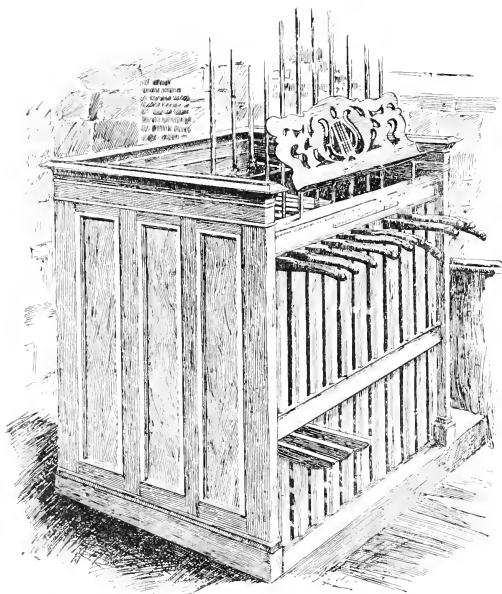
curfew." Every effort to avert his fate proved unavailing. The young girl for whom his life was held most dear pleaded tearfully with the judges, and even petitioned Cromwell himself, but in vain. Almost despairingly, she sought to bribe the sexton, in hope that for once a day might fade

But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,

Said to hush her heart's wild beating —

"Curfew shall not ring to-night."



Mechanism for playing Chimes.

to darkness with no curfew's knell; but the faithful old man was true. The hour of execution drew nigh, every preparation was complete; the condemned and his executioner stood waiting in the sunset light for a signal which did not sound."

"She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly —

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

"Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;

'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,

"It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before

Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun

Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,

Long should tell the little children.

Curfew did not ring that night.

"O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow

Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;

And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light;

'Go! your lover lives,' said Cromwell,

'Curfew shall not ring to-night!'"

Longfellow's "Curfew" has been set to music, as have some seventy or eighty others of his poems. In "Evangeline,"

"Anon the bells from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew."

And the "Bells of Lynn," that most musical remembrance of his summer sojourn in his cottage at Nahant on the opposite shore, the poet calls the

"curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes has remembered the good old custom in his "Before the Curfew."

And who will ever forget the sweet and mellow cadence of Gray:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

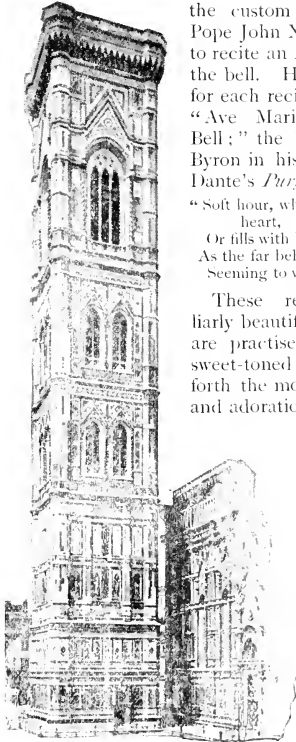
THE ANGELUS BELL.

The Angelus is a prayer to the Virgin, introduced by Pope Urban II. in 1095, as an intercession for the absent crusaders. It begins with the words, *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*, — The Angel of the Lord announced unto Mary. Then follows the salutation of Gabriel, — *Ave Maria*, etc. The prayer contains three verses, and each verse ends with the salutation, *Ave Maria*; and it is recited three times a day, at the ringing of

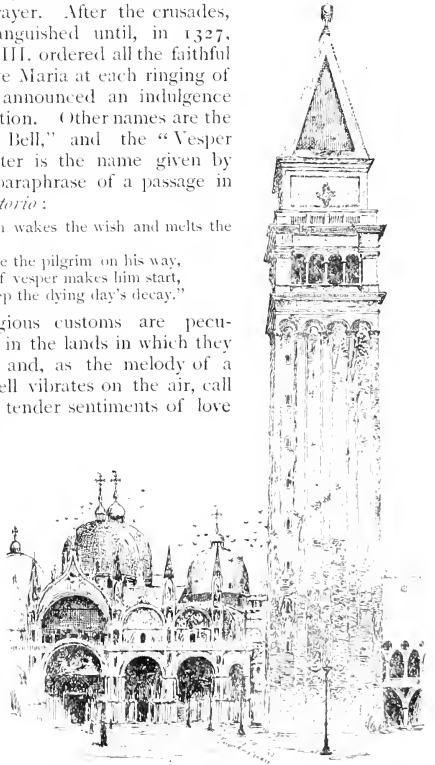
the Angelus bell, so named from the first word in the prayer. After the crusades, the custom languished until, in 1327, Pope John XXIII. ordered all the faithful to recite an Ave Maria at each ringing of the bell. He announced an indulgence for each recitation. Other names are the "Ave Maria Bell," and the "Vesper Bell;" the latter is the name given by Byron in his paraphrase of a passage in Dante's *Purgatorio*:

"Soft hour, which wakes the wish and melts the heart,
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay."

These religious customs are peculiarly beautiful in the lands in which they are practised, and, as the melody of a sweet-toned bell vibrates on the air, call forth the most tender sentiments of love and adoration.



Giotto's Tower.



Campanile, Venice.

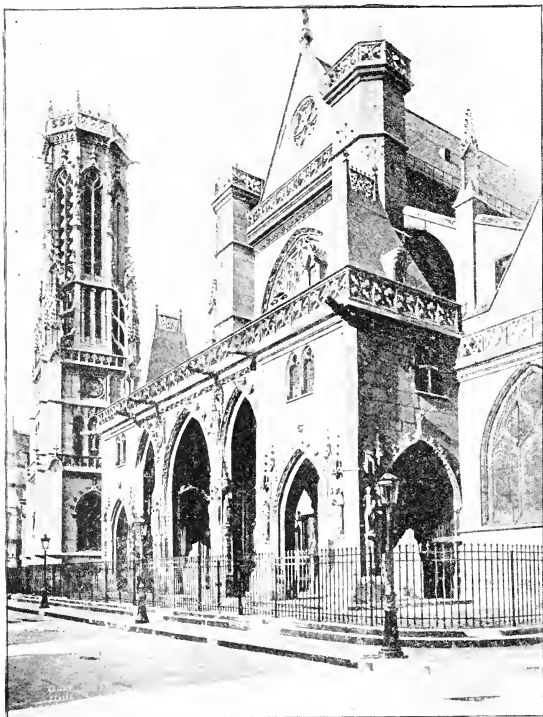
"I stand by Giotto's gleaming tower,
In gloom of the cathedral wing,
And hear, in the soft sunset hour,
The bells to benediction ring."

Again in "Evangeline:"

"Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded."

Not with the one bell of Angelus, or
Vesper, or Ave Maria, but with many

est, sweetest tone of an evening bell. Another
tone responds. A third is heard. The Ivan
Tower on the height of the Kremlin utters his
tremendous voice, like the voice of many waters.
And all the churches and towers over the whole
city, four hundred bells and more, in concert, in
harmony, with notes almost divine, lift up their
voices in an anthem of praise such as I never
thought to hear with mortal ears: waves of melody,
an ocean of music, deep, rolling, heaving,
changing, swelling, sinking, rising, overwhelming,



St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Paris,

FROM THE TOWER OF WHICH WAS RUNG THE SIGNAL FOR THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

bells is this worshipful feeling awakened
and aided in Russia, according to Prime,
in his *Alhambra and Kremlin*:

"It is the eve of one of their most holy festivals
of the church. One vast church edifice is directly
in view of my window, and but a short way off.
As I lie musing, from this church comes the soft-

exalting. I have heard the great organs of
Europe, but they were tame and trifling compared
with this. The anthem of nature at Niagara is
one great monotone. The music of Moscow's
bells is above and beyond them all. It is the
voice of the people. It utters the emotions of
millions of loving, beating, longing hearts, not
enlightened, perhaps, like yours, but all crying out

to the great Father, in their solemn and inspiring tones, as if their tongues had voices to cry: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of thy glory."

Many poets have sung their sweet strains of the "Angelus;" Bret Harte has written, "The Angelus, Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868."

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

"I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land."

And often has the sentiment which inspires the following lines been uttered in sweet melody: "Ring On, Sweet Angelus!"

"Hark! 'tis the Angelus! sweetly ringing
O'er hill and vale.
Hark! now the melody maidens are singing,
Floats on the gale.
On such a night in years long perished,
I too have sung
Those dear old lays, so sweet, so cherished,
When life was young!"

* * * * *

"Ring on! sweet Angelus! Tho' thou art
shaking
My soul to tears,
Voices long silent now, with thee are waking
From out the years.
Oh! sweet Angelus, ring on, ring on!"

THE TOCSIN.

"Many a bloody chapter in history has been rung in and out by bells. They have rung alike over slaughtered and ransomed cities, and far and wide throughout Europe in the hour of victory or irreparable loss." The name tocsin, toquesing, or signum, is applied to certain bells in the towers of the old countries, which are rung only in cases of alarm, such as fire, the invasion of an enemy, or outbreak of a revolution. The ancient tocsin at Antwerp, cast in 1316, is called the "Horrida."

"Toll! Roland, toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?"

Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That freedom stood in peril of some foe;
And even timid hearts grew bold,
Whenever Roland tolled."

In times gone by the tocsin has been the signal for terrible religious massacres. August 24, 1572, when the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, and thousands upon thousands of French Huguenots were slaughtered, the signal for the tragedy was the sounding of the fatal tocsin which hung in the belfry of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Its sinister knell sounded all night, "dreadful music for a yet more dreadful drama."

Victor Hugo, in his "Les Misérables," relates the scenes enacted in the outbreak of June, 1832, and says: "But one sound could be heard, a sound heartrending as a death rattle, menacing as a malediction, the tocsin of St. Merry. Nothing was so blood-chilling as the clamor of this wild and desperate bell wailing in the darkness."

THE SABBATH BELL.

"It is the Sabbath Bell, which calls to prayer,
Even to the House of God, the hallowed dome,
Where he who claims it bids His people come
To bow before his throne and serve Him there
With prayers and thanks and praises."

The Sabbath Bells! What pleasant sounds they are indeed! Who would wish to live without them? What would our land be without its churches, and what would our churches be without their bells? Many have been the sweet strains sung of the Church and the Sabbath bell. Charles Lamb says:

"The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who, from the far-off hills, proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion." . . .

And Southey sings:

"I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,
Chiming from village church its cheerful sound."

And Rogers:

"Morning and evening brings
Its holy office; and the Sabbath bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain dell
Wanders so far chasing all thought unholy
With sounds most musical and melancholy,
Not on his ear is lost." . . .

And one not known sings :

"The Sabbath bell! the Sabbath bell!
To toilworn men a soothing sound;
Now labor rests beneath its spell,
And holy stillness reigns around.
The ploughman's team, the thresher's flail,
The woodman's axe, their clamors cease,
And only nature's notes prevail,
To humble bosoms echoing peace."

Llewellyn Jewett, George Lunt and others, have also sung of the Sabbath bell, and George W. Bungay gives "The Creeds of the Bells," his poem beginning:

"How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer.
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells."

Quaint and queer is William Barnes's poem, in the Dorset dialect, entitled:

THE BELLS OV ALDERBURNHAM.

"While now upon the win' da zwell
The church bells evenien peal, O,
Along the bottom, who can tell
How touch'd my heart do veel, O,
To hear again, as vonce tha rung
In holidays when I wer young,
Wi' merry sound
A-ringen' round,
The bells ov Alderburnham.

"Var when tha rung ther gâyest peals
O' zowe sweet de o' rest, O,
We all did ramble droo the viels',
A-dress'd in all our best, O;
An' at the brudge ar roaren weir
Ar in the wood, ar in the gleare
Ov oben ground,
Did hear ring round
The bells ov Alderburnham.

"Thâc bells, that now da ring above
The young brides at church-door, O,
Once rung to bless ther mother's love,
When thâc were brides avore, O,
An' sons in tow'r da still ring on
The merry peals o' fathers gone,
Noo moure to sound,
Ar hear ring round
The bells ov Alderburnham." etc.

The "Rites of Durham," republished by the Surtees Society, gives the following: "Every Sounday in the yeare there was a sermon preched in the Galleley at afternounge, from one of the clock till iij; and at xii of the clock, the great bell of

the Galleley was toulled, every Soundaie iij quarters of an houre, and rounge the forth quarter till one of the clock, that all the people of the towne myght have warnyng to come and here the worde of God preched."

LARGE BELLS.

Most large bells are old bells. Although England has so many bells and chimes that it has been called "The Ringing Island," and Belgium's bells have caused her to be named "the classic land of bells," yet Russia, perhaps, exceeds all other nations in its fondness for bells, having an immense number of them, and many very large ones. The "King of Bells," the largest one in the world, is in Moscow. It was cast first in 1651, and recast in 1734. It remained in the pit where it was cast until 1836, when Nicholas I. caused it to be raised and placed upon a stone pedestal near the tower of Ivan in the Kremlin, where it now stands. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the door being an aperture six feet high by seven wide at the base, made by the piece, weighing eleven tons, which broke and fell out during the fire of 1737, when water came in contact with the heated metal. This bell is twenty-one feet high, twenty-one feet, six inches in diameter, twenty-four inches thick, and weighs four hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds, or something over two hundred tons. Some authorities give the weight as four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, or 220 tons. It has bas-reliefs of the Emperor and Empress, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the Evangelists. Another bell about half as large required twenty-four men to ring it, and this was done by pulling the clapper.

Moscow is said to have had at one time over one thousand seven hundred large bells, and as many as five thousand of all sizes. In the Ivan tower alone there are now thirty-four, one of which, in the first story above the chapel, weighs more than sixty tons; it swings freely, is easily rung, and if one smites it with the palm of the hand it responds in a wonderfully clear and startling manner. Two others are of solid silver, with very soft, pure tones.

"In Russia," says Prime, "the bell is an instrument of music for the worship of God as truly and really as the organ in any other country! It appears absurd to cast bells so large as to be next to impossible for convenient use; in danger always of falling and dragging others to ruin in their fall. But when the bell is a medium of communication with the Infinite, and the worship of a people and an empire finds expression in its majestic tones, it ceases to be a wonder that it should have a tongue which requires twenty-four men to move, and whose music should send a thrill of praise into every house in the city, and float away beyond the river into the plains afar."

Much has been said and written concerning the bells of Moscow. Edna Dean Proctor, in *A Russian Journey*, has given a very interesting account of them, also a poem beginning:

"That distant chime! As soft it swells,
What memories o'er me steal!
Again I hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland peal!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,—
Silver sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunders boom below."

Again she says:

"Russia, through its whole extent, is the land of bells. Every church and monastery and convent has its tower, where they hang, in number and size proportioned to the wealth of the community. The church or religious house is the most attractive feature of the landscape in northern and central Russia, and the bells are the life and joy of the parish. Over the dark forests, across the dreary plains, by the still lakes, along the winding rivers, they send their harmonious peals, gladdening and elevating the soul. The peasant crosses himself as he listens, and believes that the saints are near and heaven awaits him yonder. . . . I have heard

'The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee;'

the curfew from the towers of Canterbury; the wondrous bell of the cathedral at Lyons, and those that swing in the sunny campaniles along the Mediterranean; the chimes of Burgos, and the mournful notes from the belfries of the old Jesuit missions in California; but as I write, their tones die away, and before me rise the domes of Russia, gold against the pale azure of her sky, while from their depths resound those sonorous peals that fill the blue vault with harmony, and float in fainter music to the far horizon. Nay, were I to frame an oath of grand and melodious sounds, I would say, By the thunder of the Kremlin tower, and the sweetness of the bells of Valдай!"

China has a very great fondness for bells, and has many large ones. Father Le Compte states that there are seven in Pekin, each weighing one hundred and

twenty thousand pounds. Curtis, in *Dottings Round the Circle*, speaks of but one great bell in Pekin, which he says hangs in the "Bell Temple" and is the second largest bell in the world, next to that of Moscow. It was cast in 1400, is eighteen feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference. Gatty gives its weight as fifty-three tons.

Japan has many colossal temples, with large belfries, or towers, which are built separately, and stand by themselves, and many of them have immense bells "whose notes quiver the air into leagues of liquid melody." All of these Japanese bells are struck on a raised spot, by a hammer of wood—a small tree trunk swung loosely on two ropes. After impact, the bellman holds the beam on its rebound, until the monotone begins to die away. "Few sounds are more solemnly sweet," says Griffis in *The Mikado's Empire*, "than the mellow music of a Japanese temple-bell. On a still night, a circumference of twenty miles was flooded by the melody of the great bell of Zōzōji. The people learned to love their temple-bell as a dear friend, as its note changed with the years and moods of life." This splendid temple of Zōzōji, with its belfry, was destroyed by fire on the night of December 31, 1874. The great bell, whose casting had been superintended by Iyēmizū, and by him presented to the temple, had for

"two hundred years been the solemn monitor, inviting the people to their devotions. Its liquid notes could be heard, it is said, at Odawara. On the night of the fire the old bellringer leaped to his post, and in place of the usual solemn monotone, gave the double stroke of alarm, until the heat had changed one side of the bell to white, the note deepening in tone, until, in red heat, the ponderous link softened and bent, dropping its burden to the earth."

The bell in the tower of the temple of Daibutsu, in Kyōto, is fourteen feet high, nine feet in diameter, eleven inches thick and weighs 181,500 pounds. It was cast about the year 1614.

Another large bell, belonging to the temple of Chō-in, in the same city, is twelve and one-half feet high, nine and one-half feet in diameter, nine and one-half inches thick, weighs 165,000 pounds, and was cast in 1633.

Many of the Japanese bells are adorned

with great elaboration, with sacred texts and images, and one has Buddha sitting on the sacred lotus, all in high relief.¹

There are other large, old, and famous bells in Europe besides those already spoken of. The Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, has one cast in 1680, weighing

"thunderous yet silver-sweet peals" began only five years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, charmed Luther onward from his fourteenth year, and has been charming myriads ever since. Schaffhausen, 1486, Cologne, 1448, Breslau, 1507, and Amiens, 1748, have them weighing eleven tons each; and Bruges has one of ten tons.

Cologne now has a bell larger than either of the European bells above mentioned, — the "Kaiserglocke" or Emperor's Bell, cast from twenty-two large cannon captured during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1. It is nearly twelve feet high, seventeen feet in diameter, and weighs 55,000 pounds; the tongue weighs 1,600 pounds, and it takes sixteen men to ring it. It has an inscription in Latin, a translation of which is as follows:

"William, His Imperial Highness, German Emperor and King of Prussia, in pious commemoration of the Heavenly assistance that was meted to him in the fortunate direction and termination of the last French war, has, after the reconstruction of the German Empire, ordered a bell to be cast, of captured cannon, to the weight of 50,000 pounds, that shall be hung in this magnificent House of God, approaching its completion; and in the endeavor to meet the pious intention of this victory-crowned ruler, the society organized for the completion of the cathedral has caused the same to be constructed. Under the Roman Pope Pius IX, and the Archbishop of Cologne, Paul Melchers, in the year of our Lord, 1874."

Many of the churches on the Rhine have had bells cast from similar cannon. A poem has been written called "Song of the Rhine Bells," one stanza of which is:

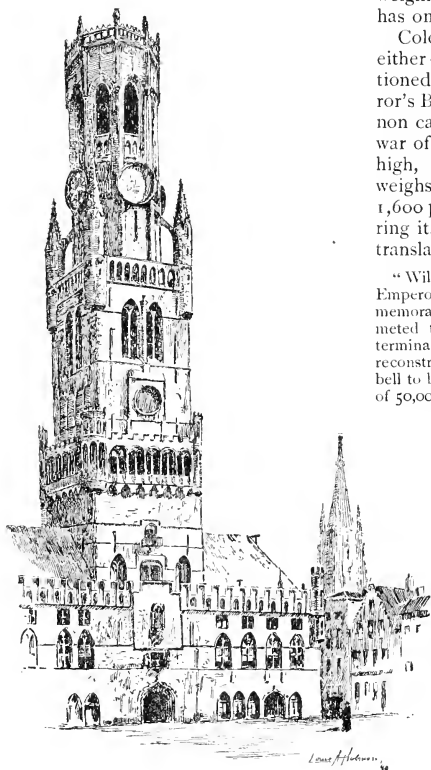
"Not *Death*, but *Life*, our love-fraught mission now!

Not *War*, but *Peace*, the message we proclaim!

The lips whose blast once laid a thousand low,

Now breathes melodious the Redeemer's name!"

Spain has some famous bells. The great one at Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. The bell-master in the Giralda at Seville, which is three hundred and sixty feet high, is blind, as are other bell-ringers of Spain. Of all the bells in Spain, that belonging to the Cathedral of Toledo



The Belfry of Bruges.

13 tons. Vienna has one cast in 1711, weighing nearly eighteen tons, and Olmutz another of about the same weight. The famous "Susanne" of Erfurt, cast in 1497, weighs about fourteen tons, and its

¹ The view of the largest Japanese bell given with this article is from a Japanese drawing, which, together with the statistics, was sent to me by Rev. George Allchin, of Osaka, Japan.

is most celebrated for its size and the stories connected with it. In a volume by Hans Christian Anderson, *In Spain*, we are told that fifteen shoemakers could sit under it, and draw out their cobbler's thread without touching. The weight is said to be seventeen tons. There is another story about this bell. A rich count of Toledo had a son, who, having killed a man in a duel, sought refuge in the cathedral, while his father went to Madrid to petition the king for his pardon. "No," said the king, "he who has killed a man must die!" The count continued to petition, and the king to refuse, till at length the king said, wishing to get rid of him: "When you can make a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid, I will pardon the young man." Now Toledo is nearly sixty miles from Madrid. The count went home, and some time after, as the king was sitting in his palace, at the open window, he heard a distant roll. "God help me!" he cried: "that's the bell of Toledo!" and so the young count obtained his pardon.

There are other large bells on the continent which might be enumerated. The largest bell in England is

GREAT PAUL.

"Bells stand in a somewhat anomalous position; they are not musical instruments, from an artistic point of view, and yet no more beautiful music can be heard than the rising and falling tones of the church peal, winding along the sloping valley-side, or floating fitfully along the surface of a river, now swelling aloud on the evening breeze, now hushed almost to silence."

So says Dr. John Stainer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in his introductory chapter to S. J. Mackie's *Great Paul, from its Casting to its Dedication*. This monster bell was cast in 1882, by John Taylor & Co., of Loughborough, 108 miles from London. It is eight feet, eight inches in height: nine feet, six inches in diameter; eight and three-quarters inches in thickness at the bow; and weighs sixteen tons, fourteen hundredweight, two quarters, nineteen pounds.

On it are cast the coat of arms of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, and the inscription from first Corinthians: *Fac mihi si non Evangelisaturo* — "Woe to

me if I preach not the Gospel." It hangs in the southwest tower of the cathedral, to enter which a portion of the masonry had to be removed. In the opposite tower hangs a peal of twelve bells, said to be one of the finest in all England's many chimes. The great bell of Saint Paul's only sounds when the king is dead. This fact is noticed in Julia C. R. Dorr's poem, *The Bell of St. Paul*:

"Toll! toll, thou solemn bell!
A royal head lies low,
And mourners through the palace halls
Slowly and sadly go,
Lift up thine awful voice,
Thou, silent for so long!
Say that a monarch's soul has passed
To join the shadowy throng.

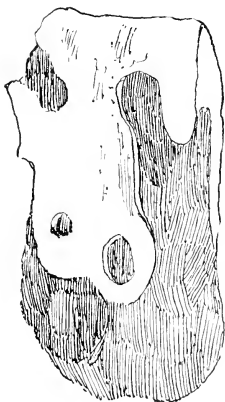
"Ah! happier far than thou
In all thy silent pride,
The humblest village bell that rings
For bridegroom and for bride;
That calls the babe to baptism,
The weary soul to prayer,
And tolls when loved ones spring from earth
To heaven's serenest air!"

Another large bell is "Big Ben" of Westminster, which hangs in the great clock tower of the House of Parliament, and weighs thirteen and one-half tons. "Great Tom," of Oxford, cast in 1681, the "Mighty Tom" of Dean Aldrich's "Bonny Christchurch Bells," weighs seven tons, and during college term it gives one hundred and one strokes each evening. "Great Tom" of Lincoln, cast in 1610, weighs five tons; "Big Peter" of York, twelve and one-half tons; and "Great Peter" of Exeter, cast in 1676, — its predecessor was dated 1484 — six tons.

The largest bell in America is that of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, which hangs in the south tower. It is six feet high, eight feet, seven inches in diameter, and weighs twenty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty pounds. It is ornamented with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with emblems of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry. It was cast in London, and bears this inscription in Latin: "I was cast in the year of the Christian era 1847, the two hundred and second since the foundation of Montreal, the first of Pius the Ninth's pontificate, and the tenth of

the reign of Victoria, Queen of England. I am the gift of the merchants, the farmers, and the mechanics of 'Ville Marie.'" In the opposite tower hangs a chime of ten bells, the smallest weighing eight hundred and ninety-seven pounds, the largest six thousand and eleven, total twenty-one thousand six hundred and ninety-six pounds.

The largest bell in the United States is the alarm bell on City Hall, New York, which was cast by Blake of Boston. It is 6 feet high, 8 feet in diameter, and weighs 23,000 pounds.



St. Patrick's Bell.

CHIMES AND CHANGE RINGING.

It has been computed that in England there are fifty peals of ten bells, three hundred and sixty peals of eight, five hundred peals of six, and two hundred and fifty of five bells, which, to say nothing of the single bells scattered over the land, would amount to nearly eight thousand bells, which are in chimes, sending their melody over hill and vale. The art of ringing these peals in England has been reduced to a system, and hence its name of the "Ringing Island."

"There's not a sound can e'er resound,
In which such rapture dwells,
As in Britain's native music,
Old England's merry bells,"

Societies of ringers were formed as early as 1603, when we have "The Company of the Schollers of Chepeside;" then "The Companie of Ringers of Our Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln," in 1614; the "Society of College Youths," in 1637; and many others afterwards formed. It is a matter of pride to be able to ring an immense variety of changes, and these increase enormously with the number of the bells. Southey, who was fond of the curiosities of the art, many of which he has given in *The Doctor*, says that a peal of twelve bells will give 479,001,600 changes, and that it would take ninety-one years to ring them, two strokes to a second; that it would require 16,575 years to ring the changes upon fourteen bells; and for twenty-four bells the ringer would require 117,000 billions of years.

John Bunyan was once a bellringer, and much might be said about bellringers in general, the system of change ringing, the odd names given some of the performers, and the enjoyment of the performers. The following is one of many rhymes:—

"Come ringers all, and view this church, within
the steeple door,
Twelve thousand Oxford Treble Bob was rung
in eighty-four,
In hours nine and minutes five, the Cumberlands
did compleat,
And on the twenty-seventh day of March, the
College Youths they beat.
Success unto the Cumberlands wherever they do
go,
That they may always have success to beat their
haughty foe."

There must have been a time in England's history when the subject of dispensing with the chimes of bells scattered over the land was agitated, for Southey in his *Book of the Church* says,—

"Somerset pretended that one bell in a steeple was sufficient for summoning the people to prayer; and the country was thus in danger of losing its best music, . . . a music hallowed by all circumstances, which according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."

But this attempt did not succeed, and England has its many, many chimes, as it has had for centuries. Crowland Abbey, which was destroyed by fire in 1091, had

one of seven bells, named Pega, Bega, Tatwin, Tusketyl, Betelin, Bartholomew and Guthlac; these were succeeded by two small bells, given to the monks by one Fergus, a brazier, of Boston. In an Anglo Saxon MS. (of St. Ethelwold's benedictional, by Cædmon) of a still earlier date, a tower is shown in which hang four bells. Egbert, in 750, commanded "every priest at the proper hour to sound the bells of his church, and then go through the sacred offices of God."

The tower of the chapel at Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminister, possesses a unique peal of twenty-eight silver bells, said to have cost £30,000. The largest bell weighs more than two tons, and bears this inscription: "This peal of twenty-eight bells was cast at Louvain, for his Grace, the Duke of Westminister, by S. Van Aerschodt, A. D., 1877."

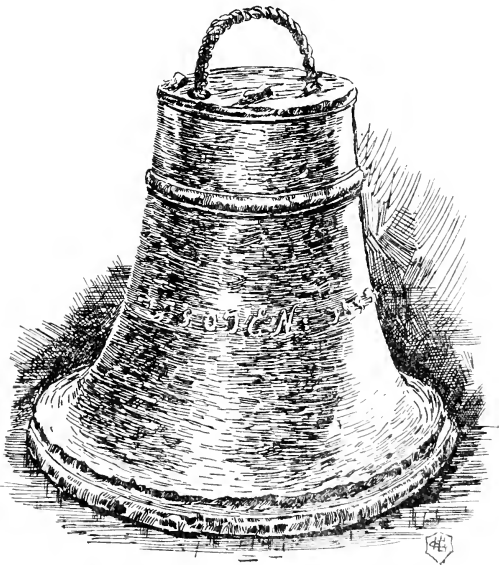
On All Saint's Day, Nov. 1, 1878, a chime of twelve bells was raised in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. They were dedicated in the presence of the Archdeacon of London, the Dean, the Bishop of London, and many others. The bells were gifts, as follows: the largest, or tenor bell, weighing sixty-three hundred weight, was given by the city of London; the next largest, forty-five hundred weight, was from the Grocers' Company; the next, thirty-three hundred weight, by the Clothworkers; the next by the Fishmongers; the next by the Merchant Tailors; the next by the Salters; the four next by the Turner's Company and Lady Burdett Coutts; and the two smallest by the drapers "as their contribution to the glorious peal then dedicated to the praise of God."

Of continental chimes there are many. The

Campanile of Giotto has one of six large bells. Of this beautiful structure, Charles Eliot Norton, in his *Church Building in the Middle Ages*, speaks as "the most exquisite building of modern times, the one in which the classic art is most completely and beautifully harmonized with the spirit and fancy of the modern times — the unsurpassed bell-tower of the Duomo, known and admired by all men as the Campanile of Giotto, the most splendid memorial of the arts of Florence." And Longfellow has sung:

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone, —
A vision, a delight, and a desire, —
The builder's perfect and centennial flower.
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

In the Cologne Cathedral chime, in which belongs the "Emperor's Bell" already spoken of, there are two other large and old bells, "Pretiosa," cast in 1448, weighing over eleven tons; and "Speciosa," 1449, over six tons.



Old Scandinavian Bell

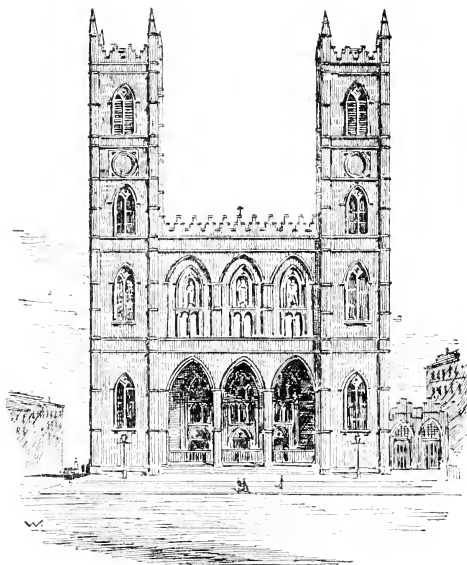
IN POSSESSION OF THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY, BOSTON.

CARILLONS.

Carillons, or the ringing of chimes of bells, we find carried to the greatest perfection in Belgium. There, "day and night are set to music," and bell music is almost constant. "Those carillons," says Haweis, "playing the same cheerful air every hour throughout the year, acquire a strange fascination over one who lives within sight and hearing of some such gray old church as St. Rombaud at Mechlin." Victor Hugo was at Mechlin

Ghent, and Louvain, were set up. There seems to have been no limit to the number of bells, except the space and strength of the belfry.

The carillonneurs of former days showed great skill in playing intricate pieces of music, voluntaries, etc., but the art has been dying out, so far as skillful playing is concerned, although the bells are rung in some form very often. Of the Bruges bells, Longfellow has sweetly sung :



Church of Notre Dame Montreal.

in 1837, and these same chimes played almost incessantly, driving sleep from his eyelids; and on one moonlit night he arose and inscribed a poem concerning them upon the window-pane, with a diamond ring. Carillon music seems to have reached its highest perfection in the seventeenth century, being found in all the principal towns; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the finest carillons now in use, including those of Malines, Antwerp, Bruges,

"In the ancient town of Bruges.
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud, and sweetly blended,
Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

Of the Antwerp bells many pens have written. Bishop Haven, while pencilling his last sketch from over the seas, in the noisy room of a public house, says,—

"How those delicate Ariels of melody come dancing down into this confusion! Every half hour the little bells, ninety-nine in number, play several sweet airs, and at the close of their concert the great solemn bell, the Old Hundred of the choir, adds the *ore rotundo* period, like a benediction. I heard an artist say that the treasure which, above all others, he wished to bring home with him from Europe was the great bell of Antwerp. No work of art or man's device seemed to him its equal. It is astonishingly impressive. It sounds more rich and tender when heard in the night. I lay awake nearly all night for the sole purpose of listening to the brief oratorios. I thought of Longfellow's lines on the Belfry of Bruges, only a few miles distant. He was stopping, as I am, at a hotel almost under the belfry, —

‘A sleepless night,
Lodging at an humble inn.’

"Read it, and fancy yourself,—

‘Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that through the night,
Ring their changes from the belfry
Of the quaint old Flemish city.’

"How delicious the fantastic sweetness!

‘Most musical, most solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes ring the melancholy chimes;
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolls among them like the chanting of a friar.’"

The view from the summit of Antwerp Cathedral is very fine and extensive. Its spire rises four hundred and three feet high from the foot of the tower. The sister spire of Strasburg is four hundred and sixty-five feet high. From Antwerp may be counted one hundred and twenty-six steeples far and near. Captains declare that they can see this spire at one hundred and fifty miles distant. Middleburg seventy-five, and Flessing sixty-

five miles away are visible. Almost all the great Belgian towers are within sight of each other. "So these mighty spires, gray and changeless in the high air, seem to hold converse together over the heads of puny mortals, and their language is rolled from tower to tower by the music of the bells."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

"Peal, Christmas bells, peal loud and deep!

Ring out a merry Christmas chime,
Till darkened eyes forbear to weep,

And hard hearts glow with love divine:

In rippling music die away,

With ringing laughter glad and gay,

Till rich and full the dark night swells,

With Christmas lights and Christmas bells!"

Longfellow, Tennyson, Dickens, and others have sung of "the merry, merry bells of Yule."

"The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

Longfellow's beautiful "Christmas Bells" will be remembered by all.

NEW YEAR BELLS.

"Of all sounds of all bells — bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven — most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. . . . The only open demonstration of joy in the metropolis (London), is the ringing of merry peals from the belfries of the numerous steeples, late on the eve of the new year, and until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour."

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."



A Christmas Carol.

Emas. 1864

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play.

And wild and sweet,

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The helpies of all Christendom

Had rolled along

That sacred song

Of peace on earth good will to men!

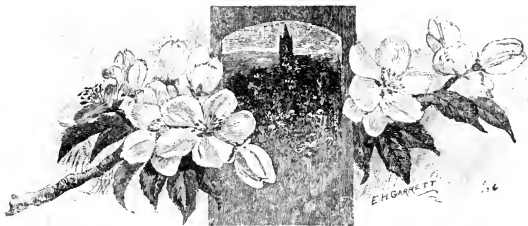
The ringing, singing on its way,

The world revolved from night to day,

An endless choir

A long sublime

Of peace on earth good will to men!



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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

*By Henry W. Longfellow.**

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men !
And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
“ For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
“ God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

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THE HERMIT OF CRANBERRY ISLAND.

By William Hale.



HALF hidden in the soft yellow sand that forever blows about the drifting, shifting shores of Cape Cod, lies the village of Marshport. A homely fishing hamlet it is, of some three hundred souls, flanked on one side by a sparse growth of sorry looking scrub pines, on the other by the gray, hungry sea, and everywhere dreary reaches of sand,—everywhere and always, sand, sand, sand!

It is situated upon the south side of a cove, the small size of which hardly warrants the assuming of the title, "Port," which the ambitious town has taken unto itself. Geographically, the town consists of cove, and marsh, and sand; the resources are fish, and cranberries, and sand.

Just outside the cove, and separated from the mainland by a half mile of shifting shoals, and treacherous flats and quicksands covered at flood tide, is Cranberry Island, a low sand-bar, a mile or more in area, densely covered with cranberry beds. Here, in a rude fish-house, the only shelter on the island, Jake Lincoln had taken up his abode. For three months he had been an islander, a veritable Crusoe, without even the comfort of a Man Friday; his only neighbors, the clams in the adjoining flats, and the countless hordes of sand fleas that disported themselves over the tide-drained spits. Jake had not left the village without reason. He was, in fact, a most matter-of-fact man, and never acted without just cause. Seafaring man though he was, he was no idealist. He was a chunky mass of humanity, healthy and sensible; and the most beautiful sight in the world to his honest eyes was a heavily hooked trawl.

It was now September. One Sunday night in June, just as they were sitting down to supper, he had had a quarrel with Olive, his wife; he had left the house in anger, seeking refuge on the island, and had not since been home.

One afternoon, as Jake sat in the doorway of his shanty, sharpening his "digger," preparatory to a raid on the clam-flats, he heard the sound of oars, faint in the distance, and, looking up, he saw a dory coming out of the cove toward his island, and about half way across. Jake knew all the Port boats, and after looking attentively a moment, said to himself, "That must be Uncle Sol comin'; for that's his yaller dory, an' nobody but him wears black oil-skins. What on airth can he be wantin'? 'Tain't only last night I see him, when I rowed over to get my rations. Good old Uncle Sol," he continued meditatively, "he's one of the salt of the airth. He's always goin' round doin' good in his easy ways, like them peacemakers that the Good Book calls blessed. If 'twas a woman in that dory, I'd load my breechloader. I was a happy man till that woman come an' pestered me so that life's a burden. She made life ashore hotter'n hell; I had to take refuge on this sand-bar an' live on cranberries an' fog, for the sake of givin' women folks a wide berth. But I'm glad to see Uncle Sol."

So, throwing aside the clam-digger, and taking another glance to make sure that the approaching visitor was really his good friend, he arose, stretched himself, thrust his brown hands deep into his pockets, and strolled leisurely down to the rude landing-place.

"Hello, Uncle Sol, I knowed that was you! How be ye to-day? Come aboard, won't ye?"

"Thankee, Jake, guess I will."

"Glad to see ye, uncle," said Jake, stepping forward to meet his guest. "What's the news from Ameriky? Anythin' a goin'?"

"Ain't no news. I see ye only last night, ye know," he replied, shaking his gray head, — Uncle Sol was gray as a rat; "I only jest come over cranberryin'; there was a heavy frost last night, an' I want to lay in my winter stock afore they're spilt. I thought p'raps you'd like to go along too, — that is, if family cares ain't too pressin'," said he, with a chuckle. "There may be more 'long soon. My woman said she guessed she'd come by an' by in the old yawl, an' fetch some o' the folks."

"The old Harry! Women folks comin' on to this island, an' me in this rig? much's ever I've got a shirt to my back. 'Twouldn't do for me to be ketched round the shanty. I'll go 'long with ye, uncle. Let's go round on to the southeast side; the best cranberries is over there. I was over that way Sunday mornin'."

And so, armed with baskets, the two friends strolled off to the cranberry beds, with that leisurely rolling gait peculiar to stranded mariners. Jake knew all the best beds, for this cranberry crop was the only one which his sandy farm produced. And although the island-beds were common property, he proudly exercised that partial control over them to which his residence entitled him. It was not long before they were in the midst of a fine bed, and wholly absorbed in their work and in mutual confidences.

"Jake," said Uncle Sol, as he rolled the rich, bright berries into his basket, "You hadn't ought er done it; no, you hadn't ought er. Women is awful aggravatin', I know. But then their ways is somethin' we all have to bear's best we can. You'd oughter kept your temper. They're tryin' for a spell, but all things has to rest once in a while. It's ser'us business. Tho' it's gettin' to be a common thing, these days, for a man to leave his bed'n board. Look at me! I got my fourth one now. Don't I look rugged?"

"Guess ye'll hold your own, uncle," said the younger man.

"Olive feels it dreadful," went on the older one, "'cause you cleared out. She takes on about it every day. 'Tain't so much his leavin' of me,' she says, 'as the way he left. He jumped up from the supper table, grabbed little Teen from the

cradle, kissed her, put her back easy, tuckin' her up, then swore at me, sayin' he'd got jawin' enough to last him six months, — an' then, without no other warnin', grabbed his hat an' gun, and jumped out of the door, slammin' it to so hard it woke the baby up an' set her a cryin'. There I was without a husband, with a cryin' baby in my arms, an' another comin' to me by an' by, God will-in'. It was jest as if I'd been struck by lightnin'.' And the poor gal broke down, fair'n square. She's b'en down in the mouth about it ever sence that fust week jest as soon's her temper cooled off. Better make up your mind to go back this afternoon, long o' me. She'll be glad to see ye. An' the cold weather's comin' on, Jake. Then, there'll be another little one for ye to take care of, long about Christmas. You must think of that, Jake. Your poor woman'll need ye. Where's her winter's wood comin' from, if you ain't there to git it? What does the house and the feedin' amount to, if the man ain't to home? And you must not forget that extry young one, Jake. Women is good enough in their way. I've had my trials as well as you your'n. When your Aunt Hannah fires up, an' gits to goin' full blast, I don't say nothin'. I jest set by the fire mum, whittlin' thole-pins; an' by an' by her tongue gits slower an' slower, taperin' off, jest as them perpetooal motion machines peters out in a little while. If any of her folks drops in to spend the arft'noon, as they most always do Sundays, I go down to the fish-house an' bait a trawl, or else row out to pick my nets. For it's awful tiresome, hearin' women-folks talk; it works me up till I'm nervy as a pollock, an' can't seem to keep still, no way. Whenever it comes on to blow special, jest remember to keep your mouth shet, like the man at the wheel, an' let the woman do the blowin'; an' you'll come out of it all right, 'thout carryin' away anything, or partin' your runnin' riggin'."

"Well, well," exclaimed the hermit, "you've got your weather eye open, sure! And you've been through enough! Your testimony's 'bout as good's Brigham Young's. Ye both of ye have a master faculty for gettin' along with women. My

woman does well enough, ordinary," he went on. "But her temper, an' her tongue, when she does git up, they're too much for me! For a week back, that was last June, you remember, there'd be'n extry things goin' on; sociables to the Elder's an' the Doctor's, an' missionary meetin's by the ton. She'd been runnin' to an' fro like a hen with her head off. She'd clap that red shawl on to her head, grab a pail of doughnuts, an' run somewheres, it didn't seem to make no diff'rence where, 'long as she was on the road. I hardly ketcht sight of her for a week. An' so that night, settin' down to supper, I says, 'This thing's gone fur enough, Olive, an' it's got to stop. Here you be, traip'sin' all over town like a catamount. I've scarce laid eyes on ye for a week. The babe's about starved to death, an' so be I. Better look out for your own, fust, afore ye go to fattenin' strangers. Woman's place is to home, rockin' the cradle, an' runnin' the cook-stove.' That was enough to set her a goin'. Before I'd had time to swaller a dish o' tea, she commenced. There was fire in her eye an' fire in her tongue, too, an' it got too hot for me. I says to her, tryin' to be calm and easy, 'Olive, what does that word "obey," that all women has to say over when they're married, 'mount to? It might's well be out of the weddin' contract as in, for it don't do no good. Bad-wives don't heed it, and good ones don't need it. When a man comes to marry, he don't b'lieve in *free trade*, protection is what he wants.' Then sayin' to myself, 'This is too hot for me,' I jumped up, kissed the young one, said somethin' peppery to the woman,—I don't recollect what,—grabbed my gun, an' cleared out."

"Oh, well, Jake, lad," put in Uncle Sol, "better make up. Let by-gones be by-gones. Olive's a good likely gal, chirky an' lively's a cricket. She was to the circle last night, the life of the evenin';—jokin' an' singin', kep' us all laughin'. She must be a real canary to home; it's a reg'lar Godsend, havin' such a woman in the house."

"Holy Moses, Sol!" interrupted the impatient hermit. "You're wuss'n a woman. Jest ketch your breath a spell.

Olive's chirky enough when she's away from home. You take her when she's out 'mongst folks, visitin' round, an' she's lively's a yearlin' heifer. But come to take her to home,—if you can ever ketch her there,—an' she's wuss'n a mopin owl; she's a reg'lar tombstone on trucks. You've heard of them paid mourners, ain't ye? Well, she's one, that is, most of the time. I feel like clappin' on crape every time I see her comin' in the door. But then, she's a woman, an' I s'pose she can't help it. An' I don't want this to go no further. I don't want to hurt her feelin's. You know what women be, Uncle Sol, better'n I do, for you've married four and buried three. That's a better record than I expect to make; this one'll bury me, if she keeps on the rate she's goin'. But she's a woman, an' so I s'pose we must overlook her failin's. They're all alike. Bless 'em, an' blast 'em, I say, for they're both blessin's an' burdens, sometimes one, but most often t'other."

While they talked, their hands had been no less busy than their tongues. Their large baskets were well-nigh full. The two men had been so much absorbed in their talk and the picking, that they could scarcely believe their senses when Uncle Sol, glancing up at the sun, exclaimed, "I'll be jiggered, if 'tain't most sunset! It's time I was movin' if I want to git acrost afore dark."

Carrying the heaviest basket between them, the two slowly made their way toward the shanty, which, from their position on the island, they had not been able to see during the afternoon. As they trudged along, Jake stopped to listen. "I declare for't," said he, "I thought I heard a woman's voice singin'." 'Twas Olive's, I could swear. Hark, there 'tis again!"

"O git out, Jake," exclaimed the old man, "you're nerry to-day, wuss'n old Crazy Jerry, over on Eel P'int. This quarrel has struck in, an' turned your head."

Passing on, however, they soon rounded the last tawny dune, and came in sight of the shanty. There seated around the narrow doorstep, were three women, bending over their work. Jake started,

and in his surprise actually dropped a basket, spilling the crimson berries along the snuff-colored sands. "Thunder 'n Mars! What does all this mean? What kind of a trap be you leadin' me into, Uncle Sol? I ain't goin' to be ketched in no such trap,—I'll swim ashore fust. You go ahead and git them women out of my house. Come, I've always stood by you, an' you never went back on me afore. The least you can do is to tow a feller to a safe anchorage, becalmed an' helpless as I be."

"Come, now, Jake, what ails ye?" spoke his chiding pilot. "Spunk up. There's nobody there to hurt ye."

As they drew near, the women, unconscious of the approaching men, began to sing over their work. Presently a clear, penetrating voice, pleasing despite its nasal quality, struck up that old hymn, dear to all Methodist hearts:

"I'm going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin an' sorrow;
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' home to-morrow."

The music had its mollifying effect upon Jake; and it gave him a twinge of home-sickness. He had been all summer without companionship, and, save for the sea's roar and the gulls' hoarse laughter, without music,—and the old songs were dear to him.

"Thunder 'n Mars! I wish I was to home this night. I'm sick to death of this playin' Crusoe. How sweet that sounds, don't it, Sol?" cried Jake, repeating the strains in his homely way:

"Safe, safe to home, no more to roam,
All free from sin an' sorrow;
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' home to-morrow."

"But why not go home to-night, Jake," put in Uncle Sol,— "this very evenin'? Fust let's step up to the shanty, to see who your callers be. I won't take ye long to pack. I reckon ye could put all your belongings into one Saratogy, couldn't ye?"

As the men reached the fish flakes by the corner of the shanty, the women jumped up to greet them. They were, "Aunt Hannah," Sol's companion, of whom he had spoken so philosophically, the unhappy Olive, and old Parson Hil-

liard's wife, familiarly known as "Aunt Betty."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah, "if here ain't Jake an' Solly! Jake, you're a pretty man to keep house. By the looks of things, I should say you kep' away from it all day, an' let it keep itself. What do you mean by bein' off when there's callers? Guess you'n Sol found plenty o' cranberries, by the look o' your baskets."

Here the sobbing wife, no longer able to restrain herself, cried, "O Jake, forgive me, jest for this once! Come home, an' I'll be better to ye than ever I was afore!" And she threw herself into her husband's outstretched arms.

"Angels o' grace!" chimed in Aunt Betty in her shrill voice; "guess the trip'll turn out better'n we thought, Hannah." Then the two worthies burst out crying. Uncle Sol, he cried for joy; and Jake, proudly holding his pretty, sobbing wife in his brawny arms, why, he cried because he couldn't help it.

"Come, folks," said Aunt Hannah presently, "we must stop this snivellin', an' go to housekeepin'. Jake, you must show us round the place." And Jake leading, and holding his wife by the hand, they all stepped inside to talk over the sudden and happy turn of affairs. The good women had not been idle. Thinking to surprise both Jake and Uncle Sol, they had prepared supper; there was the cloth all laid on a fish-box which served the hermit for a table. The poor embarrassed fellow was almost speechless. He dared not trust himself to speak. Spread temptingly on the old fish-box, were fried clams, his favorite dish, and tea-cakes and doughnuts and pie, food such as he had not set eyes on all summer.

"Jake," said Aunt Hannah, triumphantly, "you've got to go home with us to-night. We've captured ye, fort an' all, fair 'n square. But we shan't start ashore till we've had supper. We've set our hearts upon havin' supper here in your house; so stir yourself! Go out to the spring an' fetch a pail of water."

The subdued, obedient hermit, groping awkwardly in a corner for the water-pail, stumbled over a trawl-basket. "Bless my stars," he cried in amazement, "what's

this? If here ain't Baby Teen!" And sure enough, there, curled up in the great basket, wrapped in his wife's faded red shawl, lay little Teen asleep.

"Jake," said his wife, "I thought you'd want Teen, if you didn't me. So I brought her along, so that I could leave a house-keeper for ye, 'case I had to go home alone."

"Don't, Olive, don't say no more, I can't stan' it," muttered the bewildered husband as, pail in hand, he passed out of the door to the spring. Returning, he found the party seated on bait-baskets, casks, tubs, and net-buoys, around the festive board.

"Jake," said Aunt Betty, as they chatted merrily over the supper, "we calculated to do up all your mendin', when we come. But we couldn't, 'cause you ain't got nothin' to mend. We looked all over this caboose, an' all the clothes we found was a pair o' socks, your oil-jacket on the pogy keg there, an' an old fishin' mitten, full of holes. I put a new thumb on to that, an' darned the socks. What a careless critter you be! livin' without clothes, like Adam in the garden. You'd soon be'n worse off than old Crusoe, an would a had to make shirts out of kelp and fishskins. The winter's right here. How long do you think you could a stood it?"

After supper, while the women busied themselves with clearing away the things, Jake, hastily collecting his few effects, and thrusting them, frying-pan, pepper-box, oilskins, socks and all, into a stout gunning-bag, shouted exultantly:

"Come, messmates, the sun's down a ready. Let's h'ist our foresail an' scud for Squam! Come, we're homeward bound now; we must make a good run."

Seizing tiny Teen in his great hands, he swung her lightly upon his shoulder; and so, with the baby on one arm and his clothes-bag on the other, he led the way to the landing-slip. Uncle Sol's old green yawl was large enough to hold the entire party. They got aboard it, taking the

two dories, Sol's and Jake's, in tow. Uncle Sol was in the bows, acting as pilot. The women were stowed away aft. Jake, settling himself at the oars, looked up and saw his wife, the baby in her lap, seated, tiller in hand, steering him home. Taking off his hat, and bowing his bared head, he said, reverently:

"Olive, wife, an' good friends here in this boat, I want ye to bear witness to what I'm sayin'. I'm hearty 'shamed for my doin's this summer, an' the way I've treated ye all. If you'll forgive me, I'll never get ketched in no such scrape again, — so help me, God!"

"Jake, dear," said the little wife, smiling through her tears, "don't feel so bad about it. 'Twas more my fault than yours. You ain't to blame. It's me." And looking down at the sleeping child, and taking the tiller in a firmer grasp, she struck up the same beautiful hymn that had softened Jake's heart a little before:

"I'm goin' home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow,
I'm goin' home, I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' home to-morrow."

The sun had been some time down. It was flood tide, and great rosy clouds shared their beauty with the peaceful tide-river. The purling waters, lapping the boat's sides, seemed to be rippling a soft accompaniment to the sweet song that poured itself out upon the dim, shadowy spaces. The evening star gleamed like a light-tower's lamp over the western pines. A laggard bittern calling to its mate passed overhead, and slowly disappeared, lost in the deepening purple of twilight. As they neared the marshes, the delicious scent of the sweet-grass came refreshingly over the water. The happy wife, ending her song, leaned low to kiss the sleeping baby. As the boat drew into the calm, shadowy cove, Jake bowed his head, and warm drops fell upon his horny hands. And, still looking down, he said softly to himself, "Yes, safe to home — safe, safe to home."





IN TRINITY CHURCH.

(BOSTON.)

By Walter Littlefield.

WITHIN the shadows of thy solemn
walls

Lie hidden not the memories of
years,
Where sunlight through the Gothic window
falls.

And fades or lingers on the giant piers;
No hallowed bones lie mingled with thy
clay.

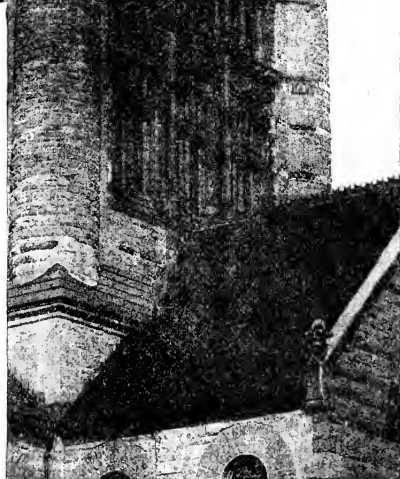
No legend marvellous the stranger hears,
No monks in dingy weeds thy trophies
store,

No painter from afar doth fondly stay

In raptured dream, and inspiration draw
In copying thy frescoes of to-day.

Possessing not the past, in future live;
For in the grandeur of thy master's name
Rest immortality and deathless fame: —

Lo, that thou hast, no crumbling walls
can give.



THE BELLS

H. Leonard



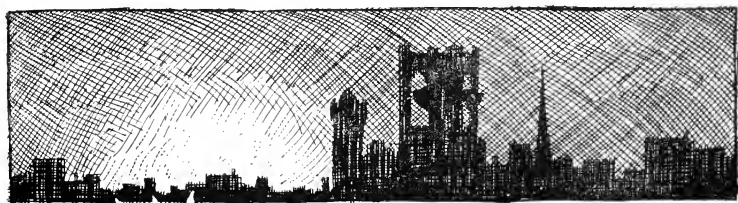
Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.



Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 how they ring out their delight!
 From the muffled-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid dilly floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gabbles
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!



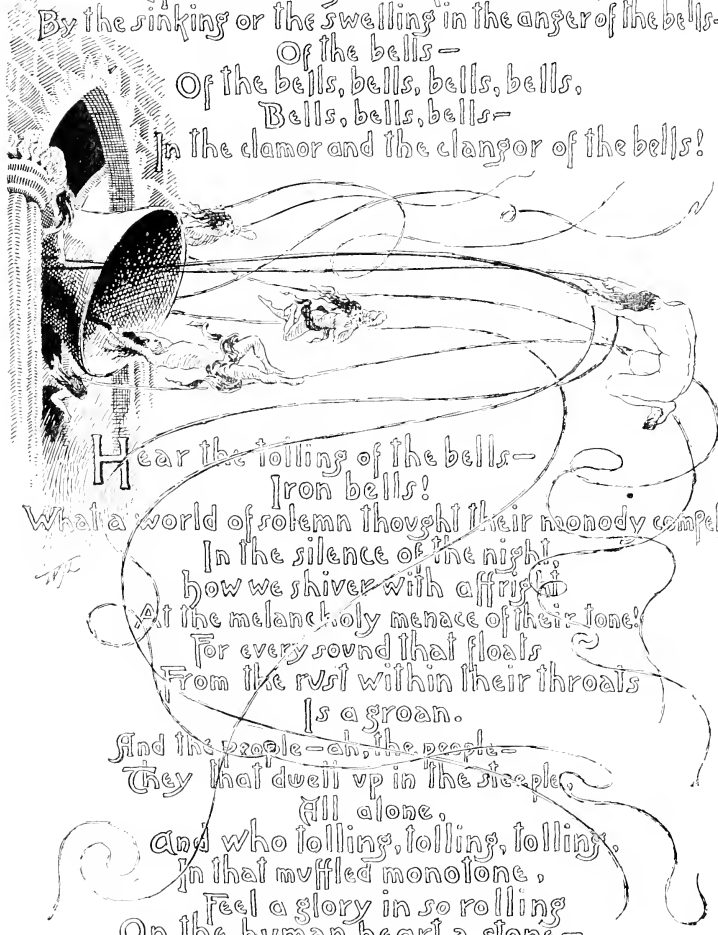
How it swells!
 how it dwells
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!



Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 how they clang and clash and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!



Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

and who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—



They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pezan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pezan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pezan of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



THE CASE OF PARSON HEWLETT.

By Kate Upson Clark.



THE impression which Parson Hewlett first made upon his Birchmont parish was very favorable. It is said that all of the people, including Deacon Aaron Rice, a famous judge of pulpit eloquence, thought him "a most uncommon preacher"; Goodsir Giles, the chief stickler for orthodoxy in the parish, declared the new parson to be "as sound on the doctrines as Jeremy Taylor himself"; and he made a prayer long enough to satisfy even Dr. Hartshorn, who is said to have considered it a piece of irreverence in a clergyman to consume less than an hour in making his "long prayer"; while the women agreed in pronouncing him "the comeliest minister in all the country round." Even old Mistress Betty Weddell, who lived lonely in her little cottage among the pines on Birchmont Hill, said that the new parson "knew how to speak to a body."

Mistress Betty has come down in history as a very cross old woman. It turned out that the new parson did not much care to speak to her, well as he knew how, when he became better acquainted with her.

These remarks were all made upon the tenth day of August, 1767. The new pastor's full name was the Reverend Jonathan Hewlett, late of the college at New Haven, and later of Walpole, N. H. He wore "a great white wig and a cocked-up hat, and made a dignified appearance." One of his ministerial friends said of him to another: "He could do more execution with one nod of his wig than you or I could in talking half an hour."

Yes, a man of power was the Reverend Jonathan Hewlett, and the mark which he left upon the town of Birchmont, and, indeed, upon the whole county, has remained to this day.

The story of his calling is thus told in the old town records of Birchmont: "The vote was put wheather the Town was ready to make choice of a gentleman to settle with them at present, and it past in the affirmative. Then, according to the advice of the neighboring ministers, the Town proceeded to Chuse and Call the Revd. Mr. Jonathan Hewlett to the work of the ministry among us. Agreed and voted to give the said Mr. Jonathan Hewlett, provided he Accepts and Settles among us, one hundred pounds settlement; to be paid as followes, viz., sixty pounds the first year and forty pounds the second year. As also an annual salary, to begin as followes; viz., fifty pounds to be paid the first year, and to rise two pounds a year five years, and there to remain, and likewise to find him his wood."

Shortly after Parson Hewlett's coming among them, the people voted to make a new meeting-house for him "forty-five feet long and thirty-five feet wide and twenty foot post." Later, it was voted that when sixty families were settled in the town, the salary should "rise one pound upon each family that shall be added above sixty, till it comes to be eighty pounds a year, and there to remain during his continuance with us in the work of the ministry. It was likewise agreed upon and voted that the selectmen shall lay out the minister's right in publick land where the minister shall chuse." Then "a commity was appointed to provide for the Rev'd Jonathan Hewlett's installation" and "to build him a house." All of which looks as though Dr. Hartshorn and Deacon Rice and Goodsir Giles and the rest had meant to be fair and square, and even generous with the pastor they so much admired, when they "settled" him; still, his subsequent history leads us to believe that the preparations for his reception and maintenance were very closely supervised by the thrifty parson himself.

He certainly found the people ready and willing to do his bidding, however, and if his life had but been in accordance with his prayers and his profession, it is reasonable to believe that his parishioners would have supported and loved him to the end. But, like many another, Parson Hewlett had a nature which grace failed to subdue, and, though his side of the story has not come down to us so fully as has that of the town, it is plain to see that he showed himself very soon to be "an hard man, reaping where he had not sowed, and gathering where he had not strown." His sound and doctrinal sermons, however, his grand looks and courtly manners, and, above all, the innate respect for his office which was a part of provincial human nature in those days kept Parson Hewlett in good and regular standing among his people for several years. Then the mutterings of discontent which had been making themselves heard distantly here and there began to grow louder. Mistress Betty Weddell was one of the first to "speak out."

"What's fair words," scolded the poor old woman, from whom the parson had wrenched her share of the "minister-tax," at his own convenience, instead of hers. "What's fair words, when the Evil One is behind them? Oh, I wish," tradition says that she confided to her neighbors, "I wish that Parson Hewlett would go by my woods some dark night on his high-stepping horse! How I would love to jump out of the bushes and 'Boh!' at him!" But poor old Mistress Betty never had the chance she coveted.

Goodsir Giles, too, had hard luck, and was not able to pay his minister-tax any better than Mistress Betty; but this did not deter Parson Hewlett from insisting upon his rights in the matter. One morning he came around to see the old Goodsir, and urged upon him with prayer (very likely an hour long), the wickedness of putting off the payment of his tax.

"But I tell you I can't pay a penny this year, parson," explained Goodsir Giles, for the dozenth time; "I said so, and I mean it. My wife has been sick this twelvemonth, my hogs have died, my horse broke his neck in the pasture, and I can't even pay my score at the mill."

"Tut, tut!" reproved the parson, "I can't believe that you are so badly off as all that! Come now, and let us see what you have."

Shrewdly exploring the premises, he discovered a fine milch cow, which he proceeded to lead off for himself, under the very eyes of its indignant owner. The poor old Goodsir pleaded that this cow was all which stood between his family and starvation, but even this availed him nothing.

"Ha, sirrah!" scolded the pompous parson, "pay your debts before you lay up for the future. Read your Bible, and learn from that, that the Lord will provide. If you are needy, call upon the town."

Goodsir Giles had a better chance than Mistress Betty to avenge himself upon the insolent parson. One day in early spring, when the ice was still pretty firm in the Birchmont River, Parson Hewlett crossed it in the morning to attend a "Conference" upon the other side. The sun was very warm at noon, and upon his return, his sleigh broke through the ice in the very middle of the stream. Goodsir Giles, whose house was on the bank close by, heard loud cries for help, and hurried out to see what was the matter. His heart, which had been moved by the piteous cries, hardened when he saw who was in trouble.

"Help, help, Goodsir Giles, for God's sake!" roared the haughty parson, now humble enough.

But the Goodsir was ready for him. He made a trumpet of his two hands and bawled through it: "Keep up your courage, parson! The Lord will provide! Call upon the town!" Then he went back to his house.

It was a long, cold half-hour, tradition tells us, before a chance passer-by rescued the haughty parson from his perilous and uncomfortable position. He and his horse were half dead from fright and exposure, but haughty Goodsir Giles felt no compunctions.

Parson Hewlett raised a large family, and, though he was a very serious man, he had one conundrum which he always asked of strangers to whom he wished to make himself agreeable.

"How many children have I?" he would inquire jocularly. "I have eleven sons, and every one of them has a sister."

If the hearer, after scratching his head for a while over the matter, worked out at last that there were twelve children in the family, the parson would shake his hand heartily and regard him as a man of great acumen.

One of these eleven sons, who ventured once too often to remonstrate with his father upon the severities which he practised upon the poor in collecting his salary, was never forgiven by the stiff old man for his presumption; as a punishment, the lad was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and a blacksmith he remained to the end of his days, having been granted far fewer privileges than fell to the lot of his more discreet brothers.

In those days, the clergy all liked their toddy, and there was not one in the county but was a discriminating judge of rum and brandy; but, in spite of this fact, and that Parson Hewlett himself liked only the choicest liquors, his brethren well knew that the prudent old fellow would serve them the cheapest brands when they gathered with him for conference. Perhaps the parson was afraid they would take more than was good for them, if too tempting an article was supplied.

In spite of his hardness and closeness, however, this severe old theologian was not without an appreciation of humor. It is related that even he laughed when good old Deacon Hastings, in a time of drought, prayed in meeting, in all good faith: "O Lord, thou knowest how much we stand in need of rain! We pray Thee that Thou wouldst send it to us. We ask not that Thou shouldst send it to us in copious confusion, O Lord; but we pray that Thou wouldst send it to us *in a gentle sizzle-sizzle.*"

The Revolutionary times came on. Parson Hewlett was a Tory of the Tories, and tried his best to keep his people with him; but the tide of patriotism grew gradually higher and higher in the town, until at last it culminated in an outspoken declaration against the injustice of Great Britain. As this declaration marks the

first general and public outbreak against the authority of Parson Hewlett, and widened more than anything else the breach between them, it is reproduced here in full. It ran as follows:

"At a meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Birchmont on Monday, the fourth day of October, 1773, to take into Consideration the Melancholly state of the province of Massachusetts Bay, occasioned by the unnatural oppression of the parent State of this province, after seriously debating the matter [they] made choice of a committee to prepare a draft of resolutions for the Town to Come into and then adjourned the meeting to Monday the 25th inst. The Committee having Met and Considered the matter do report that the Inhabitants of this Town are possessed of the warmest sentiments of Loyalty to and the highest respect for the sacred person, Crown, and dignity of our Right and Lawful Sovereign, King George the Third and the Illustrious House of Hanover, that this Town are fair from once harboring a thought of Disuniting from the parent State. But with the greatest Sorrow and Concern would we His Majesties Most Dutifull and Loyall subjects the Inhabitants of this Town say that the Humiliating and Violent oppressive Measures of the parent state fill our Loyall minds with the most fearfull apprehensions of the Consequences; That the Illegal and unconstitutional stretch of power put into the hands of the Courts of Admiralty is a very Great Grievance and renders precarious and uncertain the lives and property of the Honest Inhabitants of this province; that the parlement of Great Briton assuming to themselves a power of making Laws Binding on us in all cases is a very alarming curcumstance and threatens our ruin; That the leavying taxes on us without our consent either in person or by Representative and establishing a board of Comitions in the province to Collect the same, with all their expensive attendants, Importing them by a fleet and Army to Aw us into a compliance is a very grate grievance; that the taking the payment of our governor out of [our] hands is a very grate grievance. But the rendering Independent of the people and altogether Dependent on the Crown the Judges of our Superior Courts seems calculated to Compleat the Cystim of our slavery and ruin; That the inhabitants of this town should sacred our excellent Constitution, so dearly purchased by our forefathers; that we also should Dear our possessions so Dearly purchased by ourselves, where to settle this Town and Make it more advantageous to his Majesty and profitable to ourselves and posterity we have been alarmed by the Yells of Savages about our ears, been shocked with seems of our Dearest Friends and Nearest relations Butchered, Scalped and Captivated before our Eyes, we, our wives and children forced to fly to garison for safety. Therefore we must hold the man in the greatest Scorn and Contempt who shall Endeavor to Rob us either of Liberty or property; That certian Letters signed Thomas Hutchinson, Andrew Clive, Charles Paxton &c. which letters

were layde before the Honorable house of Representatives of this province in their last session were wrote and sent to the gentlemen to whom they were with a desire to overthrow our excellent Constitution and Consequently Rob us of our Liberty and Prosperity; That we look upon it as a Very Grate Frown of Almighty God to permit a man to govern us that seems so much Bent to Ruin the people he is set to protect and the place that gave him Berth and Education; and it shall be our Constant prayer that God would give us and the whole people of this province Repentance for all our sins and especially those that pulls down such a heavy judgement as an oppressive Governor; that He would Continue our invaluable privileges to us and never suffer us to be Robed of them by Crafty, Designing men, and that they may be transmitted down to the Latest posteraty.

"The above Report being Reputedly Read in Town meeting, it was unanimously voted in the affirmative, and ordered that it be recorded in the Town Book, and that a true copy of the same be transmitted to the Comitee of Correspondence of the town of Boston."¹

"And a fig for the Tory sentiments of the Parson!" was implied in every line of this fiery statement of "Grate Greevances." The town fathers of Birchmont were not infallible spellers; they were not even consistent in their orthography, such as it was, but they knew enough to spell "Liberty" with a capital letter, and they would no more brook the petty tyranny of Parson Hewlett than the encroachments of "Grate Briton."

At the very time when the grasping old man was clamoring at the loudest for his "back pay,"—for the collection of his salary, originally much too large for the then young and poor town to offer, had been hopelessly delayed by the war,—at this time imagine his wrath when he learned of the following correspondence now carefully preserved among the archives of Birchmont.

To the Overseers of the Poor of Boston :

JULY 9th, 1774.

SIRs,—The Inhabitants of Birchmont have considered the deplorable condition of your town, and, like the poor widow, cast in their mite. They committed to me two barrels of flour to be sent to you for the relief [of] the poor, which I have sent by the bearer, desiring you would receive it for that purpose, and please signify that you have received it, and you will oblige,

Your friend and servant,

AARON RICE."

¹ This is a literal copy of the "Declaration of Rights," of the town called in this story "Birchmont," as recorded in the "Town Book."

Great pleasure was expressed throughout the poor but generous little town (excepting, it may be safely asserted, in the home of the Tory parson), when it was "signified" as follows, that the flour had been received,—

BOSTON, July 20, 1774.

SIR,—I received your favor of the 9th instant, advising that you had sent two barrels of flour for the relief of such poor people as do suffer by the shutting up of this port, which flour I have received, and it shall be appropriated accordingly. The distresses of this Town begin to come on, and I do expect them to be great, but we are not intimidated, nor shall we give up any of our liberties, although we are surrounded by fleets and armies. Our Committee to employ the Poor are not together, of which I am one, as well as one of the Overseers of the Poor, so do in the name of both, return you thanks for your kind donation and am, Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

SAM PARTRIDGE.

To Mr. Aaron Rice, Birchmont.

It must have been o'er exasperating to the Tory parson that his town, in large arrears to himself, should be giving away its substance to "rebels,"—whom he regarded as much worthier of a halter than of good flour; but he could not help himself.

Finding that the money to pay him could not possibly be raised, as the war continued, he devised a method of punishment for the delinquents, of which we learn from the following spirited entry in the Town Book,—

"Agreed and voted that whereas the Rev. Mr. Hewlett hath Desired the Town to come into some method by which he may have his salary at the Time it becomes due or the interest till it is paid: as for any methods being come into other than is provided, [it is] impracticable. As for his having Interest, we acknowledge it is his just rite. But it is an unusual thing for a minister to have Interest for his salary, and we think it hard that Mr. Hewlett should ask it of us, especially at such a time as this, when the publick burthens are so great, and humbly beseech the Rev. Mr. Hewlett to consider us in this Dificult time, not only with regard to having interest, but to make some further abatement in his salary, for we judge ourselves unable to fullfill our contract with him without bringing ourselves and children into bondage."

But Parson Hewlett had no sympathy with the war which was draining the resources of his people, and he would not desist from his persecutions. He even insisted upon having everything which was donated towards his salary, such as beef, butter, wood, etc., valued upon a specie basis. No depreciated continental currency, nor its equivalents, for the worthy dominic!

The trouble between pastor and parish naturally grew deeper and deeper, until, at a stormy town-meeting held on the 26th of April, 1779, he was formally declared dismissed, and Birchmont—guileless little town!—fancied itself rid of its arch-tormentor. The parson, however, insisted that no dismissal was possible, under the circumstances, without the verdict of an ecclesiastical council. One was accordingly called, which advised that the parson remain for six months longer, and see if matters could not be composed.

Then a warrant was issued by the town, bidding the constable to warn every man in Birchmont to assemble at the meeting-house on the 29th of August, 1781, to see “whether they would dismiss and discharge the said Mr. Hewlett from the work and business of dispensing the word of God to the inhabitants of the said town.”

The meeting voted unanimously to have nothing more to do with the redoubtable parson; but still he stuck like a burr, and though the doors of the meeting-house were closed against him, he still preached every Sunday in his own house, and a few faithful adherents came to hear him, who, with his own family, must still have constituted quite an audience; and still he kept presenting his bills to the town, refusing to depart till they were paid, and instituting lawsuits to bring his debtors to terms.

To the simple and law-abiding people of Birchmont, to whom the great wig and grand presence of Parson Hewlett were a “holy terror,” it must have seemed hopeless that they should ever get rid of this specious nightmare. They had tried every means known to them, and he had met and baffled all their attempts to displace him. Whither should they turn?

About this time, the northeastern por-

tion of Birchmont began to petition to be made into a separate township. The measure had encountered serious opposition, but one day when the selectmen were assembled to consider the matter, a happy thought struck Deacon Aaron Rice.

“It might do, brethren, to make a new town,” he suggested jocosely, “if we could only pack away Parson Hewlett and his farm into it.”

“It would be a stroke of generalship!” cried Dr. Hartshorn.

“Why can’t we do it?” echoed George Cannon.

“But it would make the shape of our town as ritty-cornered as one of Mistress Weddell’s Spanish-galleon quilts,” objected Deacon Rice, upon second thought.

“And the meeting-house would have to go,” mused Dr. Hartshorn.

“My brethren!” cried good George Cannon, “we never can get rid of that old reprobate unless we do something radical. I tell you, it would be cheap if we could foist him on another town by paying so small a price as the meeting-house and the shapeliness of our town!”

So it came about that when the petition went in final form to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, for the laying off of the northeast corner of the town of Birchmont into the new town of Leith, it was specified that the separation was desired only upon the condition that the house and farm of Parson Hewlett should be included in the new township.

It must surely have been worth while to see the stately parson when he learned of this checkmate move upon the part of the people whom he had no doubt believed to be completely in his power. Napoleon at Waterloo could scarcely have felt more crestfallen. The old fellow was fairly outwitted; and he could not circumvent the will of the majority, though he still continued to harass Birchmont for his unpaid salary, and in various other ways to keep wagging tongues busy. Strong in doctrine and lengthy in prayer as ever, he preached on for many years in the old church, now restored to his use. He was never able, however, to make so strong and advantageous a con-

tract with the town of Leith as he had made with Birchmont, and he lived, during his latter years, chiefly upon the produce of his farm.

It had almost seemed to the people among whom he had dwelt for so long, that his indomitable spirit would never yield even to the King of Terrors; but, in 1802, Parson Hewlett's time came, as it must come to us all.

He was buried upon a burning summer's day, and his coffin was carried from his house to the graveyard, according to the custom of the period, by four "bearers," chosen from among the most prominent men in the vicinity. It is related of them

that, the road being long and mostly up hill, they were compelled, when half the distance had been accomplished, to lay down their burden, until they could recover their breath. As they waited, good Deacon Rice, who, having never come to an open rupture with the parson, had been chosen as one of them, mopped his dripping brow and remarked:

"The parson was a heavier man than he looked, my brethren."

"Aye, aye," rejoined worthy George Cannon, with a twinkle of unsanctified mirth in his eye, "it is a heavy load that we have to carry; but I bear it cheerfully, my brethren,—I bear it cheerfully!"

THE WITCH OF WINNACUNNETT.

By Mabel Loomis Todd.



LIGHT was fast falling,—bleak, cold night—in the month of March, 1700, over the sea-side colony in New Hampshire. The heavy dark clouds drifted in from the sullen ocean on the breast of the raw east wind. There was not even a hint of yellow where the sun had just set, and the bare elm branches creaked drearily, outlined against the dim-colored sky. It was a dismal evening under the best of circumstances, and doubly so near a lonely cabin at the edge of the pine woods. No cheerful home light shone from the single window; no hearth-fire warmed the single room. All was dark, and apparently tenantless. But as the last glimmer of daylight faded, a figure emerged from the forest, bearing a pile of twigs and small firewood. From the bent form, it might have been an old woman; in the uncertain light it was hard to tell who or what turned thus heavily toward the cabin, pushing the door open with a movement so despairing.

From the shelter of the trees near by, three boys watched the woman, with a not all displeasing thrill of terror. She dropped her bundle and sat down in the dark doorway, covering her face with both hands.

"It is Goody Crump herself, beyond a peradventure," quoth Master Increase Putnam, in an excited whisper.

"Let us not stir until she hath gone in, or our lives may pay the penalty."

"She cannot bewitch us if she knows not we are near, can she?" asked little Reuben Smith, in a tone of alarm. "Oh! why did we stay out so late?"

And he trembled as he peered anxiously into the face of his older companion for some expression of cheer and hope.

"There is no telling what she may do," answered the other, rather enjoying the child's fright, in a manner, and not much caring to allay it.

"No, no, Reuben; of course not," said John Worthington, a fine-looking lad of about fourteen, laying his hand sympathetically on the little boy's shoulder. "She will haply go within speedily, and we may go on our way."

Shortly after, indeed, the woman did rise, and enter the cheerless dwelling; but

the boys waited until a faint red gleam began to show through the window before they ventured to leave their hiding-place. When at length they stole into the path, they started on the dead run; and not until they were well out of breath, and had put a quarter of a mile between themselves and the cabin of evil name, did they pause in their flight.

"Is she following?" asked little Rueben, when he could find words, and casting a fearful backward glance.

"No, no," said Master Increase impatiently; "she hath no further need of us, now that we have left her land." And the three boys became suddenly bolder, as the lights of the little town appeared around a curve in their path.

More at leisure now, the two others chatted on carelessly; but John Worthington was unusually silent. The evening's adventure had brought vividly to his mind a more serious one which had occurred to him the previous autumn. With some companions, he had ventured near the mysterious cabin at evening, and then, as now, had fled at the weird owner's approach. But that time he was not so fortunate as to-night; he had stumbled and fallen, striking his head dizzily. The other boys ran on, and left him to his fate; while he lay still, hardly caring what happened, for the pain. Suddenly he felt himself lifted to a comfortable position, a cloth wet with cold water was placed on his forehead, and, looking up, he saw bending over him the well-known, dreaded face of Goody Crump. In terror he tried to get up and run away, but a soft voice asked:

"Why are you afraid? I am but helping you to be better, that you may the sooner go home. Do not fear me."

Somehow, for the moment, John's panic seemed to subside. But it soon overcame him again, and poor Goody Crump watched him with a patient sigh, as upon his fair young face she saw returning the sadly familiar expression of distrust and repugnance. With confused thanks he hurried away; while to her, the little cabin seemed more lonely than before—the twilight more murky.

John had thought often of that experience; its memory to-night kept him silent

in the midst of his companions' chatter. At length he said thoughtfully:

"It hath at times come into my mind that Goody Crump may not be so bad a witch as we suppose. Her face hath not a vicious look—and I believe her heart is kind."

"Kindness is but one of the guises of the Evil One," returned Master Putnam, whose father was learned in theology, "and a snare to trap the unwary."

"My mother hath often related," spoke up little Reuben, as they now entered the village, "how one night in winter, when it was snowing hard, she looked up and beheld Goody Crump gazing in at the window with an evil eye; and that very night our good cow died. My father discovered her frozen in the barn by sunrise."

"And how doth she know that the cow might not have died, even if Goody Crump had never looked in at the window?" asked John, who loved logic.

"Because," said Reuben, all aglow with his story, "the witch had asked of us shelter from the storm for the night: and my father had bade her go upon her way. Oh, it was proof enough!"

And there were, in truth, strange things about this lonely woman. She possessed qualities and powers quite inexplicable to the simple folk about, except upon the convenient hypothesis of her connection with the powers of darkness. She was not old, or even ill-looking, and a few years ago had lived as open and happy a life as the best among them.

But odd things began to happen, which could be attributed only to her—or to some evil force; so the two were gradually linked together in the surrounding minds, until her simplest acts were watched with fear and suspicion.

Her husband died—it was whispered not by visitation from God; then her baby followed, and all agreed that her wild grief was forced, or sinful. One after another began to avoid her. She, in turn, grew moody, and would have none of them. The house of God, where the good people worshipped, with their stacks of guns at hand, ready for instant use, she deserted, and took to

lonely wanderings upon the Sabbath day. She grew poorer and poorer. Venturing one day to knock at the back door of a neighbor's house, she begged a bit of butter, and was sternly refused. No member of that family was thereafter able to churn again, until advised, by those learned in witch lore, to put some cream upon the fire at a certain hour of the evening. This being done, Goody Crump was seen the next day with her arm bandaged : it was discovered beyond mischance that she had been badly burned at that identical hour of the previous evening. Moreover, the gratified neighbor's churning was again successful—golden butter came as of old. What more was needed to convince this God and Satan fearing community that they had a veritable witch in their midst?

But further facts were at hand. Two sailors, ashore for a day, had been seen to laugh and jeer as she passed by. She said nothing, but looked at them with her melancholy black eyes until they turned away abashed. Later in the afternoon she was observed to stand upon a sandy knoll overlooking the sea, muttering words as she stretched her hands toward its blue distance. That weariness of soul, and longing for her home across the sea, could explain these actions was an unthought of explanation. A heavy blow came on that night ; a small boat returning to the ship at anchor outside was overturned, and in the morning the bodies of the two sailors were washed ashore. Here was proof of Goody Crump's malignity. Such a thing as a mere coincidence was, of course, extremely unlikely to occur. There lay the dead men ; and if, years later, any one doubted her ghastly power to wreck men at her pleasure, Father Hobbs was always ready to point out the precise spot where the bodies had lain. The whole thing was clear.

At last the poor woman could no longer live in her little cottage. The feeling against her was too strong. Her poverty also compelled her to leave it. She went away from the cluster of houses around the harbor, and old Jim Adams, whose wits always were off, built her a rude cabin back in the pine woods.

Here she still lived ; alone, while the snow drifted white over all the rude settlement, and sifted softly through the pines upon her roof ;—alone, when summer winds murmured in their sombre branches gently, like a faint echo of the whispering surf ;—alone, when the quiet stars looked down alike upon persecuted and persecutor ;—alone, most of all when human beings were near, and the sunshine fell in golden showers over the beautiful, pitiless earth.

What she thought, how she lived, no one cared. She had been distrusted, and was not that all-sufficient excuse for every neglect and oppression?

The world was full of excitement in those early days. The constant precaution against Indian raids, the belief in spells and witchcraft, and the necessity of suppressing all sorts of heresies, filled the minds of the fathers with unrest and inquietude. Just now a new horror had appeared. Small-pox began its ghastly round ; and it was suggested, with bated breath, that for this, too, the witch's incantations were responsible. Little children were hurried into the house if she approached, lest she might glance at them and produce the plague upon the spot. Serious measures must be taken speedily.

A meeting of the authorities had been called for the morning after the three boys returned with such unseemly haste from their excursion into the woods. As the elder Worthington was taking his seat in the assembly, John followed quietly, to listen to the proceedings.

"And why," Goodman Brown was saying as they entered, "why should the town endure anything further of the sort? Surely the hand of the Lord hath plainly indicated our duty. Only this morning hath a new case of the plague appeared in our midst ; there is but one cause for it." And he sat down amid a murmur of assent.

Another arose : "Since the spirit of the Evil One hath taken possession of this woman, and caused her to do his works of darkness, desolation hath more than once entered our community. Foes enough have we from without. Our deliverance from foes from within lieth in

our own hands. Let her receive full penalty of the law."

One after another then stated complaints against Goody Crump, whose evil deeds, if their words could be believed, were well-nigh boundless in extent and enormity. Some were for having her buried alive at the cross-roads, with a stake driven through her body; others thought the stocks might produce a salutary effect; while many advocated that she should be publicly whipped out of the town. This last measure was finally carried, and became an order, to be executed on the morrow.

"It is hereby Ordered and Signed, that Elizabeth Stuart Crump be tied to ye tail of a Carte, and Publickly whipped upon her Bare back from Constable to constable until she shall be out of this Jurisdiction,"

read the warrant.

Having done their duty so far, the good men then turned to other matters with lighter hearts, and John slipped out of the assembly unnoticed. His pain and grief were unspeakable. Sharing in general with his friends the belief in evil eyes and uncanny influences, he was yet torn with pity for this strange woman and her hard fate. His noble, boyish heart ached with a dull sense of injustice and wrong, which he could not formulate. All the long afternoon he wandered up and down the beach, in spite of rain, incapable of turning his mind to any other subject.

"Publicly whipped," his father was saying, as he came in to the frugal supper. "So doth the Lord ever deal with the wicked; plagues and wrecks will now grow less in this godly village. We shall be well rid of Sutan's child."

When John went to bed he could not sleep; but with his truthful eyes peering into the darkness, could think only of the morrow's wrong. He almost seemed to hear the sad voice of poor Goody Crump, as she leaned over him, and bathed his head that unforgotten November evening.

"They do not *know* that she ever harmed a living thing," he thought. "What right have we to judge because she seems different?"

The boy's nature was strong and manly, yet gentle as a woman's. As he lay pain-

fully turning the subject over and over in his already wearied brain, it seemed hours since he had gone to bed. How he dreaded the dawn!

The rain was falling more heavily than before, and was joined by a gale of wind which shook the house at every blast. Suddenly a clock began to strike. Ten! Could it be possible it was no later?

All at once John was filled with a great resolve. He would dress and go to the cabin in the woods, to warn the witch of her coming doom, that she might flee from it in the darkness! His teeth chattered at the idea, and his heart beat madly.

"I am defying the authorities set above me," he thought, dressing hastily, and stealing softly down from his attic-room; "but surely God hath said, 'Vengeance is mine!' Why should they torment her before her time?"

Strange thoughts these for a Puritan boy, in a pitch-black night, going out upon an errand which chilled his blood in anticipation!

The houses of the settlement stood dark and silent. Thick clouds crowded each other in their wild race from the southeast. The wind alternately howled and moaned, while John had before him a full half mile of lonely road. He started to run, lest his courage might leave him before he was well on his way. The wood was full of strange noises, and the wet bushes and briers beside the path seemed to clutch at him with fingers. Once he almost turned back, when a thought of the pitiful sight coming on the morrow, but for him, spurred on his trembling bravery. With the wind making mad music in his ears, and the rain drenching him through, he pressed forward until a faint light through the trees showed him where the cabin stood.

He went softly to the window and looked in. A few fagots were burning on the hearth, and beside them sat the woman, — hunted, persecuted, more than abandoned by humanity. Her black hair fell richly about her, as she bent over an old book by the firelight. Even the wind, which shook the flimsy dwelling to its foundation, seemed in no way to disturb her.

Chilled from head to feet, as much with superstitious fear as with the rain and wind, John timidly knocked.

A hasty movement within, and a voice asked: "Who is there? what is wanted?"

"Only a little boy is here," said John bravely, not knowing but he had in truth come to his death. "May I speak with you, Mistress Crump?"

Apparently his tone gave her confidence; she opened the door a crack, and peered out into the night.

"Come in, if you are alone," she said. "What can you want with me? Have you lost your way?" And closing the door behind him, she threw a few more sticks upon the fire, which blazed up and showed her John's boyish face, down which little rills of rain-water were still trickling.

"Do not be afraid," she went on, seeing that he seemed at a loss for words, "I am not as dangerous as I am painted," and she smiled wearily,—a sadder sight than tears.

"I only came," said John, finding his painful errand harder than ever, "to tell you that there hath been a meeting of the authorities this day, and they have decided by the grace of God to require you—"

"To confess my sins, promise repentance, and return to the fold?" she interrupted bitterly.

"Nay, their measures were more severe," answered the boy, confused by the clear and searching eyes fixed upon him. "They united in the belief that you are a—"

"Well," she said sharply, "a witch? Say it out. What then?"

"And that it was their duty to protect the colony by having you tied to a cart's tail and publicly whipped upon your bare back from one constable to another till you are well out of the region," pursued the boy very fast, getting at the gist of his horrors in one desperate plunge. "And I came out in secret to warn you. To-morrow it will be carried out."

"O my God!" cried the woman, "and hath their cruelty reached even unto this! That I cannot be left in peace even in this miserable hovel, after they have driven me from their midst!

I have kept away, that the sight of me might not fret their righteous eyes! I have lived alone, in poverty and sorrow and despair; no husband, no child, not a face in all this land to show one gleam of kindness to a breaking heart. Here in this book," she went on excitedly, the brilliant color flashing into her pale cheeks, and exalting her to a weird beauty, "where I was trying to find some word of comfort when you came in, I read, 'Blessed are the persecuted.' Among all God's creatures, there is not one so hurt, and desolate, and oppressed as I am. Pharisees!" she almost screamed. "doth not their own book bid them judge not? By all the powers of darkness, which they think I know too well, my curse shall fall upon this colony and all within it. My curse!" she repeated, raising her thin hands above her streaming hair and flashing eyes.

The boy arose, affrighted, but steadfast.

"Ah! say not so," he entreated gently. "There is yet time for you to escape—and with the curse unsaid. Think you not that God holds us in the hollow of his hand? He hath put it in my heart to come and warn you. Forgive their wrong, and so be greater than they."

"What say you, boy? Forgive the black and heartless wrongs of years? and now this crowning outrage? Ah, you ask too much. But I had forgotten you—and you came out here through all the storm to tell me of this wicked thing? Why did you so?" she asked suddenly.

"You were kind to me once," he said simply. "I felt that they were wrong. I could not sleep for thinking of the morning. I pitied you. I would bear the shame for you if I could," he added, his eyes full of tears.

"You came here to save me from them? You pitied me?" she said slowly. And then, as if the kindly words were harder to bear than all the years of contempt and insult, she fell on the floor, while sobs shook her slight form, as a sapling is tossed by the tempest.

With all fear gone, and his heart full of compassion, the boy watched her silently. At last, laying his hand lightly on her shoulder, he said:

"The night is far spent — if you are to escape, it should be soon."

Weak with weeping, she sat up and began to gather her heavy hair into a knot.

"Yes, I will go," she said. "Far from here I can, perhaps, live again. God is not as cruel as his servants."

"Nay," said John, "I feel in my heart that He hath a place for us all. And see — I have brought you all my shillings, that you may perchance get things necessary on your weary walk. They are all mine — so you are welcome to them," he added, laying them back in her hand as she protested.

"And now," he went on, looking out, "by sunrise you should be far from here. What will you take with you?"

"I have nothing of use or value left," she said, still strangely moved, but tying a few garments and a loaf of bread into a rude bundle. "You, I cannot thank. But the blessing of the most wretched of women shall follow you all your life. John Worthington, I bless you in health,

long life, prosperity; and in the hour of death, God will be with you. And for your sake — because I have once more seen a friendly face, and felt a hand stretched out to help — do I — yea, even I — *forgive* these men — demons. Let me say no more," she added wildly; and flinging open the door, she rushed out into the night and the moaning forest.

"How little," quoth John, starting in the opposite direction for the settlement, "how little we know of other people's hearts! When I am a man, no creature shall appeal to me in vain." And walking now with fearless steps, he rapidly approached the sleeping village.

The heavy clouds were parting here and there, as he struck the green before the meeting-house, and in a moment the silver crescent of the waning moon shone out fair and bright upon the wet and tired little figure so full of noble thoughts. In the far east a faint red flush crept up from the sea, promising to drive the clouds before it, leaving a clear and hopeful morning.

FOXGLOVE-BELLS.

By Clinton Scollard.

HIGH wandering on the slopes of Loughrig Fell,
 'Mid interlacing fronds of fern, I came
 Where, from slim spires, with mouths like ruby flame,
 Hung many a wind-swung graceful foxglove-bell.
 Above, swell sweeping over brackened swell,
 A close cloud-kinship did the mountain claim;
 Below, fair pictures could the vision frame
 Of field and wood and rill-divided dell.

For grander heights I had no care, nor yet
 Toward peaceful lower scenes my sight was drawn;
 For while I paused and listened, lo! betimes,
 Rose through the bumble-bee's dull fume and fret,
 Softer than sighs in aspen boughs at dawn,
 The inexpressible charm of fairy chimes.

A TRADITION OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

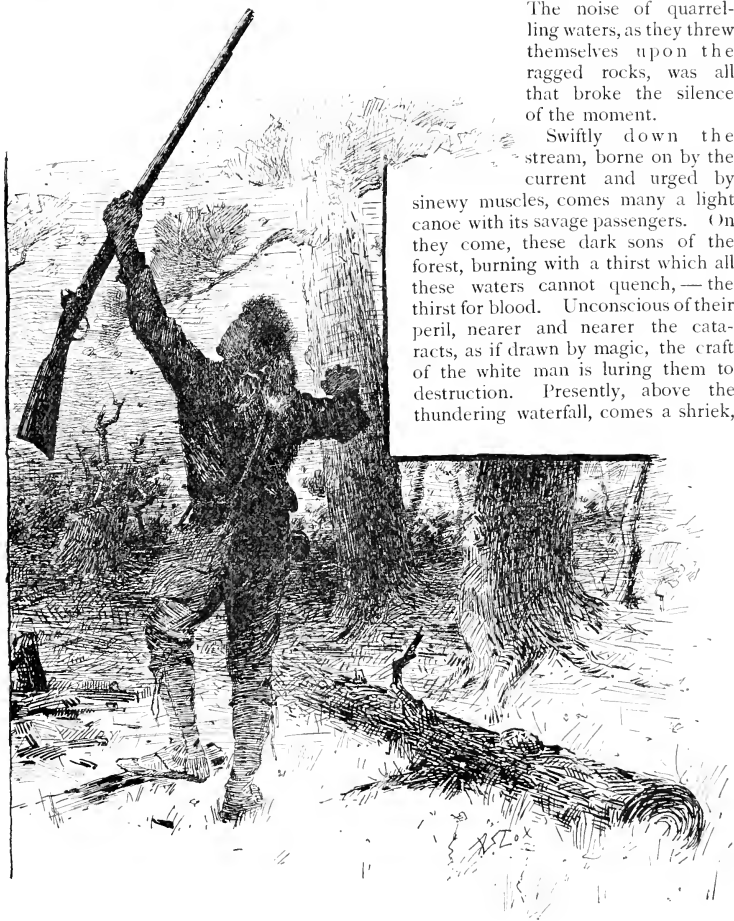
By Albert S. Cox.

AS though prophetic, to the sons of the forest, of the fatal night to follow, the sunlight faded from view behind the dark forms of the stately

pinus, dyed in the deepest crimson. The cold green of evening, which followed the warmer hues of dying day, had long been changed for the sombre shades of night.

The noise of quarrelling waters, as they threw themselves upon the ragged rocks, was all that broke the silence of the moment.

Swiftly down the stream, borne on by the current and urged by sinewy muscles, comes many a light canoe with its savage passengers. On they come, these dark sons of the forest, burning with a thirst which all these waters cannot quench,—the thirst for blood. Unconscious of their peril, nearer and nearer the cataracts, as if drawn by magic, the craft of the white man is luring them to destruction. Presently, above the thundering waterfall, comes a shriek,



"There, in waning daylight."

so full of rage, of fear and agony, that nature itself shudders as rocks and shore catch the yell and toss it back, in taunting echoes, to the dying savages, in the rushing waters below.

Over this tragic event hang the mists of time. A score of years ago, these very trees that once threw back the echoes had been sobbing and sighing a century for these unfortunate children of the forest. What strange enchantment enticed these crafty natives to the jaws of death, with their keen preceptions all alert? What artifice could so delude them?

This artifice, so terribly effective, had nothing of the supernatural in it. It had its origin in the brain of old Weir, the trapper, the sole relic of a once numerous family, a bronzed and weatherbeaten man, with muscles of iron and heart of steel. His only pleasures were his early memories. Often his mind reverted to those joyous days when his beloved wife brightened his lonely home, and the sweet faces and merry voices of his children made glad the rude simplicity of the surroundings. In fancy he is with them once again. There are the two boys, ever eager for those tales of adventure which their father loved so well to narrate; Ruth, with her loving, pensive face; Bess, with her merry, sunny nature; and the babe, the joy and delight of the household, whose rosy lips were just learning to lisp the names of those who loved her. The mother, nature had graciously endowed with beautiful person and rare sweetness of character. Following these pleasant recollections was the awful memory of that fatal day when, returning after a brief absence, the hunter found the ruins of his home, and beheld with frenzy the horrible work of the red man. There, in wasting daylight, over the mangled remains of his family, in agony of mind, the trapper dedicated his life to vengeance.

Never was mission more faithfully fulfilled. An awful grief, which rendered life well nigh unendurable, was gnawing at his heart, and gave him that reckless audacity which, united with his subtle wit, a deadly aim and great physical powers, made him the most feared of all the red men's foes. The seemingly miraculous

escapes of the fortunate trapper had won for him the reputation with many of bearing a charmed life. Often had the red men striven, but in vain, to avenge the victims of his rifle. Now, one final effort was to be made to rid the forest of him and check the encroachments of the whites.

Onimo, the Indian scout and Weir's faithful friend, brought this information, together with that of the intended massacre of the settlements below.

The camp-fire of old Weir was considered as unfailing, on the shore just above the falls, as the North Star in the heavens. For years it had illuminated the forest. Confident, therefore, of their landmark, the Indians decided to use it as their beacon light. Having studied well the old trapper's habits, it was not strange that even these shrewd warriors expected to catch him napping there in the little hut, an easy prey to vengeance. They little dreamed that a Judas dwelt within their midst. To set fire to the cabin and suffocate its inmate, or shoot him as he sought refuge in flight, was their intention.

Weir received the messenger and his startling communication with the utmost composure. When Onimo had departed, the old trapper sat for some moments motionless, silent. Then a tremor of rage and grief shook his frame, as he muttered, "It may be these plotting ones who took them from me; and did I not then vow that I would have a life for each drop of their precious blood?"

Heedless of all personal danger, in the presence of the great peril which threatened the peaceful homes below, and gloating on his own revenge, he fell into deep thought, dwelling on methods of averting the blow. If he went at once down the river and gave the alarm to the settlers, it could but prepare them for a desperate fight, in which many would doubtless fall. He therefore concluded to check, at all possible hazards, the progress of those approaching. "My rifle cannot pick them off, one by one," he mused, "but the whole band shall utter their death cry in chorus." Such was the resolution which that night so well confirmed.

When the Indians gave forth their shriek of mortal agony, their cry was joined by one more shrill and horrible,



"Strange and weird was the sight."

lingering after the last echo of the savage voices had died away, rending the air with fiendish joy. Beast and bird trembled as they listened to the most shocking sound that ear has ever known.—the midnight wail of a madman. The burden of sorrow upon the overtaxed brain, the exultation at the success of the stratagem after the fearful suspense, was too great ;

the mind of Weir had burst its bonds and taken flight. Long the gloomy forest rang with the voice of the maniac : then, in silence, he betook himself to his cabin, where by the light of the flickering fire he told Saturn, his jet black dog, how he had vanquished his foes. There, at midnight, for years and years, he repeated the same strange tale.

Much did the settlers marvel at what the river's current brought past their cabin homes. How was the deed accomplished?—This was the information which they sought in vain of old Weir, who since that eventful night had never spoken to his fellow-man. To this very day the problem might remain a mystery, but that the grandfather of a now ancient man caught the secret through a chink in the cabin wall, seeing the old maniac, now a withered and feeble man, rehearse to Saturn with insane glee the events of that awful night. Strange and weird was the sight of that wrinkled face and the tangled locks and beard illumined by the firelight, as he told how, when the watchful eyes of the savages caught sight of

the distant fire, they plied their paddles with confident vigor toward the centre of the stream, to profit by the increased current; then how in silence they sped on toward the glowing fire, as insects to the fatal flames; how they perceived for once that the fire burned below the falls—but the current held them fast, the trap was sprung, the warriors had taken their final voyage. As not one returned to tell the tale, and Weir was unharmed, we cannot wonder that, viewed by the savages with superstitious awe, he lived in peace until called to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Hearken now with the ear of fancy at Lewiston Falls, and out of the roaring water, from that distant day, comes the death cry of those red men.

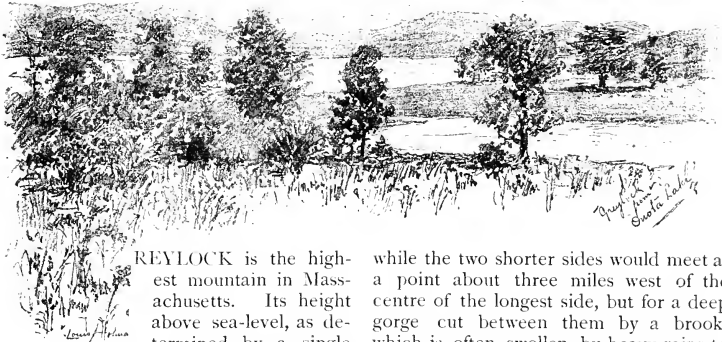
ABOVE THE TOWN.

By Julie M. Lippmann.

UP from the town to cloudward rise the sounds
 Of rumbling wheels, and tireless, tramping feet;
 The sharp, keen whistles cut the air with wounds
 That bleed to echoes; while with measured beat
 The city's heart throbs on mid clang of bells,
 That fain would drown it with their strident yells.
 There is no sense, in all this crowded place,
 Of peace or rest; no thought that speaks of God.
 For something higher than mere towns can trace
 I seek the fieldways that the cattle trod,
 And linger pondering there in pensive-wise,
 If man does banish beauty, exiles truth
 From out his world, or if, perchance, the skies
 See ought to smile on in the city's site.
 No answer meets my questioning, and dusk
 Descends on meadow, field, and winding lane;
 Each sentry corn-stalk shoulders high his husk
 In silent guard; I townward turn again.
 The cricket snaps his "tick-tack" in the grass,
 Lad-like, the rogue, to fright me as I pass.
 The shadows scud before me, swift as ships,
 All sable-sailed, upon some black stream's rush.
 The night lays warning finger on her lips,
 And earth obeys her mandate, which is, Hush!
 So all is dark save where the town lies dead,
 Or mayhap merely sleeps; I do not know;
 I only see a nimbus o'er its head
 That hints of Heaven. Am I answered so?

GREYLOCK.

By Harlan H. Ballard.



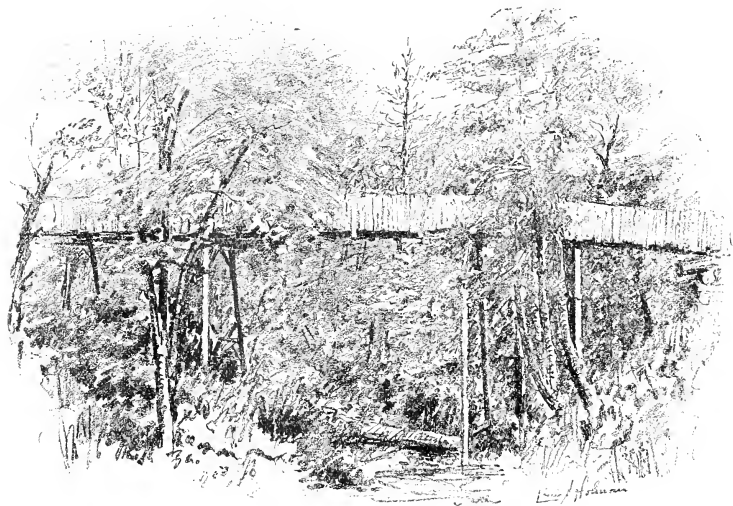
GREYLOCK is the highest mountain in Massachusetts. Its height above sea-level, as determined by a single barometrical observation by Professor A. Guyot, some years ago, is 3505 feet. As measured by Mr. S. H. Scudder, its height is 3543 feet; and a series of careful observations more recently made under the direction of Professor Safford of Williamstown, gives 3535 feet above the sea level.

Notwithstanding the clear cut outline of the mountain, as viewed from the south, it has proved no easy task to determine accurately either its shape or situation. Each new map of the county varies in some important respect from its predecessor. One places Greylock wholly in the town of Adams; another puts it on the line between Adams and Williamstown; and others set it at places a mile or two apart, both north and south, and east and west. In fact, what seems from Pittsfield to be a single sharply defined peak, is one of a group of hills thrown together in wild confusion, and covering an area of about thirty square miles. A line connecting the summits of these hills forms an approximate triangle, the longest side of which extends nearly north and south, from the neighborhood of the road connecting Williamstown and North Adams, to the middle of New Ashford;

while the two shorter sides would meet at a point about three miles west of the centre of the longest side, but for a deep gorge cut between them by a brook, which is often swollen by heavy rains to a torrent. The rudely triangular space inclosed by these three sides is known as "The Hopper"; and although on every hand the mountains rise very precipitously for a thousand feet or more, yet the old maps are wrong in representing the bottom of the Hopper as a plain on a level with the normal floor of the Williamstown valley. The floor of the Hopper is itself at its lowest point to the west several hundred feet above Williamstown, and it rapidly rises toward the east until it merges with the steep sides of the mountains themselves. The brook which has cut this channel for itself through the mountain wall is called the "Hopper Brook." After following it for a mile or so eastward from the western entrance to the Hopper, it forks, and one branch may be followed around to the northern angle of the Hopper, where its small beginnings come tumbling down the rocky precipice in a pretty cascade; while the other branch continues nearly east, and soon dwindles to an inconsiderable rill. As seen from the south, Greylock with its neighboring hills appears to have a double summit connected by a shallow, gently curving valley. Some years since a United States surveyor was engaged for

several weeks upon the highest point of Greylock, and in order to determine precisely where to look from this direction for the pole erected on the summit by the Government, I made an arrangement with him to display a signal by reflected sunlight at a certain hour. At the appointed time I climbed the old church tower in Lenox, and was so fortunate as to observe his signal with perfect distinctness. The light, which appeared like a bright morning star resting on the mountain, shone from a point near the eastern slope of the eastern summit, at a place indicated on the diagram (Fig. 1.) by the letter "A," and at the very place where now, on a clear day, the new tower can be distinctly seen from South Mountain. What looks from the south like the twin summit, a short distance to the left, is in reality a much lower peak some four or five miles to the south and west. It is no short and easy stroll from one pommel of the gigantic saddle to the other. In fact, one standing on the bare, windblown top of Greylock and looking directly west from the tower has an uninterrupted view across the valley to the crests of the Taconic range, and sees

over and beyond them the blue outline of the Helderberg and Catskills, and farther north the peaks of Prospect, and the "Mountain Dome" which rises near Lake George. From the fact that the two summits commonly supposed to be intimately connected are really far apart, as well as from its very unpoetical nature, the old name "Saddle-back" or "Saddle Mountain" is gradually yielding to the more appropriate and more graceful name, Greylock. This name was given, I believe, by Professor Albert Hopkins, who, if any one, knew the secrets of the old mountain, and alludes to the early whitening by the first frosts of winter of the rugged crest which shows gray against the distant blue, while the surrounding valleys and the lower hills are yet green with the life of summer. As Professor Hitchcock puts it in his *Geology of Massachusetts*, "Graylock," from the hoary aspect which the upper part of the mountain presents in the winter months. During that season the frost attaches itself to the trees, which, thus decorated, it needs no great strength of imagination to regard as the gray locks of the venerable mountain. As the



Beebe's Bridge.

cold increases, the line of congelation sinks lower and lower, covering more and more of the mountain with frostwork, and a contrary effect results from an increase of temperature, so that this line is frequently rising and falling during the cold months, producing numerous fantastic changes in the aspect of the mountain.

talline foundations. In order to gain a definite conception of this structure, which is a stratum of slate over a stratum of limestone, let us glance a moment at the geological history of the whole region now covered by the limestone bed I have described.

It is established, by a chain of reasoning hardly in place here, that in the re-



"The Hopper," from the West.

FROM EMMONS'S SKETCH PUBLISHED IN 1844.

Pittsfield rests upon a stratum of limestone, which is from one to two thousand feet in thickness. Her foundation is a marble floor. This thick stratum of limestone extends north to the St. Lawrence River, and south into New York, and has a varying and undetermined width, from east to west. It extends completely under Greylock, which is a mass of dark micaceous slate or schist, resting upon it like a pile of sand on a field of snow. This comparison, though it should make clear enough the relative position of the mountain and its underlying limestone floor, fails to convey a correct idea of the structure of the mountain, or of the manner in which it was built up from its crys-

moteness of the past there was a great inland sea, or, more properly, arm of the sea, which extended over much of New England, then an archipelago, from the lower portion of the St. Lawrence, and indefinitely westward over New York, directly through and over nearly the whole of Berkshire County, down through Litchfield County in Connecticut, and south to the ocean near New York City. This sea, covering the whole Green Mountain area of to-day, was, in places not too strongly affected by tides and ocean currents, favorable to the growth of shell-fish, and there calcareous or limy deposits were made, such as are now being made in all similar parts of the ocean. Afterward,



Greylock from a point north of the Milton Farm in Pittsfield.

when from some oscillation of the earth's crust, or some change in the character or direction of the ocean currents, the waters became clearer and more suited for the growth of lime-producing animals, the sea swarmed with molluscs, crinoids, and trilobites, and especially with coral animals, not essentially different from those whose skeletons are now accumulating in the coral reefs of the southern seas. The calcareous remains of these animals formed beds over the entire region of western New England, varying in thickness from one to two thousand feet. This may seem incredible, but their fossil skeletons have been found throughout the entire district in question, and would be found in infinite abundance but for well-understood causes which have gradually changed them from masses of regular coralline form into the crystallized granular rock which in its coarser forms we call limestone and in its finer grades we know as marble. We now have our inland sea resting upon a limy deposit one thousand or more feet in thickness. Then came a period when for some reason, perhaps the inrush of a new current from the ocean, the waters became turbid, and deposited layer after layer of fine silt or mud over the immense beds of limestone, and the animals that had produced it became locally extinct. This deposition of fine sand and clay continued for a vast period of time.

We now approach the birthday of the mountain. There came a time, after the stratum of lime-deposit had been spread out over the older layers of sand beneath, and after the later stratum of silt and mud had been deposited above the limy bed, when by some means, supposed by some to have been the contraction of the crust of the earth, an enormous pressure was brought to bear upon the pile of strata over western New England. This pressure came from the eastward. Such was its inconceivable power, that the level alternating layers of lime and clay, notwithstanding their great thickness, were crowded up and wrinkled in great folds, of varying height, which were often cracked across their curving summits by the awful strain that came upon them. This process of upward flexure and folding may be rudely illustrated by the folds

produced in a pile of layers of cloth under the contracting force of a "puckering string."

Professor Agassiz says, in his *Geological Sketches*: "We must free our minds from the notion that the crust of the earth is a solid, steadfast foundation. So far from being immovable, it has been constantly heaving and falling, and if we are not impressed by its oscillations, it is because they are not so regular or so evident to our senses as the rise and fall of the sea. The disturbances of the ocean are known to our daily experience; we have seen it tossed in great billows by the storm, or placid as a lake when undisturbed. But the crust of the earth has also had its storms, to which the tempests of the sea are as nothing; which have thrown up mountain waves twenty thousand feet high, and fixed them where they stand, perpetual memorials of the convulsions that upheaved them. Conceive an ocean wave that should roll up for twenty thousand feet, and be petrified at its greatest height; the mountains are but the gigantic waves raised on the surface of the land by the geological tempests of past times."

Professor Dana says, in the paper read before the Berkshire Historical Society: "This one fact appears certain, that the folds, sometimes in half a dozen parallel lines over the county, are evidence of pressure; not of pressure from beneath, but of lateral pressure in the earth-crust; and facts indicate that the lateral pressure came from the eastward."

It is important to notice at this point that the titanic forces which caused the upheaval and folding of our great beds of lime and clay deposits, and the crowding and grinding together of these substances, may have been accompanied by a sufficient degree of heat to change very sensibly the character of those materials. In fact, it is to this heat that scientists attribute the conversion of the mingled sand and clay into the mica schist of which Greylock is largely composed; and also the conversion of the bed of mingled corals and broken shells into a layer of crystallized limestone, in which the forms of the individual fossils have been obliterated. We have now rolled up across

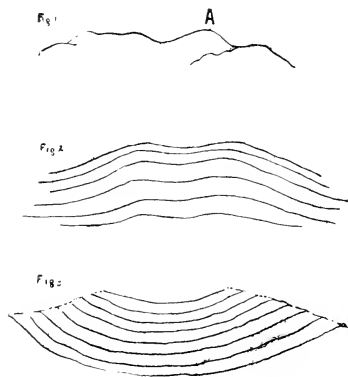
Berkshire County a series of solidified earth-waves, following one another from east to west, like successive waves of the tide at sea, and composed of layers of different sorts of rock in regular gradation and varying thickness.

It is not unlikely that one who has followed our account thus far has formed a mental picture of a vertical section cut down through the middle of Greylock from east to west, which if reproduced on paper would look somewhat like Fig. 2. In other words, he conceives the summit of Greylock to be the crest of one of those earth-waves which we have tried to picture, and he naturally thinks of the several strata of which it is composed as fitting one over the other like a pile of roofs, or inverted bowls, all slanting from the summit downward to the west, and downward to the east. Such, however, is not the fact. On the contrary, the layers of rock on the western side of the mountain slant upward toward the western sky, and the layers on the eastern side of the mountain slant upward toward

across the yawning chasm, which was perhaps a hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet deep. Involuntarily casting my eyes across the canon, I saw on the opposite brink the corresponding abutments. Evidently, at some time, some daring self-taught engineer of the mountain had ventured to throw a bridge across that deep ravine, with home-made appliances, and with home-trained help. I afterward learned that Levi Beebe, a plain Berkshire farmer, had planned and executed there a work, which for boldness and ingenuity is scarcely surpassed by the structure that swings between New York and Brooklyn, or by the Cantilever, that has been shoved out over the rapids of Niagara.

But stand on the eastern edge of the crest of Greylock, and observe the great beds of rock as they come curving up from under your feet. Notice how they sweep out and upward toward the eastern sky, like the first courses of an arch that shall curve away over to the Hoosac range, under which human skill boasts that it has bored a little hole. Let your imagination dart across the intervening valley to the farther mountain shore, and see there the corresponding abutments, rising up toward you in majestic curve; and the mind staggers under the necessity forced upon it of completing in imagination the stupendous arch.

There was a time when the summit of Greylock, instead of towering, as now, thousands of feet above the plain, was itself the bottom of a valley, lying low down between great mountains that rose majestically on either hand. When the crust of the earth is forced up into wrinkles and foldings, the tops or crests of these folds usually open in many deep cracks, forming precipitous crevasses, which extend sometimes through many successive layers of the crust. It was doubtless thus in the case of the mountains that, flanking the Greylock valley, once rose above the present valley of Williamstown and Adams. Along the exposed and fractured crests of these old mountains, frost and water and air had constant access to the soft and more soluble limestone below. In a word, "erosion" has come upon the hills, and with its patient teeth



the eastern sky, as shown in Fig. 3. What is the meaning of this?

Some years ago, while fishing in a wild mountain brook that goes foaming and fretting through a deep gorge on Bear-town Mountain, I was startled to come upon the abutments of a bridge. The foundation was there, and there were the remains of huge timbers pointing out

gnawing at them for untold centuries, has eaten them away. In consequence, the actual original crests have been lowered below the original valleys, and the original valleys stand forth as hills.

Step firmly upon newly trodden snow; your foot sinks in, and makes a deep depression; but at the same time, your weight packs down the snow beneath your foot, — and note what happens. By and by the warm wind rises, and by blowing and thawing lowers the whole field of snow, until all is level with the bottom of the depression caused by your step. Then, as the same process continues, and as the snow compressed under your footsteps resists the action of wind and sun more successfully than the untrodden snow beside it, it comes to pass at length that your path across the field is marked no longer by a now sunken footprint, but by a series of footsteps in relief. So it has been with Greylock. Professor Emons years ago explained, that the present topographical aspect of Berkshire County is due to the relative rates of wearing away or erosion in the two kinds of rocks, — the limestone, which is a soft rock and soluble under the influence of ordinary waters, and the crystalline schists, which are very hard. Professor Brainard, describing this region, says: "The rain and frost, the erosion of rivers, and the grinding of glaciers have removed a large part of the original mountains. The valleys are valleys of erosion." In this he follows Professor Dewey, and Professor Winchell follows both, declaring of Greylock that "a mountain remains where a valley was." We cannot dispute these conclusions of our best geologists, without venturing also athwart the silent but convincing testimony of the broken abutments which upheld the mighty arches of the primeval hills. "God hath put down the mighty, and exalted them of low degree": and now the valley has become a mountain, and Greylock reigns supreme, robed with ermine snow in winter, and in summer robed with ermine cloud, and crowned by the fires of the lightning.

From the top a wonderful vision is to be had. Not so picturesque as many less extended views, and often at first

disappointing; it is, after all, the view to which the thoughts of Berkshire men most frequently revert. On all sides stand the lesser waves of the storm that marked its birth. They come rolling in from the east where Wachusett reflects the first smiles of Aurora, as she rises from the gray line of the sea; they rise in the undulations of Holyoke and Mount Tom, and after a long succession swell into the bold contour of the Hoosac range. Directly north, rises Mount Equinox, challenging our attention to the Green Mountain range of Vermont; further north, and a little to the east, Killington marks the beginning of the climax of that range; while still further east, the boundary of New Hampshire is indicated by the outline of Ascutney, leading to Mount Monadnock, the pride of all the southern portion of the Granite State; while far north of Monadnock may be distinctly discerned the pale blue summits of Cardigan and Croydon, the former nearly a hundred miles away. Turning to the south, the eye rests affectionately on the inimitable, though quiet beauties of Berkshire, lingering fondly on each well-known hilltop, and prying with friendly interest into the windings of each retreating valley, until it catches the curve of the Dome, which seems like a brother sentinel standing on guard over the lower end of the valley.

More than once I have stood waiting for the sunrise, balanced among the upper branches of an old pine tree that used to be the only tower of observation on the summit of Greylock, and watched the gradual illumination of the surrounding valleys, bringing into view one feature of the landscape after another, until every hill was bright with sunlight, and the shadows were chased from all the valleys. The effect of such scenes upon the impulsive mind of youth is sometimes to cause it to seek utterance in a style which the rhetoricians might term bombastic. Yet I give an extract from some old notes which I made one morning more than fifteen years ago, while still an undergraduate, after clambering down that aged pine.

"A few of our party started from the camp on Baldhead (a lower spur of

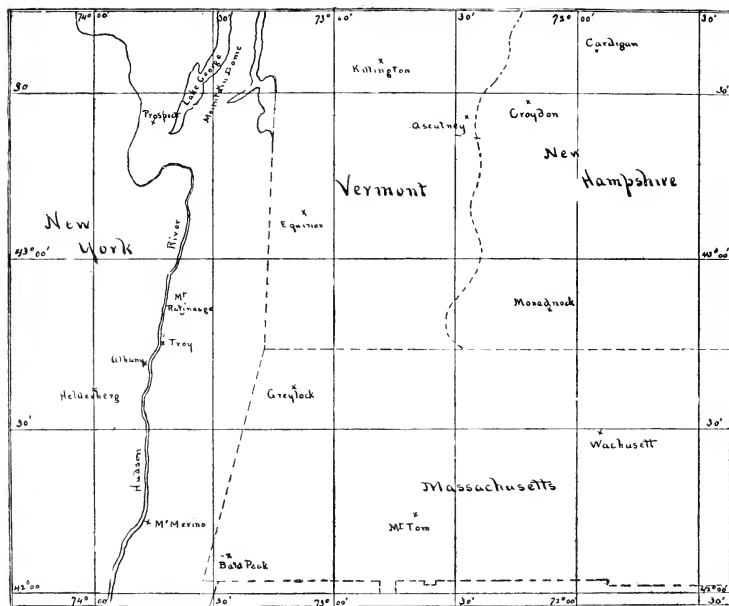


Diagram showing the principal mountain peaks visible from Greylock. *

(Greylock) at two o'clock in the morning, to see the sunrise from the summit. Aided by the light of the stars, which never shone more brilliantly, and a friendly lantern, we girded ourselves for the ascent. Soon accustoming ourselves to the peculiarities of midnight clambering along a path marked only by "blazes" on the trees, we made commendable speed. Warning cries from the leaders,—"Log here!" "Stones!" "Look out for that root!" "Turn to the

right!"—made the forest vocal with un-wonted sounds.

"The first outlook was magnificent: the east tinted with a soft, ruddy light; the landscape beneath floating in a dreamy twilight, out of which the highest hilltops were just becoming outlined; and the west, unconscious that the day was dawning, still under the stars. The whole party climbed to the top of the 'Look-out,' and watched the birth of the morning. Words cannot describe the effect

* DISTANCES AND BEARINGS FROM GREYLOCK:

| Peak. | Distance. | Bearing. |
|---------------|-----------|----------|
| Ascutney | 66 miles | N 33° E |
| Bald Peak | 39 " | S 22° W |
| Cardigan | 93 " | N 42° E |
| Croydon | 74.5 " | N 40° E |
| Equinox | 36.5 " | N 40° E |
| Helderberg | 42 " | S 89° W |
| Killington | 68.5 " | N 16° E |
| Merino | 43.5 " | S 52° W |
| Monadnock | 55 " | N 70° E |
| Mountain Dome | 64 " | N 14° W |
| Prospect | 62 " | N 28° W |

| | | |
|------------|----------|---------|
| Rafinesque | 25 miles | N 65° W |
| Tom | 37 " | S 45° E |
| Wachusett | 65 " | S 82° E |

GEOGRAPHICAL CO-ORDINATE OF GREYLOCK:

Latitude 42° 38' 0" North.

Longitude 73° 0' 5" West.

Altitude above sea level, 3539 feet.

The variation of the needle at Greylock, for Jan. 1, 1882, is about 10° 0' West.

N. B.—The bearings are referred to the astronomical meridian, not the magnetic. Copied from the charts of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. J. T. JR. DEL.

of the steadily increasing light upon the sleeping landscape. Hills, before blended with one another as if one common mass, slowly taking form and outline; valleys unveiling their beauty with maidenly reluctance; and the whole expanse of heaven slowly lighting up with ever-increasing radiance. Toward the east, the different ranges of hills, each less distinct than the one more near, seemed like ocean swells rolling toward us and ready to break at our feet. One had only to close his eyes, and allow his imagination play, to see the foam and spray leap into the air. The east was dimmed by a smoky vapor, which enabled us to look steadily at the sun until it was fully risen. The shape of the sun, distorted by the atmosphere, was an ellipse. The vapor, being also of different density in its different strata, gave the appearance of zones of varying shades of red across the sun's disk. The first glintings of pure white light above this redness were startling. The effect produced was that the sun was hastening toward us in fiery rage, indignant that dusky night should so long linger in his presence. Lances of light flashing through gaps in the mountains shot into the retreating night, scattering from their own golden wealth all the colors of the rainbow, which seemed to diffuse themselves in the valley. Hilltop after hilltop kindled the watchfires of the morning; while here and there, a wanton window in a mountain cottage flashed back his fiery glances into the eyes of the angry sun. Pittsfield emerged from a fog in which it had all night been shrouded, and the whole surrounding valley presented the appearance of a tortuous lake. The morning bells and whistles from Adams brought to our consciousness the awakening of life below, while in the neighboring underwood a bird chirped a morning greeting to his mate."

Having brought you all the way to the top of the mountain, I cannot let you return without a glance into the "Hopper." We will stop, therefore, half way down the western slope, and make our way across a nearly level pasture, and then up a sharp rocky pitch, until we stand on "The Bluffs," the frowning peak which

confronts you to the south, as you enter the Hopper from the west. The off-look from this point, though less extended, is more immediately impressive than from the summit we have left. A great chasm opens beneath your feet; there is even need of caution lest you fall over the edge. For more than a thousand feet the descent is so sheer that a heavy stone dislodged from the brink drops, bounds, and rolls, with swiftly increasing life and energy, until it crashes into the forest far below: then, when lost to sight in the depths of the woods, the ear still follows its wild career, to which no small sapling can afford a check, until it plunges into the torrent, a quarter of a mile below. The experiment once thoughtlessly tried is not to be repeated, for the bounding stone, with a speed approaching that of a cannon ball, must whirl directly across the mountain path deep hidden in the forest, along which at this very moment some plant-hunting student may be striding, unconscious of swift approaching death.

Looking across to the opposite side of the Hopper, and using the serried ranks of lofty pines as ladders, the eye slowly climbs down the precipitous flank of Prospect Mountain, equally high with the one on which we stand, and much more inaccessible. On the eastern side of the triangular chasm, the mountain wall is so steep as to make scaling it impossible, and its white, scarred surface proves that even the clinging pines have been unable to retain their footing; nay, that the very soil itself has found the incline too nearly perpendicular, and has at some day slid like an avalanche into the abyss.

The deep shaft of the Hopper acts like a chimney, and constantly up and down through its great flues, currents of air are passing. I have often lain for hours at a time on a mossy bed at the upper opening of this mountain chimney, when of a summer's morning heated currents of air were pouring up out of its yawning forest-lined throat. The ascending air, like the Arabian genie issuing from the fisherman's casket, is invisible while it is rising through the gorge; but as soon as it strikes a colder current a few thousand feet above the mountain's top, its mois-

ture is condensed into masses of shining clouds, that form directly over the throat of the Hopper, and float away in an endless fleet across the upper sea of air, marking, as far as the eye can follow them against the sky, the course of those great currents which always sweep around the world.

If we look about us for a moment, we cannot but remark the beauty and profusion of the ferns. Many a noted botanist has been drawn to this mountain by the fame of their beauty. At least thirty-five species have been found here, some of them by no means despised or common. Orchids, too, are here, and a great host of other flowering plants, not only such as are familiar to our valley ramblings, but others more nearly Alpine in their nature, which never leave the higher ranges suited to their mind. Among these flowers float butterflies not frequent, and indeed unknown, to the river level. Strange, wild things they are, with curious fretted wings and rich colorings of russet, orange, scarlet, blue and white. Here, too, come northern birds to build their nests.

"The forest on the flanks of Greylock," says Mr. Brewster, "is the primeval growth of black spruce, with some admixture of yellow and canon birch, sugar maple, etc., and toward the summit, balsam fir; and owing perhaps in part to the character of the woodlands, perhaps not even in the Catskills do two distinct typical classes of birds come into so sharp contact. The top of Greylock is only 2800 feet above the Hoosac River at North Adams, yet within this comparatively narrow vertical range we pass from the familiar presence of such birds as the wood thrush, house wren, bluebird, yellow warbler, field sparrow, scarlet tanager, bobolink and oriole, to a Canadian assemblage which includes the hermit thrush, golden-crowned kinglet, winter wren, and red-bellied nut-hatch. Here are also the blackburman, black and yellow Tennessee, mourning and Canadian warblers, the pine finch, and olive-sided flycatcher; the quaint red crossbill, and the yellow-breasted chat."

Greylock rises as a favorite island and haven of rest above the sea of air, over

which the northern songsters sail in their summer journeys to the south. Here the shy snow-bird rears its young, and, elsewhere less approachable, is more tame and friendly than our sparrows. Often in the early morning, as I lay awake in my tent, almost before the long procession of spectral mist-clouds, which moves every summer night with noiseless tread across the mountain, had passed by, the snow-birds have come hopping everywhere about on the short grass and on the slippery carpet of spruce needles. Often they would alight on the canvas of the tent, hop along its ridge-pole, and peep in at the doorway to see what kind of bird was there; and one morning the boldest of them came saucily inside the tent, and actually perched upon the blanket wrapped about my shoulders.

We could not have passed directly across the summit in the early morning, brushing the dew as we strode along from fern and huckleberry bush, without starting from their covert a whirring flock of ruffled grouse or "patttridges," as they are popularly called in this part of New England. At least, we could not have missed them a few years ago. In these degenerate days of mercenary enterprise, a tower of speculation has been erected, alas, upon the very crest of Greylock; a muddy carriage road has supplanted the picturesque trail beneath the over-reaching trees; a cheap restaurant deals sandwiches of devilled ham and thick walled cups of railroad-station coffee to the sightseers who go up thither as they go to any other panorama; old eggshells and sardine-boxes occupy among the ferns the abandoned nests of the partridges; and trees, that for centuries have braved the lightning and the storm, suffer in silent shame the indignity of holding up to public view the hardly poetical inscription: "To the tower, ten cents."

But returning from this digression, and retracing our footsteps from the bluffs, let us descend the mountain through a vast and precipitous gorge on the southern side, and two or three miles from the Hopper. Who is this that we run upon as we are half way across the mountain pasture? A female figure, seated on a tussock of grass. Her long gray hair

escapes from a tangled knot of Psyche, but from which all youthful grace has sadly fled. Her eyes are fastened on a tightly wound scroll of paper, which, if unrolled, would extend for many feet. Her lips are moving; her whole attitude is one of profound attention. As we approach, she raises her eyes from the strange manuscript, and we see by the unnatural gleam in them that reason has lost its throne. This is the crazy poetess of the mountain. Day after day, she wanders over the fields, and through the woods, writing weird verses, that sometimes contain a line of distorted beauty, always in a minor key, always pathetic. It is the old story of a young girl's innocence betrayed, followed by a woman's life of sorrow. At our approach she has hastily wrapped up her tragic verses, and with a suppressed cry has fled across the pasture and disappeared in the forest.

Presently, our attention is arrested by another figure, this time that of a middle-aged man. He is lying on a bed of moss, on his back, with his eyes fixed upon the sky. He responds pleasantly to our greeting, but the child-like, too-easily smiling countenance betrays feebleness of mind. What is there about this mountain that attracts these poor creatures? Does its restful majesty "minister to a mind diseased?" This man is from the Adams side, and through the summer days he goes, I am told, wandering over all the glades, and by all the rushing streams of Greylock.

Still another man comes into view before we begin the steep descent. This time there is no lack of intellect. Yankee shrewdness is written in every wrinkle of the bronzed old face. He carries a little box in one hand, a staff in the other, and he goes cautiously along, peering into the heart of every flower he meets. Is he a botanist? No, he is a bee-hunter. In his box he has already two or three bees that he has caught. Now he sees another. How gently he approaches it! "Come here, my little feller," he says in gentle tones, as if speaking to a baby. He takes the buzzing insect up in his great hands as tenderly as a mother, and holds it out towards us. "Isn't he a nice little feller? Jest hear him sing!"

"But won't he sting you?" "Sting! what, him? Lord bless you, sir, they won't none on 'em sting me. They knows who's their friends, now, I tell ye!"—and having now enough for his purpose, he lets one escape, and marking well the direction of his flight, the old bee-hunter strikes off in a bee-line for the bee-tree, where, in spite of his protestations of friendship, he hopes to find good store of honey which he may rifle from his little friends.

Plunging now downward to the south, we half run, half slide, and almost drop or roll to the bottom of the yawning chasm known as the "Heart of Greylock." Looking back, we wonder how we ever got down that thousand feet of crumbling slate and sliding earth without broken bones. The next thought is one of surprise and delight at the unexpected beauty of the scene. From near the distant summit of the gorge drops a snow-white cascade, broken in two or three places against a projecting shelf of mica schist, veiling the nodding ferns along its fall in clouds of spray, whirling about in countless foaming pools, where instinct swears, and experience makes affidavit, that gleaming trout lie hid, and filling the whole glen with the music of its song. To right and left of this cascade, two others from opposite sides of the ravine plunge down into the same brook below, swelling the volume of its waters and adding greatly to the unique charm of the picture.

Following down this stream more rapidly than we should if we had our fishing-tackle with us, we emerge at last upon a road-wood that brings us easily to the main highway, a few miles below South Williams town. Before leaving the forest, however, we pass the humble dwelling of one of the mountain farmers, a typical New England backwoods-man. Crabbed in body and crabbed in mind, yet with a kindly touch of hospitality that induces him to fetch us a tin dipper of delicious milk from some cool recess, rudely apologizing for the rudeness of the vessel by the absence of what he calls his "old woman." He lives here a life of contentment, controlled and tempered by philosophy. "Some folks," he remarks,

"ef they sees others a ridin' in kerridges, envies 'em, but I allus says to myself, we'd all die ef they want no one to raise the taters. City folks' fashions is curis," he adds, "but I think clo'es oughter be reg'lated accordin' to what yer doin' an' how much money you hav' got": and finally, by way of explaining his first rather brusque response to our "good afternoon," he says: "It don't do to be too friendly too sudden. Young men has to be kep' under. They will impose on ye unless you give 'em back ez good ez you git."

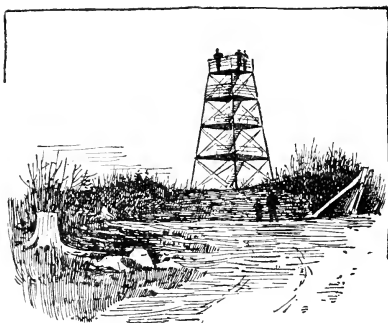
"What is that noise," we inquire, as we leave him, "that we have been hearing for the last hour or two? It sounded like some one chopping wood."

"Oh," replies our friend, impatiently ejecting a stream of tobacco juice, and apologetically covering it with his foot, "that's them darned French-Canuck coal-

burners. It won't be such a deuced long time afore they'll have the whole mountain scraped off bare. That 'ere brook ain't more'n half as big as it used to be, now. Ef I had my way, they shouldn't cut down another tree, not a darned one;" and he retires to his hut with an indignant growl.

But now the brook is dark in the shadows of the trees, and has changed its bright morning song for the melancholy lullaby of evening. One brightest star has asserted itself in the western sky. A distant whippoorwill begins his desolate call, and frogs reply from distant sedge pools. High above our heads a small speck in the sky grows gradually defined in outline, as one of the few bald eagles left to Massachusetts sinks slowly down on balanced wings to his rocky nest, and

"Darkness settles wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill."



Tower on the Summit of Greylock.

THE STORY OF A WALL-FLOWER.

By Dorothy Prescott.



IT would never have occurred to any one on seeing Margaret Parke for the first time, that she was born to be a wall-flower, — plainness, or at best insignificance of person, being demanded by the popular mind as an attribute necessary to acting in that capacity, whereas Margaret was five feet, eight inches in height, with a straight, swaying figure like a young birch tree, a head well set back upon her shoulders, as if the better to carry her masses of fair hair, an oval face, a straight nose, blue eyes so deeply set, and so shaded by long, dark eyelashes, that they would have looked dark too, but for the sparkles of colored light that came from them, an apple-blossom skin, and thirty-two sound teeth behind her ripe, red lips. With all these disqualifications for the part, it was a wonder that she should ever have thought of playing it; and to do her justice, she never did,—but some have “greatness thrust upon them.”

Margaret's father, too, was a man of some consequence, having a reputation great in degree, though limited in extent. He was hardly known out of medical circles, but within them every one had heard of Dr. Parke of Royalston. His great work on “Tissues,” which afterwards established his fame on a secure basis, lay tucked away in manuscript, with all its illustrations, for want of funds to publish it; but even then there were rooms in every hospital in Europe into which a king could hardly have gained admittance, where Dr. Parke might have walked in at his pleasure. So brilliant had been “Sandy” Parke's career at college, and in the Medical School, that his classmates had believed him capable of anything; and when he married Margaret's mother, a beauty in a quiet way, both young people, though neither had any money, were thought to have done excellently well for themselves. Alas! they were

too young. Dr. Parke's marriage spoiled his chances of going abroad to complete his medical education. When he launched on his profession, it was found that many men were his superiors in the art of getting a lucrative practice in a large city; and, at last, he was glad to settle down in a country town, where he had a forty-mile circuit, moderate gains, and still more moderate expenses. His passion was study, which he pursued unremittingly, though time was brief and subjects were scanty.

Mrs. Parke was a devoted wife and mother, who thought her husband the greatest of men, and pitied the world for not recognizing the fact. She managed his affairs wisely, and they lived very comfortably and cheaply in the pleasant semi-rural town. Could the children have remained babies forever, Mrs. Parke's wishes would never have strayed beyond the limits of her house and garden; but as they grew older, and so fast! ambition began to stir in her heart. It was the great trial of her life that with all her economy, they could not find it prudent to send the two oldest boys to Harvard, but must content themselves with Williams College. She bore it well; but when Margaret bloomed into loveliness that struck the eyes of others than her partial parents, she felt that here she must make an effort. Margaret should go down to Boston to see and be seen in her own old set, or what remained of it. Mrs. Parke was an orphan, with no very near relations, but her connections were excellent, and her own first cousin, Mrs. Robert Manton, might have been a most valuable one had things been a little different. Unfortunately, Mrs. Manton, being early left a widow, with a neat little property and no children, and having to find some occupation for herself, had chosen the profession of an invalid, which she pursued with exclusive devotion. She had long ceased to follow the active side of it — that of endeavoring to do anything to regain her health; having exhausted the resources of every physician of reputation

in the New England and Middle States, among them Dr. Parke, who like the others did not understand her case, and indeed had never been able to see that she had any. She had now passed into the passive stage, trying only to avoid anything that might do her harm. She never went to Royalston, as there was far too much noise in the house there to suit her, but she felt kindly toward her cousin's family, and when she was able would send them pretty presents at Christmas. More often she would simply order a box of confectionery to be sent them, which they ate up as fast as possible, Dr. Parke being inclined to growl when he saw it about.

Cousin Susan had rather dropped out of society, though the little she did keep up was of a very select order; and Mrs. Parke knew better than to expect her to take any trouble to introduce Margaret into it. The bare idea of having a young girl on her hands to take about would have sent her out of her senses. But she lived in her own very good house on West Cedar Street, and though she had let most of it to a physician, reserving rooms for herself and her maid, surely there was some little nook into which she could squeeze Margaret, if the girl, who had a pretty talent for drawing, could be sent to Boston to take a quarter at the Art School. Mrs. Manton assented, because refusing and excusing were too much trouble. Mrs. Parke had also written to an old school friend, now Mrs. David Underwood; a widow too, but still better endowed, who had kept up with the world, and went out and entertained freely; the more because her son, Ralph Underwood, a rising young stockbroker, was a distinguished member of the younger Boston society. Mrs. Underwood had visited the Parkes in her early widowhood, when Ralph was a little boy, and Margaret a baby, and had been most hospitably entertained. Of course she would be only too glad to do all she could to show her friend's pretty daughter the world, and show her to it.

Now, if Mrs. Parkes had sent Margaret down to Boston a year sooner or a year later, things would doubtless have taken quite another turn, and this history could

never have been written. But the year before she was still feeding her family on stews and boiled rice, to lay up the money for Margaret's expenses, and working early and late to get up an outfit for her; which objects she achieved by the autumn of 188—. What baleful conjunction of planets was then occurring to make Mrs. Underwood mutter, as she read the letter, that she wished Mary Pickering had chosen any other time to fasten her girl upon them, while Ralph growled across the breakfast table under his breath, "At any rate, don't ask her to stay with us," must be left for the future to disclose. Mrs. Underwood eagerly promised anything and everything her son chose to ask, and as he sauntered out of the house leaving his breakfast untouched, and she watched anxiously after him from the window, the important letter dropped unheeded from her hand, and out of her mind.

Margaret came down in due season, bright and expectant. Cousin Susan was rather taken aback at the girl's beauty, partly frightened at the responsibilities it involved, partly relieved by the thought that it would make Mrs. Underwood the more willing to assume them all. Margaret went to the Art School, and got on very well with her drawing. She was much admired by the other girls, who were never weary of sketching her. They were nice girls, though they did not move in the sphere of society in which they seemed to take for granted that Margaret must achieve a distinguished success; and even though she was modest in her disclaimers, she could not help feeling that she might have what they called "a good time" under Mrs. Underwood's auspices.

Mrs. Underwood for more than a week gave no sign of life: then made a very short, very formal call, apologizing for her tardiness by reason of her numerous engagements, and proffering no further civilities: and when Margaret, in a day or two, returned the call, she found Mrs. Underwood "very much engaged." But in another day or two there came a note from her, asking Margaret to a small and early dance at her house, and a card for a set of Germans at Papanti's Hall, of which she was one of the lady patron-

esses, and which Cousin Susan knew to be the set of the season. In her note she rather curtly stated that she had settled the matter of Margaret's subscription to the latter affairs, and that she would call and take her to the first, which was to come off three days after her own dance. Margaret was pleased, but a little frightened; there was something not very encouraging in the manner of Mrs. Underwood's note; though perhaps it was silly to mind that when the matter was so satisfactory,—only she did hate to go to her first dance alone. She longed even for Cousin Susan's chaperonage, though she knew her longings were vain; Mrs. Manton never went out in the evening under any circumstances, and told Margaret that there was no need of a chaperon at so small an affair at the house of an intimate friend, and that she should have that especially desirable cab and cabman that she honored with her own custom whenever she could make up her mind to leave the house. It would, of course, be charged on her bill; after which piece of munificence she washed her hands of the whole affair.

Margaret set out alone. It was a formidable ordeal for her to get herself into the house and up the staircase, and glad was she when she was safely landed in the dressing-room, though there was not a soul there whom she knew. Her dress was a pink silk that had been a part of her mother's trousseau; a good gown, though not at all the *shafte* people were wearing now; but Mrs. Parke had made it over very carefully, and veiled it with white muslin. It had looked very nice to Margaret till it came in contact with the other girls' dresses. She hoped they would not look at it depreciatingly; and they did not,—they never looked at it at all, or at her either. She stood in the midst of the gayly greeting groups, less noticed than if she were a piece of furniture, on which at least a wrap or two might have been thrown. She found it easy enough, however, to get downstairs and into the reception-room, in the stream, and up to Mrs. Underwood, who looked worried and anxious, said she was glad to see her, and it was a very cold evening; and then, as the waiting crowd pushed

Margaret on, she could hear the hostess tell the next comer that she was glad to see him, and that it was a very warm evening. Margaret was softly but irresistibly urged on toward the door of the larger room where the dancing was to be; but that she had not the courage to enter alone, and coming across a single chair just at the entrance, she sat down in it and sat on for two hours without stirring. The men were bustling about to ask the girls who had already the most engagements; the girls were some of them looking out for possible partners, some on the watch for the men by whom they most wished to be asked to dance; but no one asked Margaret. The music struck up, and still she sat on unheeded.

The loneliness of one in a crowd has often been dwelt upon, as greater than that of the wanderer in the desert; but all pictures of isolation are feeble compared to that of a solitary girl in a ball-room. Margaret's seat was in such a conspicuous position that it seemed as if all the couples who crushed past her in and out of the ballroom must take in the whole fact of her being neglected. There were a few older ladies in the room, but these sat together in another part of it, and talked among themselves without paying any heed to her.

At first she hardly took the situation in, in all its significance; but as dance after dance began and ended, she began to feel puzzled and frightened. Did the Underwoods mean to be rude to her, or was this the way people in society always behaved, and ought she to have known it all along? Ought she to feel more indignant with them, or ashamed of herself? If she could only know what the proper sentiment for the occasion might be, it would be some relief to feel miserable in the proper way. Miserable her condition must be, since she was the only girl in it.

At last Mrs. Underwood brought up her son and introduced him. He was a tall, dark, well-grown young fellow, who might have been handsome but for a look of gloomy sulkiness which made his face repulsive. He muttered something indistinguishable and held out his arm, and Margaret, understanding it as an invitation to dance, mechanically rose, and

allowed herself to be conducted to the ballroom. She made one or two remarks to which he never replied, and after pushing her once or twice round the room in as perfunctory a manner as if he were moving a table, watching the door over her head, meanwhile, with an attention which made him perpetually lose the step, he suddenly dropped her a little way from her former seat, on which she was glad to take refuge. She thought she must have made a worse figure on the floor than sitting down, and then a terrible fear rushed over her like a cold chill. Was there something very much amiss with her appearance? Had anything very shocking happened to her gown? She looked at it furtively; but just then the bustle of a late arrival diverted her thoughts a little, as a short, plump, black-eyed girl came laughing in, followed by a quiet, middle-aged lady, and a rather bashful-looking young man. Margaret thought her only rather pretty, not knowing that she was Miss Kitty Perkins, the beauty of Boston for the past two seasons; however, she did observe that she had the most gorgeous gown, the biggest nose-gay, and the highest spirits in the room. She hastened up to Mrs. Underwood, with an effusive greeting, which that lady seemed trying, not quite successfully, to return in kind. Half of the girls in the room, and most of the men, gathered round her, in a moment; and a confused rattle of lively small talk arose, of which Margaret could make out nothing. She noticed, however, that the other girls, many of them momentarily deserted, appeared to regard the sensation with something of a disparaging air, and she heard one of them say that it was a little too bad, even for Kitty Perkins. What "it" might be remained a mystery, but there was no doubt that it contributed amazingly to the success of Mrs. Underwood's dance, which went on, Margaret thought, with redoubled zest for all but herself; nor, indeed, did Ralph Underwood appear enlivened, for she caught a glimpse of him across the room, sulkier than ever. To her surprise, as he looked her way, a sort of satisfaction, it could not be called pleasure, suddenly dawned on his face. Surely she could never be the cause! And then for the

first time she perceived that some one was standing behind her; and, as one is apt to do in such a consciousness, she turned sharply and suddenly around, the confusion which came too late to check her movement coloring her face. It was a relief to find that it was a very insignificant person on whom her glance fell, a small, plain man of indefinite age, who looked, as the girls phrase it, "common." He was dressed like the other men, but his clothes had not the set of theirs, and he had the air, if not in actual ill-health, of being in poor condition. In that one glance her eyes met his, which sent back a look, not of recognition, but of response. There was nothing which she could notice as an assumption of familiarity, but if any one else had seen it they might have thought that she had been speaking to him. Of course, she could do nothing but turn as quickly back; but she was conscious that he still kept his place, and somehow it seemed a kind of protection to have him there. He stood near, but not obtrusively so; a little to one side, in just such a position that she could have spoken to him without moving, and they might have been thought to be looking on together, too much at their ease to talk. When people paired off for supper and nobody came for her, he waited till every one else had left the room, so that he might have been thought her escort. He then disappeared; but in a moment Margaret was amazed by the entrance of a magnificent colored waiter, who offered her a choice of refreshments with the finest manners of his race. His subordinates rushed upon each others' heels with all the delicacies she wished, and more that she had never heard of, and their chief came again to see that she was properly served. Not a young woman at the ball had so good a supper as Margaret; but that is the portion of the entertainment for which young women care the least.

Just before the crowd surged back from the supper-room, her protector, as she could not help calling him to herself, had slipped back into his old place, so naturally that he might have been there all the time during the supper, whose remains the waiters were now carrying off with as much deference as they had brought it.

Margaret wondered how a person who looked, somehow, so out of his sphere, could act as if he were so perfectly in it. Very few people seemed to know him, and though when one or two of the men spoke to him, it was with an air of being well acquainted, he seemed rather to discourage their advances, and Margaret was glad, for she dreaded his being drawn away from her neighborhood. While she was puzzling over the question as to whether he were a poor relation, or Ralph's old tutor, the wished-for, yet dreaded hour of her release sounded,—dreaded, for how to say her good-by and get out of the room? But somehow the unknown was close behind her, and one or two of a party who were going at the same time were speaking to him, so she might have been of, as well as in the group. Mrs. Underwood looked worried and tired and had hardly a word for her, but seemed to have something to say to her companion of a confidential nature, by which, however, he would not allow himself to be detained, but excused himself in a few murmured words, which seemed to satisfy his hostess, and passed on, still close behind Margaret, to the door, where they came full against Ralph Underwood, who barely returned Margaret's bow, but exclaimed, "What, Al, going? Oh, come now, don't go."

"Al" said something in a low voice, as inexpressive as the rest of him, of which Margaret could only distinguish the words "coming back," and followed her on, waiting till she came down the stairs and out of the house. He did not offer to put her into the carriage, but somehow it was done without any exertion on her part, and as she drove off, she saw him on the steps looking after her.

Margaret had a fine spirit of her own, and could have borne the downfall of her illusions and hopes as well as ninety-nine young women out of a hundred. She could even, when her distresses were well over, have laughed at them herself, and turned over the leaf in hopes of a better. But what was she to write home about it? how satisfy her father, mother, and Winnie, eager for news of her? how bear their disappointment? There lay the sting. "If it were not for them," she

thought, "I should not mind so very much." She was strictly truthful, both by nature and education, and though she did feel that if ever a few white lies were justifiable, they would be here, she dismissed the notion as foolish, as well as wicked, and lay awake most of the night, trying to diplomatically word a letter which should keep to the facts and still give a cheerful impression. "Mrs. Underwood's dance was very pretty," she said, and she described the decorations and dresses. She had "rather a quiet time" herself, not knowing many people, and did not dance more than "once or twice." Here was a long pause, until she decided that "once or twice" might literally stand for one as well as more. She did not see much of Mrs. Underwood or Ralph, as they were busy receiving, but "some of the men were very kind." Here again conscience pricked her; but to say one man would sound so pointed and particular—it would draw attention and perhaps inquiry which she could but ill sustain; and then luckily the devotion of the black waiters darted into her mind, and she went off peacefully to sleep, her difficulties conquered for the present, and a feeling of gratitude toward the unknown warm at her heart. Of course "a man like that" could only have acted out of pure good nature, and couldn't have expected that she should dream of its being anything else. She wished she could have thanked him for it.

The lesser trial of having to tell Cousin Susan about it was fortunately averted. Mrs. Manton never left her room the next day, and when Margaret saw her late the day after, the party was an old story, and Margaret could say carelessly that it had been rather slow, and her hosts not particularly attentive, without exciting too much comment. Cousin Susan said it was a pity, but that it would be better at the next, as she would know a few people to start with. Margaret did not feel so sure of that, and wished she could stay away; but she had no excuse to give without telling more of the truth than she could bring herself to do; and then, she reasoned, things might be different next time. Mrs. Underwood might have more time or inclination to

attend to her, when she was not occupied with her other guests; and there were other matrons, some of whom might be good-natured, — perhaps some of the men might notice her at a second view, and ask her to dance; at any rate, she thought, it could not well be worse than the first. She wished she had another gown to wear than that pink silk, which might be unlucky, but the white muslin prepared as an alternative was by no means smart enough. So she put on the gown of Monday, trying to improve it in various little ways, and waited with something that might be called heroism.

Mrs. Underwood called at the appointed hour. She bade Margaret good evening, and asked if she minded taking a front seat, as she was going to take up Mrs. Thorndike Freeman? and that, and Margaret's acquiescence, was about all that passed between them till the carriage stopped, and a faded-looking though rather youngish woman, plain, but with an air of some distinction, got in, and acknowledged her introduction to Margaret with a few muttered indistinguishable words.

"Dear Katherine, I am so glad!" said Mrs. Underwood; "I thought you would certainly have some girl to take, and I should have to go alone."

"I'm not quite such a fool, thank you," said Mrs. Freeman, in a quick little incisive voice that somehow brought her words out; "I told them I'd be a patroness, if I need have no trouble, and no responsibilities; but you needn't expect to see me with a girl on my hands."

"Oh, but any girl with you would be sure to take."

"You can never tell — unless a girl happens to hit, or her people are willing to entertain handsomely, you can't do much for her. A girl may be pretty enough, and nice enough, and have good connections, too, and she may fall perfectly flat. I had such a horrid time last winter with Nina Turner; I couldn't well refuse them. Well, thank Heaven, she's going *in*, this winter; — going to set up a camera and take to photography."

"I wish more of them would go in," said Mrs. Underwood with a groan. "Here has Bella Manning accepted, if

you will believe it. I should think she had had enough of sitting out the German. Well — I shan't trouble myself about her this winter. She ought to go in and be done with it."

"The mistake was in her ever coming out," said Mrs. Freeman, with a laugh at her own wit.

"It is a mistake a good many of them have made this year. Did you ever see a plainer set of debutantes?"

"Never, really; it seems to have given Mabel Tufts courage to hold on another year. I hear she's coming."

"Yes," said Mrs. Underwood scornfully. "It's too absurd. Why, her own nephews are out in society! They go about asking the other fellows 'Have you met my aunt?' Ned Winship has made a song with those words for a chorus, and the boys all sing it. And yet, Mabel is very pretty still — I wonder no one has married her."

"Mabel Tufts was never the kind of girl men care to marry."

Margaret wondered in her own mind at the sort of girl Mr. Thorndike Freeman had cared to marry. She tried to keep her courage up, but it grew weaker as she followed the other ladies upstairs and took off her wraps and pulled on her gloves as fast as she could, while Mrs. Underwood stood impatiently waiting, and Mrs. Freeman looked Margaret over, beginning with her feet and working upward.

"Have you a partner engaged, Miss Parke?" asked Mrs. Underwood suddenly.

"No" — faltered Margaret, unable to add anything to the bare fact.

"I am afraid you won't get one then, there are so many more girls than men."

The "so many more" turned out, in fact, to be two or three, but Margaret had no hope. She felt that whoever got a partner, it would not be she. The dancers paired off, the seats were drawn, the music began, and she found herself sitting by Mrs. Underwood on the back row of raised benches, with a quarter view of that lady's face as she chatted with Mrs. Thorndike Freeman on the other side. There were only two other girls, as far as Margaret could make out,

among the chaperons. Some of the latter were young enough, no doubt, but their dress and careless easy manner marked the difference. A pretty, thin, very fashionable-looking elderly young lady sat near Margaret; — perhaps the luckless Mabel Tufts; but she seemed to know plenty of people, and was perpetually being taken out for turns. She laughed and talked freely, as if defying her position, and Margaret wished she could carry it off so well, little guessing how fiercely the other was envying her for the simplicity that might not know how bad her plight was, and the youth that had still such boundless possibilities in store. Another small, pale girl in a dark silk sat far back, and perhaps had only come to look on, — too barefaced a pretence for Margaret in her terribly obtrusive pink gown. She could not even summon resolution to refuse young Underwood when he asked her for a turn, though she wished she had after he had deposited her in her chair again and stalked off with the air of one who has done his duty.

The griefs of a young woman who has no partner for the German, though perhaps not so lasting as those of one who lacks bread and shelter, are worse while they do last, for there may be no shame in lacking bread, and one can, and generally does, take to begging before starving. As the giraffe is popularly supposed to suffer exceptionally from sore throat, owing to the length of that portion of his frame, so did Margaret, as she sat through one figure, and then through another, feel her torture through every nerve of her five feet, eight inches. What would she not have given to be smaller, perhaps even plainer, — somehow less conspicuous. Man after man strolled past her, and lounged in front of her, chatting and laughing with Mrs. Thorndike Freeman; but it was not possible they could help seeing her, however they might ignore her.

"Le jour sera dur, mais il se passera."

Margaret could have looked forward to all this being over at last, and to night, and darkness, and bed for relief; but — here rose again the spectre — what could she write home about it? She could not

devise another evasive letter; she must tell the whole truth, and had better have done so at first — for of course she should never, never come to one of these things again. The hands of the great clock crept slowly on; would they never hurry to midnight before the big ball in her throat swelled to choking, and her quivering, burning, throbbing pulses drove her to do something, she could not tell what, to get away and out of it all?

The second figure was over, and she looked across the great hall, wondering if she could not truthfully plead a headache, and go to the cloak-room. But how was she to get there? and what could she do there alone? She would have died on the spot rather than make any appeal to Mrs. Underwood. No, she must go through with it; and then as she looked again, a great sudden sense of relief came over her, for she saw in the doorway the slouching figure of her friend of Monday. He did not look at her, and she doubted if he saw her; but it was something to have him in the room. In a moment more, however, she saw him speak to Ralph Underwood; and then the latter came up to her and asked if he might present a friend of his, and at her acquiescence, moved away and came up again with "Miss Parke, let me introduce Mr. Smith."

"I am very sorry to say I don't dance," Mr. Smith began, "but I hear that there are more ladies here than men to-night; so perhaps if you have not a partner already, you won't mind doing me the favor of sitting it out with me."

Margaret hardly knew what he meant, but she would have accepted, had he asked her to dance a *pas de deux* with him in the middle of the hall. She took his arm and they walked far down to a place at the very end of the long line of chairs; but it did not matter; it was in the crowd.

Mr. Smith did not say much at first; he hung her opera cloak over the back of her chair carefully, so that she could draw it up if she needed it, and somehow the way he did so made her feel quite at home with him, and as if she had known him for a long time; even though she perceived now that she had the oppor-

tunity to look more closely at him, that he was by no means so old as she had at first taken him to be. His hair was thin, and there were one or two deeply marked lines on his face, but there was something about his figure and motions that gave an impression of youthfulness. Without knowing his age, you would have said that he looked old for it. He was rather undersized than small, having none of the trim compactness that we associate with the latter word, and his face had the dull, thick sodden skin that indicates unhealthy influences in childhood.

"That was a pleasant party at Mrs. Underwood's the other evening," he began, at last.

"Was it?" said Margaret, "I never was at a party before—I mean a party like that."

"And I have been to very few; parties are not much in my line, and when I do go I am generally satisfied with looking on; but I like that very well, sometimes."

"Perhaps," said Margaret ingenuously, "if I had gone only to look on, I should have thought it pleasant too; but I did not suppose one went to a party for that."

"You do not know many people in Boston?"

"Oh, no! I live in the country—at Royalston. I don't know any one here but Mrs. Underwood; but I thought—mamma said, that she would probably introduce me to some of her friends; but she didn't—not to one. Don't people do so now?"

"Well, it depends on circumstances. I certainly think she might have; but then she has so much to think about, you know."

"I suppose I was foolish to expect anything different, but I had read about parties, and I thought—I was very silly—but I thought I didn't look so very badly. I thought I should dance a little—that everybody did. Perhaps my gown doesn't look right. Mamma made it, and took a great deal of pains with it. Of course, it isn't so new or nice as the others here, but I can't see that it looks so very different; do you?"

"It looks very nice to me," said Mr. Smith smiling. He had a pleasant,

rather melancholy smile, which gave his face the sole physical attraction it possessed, and would have given it more, if he had had better teeth. "It looks very nice to me, and as you are my partner, I am the one you should wish most to please."

"Oh, thank you! it was so kind in you to ask me. I can tell them when I write home that I had a partner at any rate; and you can tell me who some of the others are."

"I am afraid not many," said Mr. Smith, "I go out but very little. I only went to the Underwoods because Ralph is an old friend of mine, and I came here because—" He checked himself suddenly.

"I am sorry, since he is your friend, but I must say that I do think him very disagreeable. I did not know a man could be so unpleasant. I had rather he had not danced with me at all, than to do it in that terribly dreary way, as if he were doing it because he had to."

"You mustn't be hard on poor Ralph. He's a very good fellow, really, but he's almost beside himself just now. The very day of their dance, Kitty Perkins's engagement came out. She had been keeping him hanging on for more than a year, and at one time he really thought she was going to have him; and not only that, but she and Frank Thomas actually came to his party, and they are here to-night. Ralph acts as if he had lost his senses, and his mother is almost wild about him. Why, after their dance, I was up all the rest of the night with him. He can't make any fight about it, and I think it would be better if he were to go away; but he won't—he just hangs about wherever she is to be seen. We all do all we can to get him to pluck up some spirit, but it's no go—yet."

"I am very sorry for him," said Margaret, with all a girl's interest in a love story; and she cast an awestruck glance toward the spot where Miss Perkins was keeping half a dozen young men in conversation; "but he need not make every one else so uncomfortable on account of it—need he?"

"He needn't make himself so uncomfortable, you might say, for a girl who

could treat him in that way; but it doesn't do to tell a man that. It doesn't seem to me that I should give up everything in the way he is doing; but then I was never in his place; of course, things are different for Ralph and me."

"Yes, I am sure you are different. I don't believe you would ever have made one girl feel so badly in your own mother's house, because another hadn't treated you well."

"I have had such a different experience of life; that was what I meant. It made me sympathize with you when you felt a little strange; though of course, it was only a mere accident that things happened so with you. Now, I was never brought up in society, and always feel a little out of place in it."

"I don't know much about society either; we live very quietly at home, and when we do go out, why it is at home, you know, and that makes it different."

"I suppose you live in a pretty place when you are at home?"

"Oh, Royalston is lovely!" said Margaret eagerly; "there are beautiful walks and drives all round it, and the streets have wide grass borders, and great elms arching over them, and every house has a garden, and our garden is one of the prettiest there. The place was an old one when father bought it, and the flower beds have great thick box edges and they are so full of flowers; and there is a long walk up to the front door, between lilac bushes as big as trees, some purple and some white; and inside it is so pleasant, with rooms built on here and there, all in and out, and stairs up and down between them. Of course we are not rich at all, and things are very plain, but mamma has so much taste; and then there are all the old doors and windows, and the big fireplaces with carved mantelpieces, and so much old panelling and queer little cupboards in the rooms—mamma says it is the kind of house that furnishes itself."

"I see—it is a good thing to have such a home to care about. Now I was born in the ugliest village you can conceive of, in the southern part of Illinois; dust all summer, and mud all winter, and in one of the ugliest houses in it; and yet,

do you know, I am fond of the place; it was home. We were very poor then—poorer than you can possibly conceive of—and I was very sickly when I was a boy, and had to stay in most of the time. I was fond of reading, though I hadn't many books, but I never saw any society—what you would call society. When I was old enough to go to college, father had got along a little, and sent me to Harvard. I liked it there, and some of the fellows were very kind to me, especially Ralph Underwood, though you might not think it. I tried to learn what I could of their ways and customs, but it was rather late for me, and I never cared to go out much; and then—there were other reasons." A faint flush rose on his sallow face and he paused. Margaret fancied he alluded to his poverty, and felt sorry for him. She hoped he was getting on in the world, though he did not look very well fitted to. By this time they were on a footing of easy comradeship, such as two people of the same sex and on the same plane of thought sometimes fall into at their first meeting. It is not often that a young man and a girl of such very different antecedents slide so easily into it; but as Margaret said to herself, this was a peculiar case. He had told his little story with an apparent effort to be strictly truthful and put things in their proper position at the outset. There could be no intentions on his part, or foolish consciousness or any reason for it on hers, and she asked him with undisguised interest,

"Where do you live now,—in Illinois?"

"Oh, no, not that part of it. Father and mother live in Chicago when they are at home. I am in Cambridge, just now, myself; it is a convenient place for my work;" and then as her eyes still looked inquiry, he went on, "I am writing a book."

"Oh! and what is it about?"

"The Albigenses—it is a historical monograph upon the Albigenses."

"That must be a very interesting subject."

"It is interesting. It would be too long a story to tell you how I came to think of writing it, but I do enjoy it very much indeed. It's the great pleasure of

my life. It isn't that I have any ambition, you know," he said in a disclaiming manner. "It's not the kind of book that will sell well, or be very generally read, for I know I haven't the power to make it as readable as it ought to be; but I hope it may be useful to other writers. I am making it as complete as I can. I have been out twice to Europe to look up authorities, and spent a long time in the south of France studying localities."

"Oh, have you? how delightful it must be! Father writes too," with a little pride in her tone, "but it's all on medical subjects; we don't understand them, and he doesn't care to have us. He hates women to dabble in medicine, and he says amateur physicians, anyhow, are no better than quacks."

Mr. Smith made no answer, and they sat silent, till Margaret, fancying that perhaps he did not like the conversation turned from his book, asked another question on the subject. She was a well-taught girl, fond of books, and accustomed to hear them talked over at home, and made an intelligent auditor. The evening flew by rapidly for both of them, though their *tete-a-tete* was seldom disturbed. The man who sat on Margaret's other side, after staring at her for a long time, asked to be introduced to her, and took her out once; but it was not very satisfactory, for he had nothing to talk of but the season, and other parties of which she knew nothing. However, the figure brought a group of the ladies together for a moment in the middle of the hall; and a smiling girl who had been pretty before her face had taken on the tint of a beetroot, made some pleasant remark to Margaret on the excessive heat of the room, but was off and away before the answer. Margaret thought the room comfortably cool — but then she had been sitting still, while the other had hardly touched her chair since she came. Almost at the end of the evening too, it dawned upon good-natured, short-sighted, absent-minded Mrs. Willy Lowe, always put into every list of patronesses to keep the peace among them, that the pretty girl in pink did not seem to be dancing much: and she seized and dragged across the room, much as if by the hair of the head, the

only man she could lay hold of — a shy, awkward undergraduate, of whose little wits she quickly deprived him, by introducing him as Warner, his real name being Warren. She addressed Margaret as Miss Parker; but she meant well, and Margaret was grateful, though they interrupted Mr. Smith in his account of the Roman Amphitheatre at Arles, and the "Lilies of Arles." But it was well that she should have something to put into her letter home besides Mr. Smith — it would never do to have it entirely taken up with him. By the by, what was his other name? Mr. Smith sounded so unmeaning. She had heard Ralph Underwood call his friend "Al," which it would not do for her to use. It might be either Alfred or Albert, and with that proneness to imagine we have heard what we wish, it really seemed to her as if she had heard that his name was Albert; she would venture on it, and if she were mistaken it would be very easy to correct it afterwards; and she wrote him down as "Mr. Albert Smith." His story she considered as told in confidence and nobody's affair but his own.

Cousin Susan had never heard the name, but thought of course he must be one of the right Smiths, or he wouldn't have been there; there were plenty of them, and this one, it seemed, had lived much abroad. She would ask Mrs. Underwood when they next met; but this did not happen soon, and Cousin Susan never took any pains to expedite events — she was not able. The world did not make allowance for this habit of hers, but went on its determined course, and the very next day but one, as Margaret was lightly skimming with her quick country walk across the Public Garden on her way to the Art School, Mr. Smith, overtaking her with some difficulty, asked if he might not carry her portfolio? he was going that way. She did not know how she could, nor why she should, refuse, and they walked happily on together. People turned to look after them rather curiously, and Margaret thought it must be because she was so much taller than Mr. Smith; and she wondered if he minded it. She should be very sorry if he did — she was sure she did not if he did not; and

she longed to tell him so, but of course that would never do; and then the little worry faded from her mind, her companion had so much to say that was pleasant to hear.

After that he joined her on her way more and more frequently. She did not think it could be improper. The Public Garden was free to everybody, and after all he didn't come every day, and somehow the meetings always had an accidental air, which seemed to put them out of her control. He could hardly call on her in the little sitting-room, where Cousin Susan was almost always lying on her sofa by the fire in a wrapper secure from the intrusion of any man but the reigning physician. Sometimes Mrs. Swain, below, asked Margaret to sit with her, but the Swain sitting-room was full of their own affairs, the children and servants running in and out by day, and Dr. Swain, when at home, resting there in the evening. Margaret felt herself in the way in both places and preferred her own chilly little bedroom. A man calling would have been a sad infliction, and had a most tiresome time of it himself. The winter was a warm and bright one, and it was far pleasanter to stroll along the walks when it was too early for the school.

Their acquaintance during this time progressed rapidly in some respects, more slowly in others. They knew each other's opinions and views on a vast variety of subjects. On many of these they were in accordance, and when they differed, Mr. Smith usually brought her round to his point of view in a way which she enjoyed more than if she had seen it at first. Sometimes she brought him round to hers, and then she was proud and pleased indeed. He had told her all about his book, what he had done on it, what he did day by day, and what he projected. On her side Margaret told him a world about her own family, — their names, ages, characters, and occupations, — but on this head he was by no means so communicative. She supposed the subject might be a painful one, after she had found out that he was the only survivor of a large family. He spoke of his parents, when he did speak, respectfully and affectionately, casually mentioning that

his father had been very kind to let him take up literature instead of going into business. Margaret conjectured that they were not very well-to-do, and probably uneducated, and that without any false shame, of which, indeed, she judged him incapable, he might not enjoy being questioned about them; and she was rapidly learning an insight into his feelings, and a tender care for them. But one day a sudden impulse put it into her head to ask his Christian name, as yet unknown to her, and he quietly answered that it was Alcibiades.

Margaret did not quite appreciate the ghastly irony of the appellation, but it hit upon her ear unpleasantly, and yet not as entirely unfamiliar. She was silent while her mind made one of those plunges among old memories, which, as when one reaches one's arm into a still pool after something glimmering at the bottom, only ruffles the waters until the wished-for treasure is entirely lost to view; then she frankly said, "I was trying to think where I had heard your name before, but I can't."

Mr. Smith actually colored, a rare thing for him, and Margaret longed to start some fresh topic, but could think of none. He did it for her in a moment, by asking her whether she meant to go to the German next Thursday.

"I don't think I shall. I don't know any one there, and it doesn't seem worth while."

"I was going to ask you," said Mr. Smith, still with a slight confusion which she had never noticed in him before, "if you would mind going, and sitting it out with me as we did the other night."

"No, but — Oh, yes, I should enjoy that ever so much, but — would you like it? You wouldn't go if it were not for me, would you?"

"I certainly should not go if it were not for you; and I shall like it better than I ever liked anything in my life."

It was now Margaret's turn to blush, and far more deeply. They had reached the corner of West Cedar Street, and parted with but few words more, for he never went further with her, and she went home in a happy dream, only broken by a few slight perplexities. What should

she wear? She could not be marked out by that old pink silk again; she must wear the white, and make the best of it. And how was she to get there! She knew that it would not have been the thing for Mr. Smith to ask her to go with him. She was so urgent about the matter that she brought herself to do what she fairly hated, and wrote a timid little note to Mrs. Underwood, asking if she might not go with her. Mrs. Underwood wrote back that she was sorry, but her carriage was full; she would meet Miss Parke in the cloak-room. Even Cousin Susan was a little moved at this, and said it was too bad of Mrs. Underwood, though she had no suggestion to make herself but her former one of a cab. Margaret was apprehensive; but she knew that when she once got there, Mr. Smith would make it all right and easy for her, and her little troubles faded in the light of a great pleasure beyond. The old white muslin looked better than might have been expected, and Cousin Susan gave her a lovely pair of long gloves; and she came down into the sitting-room to show off their effect, well pleased. On the table stood a big blue box with a card bearing her name attached to it. Mrs. Swain, who had come in to see her dress, was regarding it curiously, and Jenny, who had brought it up, was lingering and peering through the half-open door.

"Your partner has sent you some flowers, Margaret," said Cousin Susan with unusual animation. "Do open that immense box, and let us see them!"

Margaret had never thought of Mr. Smith sending her any flowers. She wished that Jenny had had the sense to take them into her own room; she would have liked to open them by herself; but it was of no use to object, and slowly and unwillingly she untied the cords, and lifted the lid. Silver paper, sheet upon sheet; cotton wool, layer upon layer; and then more silver paper came forth. An ineffable perfume was filling her senses and bringing up dim early memories. It grew stronger, and they grew weaker, as at last she took out a great bunch of white lilacs, the large sprays tied loosely and carelessly together with a wide, soft, thick white ribbon.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Swain, in a slightly disappointed tone; "yes, very pretty; I suppose that is the style now; and they are raised in a hothouse, and must be a rarity at this season."

"Where's his card?" asked Cousin Susan. But the card was tightly crushed up in Margaret's hand; she was not going to have "Alcibiades" exclaimed over. She need not have been afraid, for it only bore the words, "Mr. A. Smith, Jr." A pencil line was struck through "14,000 Michigan Avenue, Chicago," and "Garden Street, Cambridge," scribbled over it.

Margaret wondered how she should ever get her precious flowers safely upstairs and into the hall—the box was so big; but the moment the carriage stopped, an obsequiously bowing servant helped her out, seized her load, ushered her up and into the cloak-room, and set down his burden with a marked impressment that seemed to strike even the chattering groups of girls. Mrs. Underwood was nowhere to be seen, and Margaret was glad to have time to adjust her dress carefully. She took out her flowers at last; but on turning to the glass for a last look, saw that one of the knots of ribbon on her bodice was half unpinning, and stopped to lay her nosegay down, while she secured it more firmly.

"Oh, don't!" cried a voice beside her: "don't, pray don't put them down;" and Margaret turned to meet the pretty girl, very pretty now, whose passing word at the last dance had been the only sign of notice she had received from one of her own sex. "You'll spoil them," she went on; "do let me take them while you pin on your bow."

Margaret, surprised and grateful, yielded up her flowers, which the other took gingerly with the tips of her fingers, tossing her own large lace-edged bouquet of red rosebuds on to a chair.

"You will spoil your own beautiful flowers," said Margaret.

"Oh, mine are tough! And then—why, they are very nice, of course, but not anything to compare to yours"—handling them as if they were made of glass.

Margaret, astonished, took them back

with thanks, and wished a moment later, that she had asked this good-natured young person to let her go into the ball-room with her party. But she had already been swept off by a crowd of friends, throwing back a parting smile and nod, and Margaret, left alone, and rather nervous at finding how late it was getting, walked across the room to the little side door that led into the dancing hall, and peeped through. There sat Mrs. Underwood at the further end, having evidently forgotten her very existence; and she drew back with a renewed sensation of awkward uncertainty.

"They must have cost fifty dollars at least," said the clear, crisp tones of Miss Kitty Perkins, so near her that she started, and then perceived, by a heap of pink flounces on the floor, that the sofa against the wall of the ballroom, close by the door, was occupied, though by whom she could not see without putting her head completely out, and being seen in her turn.

"One might really almost dance with little Smith for that," went on the speaker.

"Ralph Underwood says he isn't anything so bad as he looks," said the gentler voice of Margaret's new acquaintance.

"Good heavens! I should hope not; that would be a little too much," laughed Kitty.

"He is very clever, I hear, and has very good manners, considering—and she seems such a thoroughly nice girl."

"Why, Gladys, you are quite in earnest about it. But now, do you think that you could ever make up your mind to be Mrs. Alcibiades?"

"Why, of course not! but things are so different. A girl may be just as nice a girl, and,"—she stopped as suddenly as if she were shot. Margaret could discern the cause perfectly well; it was that Mr. Smith was approaching the door, looking out, she had no doubt, for her, and unconsciously returning the bows of the invisible pair. She had the consideration to wait a few moments before she appeared, and then she passed the sofa without a look, taking in through the back of her head, as it were, Miss Kitty's raised eyebrows and round mouth

of comic despair, and poor Gladys's scarlet cheeks. Her own affairs were becoming so engrossing, that it mattered little to her what other people thought or said of them; and she crossed the floor on her partner's arm as unconsciously as if they were alone together, and spoke to the matrons with the ease which comes of absolute indifference. She did not mind Mrs. Underwood's short answers or Mrs. Thorndike Freeman's little ungracious nod, but the long stare with which the latter lady regarded her flowers troubled her a little. What was the matter with them? Somehow, Mr. Smith had given her the impression of a man who counts his sixpences, and if he had really been sending her anything very expensive, it was flattering, though imprudent. Margaret was now beginning to feel a personal interest in his affairs, and its growth had been so gradual and so fostered by circumstances, that she was less shy with him than young girls usually are in such a position. She felt quite equal to administering a gentle scolding when she had the chance; and when they were seated, and the music made it safe to talk confidentially, she began with conciliation.

"Thank you so much for these beautiful flowers."

"Do you like the way they are put up?"

"Oh, yes, they are perfect; but they are too handsome for me to carry. You ought not to have sent me such splendid ones, nor spent so much upon them. I did not have any idea what they were till I came here and everybody—"

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Smith, apologetically, "to have made you so conspicuous; but really I never thought of their costing so much, or making such a show. I wanted to send you white lilacs because somehow you always make me think of them; don't you remember telling me about the lilac bushes at Royalston? And when I saw the wretched little bits at the florist's I told them to cut some large sprays, and never thought of asking how much they would be." Then, as Margaret's eyes grew larger with anxiety, he went on, with an air of amusement she had seldom seen in him. "Never mind! I guess I can stand it for

once, and I won't do so again. I'll tell you, Miss Parke, you shall choose the next flowers I give you, if you will. Will you be my partner at the next German, and give me a chance?"

"I wish I could," said Margaret, "but I shall not be here then. I am going home."

"What — so soon?"

"Yes, my term at the Art School will be over, and I know Cousin Susan won't want to have me stay after that. She hates to have any one round. Mother thought that if I came down, Mrs. Underwood would ask me to visit her before I went home, but she hasn't, and" with a little sigh, "I must go. Never mind! I have had a very nice time."

Mr. Smith seemed about to say something, but checked himself: perhaps he might have taken it up again, but just then Ralph Underwood approached to ask Margaret for a turn. Something in her partner's manner had set her heart beating, and she was glad to rise and work off her excitement. As she spun round with young Underwood, she felt that his former frigid indifference was replaced by a sort of patronizing interest, a mood that pleased her better, for she could cope with it; and when he said, "I'm so glad you like Al Smith, Miss Parke; he is a thorough good fellow," she looked him full in the face, with an emphatic, "Yes, that he is," which silenced him completely.

The men Margaret had danced with the last time asked her again; and she was introduced to so many more, that she was on the floor a very fair share of the time. Her reputation as a wall-flower seemed threatened; but it was too late, for she went home that night from her last girlish gayety. The attentions which would have been so delightful at her first ball were rather a bore now. They kept breaking up her talks with Mr. Smith, making them desultory and fitful; and then she had such a hurried parting from him at last! It was too bad! and she might not have such another chance to see him before she left. Their talks were becoming too absorbing to be carried on with any comfort in the street, — it would be hateful to say good-by there. Perhaps

he felt that himself, and would not try to meet her there again. She almost hoped he would not; and yet, as she entered the Public Garden a little later than usual the next morning, what a bound her heart gave as she saw him, evidently waiting for her! As he advanced to meet her, he said at once, —

"Miss Parke, will you walk a little way on the Common with me? There are not so many people there, and I have something I wish very much to say to you."

Simple as Margaret was, it was impossible for her not to see that Mr. Smith "meant something"; only he did not have at all the air that she had supposed natural to the occasion. He looked neither confident nor doubtful, but calm, and a little sad. Perhaps it was not the great "something," after all, but an inferior "something else." She walked along with him in silence, her own face perplexed and doubtful enough. But when they reached the long walk across the loneliest corner of the Common, almost deserted at this season, he said, without further preface, —

"I don't think I ought to let you go home without telling you how great a happiness your stay here has been to me. I never thought I should enjoy anything — I mean anything of that kind — so much. It would not be fair not to tell you so, and it would not be fair to myself either. I must let you know how much I love you. I don't suppose there is much chance of your returning it, but you ought to know it."

Margaret's downcast eyes and blushes, according to the wont of girls, might mean anything or nothing; but her eyes were brimming over with great tears, that, in spite of all her efforts to check them, rolled slowly over her crimson cheeks.

"Don't, pray, feel so badly about it," said her lover more cheerfully: "there is no need of that. I have been very happy since I first saw you, — happier than I ever was before. I knew it could not last long; but I shall have the memory of it always. You have given me more pleasure than pain, a great deal."

For the first and last time in her life, Margaret felt a little provoked with Mr.

Smith. Was the man blind? Then, as she looked down at his face, pale with suppressed emotion, a great wave of mingled pity and reverence at their utmost height swept over her, and made her feel for a moment how near human nature can come to the divine. Had he, indeed, been blind, light must have dawned for him; though, as it was never his way to leave things at loose ends, he had probably intended all along to say just what he did. He stopped short, and said in tones that were now tremulous with a rising hope, —

"Margaret, tell me if you can love me ever so little?"

"How can I help it, when you have been so good to me?" Margaret contrived to stammer out, vexed with herself that she had nothing better to say. Her words sounded so inadequate — so foolish.

"Oh, but you mustn't take me merely out of gratitude," said he rather sadly.

"Merely out of gratitude!" cried Margaret, her tongue loosened as if by magic, and exulting in her freedom as her words hurried over each other. "Why, what is there better than gratitude, or what more would you want to be loved for? If I had seen you behave to another girl as you have to me, I might have admired and respected you more than any man I ever saw; but I shouldn't have had the right to love you for it, as I do now. Oh," she went on, all radiant now with beauty and happiness, "how I wish I could do something for you that would make you feel for one single moment to me as I feel to you, and then you would never, never talk of mere gratitude again!"

"Darling, forgive me — only give yourself to me, and I'll feel it all my life."

* * * * *

There was no Art School for Margaret that day, nor any thought of it, as she and Mr. Smith walked up and down the long walk again and again, until she was frightened to find how late it was, and hurried home; but now he proudly walked with her to the very door. They had so much to say about the past and the future, both, and it was hard to tell

which was most delightful; whether they, laughingly, recalled their first meeting, or more soberly discussed their future plans. How fortunate it was, after all, that she was going back so soon, as now Mr. Smith could follow her in a few days to Royalston. Margaret said she must write to mamma that night — she could not wait; and Mr. Smith said he hoped that her parents would not want to have their engagement a very long one. Of course he had some means besides his books on which to marry. It was asking a great deal of her father and mother, but perhaps he need not take her so very much away from them. Would it not be pleasant to have their home at Royalston, where he could do a great deal of his work, and run down to Boston when necessary? Margaret was charmed with the idea, and said that living was so cheap there, and house rent — Oh, almost nothing.

Margaret found Cousin Susan up and half way through her lunch. She apologized in much confusion, but her cousin did not seem to mind. She, as well as Margaret, was occupied with some weighty affair of her own, and both were silent till Jenny had carried off the lunch tray, when both wanted to speak, but Margaret, always the quicker of the two, began first. Might not Mr. Smith call that evening? He had been saying — of course it could not be considered anything till her father and mother had heard — but she thought Cousin Susan ought to know it before he called at her house — only no one else must know a word till she had written home.

This rather incoherent confession was helped out by the prettiest smiles and blushes; but Mrs. Manton showed none of an older woman's usual prompt comprehension and pleasure in helping out a faltering love tale. She listened in stolid silence, the most repellent of confidantes, and when it ended in an almost appealing cadence, she broke out with, "Margaret Parke, I am astonished at you!"

Margaret first started, then stared amazedly.

"I would not have believed it, if any one had told me!" went on Mrs. Manton, "I would never have thought

that your mother's daughter could sell herself in that barefaced way."

"What do you mean?"

"As if you did not know perfectly well that you were taking that—that Smith—for his money!"

"What do you mean? Mr. Smith hasn't much money; he may have enough to live on; but I can't help that."

"Margaret, don't quibble with the truth. You know well enough that he will have it all; who else is there for the old man to leave it to?"

"What old man?"

"Why, old Smith, of course! You can't pretend you don't know who he is! and you have been artful enough to keep it all from me! You knew if I heard his Christian name it would all come out! I don't know what your father and mother will say! Mrs. Champion Pryor has been calling here to-day, and told me the whole story, and how you have been seen walking the streets with him for hours. I would scarcely credit it."

"His Christian name! what's that got to do with it? He can't help it!" Margaret's first words rang out defiantly enough; but her voice faltered on the last, as her mind made another painful plunge after vanished memories. Cousin Susan rose, and rang the bell herself; more wonderful still, she went out into the entry, closing the door after her while she spoke to Jenny, and when the girl had run rapidly upstairs and down again, returned with something in her hand.

"I knew Jenny had some of the vile stuff," she said exultantly; "she was taking it last Friday, when I tried to persuade her to send for the doctor, and be properly treated for her cough." And she thrust a large green glass bottle under Margaret's eyes with these words on the paper label:

"ERIGERON ELIXIR.

"An Unfailing cure for
Ague, Asthma, Bright's Disease, Bronchitis,
Catarrh, Consumption, Colds, Coughs,
Diphtheria, Dropsy.

(We spare our readers the remainder of the alphabet.)"

"All genuine have the name of the inventor and proprietor blown on the bottle, thus:

"ALCIBIADES SMITH."

A sudden light flashed upon poor Margaret, showing her forgotten piles of bottles on the counters of village stores, and long columns of unheeded advertisements in the country newspapers. She stood silent and shamefaced.

"What will your father say?" reiterated Cousin Susan. Dr. Parke's reputation with the general public was largely founded on a series of letters he had contributed to a scientific journal exposing and denouncing quack medicines.

"I didn't know," said Margaret helplessly, wondering that the truth could sound so like a lie, but unable to fortify it by any asseveration.

"Why, you must have heard about the Smiths: everybody has. They have cut the most ridiculous figure, everywhere. They came to Clifton Springs once while I was there; and they were really too dreadful; the kind of people you can't stay in the room with." Cousin Susan had not talked so much for years, and began to feel that the excitement was doing her good, which may excuse her merciless pelting of poor Margaret. "You were too young, perhaps," she went on, "to have heard about Ossian Smith, the oldest son, but the newspapers were full of him—of the life he had led in London and Paris, when he was a mere boy. The American Minister got him home at last, and a pretty penny old Smith had to pay to get him out of his entanglements. He had delirium tremens, and jumped out of a window, and killed himself, soon after—the best thing he could do. But you must have heard of Lunetta Smith, the daughter; about her running away with the coachman; it happened only about three or four years ago. Why, the *New York Sun* had two columns about it, and the *World*, four. All the family were interviewed, your young man among the rest, and the comic papers said the mesalliance appeared to be on the coachman's side. She died, too, soon after; you must have heard of it."

"No, I never did. Father never lets me read the daily papers," said Margaret, a little proudly.

"Well!" said Cousin Susan, with relaxing energy, "I don't often read such things myself; but one can't help noticing

them; and Mrs. Champion Pryor has been telling me a great deal about it."

"And did Mrs. Pryor tell you anything about my — about young Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, she said he was always very well spoken of. He was younger than the rest and delicate in health, and took to study; and his father had a good deal of money in time to educate him. They say he's rather clever, and the old man is quite proud of him; but he can't be a gentleman, Margaret — it is not possible."

"Yes, he can!" burst out Margaret, "he's too much of a man not to be a gentleman too!"

"Well," said Cousin Susan, suddenly collapsing, "I can't talk any longer. I have such a headache. If you have asked him to call, I suppose he must come; but I can't see him. What's that? a box for you? more flowers? Oh, dear, do take them away. If there is anything I cannot stand when I have a headache, it is flowers about, and I can smell those lilacs you carried last night all the way downstairs, and through two closed doors."

Poor Margaret escaped to her own room with her flowers to write her letter, the difficulty of her task suddenly increased. Mrs. Manton threw herself back on the sofa to nurse her headache, but found that it was of no use, and that what she needed was fresh air. She ordered a cab, and drove round to see Mrs. Underwood, unto whom, in strict confidence, she freed her mind. She found some relief in the dismay her recital gave her hearer. Ralph Underwood was slowly recovering from the fit of disappointment in which he had wreaked his ill-temper on whoever came near him, as a young, badly trained child might do on the chairs and tables; and his mother, his chief *souffre douleur*, who in her turn had made all around her feel her own misery, was now beginning ruefully to count up the damages, of which she felt a large share was due to the Parkes. She had been wondering whether she could not give a little lunch for Margaret; she could, at least, take her to the next German, and find her some better partner than Al Smith. Nothing could have been more disconcerting than this news.

She could not with any grace do anything for Margaret now to efface the memories of the first part of her visit, and the Parkes must blame her doubly for the neglect which had allowed this engagement to take place. Why, even Susan Manton put on an injured air!

She craved some comfort in her turn, and after keeping the secret for a day and night, told it in the strictest confidence to her intimate friend, Mrs. Thorn-dike Freeman, whose "dropping in" was an irresistible temptation.

"What!" cried Mrs. Freeman, "is it that large young woman with red cheeks, whom you brought one evening to Panti's? I think it will be an excellent thing; why, the Smiths can use her photograph as an advertisement for the Elixir."

"Yes — but then her parents — you see, she's Mary Pickering's daughter."

"Mary Pickering has been married to a country doctor for five and twenty years, hasn't she? You may be sure her eyes are open by this time. Depend upon it, they would swallow Al Smith, if he were bigger than he is. The daughter seems to have found no difficulty in the feat."

"Well," said Mrs. Underwood, with a sigh, "perhaps I ought to be glad that poor Al has got some respectable girl to take him for his money. I never dreamed one would."

"It isn't likely that he ever asked one before," said Mrs. Freeman, with a double-edged sneer.

The door bell rang, and the butler ushered in Margaret, who had come to make her farewell call. Mrs. Underwood looked at her in astonishment. Was this the shy, blushing girl who had come from Royalston three short months ago? With such gentle sweetness did she express her gratitude for the elder lady's kind attentions, with such graceful dignity did she wave aside a few awkwardly hinted apologies, above all, so regally beautiful did she look, that Mrs. Underwood felt more than ever that she would be called to account by the parents of such a creature. Margaret had quite forgiven Mrs. Underwood, for, she reasoned, if that lady had done as she ought to have done by her, she would never have had the chance of

knowing Al, a contingency too dreadful to contemplate; and her forgiveness added to the superiority of her position. Mrs. Underwood could only reiterate the eternal useless regret of the tempted and fallen: "If things had not happened just when, and how, and as they did!" She envied Mrs. Freeman, who was now in the easiest manner possible plying the young girl with devoted attentions, with large doses of flattery thrown in. Mrs. Freeman, meanwhile, was mentally resolving to call on Margaret before she left town, in which case they could hardly avoid sending her wedding cards. She foresaw that, as two negatives make an affirmative, Mr. and Mrs. Alcibiades Smith, Jr., might yet be worthy of the honor of her acquaintance.

* * * * *

Margaret's engagement was no primrose path. It was easier for her when her lover was away, for he wrote delightful letters, but they rarely had one happy and undisturbed hour together. Dr. and Mrs. Parke, of course, gave their consent to the marriage; but they did not like it, and did not pretend to. Dr. Parke, who, as is the wont of his profession, placed a high value on physical attractions, and who cared as little for money as any sane man could, hardly restrained his expressions of dislike. "What business," he growled, "had the fellow to ask her?" Mrs. Parke, while trying hard to keep her husband in order, was cold and constrained herself. Being a woman, she thought less of looks, and had learned in her married life to appreciate the value of money. She would have liked Margaret to make a good match; but here was more money by twenty times than she would have asked, had it only been offered by a lover more worthy of her beautiful daughter! And yet, if Margaret would only have been open with her! If she would have frankly said that she was tired of being poor, and could not forego the opportunity of marrying a rich man, who was a good sort of man enough, Mrs. Parke could have understood, and pitied, and forgiven; but to see her put on such an affectation of attachment for him drove her mother nearly wild.

Relations and friends, and acquaintances of every degree, believed, and still believe, and always will believe, that Margaret's was one of the most mercenary of mercenary marriages. Some blamed her parents for allowing it; others thought that their opposition was feigned, and that they were really forcing poor Margaret into it.

The two younger children, Harry and Winnie, at once adopted their new brother, and stood up stanchly for him on all occasions, and their sister was eternally grateful to them for it. Her only other support came, of all the people in the world, from Ralph Underwood. He could not be best man at the wedding, as he was going abroad with his mother, who was sadly run down and needed change; but he wrote Margaret a straightforward, manly letter, in which he said that he trusted, unworthy as he was, she would admit him to her friendship for Al's sake. He spoke of all he owed to his friend in such a way that Margaret perceived that more had passed in their college days than she ever had been or ever should be told.

The family discomfort came to a climax on the day before the wedding, when the great Alcibiades Smith himself and his wife made their appearance at Royalston. They stayed at the hotel with their suite, but spent the evening with the Parkes to make the acquaintance of their new connections. Old Mr. Smith pronounced Margaret "a bouncer." He had always known, he said, that Al would get some kind of a wife, but never thought it would be such a stunner as this one. It naturally fell to him to be entertained by Dr. Parke, or rather to entertain him, which he did by relating the whole history of the Elixir, from its first invention to the number of million bottles that were put up the last year, winding up every period with, "As you're a medical man yourself, sir." Mrs. Smith was quieter, and though well pleased, a little awestruck, as her French maid, her authority and terror, had told her, after Mrs. Parke's and Margaret's brief call at the hotel that afternoon, that these were, evidently, "*dames tres comme il faut.*" She poured into Mrs. Parke's ear, in a

corner, the tale of all Al's early illnesses, and the various treatments he had had for them, till her hearer no longer wondered at there being so little of him; the wonder was that there was anything left at all. Then, apropos of marriages, she grew confidential and almost tearful about their distresses in the case of their daughter Lunny.

Margaret, in after years, could appreciate the comedy of the situation. It is no wonder if it seemed to her at the time the most gloomily tragical that perverse ingenuity could devise. Al's manner to his parents was perfect. He was very silent, not more perhaps than he always was in a room full, but she thought he looked fagged and tired, and wondered how he could bear it. She longed intensely to say something sympathetic to him; but, like most girls on the eve of their marriage, she felt overpowered with shyness. If this dreadful evening ever came to an end, and they were ever married, then she would tell him, once for all, that she loved him all the better for all and everything that he had to bear.

* * * * *

"They will spoil the whole effect," said Mrs. Parke despondently, as she put the last careful touches to Margaret's wedding dress. It was a very simple, but becoming one of rich plain silk, with a little lace, and the pearl daisies with diamond dew-drops, sent by the bridegroom, accorded with it well. But Mr. Smith, senior, had begged that his gift, or part of it, should be worn on the occasion, and Mrs. Parke now slowly opened a velvet box, in which lay a crescent and a cross. Neither she nor Margaret was accustomed to estimate the price of diamonds, and had they been, they would have seen that these were far beyond their mark.

"They don't go with the dress," repeated Mrs. Parke doubtfully.

"Oh, never mind, to please Mr. Smith," said Margaret carelessly, as she bent forward to allow her mother to clasp round her neck the slender row of stones that held the cross, and to stick the long pins of the crescent with dexterous hand through the gathered tulle of the veil and the thick wavy bands of hair beneath it.

As she drew herself up to her full height again before the mirror, it seemed as if the June day outside had taken on the form of a mortal girl. The gold and blue of the heavens, the pink and white of the blossoming fields, whose luminous tints rested so softly on hair and eyes, on cheek and brow, were reflected and intensified in the rainbow rays of light that blazed on her head and at her throat. It was not in human nature not to look with one touch of pride and pleasure at the vision in the glass. But the sight of another face behind hers made her turn quickly round, with, "O mamma! mamma! what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear; it's a very magnificent present; only I thought—"

"Mamma! surely you don't think I care for such things! you don't, you can't think that I am the least bit influenced by them in marrying Al. O mamma! don't, don't look at me so!"

"Never mind, my dear. We will not talk about it, now. It is too late for me to say anything, I know, and I am very foolish."

"Mother!" cried the girl piteously; "you *must* believe me! You *know* that when Al asked me to marry him, and I said I would, I had no idea, not the slightest idea, that he had a penny in the world!"

"Hush, Margaret! hush, my dear! you are excited, and so am I. Don't say anything you may wish afterwards that you had not. God bless you, and make you a happy woman, and a good wife; but don't begin your married life with a—"

Mrs. Parke choked down the word with a great sob, and hastily left the room.

Margaret stood stiff and blind with horror. Had she really known, then? Had her hand been bought? Then she remembered her own innocence when she told her love. Not so proudly, not so freely, not so gladly, could it ever have been told to the millionaire's son. A rush of self-pity came over her, softening the indignant throbbing of her heart, and opening the fountains of tears. She was at the point where a woman must have a good cry, or go mad,—but where could she give way? Not here, where any one might come in. Indeed, there was Win-

nie's voice at the door of the nursery. Margaret snatched up two white shawls which lay ready on the sofa, caught the heavy train of her gown up in one hand, and flew down the front staircase like a hunted swan, through the library to the sacred room beyond — her father's study, now, as she well knew, deserted while its owner was above, reluctantly dressing for the festivity. She pushed the only chair forward to the table, threw one shawl over it, and laying the other on the table itself, sat down, and carefully bending her head down over her folded arms, so as not to crush her veil by a feather's touch, let loose the floodgates. In a moment she was crying as only a healthy girl who seldom cries can, when she once gives up to it.

Some one spoke to her; she never heard it. Some one touched her; she never felt it. It was only when a voice repeated, "Why, Margaret, dearest, what is the matter?" that she checked herself with a mighty effort, swallowed her sobs, and still holding her handkerchief over her tear-stained cheeks and quivering mouth, turned round to find herself face to face with her bridegroom, who having

stopped to take up his best man, Alick Parke, was waiting while that young man tied his sixth necktie. She well knew that a lover who finds his betrothed crying her eyes out half an hour before the wedding has a prescriptive right to be both angry and jealous; but he looked neither; only a little anxious and troubled.

"Darling, has anything happened?"

"No — not exactly; that is — oh, Al! they won't believe me!"

"They! who?"

"Not one single one of them. Not mother, even mother! I thought she would — but she doesn't."

"Does not what?"

"She does not believe," said Margaret, trying to steady her voice, "that when you asked me to marry you, and I said I would, that I did not know you were rich. I told her, but she won't believe me."

"Well," said Mr. Smith quietly, though with a little flush on his face; "it's very natural. I don't blame her."

"Al!" cried Margaret, seizing both his hands; "O Al, you don't — you do — you believe me, don't you, Al? *don't* you?"

"Of course I do."

MUSIC LAND.

AT A SYMPHONY.

By Hamlin Garland.

OUT of the rush and roar of the street,
 Out of the lashing, blinding sleet,
 As shivering travellers blithely fly
 Across a moorland, bleak and bare,
 To reach a lamplit portal, where
 A radiant hostess waits, — so I
 Leap lightly through the rain, and stand
 In the gleam and glow of Music Land.

O sunlit world of harmony!
 O shapes that form and float and flee
 Athwart a golden, luminous mist!
 No more the winter winds on me
 Their stinging lashes lay; for, kissed
 By wind-sprites fair and fleet and free,
 I walk a shadow-dappled grass;



BEETHOVEN

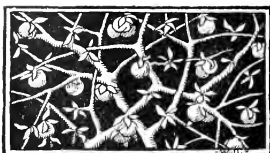
My eyes are closed, yet still I see
 The dancers in their dizzy swirls,
 And hear the care-free singers pass,
 And catch the eyes of laughing girls.

Vast armies come with jar of drum,
 Their noise a deep, symphonic hum,
 Lit by wild songs ; while here and there
 Breaks out the trumpet's rosy flare.
 Now, soft and low and passion-strung,
 Are heard two voices at the gate,
 Where lovers part, so fair and young !
 And she is pleading, "Wait, O, wait !"
 Her eyes are dusk, her arms are bare ;
 His fierce plume mingles with her hair.

Now on the wind again there comes
 The stern, remorseless beat of drums,
 Joined with the cymbal's clang, and blare
 Of brazen trumpets on the air ;
 One last embrace, and from her side
 He leaps to join the sullen tide
 Of marching men, whose footfalls fail
 As trumpet's note dies in a wail,
 Above the deep, receding hum,
 And far, faint throbbing of the drum.

Again the dancers on the grass,
 Eternal youth untouched by scars !
 Like flights of flowers their faces pass.
 The sunlight fades, and splendid bars
 Of light stream upward from the sun, —
 Vast lances gemmed with yellow stars.
 The waltzers wait, the dance is done ;
 Night falls across the fairy green,
 And wind and wood possess the scene !

O sacred, luminous Music Land !
 Within thy charmed boundaries
 No rain-wet, weary mortals stand,
 With numb, cold heart and haggard eyes.
 Thy wars are only pictured wars,
 Thy very woes but pageantries ;
 Thy stately heroes bear no scars,
 And silver songs thy maidens' cries.
 Would we might lose our way, and stand
 Forever tranced in Music Land.



AN AMERICAN LANDSEER.

By Frank T. Robinson.

AMONG the many artists who are deserters from their original commercial employment, none stand more prominent in their professions than Alexander Pope, the animal painter. Like Quentin Matsys, who began with wrought-iron in his native Antwerp and ultimately painted the "Banker and his Wife," now in the Louvre, he departs from the narrow limits of his original, ordinary occupation, and seeks with anxious mind to elevate himself above the low horizon to the more creative sphere; becomes an interpreter of nature, a portrayer of animal life,—an artist-painter.

Pope was born in Boston in 1849, is a graduate of her public schools, and at an early age entered into mercantile pursuits, where, in he discovered, after several years, that his instincts were not at all inclined to routine matters, albeit the ultimatum proved that there was nothing lost in the training. As a youth, when but an aproned boy, he evidenced his love for a horse, not alone for the fun he could have with him, but for the character, nobleness, and spirit of the animal. He drew many pencil

sketches of horses before he was seven years old, and these disclose a fair idea of how a horse looks both in repose and action. They were not awkward scrawls, hurried scratches; they were studies, showing a desire to locate the parts where they belong. Later on, birds, game of all kinds, dogs, insects, every creature which

might be associated with the life of a sportsman, attracted his eye, and he never was contented until he had either made a drawing of them or reproduced them in some intelligible form. We find him at the age of twenty engrossed in an earnest way with wood carving; and naturally enough, being fond of out-of-door life, riding, and hunting, he invariably selected game for his models. In this specialty, Pope gained quite a notoriety, and for cause. I have before me a



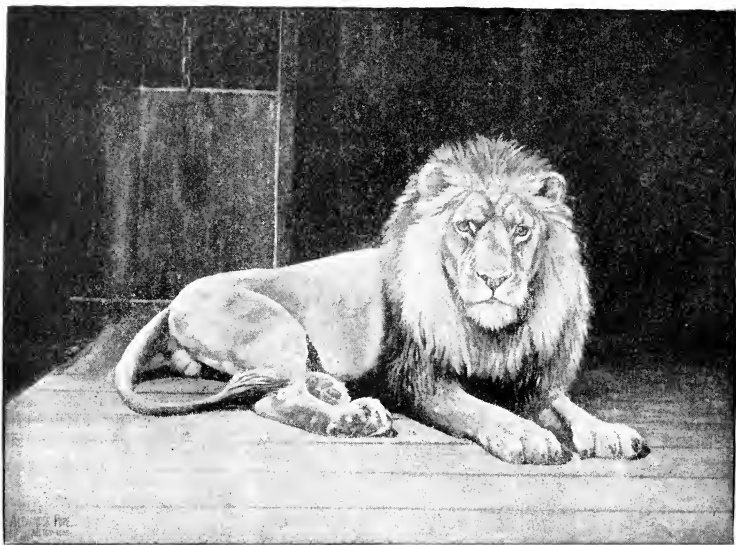
Alexander Pope.

couple of his pheasants, carved and colored to the life. The modelling is perfect, the feathery textures as light as air; the birds seem to be only temporarily inanimate. Works like this found their way into many collections, conspicuous among his patrons being the Czar of Russia, who

has hanging in his dining apartments two examples by Pope, representing life-sized pheasants and ducks.

The artist's inclination for sculptural work led him to attempt the human figure, for, if he could model game, could use clay in fashioning delicate forms, why not try the more subtle planes? After making several study heads, feeling his way

felt that it was but a transitory period, that his surer hold lay in the more decorative phases of art; although a recent superb study of a lion lying down would indicate that his sculptural powers were of no ordinary nature. He had been successful, had shown artistic characteristics, and having gained in facility of hand, as well as in the knowledge of how to see



The Plaza Hotel Lion.

along, endeavoring to control the impulse as it escaped from his finger tips, he essayed several commissions, and in 1881 and '82 executed a number of meritorious busts, perhaps the best being the portrait of Father Merrill, now hanging in Wesleyan Hall. Pope's work in clay was characterized by sensitiveness of touch, was not in the least mechanical, and yet it showed the amateur at tools, though always animated by intelligence and love; it was progressive. The defiant palpability of material not only gave Pope an idea of his own conventional powers, but it awoke within him the consciousness of the fact that at best he could not attain eminence in that specialty. Indeed, he

things, he was well prepared to study into that fascinating and tempting realm, color.

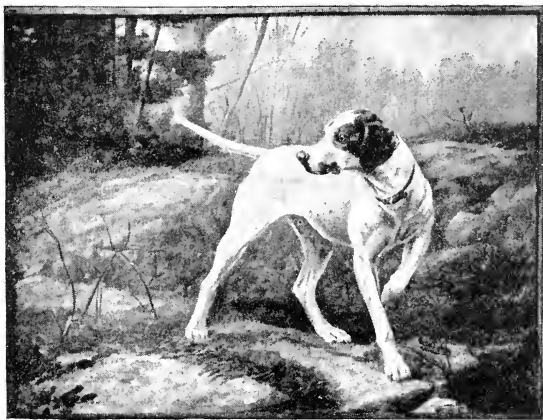
For several years he had, aside from the rendering of plumage tints, and fashioning clay, used pigments; and up to 1886 had painted a number of dog portraits more or less interesting as portraits and generally pleasing in ensemble.

His first important commission, or rather his first publicly recognized canvas, was that of the game cocks, "Blood will Tell," owned by Mr. Allen of the Astor House, New York. Several worthy groups of still life — birds, baskets, and sportsmen's implements, comprising the compositions — followed this effort; then came the St. Bernard dog, painted for a

Portland gentleman, which attracted the attention of dog fanciers, and to such an extent that Pope received several commissions, among them being one from Mr. John E. Thayer, of his Gordon setter, "Argus," and a life portrait of Mr. Bayard Thayer's pointer, "Rue." The latter was shown at Goupil's New York galleries, and unquestionably paved the way to his success in that city.

In the fall of 1886, the artist took up the canvas which really established his reputation as an animal painter and by which he made his *debut* as an artist. In company with Emil Carlsen, who laid in the background, Pope executed the heroic canvas which is now hung in the Boston Tavern, and which shows a hunting party just forming. The picture was full of color, of manly vigor, and from the first public exhibition of the work, which was entitled "Calling out the Hounds," Pope's art future seemed assured. The canvas was shown in several galleries, and it was conceded by the artists and critics to be not only a decorative work, but to contain the elements of "go" and insight into composition quite beyond the grasp of the average painter of the day. Here was displayed much knowledge of the hunt, of costumes, of anatomy, of the action of dogs, their characteristics and earnestness in the time of action; the details were carefully

considered, part for part, and the whole balanced remarkably well. In large collections where it was shown, it would be the first to be noticed, and the last also,

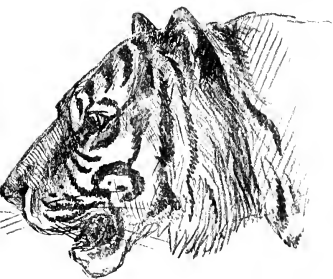


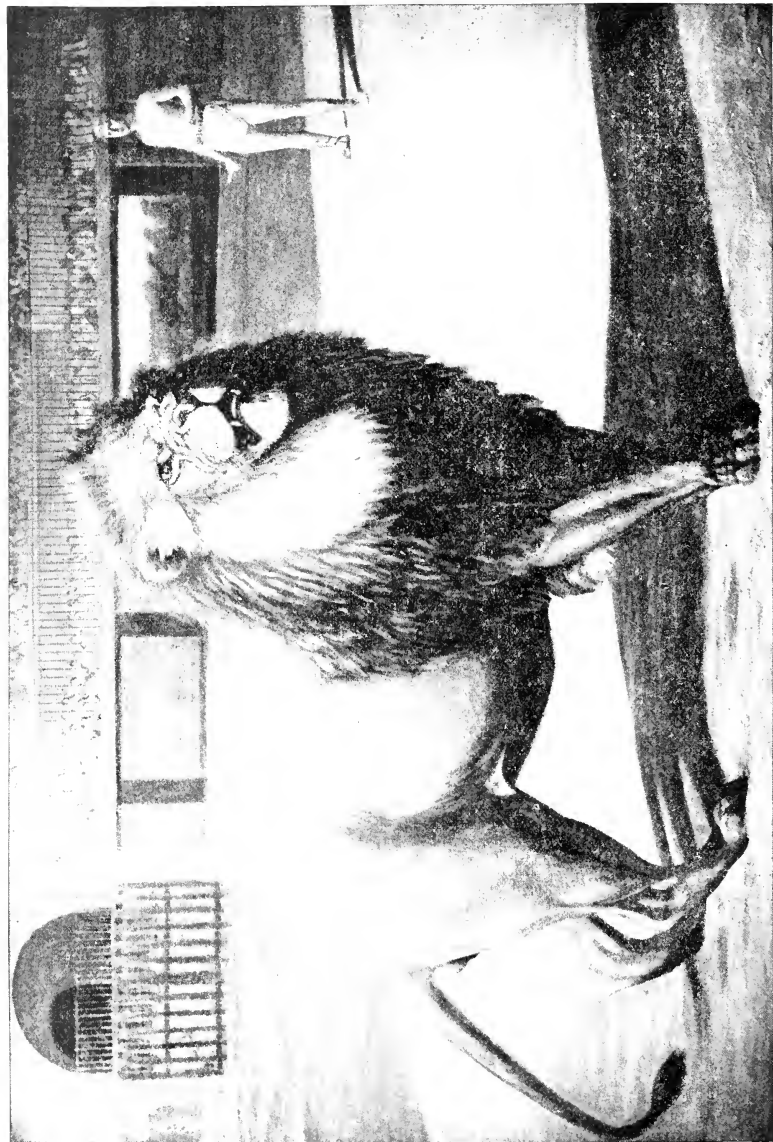
"Rue."

PAINTED FOR MR. BAYARD THAYER, LANCASTER, MASS.

for it started and ended the color note of the exhibition. This fact was not due particularly to the red-coated huntsmen, whose colors were arrayed against the autumn gray of clouds, and the barren, brown tree-branches, but was largely attributed to the freshness of the color, its liveliness, newness of subject and airy naturalness. At all events, the painter gained the respect of his contemporaries for his endeavor, and of the critics for his promise.

Following this work, Pope produced several realistic exhibition pictures of still-life, which were shown in New York and were the means of bringing him into contact with many prominent gentlemen, lovers of animals, who were able to comprehend the artist's interpretations as well as his artistic ability. In 1888, Pope began to enlarge his sphere of action, outgrew the mere portrait phases of his art, became a picture painter, introducing incident and appropriate surroundings in all his works. He executed in the winter of 1887 and '88 a commission for Mr. Whitney of Rochester, N. Y., entitled "Waiting," which was the beginning of a series of interesting canvases.





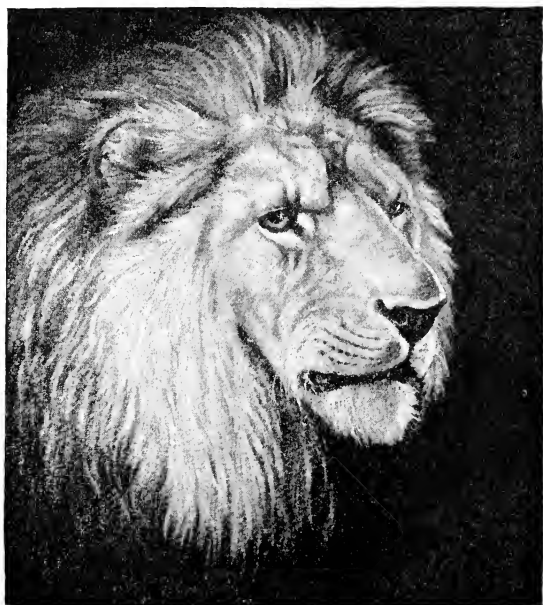
GLAUCUS AND THE LION.

"Waiting" displayed the beauties of two well-known setters, who stood anxiously as well as patiently waiting for the sound of the step of their master. The accessories as well as types were well handled, and the studies were very doggish. There could be no mistaking the purport of the picture. Every touch or stroke of the brush was placed for the benefit of the dogs. The artist's self-consciousness, if he possessed any, was not evident. This picture, later on, became the property of Mr. D. S. Hammond, proprietor of the Plaza Hotel, New York. Mr. Hammond soon became the artist's patron, was struck with the styles and decorative qualities of his work, and at once commissioned him to paint three companion pictures for the reading-room of the new hotel. The subjects

chosen were, first, the noted horses owned by Mr. Hammond; these were the brown mare, "Tot," with beautiful eyes and almost human expression, "Frederica," a black mare with snappish cast of features, "Nellie S.," a white mare, gentle and amiable to look at and live with, "Corona" and "Roberta," two bright, sportive bays. These were grouped on a 4 x 9 foot canvas, in a field, the necks and heads only showing, as they gazed over a mossy rail fence. The composition, as well as color effect, was interesting; in fact, the work was of much consequence in all points. His second picture represented a full-grown lion, the

monarch being seen from the interior of the cage. There seemed to be nothing of the menagerie about the lion. The native element was evident; he was a

caged master,—looked it, felt it. How many hours of study and thought were expended upon this work none but the artist knows. He gave us the strength, coupled with the subtlety of the creature's nature; he gave us also weight, not a shell. The third picture displayed two proud peacocks, "Just from Town," brilliant with plumage. These he pictured in a country farm, and they assumed the airy strut of courtly visitors to the locality. His landscape was a fitting background, and the accessories, the wonder depicted in the faces of the rabbits, the foliage and foreground details, were important adjuncts, though not too conspicuous; they were a part of the whole. It is needless to add, these pictures are handsomely placed and deserve the praise that is daily be-



His Majesty.

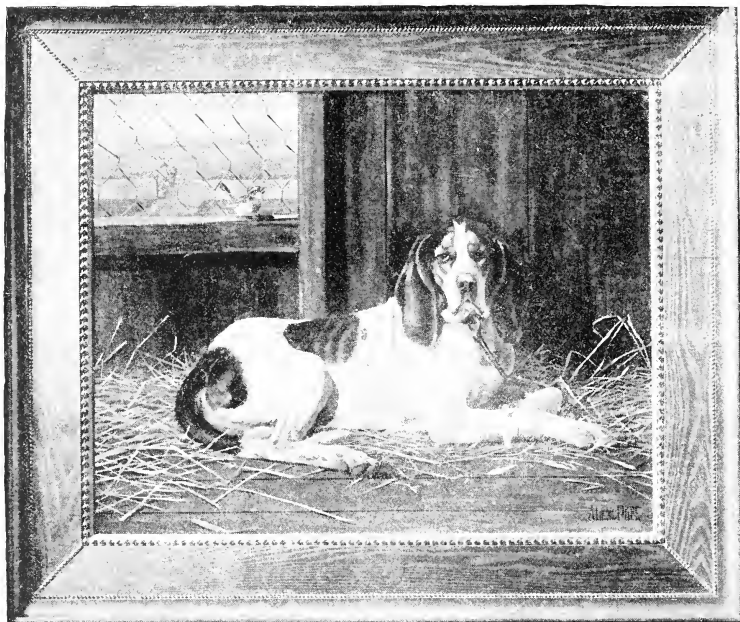
stowed upon them. They have already become one of the "sights" of New York.

Pope has painted a number of pictures well known to the world by the process of

reproduction. Among these may be mentioned, "Consolation," showing a wounded hound, convalescent, lying in the kennel. This picture appeals to the sympathies of all animal-lovers. "On Duty," another stirring work, shows a life-sized, magnificent St. Bernard, ploughing through the mountain snow. He carries a canteen of spirits about his neck and wears the intelligent face of a benefactor. Surely this is an educational pic-

line, firmness of pose and modelling, flexibility of skin, and that sheen of surface and muscular development always noticeable in thoroughbreds.

Unquestionably, Pope's most serious canvas was the historical one known as "The Lion and Glaucus." His theme was taken from Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, and in accumulating the data alone he expended a great many days in our libraries, studying the best literature



Consolation.

ture, giving a comprehensive idea of the duties of this heroic species, and in a commendable manner, alike for its incident as well as handling.

The artist has recently painted several picture portraits:— Mr. C. E. Cobb's fine setter, a lion's head, the property of Mr. D. L. Denmon, and Messrs. d'Cordova and Bown's stallion, "Bayonne Prince," being among the best examples. The latter was distinguished for its accuracy in

for the exact details of the work. He depicted a warm, sunny atmosphere, which permeated through a vast audience seated high in the amphitheatre above and behind a grilling of iron which protected the enclosure. In the centre of the vast arena, the lion stood firmly upon his feet, uncertain, perhaps, in physical balance, because of the suspicious condition of his instincts. His head was reared in air, scenting a trouble of which the

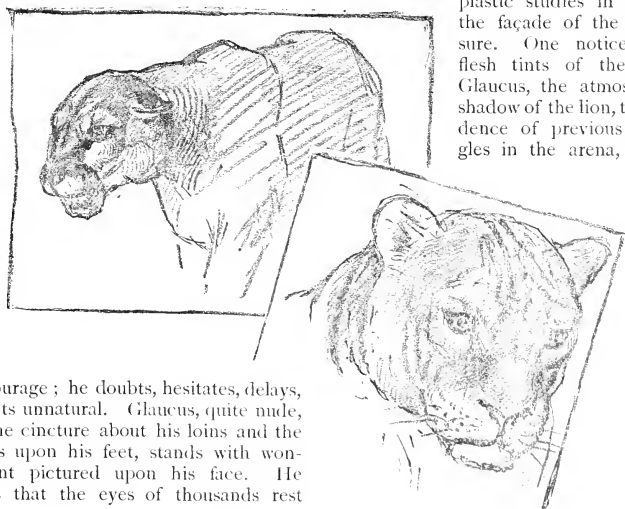


In the Pasture.

voluptuous throng were quite unconscious. He saw not Glaucus, who stood with his stylus, a short poniard, in his outstretched hand. He was, for the first time, intimidated. Though hungry, he has no desire for food. He surprises not only the excited assembly, but Glaucus as well. His leap from his cage, accompanied with a roar, gives place to fear, and while yet majestic in carriage, the uncertain condition of nature, the rumbling of Vesuvius's undercurrent, subdues his na-

upon him, and, though still prepared for an attack, is doubtless in a more relaxed pose than when his lion first sprang into the arena. The incident was well told; the accessories, all important in general effect and impression, were equally interesting. The foreground was in sunlight; a canopy, which was out of view, threw a shadow over the background of the arena. The audience was in gay attire, and the variegated colors of mantles and cloaks contrasted agreeably with the

plastic studies in red on the façade of the enclosure. One noticed the flesh tints of the nude Glaucus, the atmospheric shadow of the lion, the evidence of previous struggles in the arena, which



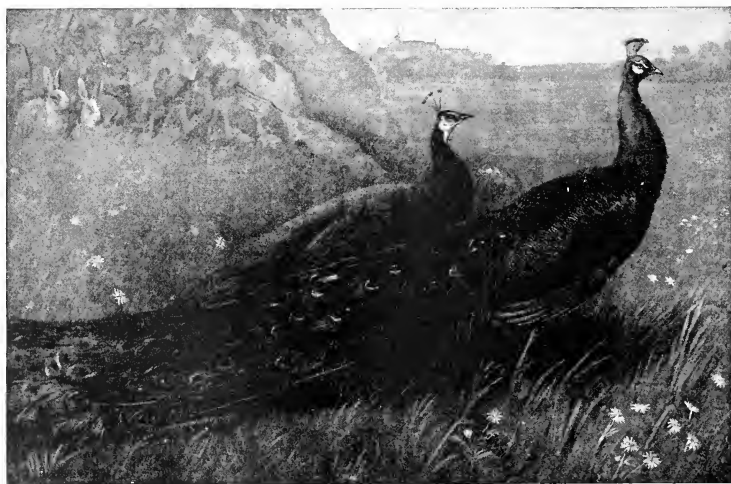
tive courage; he doubts, hesitates, delays, and acts unnatural. Glaucus, quite nude, save the cincture about his loins and the sandals upon his feet, stands with wonderment pictured upon his face. He forgets that the eyes of thousands rest

had been strewn with fresh earth, and numerous other essential things which, like a dialogue or conversation, must not be disjointed to make a complete understanding of sense as well as incident. In the disposition of light and shade, the resolute style of handling, the way in which he disposes of the things not seen, he approached the master; his grasp was manly, and inspired one to have respect for the artist's labor. His previous study in fashioning clay and carving assisted him in his work. He modelled his lion in many positions, used the forms of cats to get at the anatomical construction, before he fixed even the charcoal drawing on his canvas. He demonstrated that preliminary work must be thorough to complete finish, — that "thinking out" was really "working out" his problem.

Aside from its anecdotic phases, the picture conveys an idea not noticeable

counts, graphic to be sure, impressive and vigorous, but a bit tricky; had he painted the animals out of his love for them, shown sympathy for them in the exertions they are making to win the race, as Pope did for the bewildered lion, his efforts would have been more lasting.

Pope shows his mastery over beasts, shows that he understands their natures. They, dogs especially, follow him as he follows them; one trained to chase at the heels of his master alone will, by animal affinity, be coaxed to leave him, by Pope's insight into the nature of the creatures. Possessing these traits, it is conclusive argument that he should paint them into his subjects. Affection also enters largely into his work: he caresses the dog in color; makes him laugh through his painted eyes; makes him speak his silent language, either by firmly closed jaw or by the loll of the hanging tongue, the wrinkles about the nose, the accent of



"Just from Town."

even among the works of the few who undertake the historical in art. Wagner augments the dust of the arena; this adds movement to the horses and gives weight to the chariot, but there is not an image of anything evident, ensemble alone

uplifted paw or alert pose of the legs. Not a motion escapes his attention; the meaning of every motion he interprets and satisfies himself about. The lion, dog, and horse give him their affections. No wonder the painter paints as he feels and sees.

"The Truant," his latest work, is without question the best piece of painting he has yet produced. The subject shows two English setters; one, a golden-brown and white, stands in a woodland pool, with his head toward you; the other, a black and white, is emerging from the bush on the edge of the pool, and gazes steadfastly upon his comrade. The background is

peraments: the artist has fused them with character natural to themselves.

Shall we say imagination is lacking in this work? Well, if we do, we shall be obliged to drop Gérôme, Tadmá and like artists from the list of painters, and relegate them to the precincts of the great Dutch school of painters, — and not a wholly deserted quarter for the worship-



Mr. Pope's Studio.

composed of alder bushes, flecked with sunlight, which augments the half-tones of the secondary lighting. The incident is not a common one, but happens among dogs as well as in the human family. It seems that the setter in the water is a truant in the chase, and is hiding from the party, but has been discovered by his more courageous companion. What cares he, so long as he is comfortable and out of danger? He is cool and happy, doubtless knows that, like the coquette or flower, he's fair to look upon, is a pet, and won't be crushed for his actions. The types are the extremes in looks and tem-

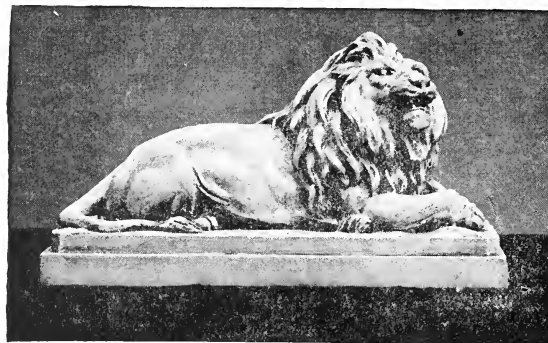
pers of wholesome art, be assured, is this great camp of realism.

Pope reaches for truth, his grasp upon it is firm. He never gesticulates, does not draw the attention of the world by the noise of his art, is not self-conscious. His tastes are simple, his compositions, if ever faulty, are made so by his desire to exalt his subject; and so earnestly and surely does he keep the eye centred upon the figures, that accessories seem of little consequence. Of late, however, he gives more attention to "little things," as witness in "The Truant"; the background of elder bushes is perfection in detail, a

veritable study from nature. Be not surprised, conceited contemporaries, if Pope, by his indomitable will and patient application, reaches the goal, and that, too, by a path of his own making. You who

never better interpreted. Melin's "Boar Hounds at Full Cry," a superb painting, does not contain a better example of dog instinct than is shown in "The Truant"; and like Melin, Pope gives us the muscular anatomy, textures, and movement, without detracting from the spirit, the genuineness of the animal life. All of which summed up means that Pope's pictures have soul, force in them — realistic or not, perfect in drawing or not, great in color or not.

I like the remark of that most able of our painters, Marcus Waterman, who, with true appreciation of the artist's



Model of Lion.

win the laurels of the academy, where the fashions are taught, and come out into the world to preach them, shall have your day, and the future shall know you as a representative of an epoch; but the natural force of the man from the shop, the man who has learned his trade and wrought work with tools of his own invention, must paint for all times. Again witness that indescribable, powerful, external and internal portrayal of the English setter; — who shall ever say it is hasty in style, tiresome in manner, unnatural in color, or unlikelike? The type will never be better executed, the nature of the dog

genius said, by way of comment upon "The Truant":

"It is a grand good dog. He has succeeded. His energy and study must tend enormously to perfect his art. What patience he displayed, under the most adverse circumstances, for several weeks over the lion he found in Philadelphia! Such men usually achieve their ends."

Pope in his studio, in the Phillip's Building, Boston, reminds one of the artisan. He is surrounded with his materials all ready for use; stuffed animals, models, casts of all kinds, representing a variety of creatures in many poses. A large number of these he constructed



himself: many a stray cat has been made to sacrifice its life at the altar of art, has served the artist with needful details in anatomy. The paraphernalia of the sportsman is beautiful here, the walls being decorated with a grand variety of fishing-rods, baskets, nets, and huntsman's outfits. These are grouped in an artistic manner for ornamentation as well as ready use. There is no attempt at color riot, no fussy collection of fabrics, antiques, armor, or curios. The artist deals direct, "first-hand" with nature, and rarely trusts himself away from her domains. Pope shows in his surroundings

that he is no imitator, that he evolves from within himself the idea that he presents; and while he is conscious of the value of advice and study, he is well able to know from what source to derive the most.

While all is bustle, in transit, in the studio, while the artist attends to the matters in hand, he is unfailingly affable and interesting. There is comfort of color for the eye, a generous receptive appearance to the furniture, drapes and decorations; but over all hangs the atmosphere of artistic intent and a vigorous mind penetrating every nook and corner.



VERESTCHAGIN.

By Annie Eliot.

PAINTER and preacher! is it art that thrills
 Our senses, bidding fall the waiting tears,
 So near the eyes of those to whom the years
 Bring wider knowledge? Is it art which stills
 Our careless voices, hushing comment while
 We gaze on what means "glory," seeing lie
 Forms stiff and sightless 'neath a cruel sky,
 Or staggering on, mile after weary mile?
 Not art alone; a sterner purpose speaks:
 "Blinded by hate, man, wilt thou never know
 How futile the revenge oppression wreaks?
 That wrong is folly? cruelty is woe?
 Who is the conqueror? Whose the bitter gall?
 He on the cross! Theirs of the weeping wall!"

FATHERHOOD.

By Zitella Cocks.

A LONG the vine-embowered hills of France
Sounds Angelus, and merry lads and maids
Pause in their jocund songs with downward glance,
And meekly bow within the vintage shades.
At selfsame hour, from gilded minaret,
Muezzin calls the faithful soul to prayer ;
And far across the world, where glows sunset
In forest aisles, fanned by the pure, sweet air
Of heaven, rich-roofed by stars, the red man kneels
To the Great Spirit ; thus man's yearning heart
Would fain reach Thee, O God ; thus conscience feels
Her way, through dark, to Thee — well where Thou art !
Who says Thou wilt not hear thy children, — all, —
When Thou hast said, " I am Thy Father, — call ! "

A DESCENDANT OF MASSASOIT.

By Walter Gilman Page.

FEW people are aware that there dwells within the borders of the old Bay State a lineal descendant of "the great and good Massasoit," and



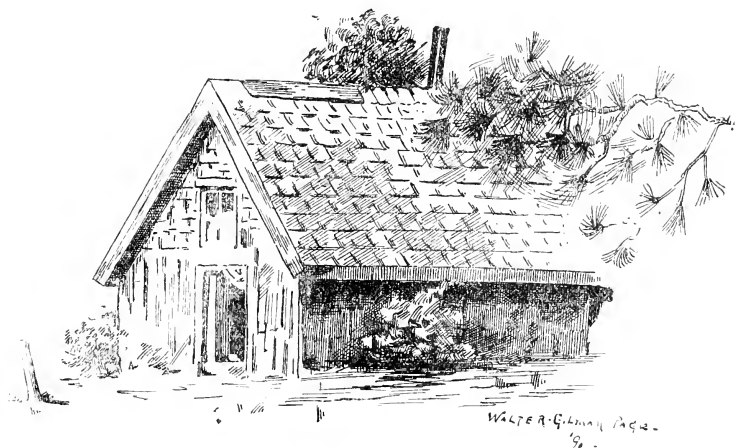
"the last of the Wampanoags." Sharing the growing interest in all that pertains to the early history of Massachusetts, as well as being desirous to gratify my own curi-

osity, I was recently led to take a trip to Lakeville, Mass., the home of Mrs. Zerviah Gould Mitchell, the last of her race and family, in order that I might paint her portrait. I found Lakeville to be a quiet, staid township, with homesteads occupied by people descended from good old Puritan stock, still clinging to the abodes of their ancestors in spite of the temptations of the West, or the great cities of the East. The place is beautifully situated, and it abounds in Indian legends and Indian battle grounds. The road by the village skirts the shores of Lake Assawamsett, as picturesque as its name. At a distance of five miles or thereabouts from the village, one leaves the main road and turns off into a lovely winding woodland lane, by a rippling brook, and further on an old dilapidated sawmill. A mile or so, and a sudden bend brings you to the cottage door, where Mrs. Mitchell accords you a pleasant welcome. The rough habitation is most picturesquely situated ; they seem to possess an intuitive sense for such things, these people, east or west. From

the doorway you look out over a field of waving corn ; beyond that the line of the woods ; and if the trees did not grow so thickly, you might catch glimpses of the placid bosom of the lake. Nothing disturbs the profound stillness which reigns about, save the cry of the blue-jay or the distant tinkle of a cow bell. From time

was certainly a surprise — could, I suppose, be called a music-room. A door leads to an L containing the sleeping-rooms, one on the ground floor, in which I painted the portrait, and the other above, reached by means of a "Jacob's ladder," as Mrs. Mitchell facetiously termed it.

All arrangements were happily made for



immemorial have the Wampanoag tribe dwelt here on the Assawamsett Neck, though but for an act of Governor Winslow they might have been wanderers on the face of the earth ; for it was he who ordered that the Neck should be a reservation for the Wampanoags, they and their descendants, forever.

I had some doubts as to the success of my request, but Mrs. Mitchell granted a ready acquiescence ; the fact of her having been photographed several times had doubtless somewhat paved the way for me. Hers is a strong face, somewhat masculine, but full of intelligence, lighting up in conversation, particularly if relating some of her wrongs at the hands of the pale-faces. I passed a half hour in agreeable chat, taking mental notes the while of my surroundings. The room was evidently a place where one could eat, drink and be merry ; since it was kitchen, dining-room, and — containing a piano, which

sittings, and I was to begin the following morning, much to my gratification. The next day, instead of driving, I took a boat and rowed to the Indian shore, as the residents called the narrow strip of beach, from whence a path leads up to the Indian encampment. Not being familiar with the locality, I spent considerable time in seeking a landing-place, but my opportunities for enjoying the lovely panorama which the shores of the lake present were thereby increased. I was finally obliged to invade a camp of pale-faces, and inquire my way of a young and pretty girl. The Indian matron was awaiting my arrival, and the pose was soon selected and work commenced. As we grew better acquainted, many were the legends and tales of both Indians and whites, all of them most interesting, which she related to me, the while holding her position with remarkable steadiness.

Mrs. Mitchell was born July 24, 1807,

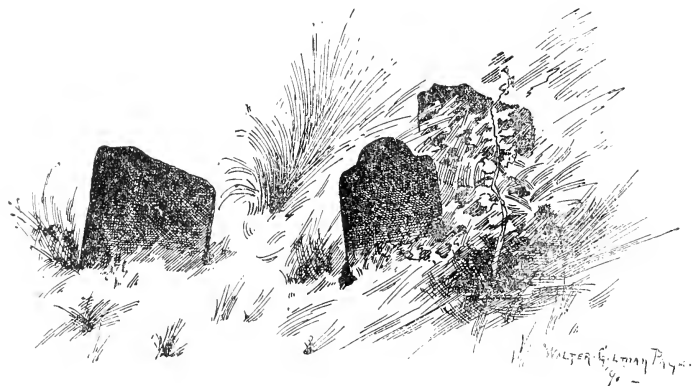
and her parents were Brister Gould and Phebe Wamsley. Her mother was daughter of Wamsley and Lydia Tuspaquin; Lydia descended from Benjamin Tuspaquin, son of Benjamin Tuspaquin, or otherwise called the "Black Sachem" and one of King Philip's most able generals. He married Amie, whose Indian name is lost to us, youngest daughter of Massasoit, chief of the powerful Wampanoags. Thus Mrs. Mitchell is the great-great-grand-daughter of Massasoit.¹ She is also descended from John Sassamon, the well known Christian Indian, who became a preacher to the Indians, under John Eliot. Having warned the Puritans of King Philip's designs upon them, he was soon after murdered by his countrymen for his treachery to their cause.

Educated in the public schools of Abington, and afterwards at a private school in Boston, in which city she has also taught a private school, Mrs. Mitchell fully demonstrates in her own person the educational possibilities of the Indian. Her memory is remarkably clear upon

the incidents of her schooldays; as in fact it is upon all the events of her life. At the age of seventeen she married Thomas C. Mitchell, by whom she had eleven children, five of whom are still living. Two of her daughters live with their mother, supporting themselves by selling their farm produce, making baskets, mocassins and so forth. Another daughter lives in Ipswich, Mass., and the only surviving son works in a shoe shop in Abington. Mr. Mitchell died in East Fall River in 1859. Mrs. Mitchell's eyesight is more remarkable than her memory, for she reads and writes without the aid of her glasses, and I have in my possession her signature, written in a clear, legible hand.

I was sorry indeed to part from this romantic environment; for what could be more charming than this quiet spot in the midst of such natural surroundings, listening to the tales of bygone days when Puritan and Wampanoag struggled for supremacy? Before I left Lakeville, I visited the old Indian burying-ground; but it is now difficult to recognize it as such, since all the stones have suffered mutilation at vandal hands. Even the Indians' graves are not respected, and she who remains is but a solitary figure amidst the rush of invasion, the only type of a race which has now almost vanished from New England.

¹ This genealogy is carefully and fully traced in a work by Gen. E. W. Peirce, entitled, "Indian History, Biography and Genealogy, pertaining to the Good Sachem Massasoit, of the Wampanoag Tribe, and his Descendants." This work was published by Mrs. Mitchell in 1878, at North Abington, Mass., and contains a preface written by her.



THE HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA.

By J. F. Jameson, Ph. D.

I. THE HISTORIANS OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

THE history of historical writing in the English colonies and in the United States falls, naturally, into four periods; and this alike whether we take as the basis of our classification its characteristics as historical literature, or its characteristics as historical science. In the first period, the heroic age of discovery and settlement, such history as we have is the work of the Argonauts themselves, who, with little consciousness of authorship, still less of membership in a literary profession, wrote down, in simplicity of mind, accounts of things which they had seen and in which they had themselves borne a great part. This period is roughly equivalent to the seventeenth century. Upon this followed two or three generations of what we might call epigonal historiography, bearing clear marks of a colonial or provincial origin, yet often careful and scholarly, and mainly devoted to investigating and recording with pious care the achievements of those who had preceded. The third period, lasting from the Revolution to the Civil War, was one in which history shared, in common with other departments, the effects of the general effort toward the creation of an independent American literature. During this, the classical period of our historical writing, the favorite subjects were portions of European history. Since then we have had a marked improvement in method and scholarship; but the dominant impulse of the fourth period has been toward a closer and, especially, a broader study of our own history. It is with these four periods that the articles of this series are respectively to be occupied. In general, only the most important writers of each will be considered; and no effort will be made to relate at length the picturesque and interesting details of these writers' lives,—not from any such disdain of the picturesque as modern students of history are supposed

to affect, but because the subject is not the lives and personalities of American historians, but the development of American historiography.

In the time of the first adventurers and settlers, some historical literature of value had already been produced by the nation from which they sprang,—chronicles like those of Hall and Holmshed, collections like those of Stow, and a few more notable performances, Lord Bacon's "Henry VII.," Knolly's "Historie of the Turkes," Fox's "Martyrs," and the great fragment of a "History of the World" which Raleigh had composed during his long imprisonment in the Tower. But no one of these was in any way the model of our earliest historians, whose purposes were quite different. The purpose of one class was to awaken immediate interest in a given colony, and stimulate immigration into it by accounts of what had been done there; to this class belong Captain John Smith and Captain Edward Johnson. The model of some of them may be seen in the pages of Hakluyt, in the Relations and Narratives of voyagers. The other class, of which Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop are the chief examples, believing themselves to have been concerned in memorable beginnings, wrote for the benefit of posterity permanent memorials, which they did not intend to be published till after their deaths. It is to these four, as best deserving, among our writers of the seventeenth century, the name of historian, that the present article is to be mainly given.

At the beginning at once of our colonial history and of American historical literature, stands the burly figure of Captain John Smith; and yet he stands somewhat apart from both. There is no need to recount at length the stirring events of his early life,—how, after wandering over much of Europe and the Levant, he took service against the Turk, slew three

Turkish cavaliers in single combat before the walls of Regall, was captured and sold as a slave, was befriended by a noble lady at Constantinople, was sent to serve as a slave in Crim-Tartary, and escaped with many adventures; but it is plain, from the nature of them, that he belonged in character to the generation that had just passed away. He had more in common with Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Drake, with those who repulsed the Armada, and sought Eldorado, and braved the northern ice, and "singed the King of Spain's beard," with all the freshness and buoyancy and adventurousness of the Elizabethans, than with Eliot, and Pym, and Selden, with the sobriety, the seriousness, the prosaic strenuousness, which had begun to overspread and to characterize the England of James I. It was these traits of character that made him really unsuited to much of the work which now needed to be done in the American settlements. He was a colonial adventurer in a generation of colonial founders. At the beginning, the services of such a man were invaluable, and the colony probably owed more to him than to any other man during the thirty months that he spent in it. But, the initial work once done, another sort of talent was needed if the colony was to be not abortive, as the Elizabethan colonial experiments had been, but a strong and prosperous community, founded on sober and humdrum agriculture and trade; and so the shrewd London merchants of the Virginia Company were not wrong in making no further use of Smith.

The same qualities shine conspicuous in the writings of Smith, and mark him off from the rest as, though the precursor, yet not the father of the American historical writers. His writings breathe the spirit that invests the pages of Hakluyt and Purchas with so surpassing and so imperishable a charm, not that which has made our colonial history dull and our nation great. He writes, by preference, of encounters, of explorations, of opportunities for present gain, as one who is directing a band of adventurers, not as one who is thoughtfully laying foundations for the gradual growth of a mighty state. He does not lack seriousness, but

he is more a knight-errant than a man of business. But if both his role and his attitude are those of a knight-errant, bearing in his veins the enthusiastic blood of the sixteenth century, but set to do the sober tasks of the seventeenth, he was in the main a worthy knight, fearing God after the simple, untroubled fashion of the earlier time, without overmuch sojourning in Meshee and Kedar, serving faithfully and energetically his king and the Company, giving good government, and doing with his might what his hand found to do. He wrote of all this with keen zest and enjoyment, and with not too much modesty or mildness toward his adversaries; but when was a knight-errant ever modest or conciliatory?

The strictly historical works of Captain John Smith are but two in number. The first is a brief tract of thirty or forty pages, entitled, "A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence." The second is the extensive book entitled, "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," a brief continuation of which was printed as part second of his "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations." His other books are mostly of a descriptive character; they have a value as historical material, they are not themselves historical writings. The "True Relation" was written in Virginia about the end of May, 1608, when the colony had been in existence a little more than a year, was sent home by Captain Nelson in the *Phoenix*, and was published at London in August. It is only a pamphlet, and a somewhat hastily prepared one at that. It is mainly occupied with the personal adventures of Smith himself, the exploring expeditions which he conducted, and his dealings with the Indians. Not much is told us of events at Jamestown. While that little is valuable, in the paucity of eyewitness accounts of the first year's doings, its value is much diminished, or at least rendered doubtful, by the fact that it is everywhere seen to be colored by Smith's hostility to certain fellow-members of the council. Which was right in their fre-

quent quarrels is hard now to determine ; but no one can fail to see that Smith was too censorious of the actions of others, too vain of his own, to be a historical witness of the highest degree of merit.

The same animosities are to be found, unallayed after a period of sixteen years, in the "Generall Historie," published in 1620, the book which forms Smith's chief title to be numbered among the American historians. Or rather, it exhibits these animosities widened into partisanship in a more important conflict, and applied to the events of a greater number of years. Coming home in 1609, and never afterward succeeding in getting employment from the company, Smith seems to have extended his resentment against those who had ruled the colony with him to their successors, and eventually to the managers of the company. In the last years of James I. the Virginia Company's proceedings reflected the conflict going on in the country at large, the minority being of the court party, the managers belonging to the opposition. Smith takes many opportunities in the "Generall Historie" to attack them, to accuse the mismanagement of the colony since he left it, and to lament that his advice was not rather followed, and his services employed. "I know," he adds, "I shall be taxed for writing so much of my selfe ; but I care not much, because the judiciall know there are few such Souldiers as . . .

[those who] have writ their owne actions, nor know I who will or can tell my intents better then my selfe."

The book which the doughty captain had prepared with so resolute a disregard of all natural impulses toward self-effacement was proposed, as the records of the Virginia Company show, as early as 1621, but published in 1624, in a volume of two hundred and fifty pages folio, embellished with several quaint and well-engraved maps. Smith was, after all, the author of only about seventy-five pages out of the two hundred and fifty ; and of these seventy-five, nearly seventy comprise mere reprints from three of his descriptive books. Of all the rest he was but the editor or compiler. The composition of the book is in fact singular. The first

book, treating of the English voyages to Virginia before 1607, is entirely a compilation or patchwork of previous narratives. The second is a reprinted description of Virginia as it was in 1607. The third book is a republication, with some variations, of a body of narrations by some of the original planters, which had been edited by one Dr. Simonds, and published in 1612 ; they cover the thirty months of Smith's stay in the colony, and are from persons belonging to his faction. What he himself has contributed to this division is limited to the insertion, here and there, of verses more remarkable for sententiousness than for beauty, and, it must be added, the addition of striking adventures not mentioned in the "True Relation," and a general heightening of the picturesqueness of his own career. The fourth book, giving the history of Virginia from 1609 to 1624, is almost wholly a compilation or rather a transcription of the narratives of residents : the fifth, treating of the history of the Bermudas, is wholly so. Finally, to make Book VI., entitled "The Generall Historie of New England," he reprints his "Description of New England," 1616, and "New England's Trials," 1620, inserts Edward Winslow's "Plantation in New England," and, with a few interesting pages on the present estate of New Plymouth, closes this remarkable historical mosaic, of which it may almost be said that what is historical is not his, and what is his is not historical. But herein, also, we must confess, he has been the precursor of many of our historical writers, not all of whom have enumerated, as frankly as he, the victims of their scissors.

Nothing has been said, thus far, of the story of the saving of Smith by Pocahontas. The historical student who is not entirely steeped in haughty professionalism, who would himself "strictly meditate the thankless Muse," yet wishes to temper that austere cult with a regard for the unscientific preferences of Armaryllis and Neaera, will certainly hesitate long before assailing the most famous of the few romantic legends of our early colonial history. And yet it appears that, in spite of a dozen novels and perhaps a gross of poems that have gathered about it, the legend must go. A whole article would

hardly be long enough for a full discussion of the arguments, but in brief the case is this. Not only is there no mention of such an episode in the full account of his Chickahominy expedition, which Smith gave, a few months after he went upon it, in the "True Relation," but everything there indicates a most friendly reception by Powhatan; nor do any of his companions mention an adventure so striking. It first appears in print in the "Generall Historie" of 1624, interpolated as one of those embellishments of his friends' accounts, to which allusion has been made. It appears that Smith, in 1616, hinted at such a service performed by Pocahontas, in a letter to the Queen, written when Pocahontas was in England. In short, the probability is that he invented the episode in order to connect himself in a picturesque manner with one who had lately been attracting so much attention. One need not stop to defend historical criticism for destroying so pretty a legend, for historical criticism brings to light two stories of heroism that are true, where it removes one that is false; but perhaps we may more easily be reconciled to the loss of this particular romance, if we remember that, pictures and poems and story-books to the contrary notwithstanding, the real Pocahontas was only ten years old at the time of the alleged rescue.

To turn from Captain John Smith to Governor William Bradford is like turning from "Amadis of Gaul" to the "Pilgrim's Progress." The worthy governor of Plymouth Plantation had slain no Turks, had undergone no romantic adventures, had been signally befriended by no princesses or noble dames, whether heathen, Mohammedan or Christian. But if fortune denied him interesting adventures,—except in so far as the high purposes of the Pilgrim Fathers and the permanent importance of their work invests all that they did with interest,—it did not deal so with his book. The story of its vicissitudes is a curious one. It was well known to historical scholars that Governor Bradford had left behind him a manuscript history of Plymouth Plantation. Some extracts from it had been given in print by certain historical writers of the hundred years succeeding his death, the last being Gov-

ernor Hutchinson, in 1767. It was supposed that Bradford's descendants had lent it to the Rev. Thomas Prince, the noted historical scholar of Boston, and that Prince had deposited it in the New England Library which he was forming, in the tower of the Old South Church. During the first year of the Revolutionary War, while Boston was occupied by the British, that church was, as is well known, used by them as a riding-school. After that time, nothing was heard of the precious manuscript of Bradford's history, until, one day in 1855, a local antiquary most unexpectedly found a trace of it. While reading a small English book by Bishop Wilberforce on the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, he came upon certain passages which were identical with some of the extracts from Bradford given, as already mentioned, by American writers of the last century. The footnotes of the book described these passages as taken from a manuscript history of the Plantation of Plymouth, in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham. The discovery was communicated to one of the leading members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a correspondence was entered upon. The manuscript in the bishop's library was proved to be that of Governor Bradford's long-lost history, and was copied, and printed in 1856. How it came to be in the Fulham library no one knows; nor does any one know how to get it back from there.

However, we have the printed text, and a most important and interesting work it is. Governor Bradford's qualifications for preparing such a history are manifest. From the first year of the settlement down to the time of his death, during a period, that is, of thirty-six years, there had been but five years in which he had not been elected governor of the colony. He had been among the earlier fugitives to Holland, and was, therefore, personally cognizant of the history of the little community in the period preceding its transfer to America. During most of the long period of his governorship he had had in mind the preparation of such an account, of which it appears that he wrote the beginning in 1630, and the end in 1650, and had been

saving and collecting letters and documents important to his purpose. He had, therefore, the most entire familiarity with the history of the colony, and time enough to insure deliberation and care. Moreover, he had not only a thoughtful mind and a high degree of intelligence, but was even, like so many of the early American governors, a man of some scholarship. Cotton Mather says of him: "He was a person for study as well as action; and hence, notwithstanding the difficulties through which he passed in his youth, he attained unto a notable skill in languages; the Dutch tongue was become almost as vernacular to him as the English; the French tongue he could also manage; the Latin and the Greek he had mastered; but the Hebrew he most of all studied, because, he said, he would see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty. He was also well skilled in history, in antiquity, and in philosophy: and for theology, he became so versed in it, that he was an irrefragable disputant against

. . . errors. . . . But the crown of all was his holy, prayerful, watchful, and fruitful walk with God, wherein he was very exemplary." It may illustrate the cast of Bradford's mind to repeat what he himself has said in regard to one of these studies. Eight manuscript pages of Hebrew roots with English equivalents, and of Hebrew exercises, have been found, written in his handwriting, and prefaced with these remarks: "Though I am growne aged, yet I have had a longing desire to see, with my owne eyes, something of that most ancient language, and holy tongue, in which the law and oracles of God were writ; and in which God and angels spake to the holy patriarchs of old time; and what names were given to things, from the creation. And though I cannot attaine to much herein, yet I am refreshed to have seen some glimpse hereof (as Moyses saw the land of Canan afarr of). My aim and desire is, to see how the words and phrases lye in the holy texte; and to discerne somewhat of the same, for my owne contente."

But whatever scholarship the excellent governor may have had, he does not obtrude it into his book, which has nothing of the pedantic manner so frequent in the

seventeenth century. He writes a plain, sober and straightforward account, the evident care and accuracy of which make it one of the most valued sources for our colonial period. His narrative covers the history of the colony down to the year 1646, at which point it was left unfinished. It embraces the events which led, in England and Holland, to the exodus of the Pilgrims, the now familiar tale of their early sufferings and achievements, the occasional controversies in which they were involved, their negotiations with other colonies, their troubles with the London merchants, and their correspondence and relations with the body whom they had left behind at their departure. The phrases in which that departure is described are memorable. "So they left that goodly and pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, and looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest countrie, and quieted their spirits." Such words as these, which have been often quoted, do not stand alone in the narrative; with all its sobriety, it is clothed in many passages with that exquisite and singular beauty of expression which a close familiarity with the English translation of the Bible has so often bestowed on writers of little literary art. Of such is the following, written in appreciative commemoration of his companions' fortitude:

"But hear," he says, "I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amased at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus past the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation, .

. . . they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repair too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to the apostle & his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians shewed them no smale kindnes in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them . . . were readier to fill their sides full of arrows then otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of

that cuntries know them to be sharp and violent, and subjecte to cruell and feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. Besids, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and willd men? And what multitudes ther might be of them they knew not. Nether could they, as it were, goe up to the tope of Pisgah, to vew from this willdernes a more goodly cuntry to feed their hops; for which way soever they turned their eys (save upward to the heavens) they could have litle solace or content in respecte of any outward objects.

. . . Let it also be considered what weake hopes of supply and succoure they left behind them, that might bear up their minds in this sade condition and trialls they were under. . . . What could now sustaine them but the spirite of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our faithers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie, &c. Let them, therefore, praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, shew how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressour. When they wandered in the desert willdernes out of the way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, and thirstie, their sowle was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindnes, and his wonderfull works before the sons of men."

It is a curious good fortune by which we happen to have accounts of two of our earliest colonies, those of Plymouth and of Massachusetts Bay, written by the two men who had most to do with managing the affairs of each in the earliest period. Moreover, the two governors and historians were in some degree typical of the two colonies whose history they helped to make and to write. The Separatist colony and the Puritan colony were widely different. The history of the Pilgrim Fathers is full of suffering, of poverty, of humility, of patience and of mildness. It is the story of a small and feeble enterprise, glorified by faith

and hope and charity, but necessarily and always limited by the slender resources of the poor and humble men who originated it. The founding of the Bay colony, on the other hand, was less a colonial enterprise than a great Puritan emigration. It was organized by men of substance and standing, supported by the wealth of a great and prosperous body of the English nation, and consciously directed toward the high end of founding in America, a great Puritan state. And as Massachusetts was to Plymouth plantation, so, in many respects, was Governor John Winthrop to Governor William Bradford. He was, in the first place, a man of much more prominent position, lord of the manor of Groton, one of the attorneys of the Court of Wards and Liveries, a magistrate, and a man of considerable wealth. But he was also a man of a broader, larger and more philosophic intellect, as well as of a more regular and extensive education. In short, he had more thoroughly those powers and acquisitions of mind which would fit one to direct worthily the larger concerns of a strong and important state, and to describe worthily its origin and early development. For beauty of character, it is hard to give the preference to either governor. Long possession of great power in a community resolute to defend its independence and suppress dissension with a high hand, strong, self-reliant, and intolerant, never succeeded in marring the exquisite sensitiveness of Winthrop's conscience, or affecting the gentleness and sweetness of his deportment. Scrupulosity of conscience we perhaps expect to find in a Puritan; but the second point is worth a little more attention. It is worth while frequently to insist, that harshness and sourness and gloom were not characteristic of all periods of Puritan history alike. Puritanism in New England, as in Old England, went through three different stages, the period of origin and growth, the period of conflict, the period of decline. The Puritanism which was satirized in "*Hudibras*," and which fell with Richard Cromwell, was not the Puritanism of the civil wars. Still less was it the Puritanism of Milton's earlier years, of "*Comus*," and "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Pense-*

roso." In that earlier time, Puritanism had not dissevered itself from the cheerfulness and spontaneity of the Elizabethan period, but had simply added to them on the one hand a greater degree of moral earnestness, and on the other hand a greater zeal for innovation in church and state. So it was in New England. The well-known and most amusing diary of Chief Justice Sewall shows us Puritanism as it had come to be among the men of the third generation,—Puritanism gone to seed, grown narrow and harsh and petty, and rapidly becoming mundane and Philistine. But before this, and before the preceding generation of conflict, and before the hardships of life and the wildness of nature had begun to depress men's minds to the level of the awful righteousness with which we are so familiar, there was a Puritanism of a less unlovely type, serious and strict, but not uncheerful nor insensible to the delights and beauty of life. Of such Puritanism John Winthrop was the type and the exponent. In him Puritanism is seen at its best, not only caring (and compelling others to care) for what was in its opinion true and honest and just, but also observant of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. The poetic imagination which led him to prefer of all books of the Bible, the Song of Solomon, the depth and beauty of his religious experiences, the exquisite tenderness of his letters to his wife, the mildness of his efficient rule as governor, all show us a nature singularly attractive. He was, in short, a gentleman; not in the spurious sense of one whose ancestors and connections have been highly distinguished for being related to each other, but in the better sense of one who combines with a noble character the additional graces of a perfect sweetness of temper and a perfect refinement of manner.

I have enlarged upon Winthrop's personal characteristics because they were an important factor in the composition of his book. Of a historian of our day, writing of these things, this need not be true. But in the case of one who writes of the genesis of a state of which he has been the foremost founder, the study of his personality is a matter of much consequence to the critic, not only because it

helps to understand his book, but also because it helps to understand the movement which he headed. Milton, in a famous passage of the *Apology for Smectymnus*, reminds us "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudible things, ought himself to be a true poem, . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." John Winthrop did have within himself these things. They shone out plainly in the acts of his public life, and they are not less conspicuous in the history which he left behind him.

The "History of New England" has the form of annals or even, at first, of a journal, begun by the governor on board the *Arbella* on the day when he set sail from England in 1630. It is continued to the winter of 1648, a few months before his death. Naturally, many matters of small moment are treated in it,—minor doings of the governing body and the churches, moving accidents, remarkable providences, and so forth. But the narrative is never undignified and never gossiping. And when events of greater importance to the colony or deliberations and discussions involving the essential principles of its policy fail to be described, we could hardly desire a guide more impartial, more informing, or more thoughtful. Together with the actions of the rulers, their reasons are set before us, and set before us with a high-minded confidence and a philosophic breadth of view that leave nothing to be desired. Once in a while occur really admirable reasonings and statements in matters of political philosophy; while the absence of passion and intolerance and pettiness is very marked. The early years of the colony were a time of strong party feeling and of bitter dissensions; yet Winthrop never takes the opportunity of private writing and posthumous publication to set down aught in malice against any of his opponents. Of the chief among them, Sir Harry Vane, he says, that at all times "he showed himself a true friend to New England, and a man of a noble and generous mind." The severest thing that he says of any of them,

so far as I know, is found in some words of grave and temperate disapprobation which he uses with regard to Governor Bellingham, and even here he does not fail to suggest what excuse he can for Bellingham's factious ill temper. Speaking in one passage of some of these disagreements, he says, "Indeed it occasioned much grief to all the elders, and gave great offence through the country; and such as were acquainted with other states in the world, and had not well known the persons, would have concluded such a faction here as hath been usual in the council of England and other states, who walk by politic principles only. But these gentlemen were such as feared God, and endeavored to walk by the rules of his word in all their proceedings, so as it might be conceived in charity that they walked according to their judgments and conscience, and where they went aside it was merely for want of light, or their eyes were held through some temptation for a time, that they could not make use of the light they had; for in all these differences and agitations about them, they continued in brotherly love, and in the exercise of all friendly offices each to other, as occasion required." And the story of the governor's own reconciliation with Dudley shows that, so far as he himself was concerned, he has not overstated the case.

Winthrop's narrative, like Bradford's, was left in manuscript at his death, and came to be a part of the New England Library in the Old South Church. Its subsequent vicissitudes were curious, though not so remarkable as those of the History of Plymouth Plantation. After the Revolution, two of the three volumes of the manuscript were found in the possession of the elder branch of the Winthrops in Connecticut, edited, very superficially it must be said, by the redoubtable lexicographer, Noah Webster, and published in 1790. In 1816, the third volume was discovered in the dormitory of the Old South Church. The Massachusetts Historical Society entrusted the preparation of a new edition of the whole to James Savage. Before he had accomplished the collation of the second volume of the manuscript, that volume was destroyed by a fire which broke out in his office. The

first and the third volumes are now in the library of the society; for the second, our text is that of Webster's edition.

He who is seeking a characteristic production of the traditional Puritan should without doubt resort to that of the fourth and last writer upon our list. Its very title is characteristically Puritan. It was an age of quaint title-pages; but nowhere were they quainter than in the books of the New England Puritans. "New England's Teares for Old England's Feares," "New England's Salamander Discovered," "New England's Jonas cast up at London," "The Heart of New England rent at the Blasphemies of the Present Generation," and, for a longer example, that of John Cotton's famous pamphlet, "Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breast of both Testaments, chiefly for the Spiritual Nourishment of Boston Babes, but may be of like use to other Children." Such are the names of some of the early historical and controversial tracts of New England. Among them all, few have a quainter title than that which the author of the historical book before us bestowed upon it,— "The Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England." The London publisher saw fit to alter this upon the title-page to "The History of New England;" but in the headlines of the pages the title chosen by the author is followed throughout. A history of New England the book is not, but rather a history of Massachusetts down to the year 1651. Among the New England histories it has the distinction of having been the first to appear in print; for it was printed in London in 1653 (dated 1654). It was printed anonymously, but its author is known to have been Captain Edward Johnson, selectman and town-clerk at the town of Woburn in Massachusetts. In Governor Winthrop, as I have declared, we may see Puritanism at its very best. But the *élite* of humanity are nowhere in a majority. A better representative of the average Puritan of the middle class is doubtless Captain Johnson. He was a Kentish farmer, and probably also a shipwright, who came out in the same fleet with Winthrop in 1630. A dozen years later he was, in company with half a dozen others, one of the founders of the new

town of Woburn. It is interesting to note that, of his dozen companions in this undertaking, one, John Sedgwick, afterward became one of Cromwell's major-generals, while another rose in the naval service of England to be Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves. But the stout Kentishman, having put his hand to the plough, chose to remain in the town he had helped to plant. He had always an important part in the affairs of the town, was chosen selectman nearly every year, was again and again elected to represent the town in the general court or legislature of the colony, acted as town clerk, and was captain of the train-band. He was, therefore, more or less concerned in the public affairs of the colony, but never had a leading part in them. Though he was a more prominent, a wealthier, and perhaps a more intelligent man than most of his fellow-citizens, we may well enough take him as in most respects a type of the rank and file of the original settlers. This is in the main what gives its value to this first printed history of Massachusetts.

Captain Edward Johnson was far inferior to Governor Winthrop in breadth, in culture, and in fineness of spirit. The hot zeal, the narrow partisanship, the confident dogmatism, which characterized so much of Puritanism, have in him a striking example. No one could be more remote from the cool, sceptical, examining temper of the modern historian, who hears, and smiles, and deducts, and balances. All Johnson's opinions are self-evident to him. He sees no good in the lords bishops. He will not listen to the servants of the chief priests; rather his first impulse is to draw a sword and cut off Malchus's ear. He is full of that narrow Hebraism which, when it prayed kept open its windows toward Jerusalem, but closed every other avenue to the soul. To hew Agag in pieces before the Lord is to his mind not the least attractive of religious duties. With him the church militant is more than a metaphor. The life of the colony appears to him most frequently in the guise of an armed conflict; he hears in its story the noise of battle, the thunder of the captains and the shouting, and in vehement canticles summons the Israel of New England to the

help of the Lord against the mighty. Old Testament phrases are his delight; he speaks, throughout, the dialect which the French wittily call the *patois de Canaan*. To the Puritan zeal he adds the Puritan superstition. Everywhere the hand of the Lord is seen protecting his saints; his Wonder-Working Providence appears not only in the general movement of the events narrated, but in every detail of the fortunes and misfortunes of individuals, so that his pages bristle with special providences. His account of one of these may be quoted.

"To end this yeare 1639, the Lord was pleased to send a very sharp winter, and more especially in strong storms of weekly snows, with very bitter blasts; And here the Reader may take notice of the sad hand of the Lord against two persons, who were taken in a storme of snow, as they were passing from Boston to Roxbury, it being much about a mile distant, and a very plaine way. One of Roxbury sending to Boston his servant maid for a Barber-Chirurgion to draw his tooth, they lost their way in their passage between, and were not found till many dayes after, and then the maid was found in one place, and the man in another, both of them frozen to death; in which sad accident, this was taken into consideration by divers people, that this barber was more than ordinary laborious to draw men to those sinfull Errors, that were formerly so frequent, and now newly overthrowne by the blessing of the Lord, . . . he having a fit opportunity, by reason of his trade, so soone as they were set downe in his chaire, he would commonly be cutting of their haire and the truth together; notwithstanding some report better of the man, the example is for the living, the dead is judged of the Lord alone."

This last is a redeeming touch. It cannot be said that it is not in some degree characteristic. With all the illiberality and harshness of his theological zeal, the man was not unkindly. Something of the spirit of Winthrop appeared in even the less enlightened of those who followed him; Johnson's Puritanism was not all unlovely, and at any rate it was far from ignoble. Let us be just to the Puritans. Doubtless they would not be agreeable

neighbors. Doubtless they would have hanged or burned a considerable number of us, and banished all the rest: for in these degenerate days hardly any one is orthodox according to their standards. Yet let us remember that they did possess, in an eminent degree, those virtues that spring from confidence in a high purpose and a mission felt to be momentous and sacred, from belief in character, from belief in enthusiasm, from belief in strenuous effort. If the bit of quaint superstition which has been quoted is characteristic of Johnson and his companions, not less characteristic is the following passage, in which is exhibited in an instructive manner the attitude of the struggling colony toward its cherished college. Describing the eager desire of the colonists that learning should be adequately maintained among them, he says: "And verily had not the Lord been pleased to furnish N. E. with means for the attainment of learning, the work would have been carried on very heavily, and the hearts of godly parents would have vanish'd away with heaviness for their poor children, whom they must have left in a desolate wilderness, destitute of the means of grace." After picturesquely setting forth their sense of the magnitude of such an enterprise as the foundation of a college in comparison with their feeble resources, he goes on to say:

"Hereupon all those who had tasted the sweet wine of Wisdom's drawing, and fed on the dainties of knowledge, began to set their wits a work, . . . Means they know there are, many thousands uney'd of mortal man, which every daies Providence brings forth; upon these resolutions, to work they go, and with thankful acknowledgement, readily take up all lawful means as they come to hand, for place they fix their eye upon New Town, which to tell their Posterity whence they came, is now named Cambridg, and withal to make the whole world understand, that spiritual learning was the thing they chiefly desired, to sanctifie the other, and make the whole lump holy, and that learning being set upon its right object, might not contend for error instead of truth; they chose this place, being then under the Orthodox, and soul-flourishing

Ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepheard. . . . The scituation of this colleg is very pleasant, at the end of a spacious plain, more like a bowling-green, then a wilderness, neer a fair navigable river, environed with many Neighboring Towns of note, . . . the building thought by some to be too gorgeous for a wilderness, and yet too mean in others apprehensions for a colleg, it is at present enlarging by purchase of the neighbour houses, it hath the conveniences of a fair Hall, comfortable Studies, and a good Library, given by the liberal hand of some Magistrates and Ministers with others. The chief gift towards the founding of this Colledg, was by Mr. John Harvard, a reverend Minister; the country being very weak in their publike Treasury, expended about 500. £ toward it, and for the maintenance thereof, gave the yearly revenue of a Ferry passage between Boston and Charlestown, the which amounts to about 40. or 50. £ per annum. . . . This Colledg hath brought forth, and nurst up very hopeful plants, to the supplying some churches here, as the gracious and godly Mr. Wilson, son to the grave and zealous servant of Christ, Mr. John Wilson, [and others] . . . Mr. Henry Dunster is now president of [it], fitted from the Lord for the work, and by those that have skill that way, reported to be an able Proficient, in both Hebrew, Greek, and Latine languages, an Orthodox preacher of the truths of Christ, very powerful through his blessing to move the affection: and besides he having a good inspection into the well-ordering of things for the Students' maintenance (whose commons hath been very short hitherto) by his frugal providence hath continued them longer at their studies than otherwise they could have done; and, verily, it's great pity such ripe heads as many of them be, should want means to further them in learning."

One curious feature of Johnson's style of historical composition remains to be noted. This is his habit of inserting in his narrative bits of original verse. The earliest colonial writers were somewhat addicted to this habit. Roger Williams closes each short chapter of his *Indian grammar*, or "Key into the Language of

America," with a stanza or so of verses as bad as any that one often encounters; John Smith, we have seen, developed in later life something of this habit. But few among them all had it in a more aggravated form than the author of the "Wonder-Working Providence." His book contains no less than sixty-eight poems. The present writer has read them all, with the pious care of a lineal descendant, and can, confidently state that they are all very bad. One of them, on the Massachusetts Company, runs in this unconsciously brisk and jaunty manner,—

"For richest Jems and gainfull things most Merchants wisely venter;
Deride not then New England men, this Corporation enter;
Christ calls for Trade shall never fade, come Craddock factors send;
Let Mayhew go and other more, spare not thy coyne to spend;
Such Trades advance did never chance, in all thy Trading yet,
Though some deride thy losse, abide, her's gaine beyond man's wit."

Most of them, however, are in honor or commemoration of individual persons prominently concerned in the foundation of the colony, or godly ministers of its churches. The author, after mentioning the person, inserts some modest introductory phrase, such as, "of whom the author is bold to say as followeth," or "in remembrance of whom mind this meeter," and then, to use a phrase now become classic, "drops into poetry." One of the most characteristic is that which ensues after the mention of Governor John Endicott. "And now," he says, "let no man be offended at the author's rude verse, penned of purpose to keepe in memory the names of such worthies as Christ made strong for himselfe, in this unwonted worke of his."

"Strong valiant John wilt thou march on, and take up station first,

Christ cal'd hath thee, his soldier be, and faile not of thy trust;
Wilderness wants Christ's grace supplants, then plant his Churches pure,
With Tongues gifted, and graces led, help thou to his procure;
Undaunted thou wilt not allow, Malignant men to wast:
Christs Vineyard heere, whose grace should cheere, his well-beloved's tast.
Then honoured be, thy Christ hath thee their Generall promoted:
To show their love, in place above, his people have thee voted.
Yet must thou fall, to grave with all the Nobles of the Earth,
Thou rotting worme, to dust must turn, and worse but for new birth."

But in truth, the service of Clio can hardly be profitably mixed with the meditation of other muses, and Johnson's book, in spite of his "meeters," and his excellent intentions, is not a historical source of the first quality. For while he gives much valuable information, especially as to the successive planting of new towns and churches in Massachusetts, he is not seldom inaccurate.

Such were the four historians, and such was the historiography of our first colonial period. Of other writers, whose works were not of purely historical import, or who attained not unto the first four, it is not my purpose to speak. Yet one of them, Hubbard's "Narrative of the Indian War," a book marked by much vividness of narration, was in its own time esteemed of such importance, that for the perusing and approving it, we are told, "three honorable Magistrates were deputed by the Governor and Council of the Massachusetts Colony, (one of whom was a Major-General, and the other two were afterwards Governors)." The whirligig of time brings its revenges. In our day, major-generals and governors, and even presidential candidates, have taken to the writing of history, and the historical scholar has the opportunity of reviewing them.



ALMIRY GEER'S STORY.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.



HE wa'n't always such a slack piece," said old Mrs. Anthony, speaking of her "help," Mrs. Geer. "I can remember when she was considerable high-steppin', an' bright, an' ambitious. An' she was a sweet singer, Almiry Maccomber was. She used to set in the Free Baptist Choir. That's where Geer see her first. He come here to work in the printin' office, an' used to go to meetin' a purpose to see Almiry. She wore a pink lawn that summer, an' a sort of white mantilly of some thin stuff, an' a little white bunnet. An' her cheeks were as pink as her dress, every bit. She wa'n't never no beauty; but she was wholesome lookin'; an' Geer, he thought she was made of a little better stuff'n the rest of us. She didn't have a happy home, Almiry didn't. They was a selfish, lazy set, them Maccombers—great strappin' boys, that thought their sister was made to wait an' tend, an' bring wood an' water, while they went fishin' or gunnin', or set in Sam Weeks's store with their heels histed, squirtin' tobaccer juice. Their mother was a poor, washed-out thing, as patient as an old camel. She had her load, an' she knew she'd got to carry it; an' carry it she did till it slipped off at her grave. Her neighbors wa'n't sorry to hear she was dead, except for Almiry's sake. Old man Maccomber was a cumberer of the earth, if there ever was one. His backbone all turned to gristle afore he was forty years old, an' he jest set down an' waited for time to pass by him. Sometimes he planted a few little hills o' garden stuff an' poked the dirt 'round 'em, an' folks used to say: "Old man Maccomber's to work," a good deal as they'd a said, "There's a comet comin'!" He called himself sick, an' was always bilin' and brewin' something for his insides. He died about the time Geer came here, an' the boys scattered,

an' Almiry went to work for Miss Sarsnet, the milliner. I know—you wouldn't think she ever see the inside of a milliner's shop; but didn't I tell you she was different in them days? On account of her havin' such a dreary kind of a bringin' up, an' nothin' pleasant like other girls,—at least I take it that was the reason,—Almiry just give her heart away to Geer soon's he showed that he liked her; an' the whole village was free to see that she was worshippin' him. Some of the neighbors called him Almiry's golden calf; for he had a head of yeller hair as near the color of gold as hair could be. He was a feller that anybody would take to, Geer was. Jest like a big good-natured boy; always laughin, an' carryin' on, an' havin' his joke with the women folks. He played the fiddle, too, an' he could play the tears into your eyes if he tried; but he was more apt to set you a dancin'. He was stiddy to work, an' earned good wages, an' nobody could say aught agin him, or why he an' Almiry shouldn't be married as soon as she could get her weddin' gown ready. Well, they was married,—'twas in May, an' the lilacs was bloomin', an' the birds singin' in the orchards. They was married in the Free Baptist Meetin'-house, an' we all went to see 'em.

If ever a girl thought she'd got into heaven without dyin', 'twas Almiry. They went right from the meetin'-house to some rooms they furnished with things that was her mother's; an' some of us that liked 'em both had a nice little supper ready for 'em. After they'd had a chance to get a little wanted to their new home, a half a dozen of us neighbors went one evenin' to make 'em a little visit. Almiry had everything spick an' span. You could see your face in her cook-stove; an' as Polly Ann Weeks remarked,—“You can tell whether a woman's a good housekeeper or not by the looks of her cook-stove.” After we'd been there a spell, John went out, remarkin' that he was goin' to the post-

office. When he come back, he was loaded down with nuts an' candies, an' lemons for lemonade. "Did you get a letter?" said Almiry, as John put the things on a table, we a scoldin' him for spendin' his money, an' he a laughin' good-naturedly. "Yes," said John. "Who from?" said Almiry. "Oh, from one o' my old flames," said John. She was helpin' him unload his pockets at the time, an' the red come to her cheeks quite sudden, an' she turned away an' pretended to be very busy gettin' plates an' napkins an' a hammer an' flatiron to crack the nuts. But she was back by her husband's side before long. She couldn't keep away from him. He just drew her after him as a magnet draws iron filin's. Nobody can't say I don't love my Joshua. I've been true to him as steel. I've washed an' cooked an' stewed an' brewed in cold an' heat, sickness an' health, an' stood on my feet with them achin' like the toothache, hours after he was snorin' in his feather bed; an' I've done it for forty years willin'ly. Nobody can't say I don't love my companion. But I never knowed nothin' about that kind o' love that Almiry had, an' I never want to. Why, Geer seemed to have a cord right round her heart, an' every time he stirred, it pulled her in the tenderest place. My goodness!

Well, time went on, an' they settled down to everyday livin'. They come to meetin' regular, an' that was the main place where I had a chance to see 'em, not bein' no hand to visit. Almiry looked happy as a queen some Sundays; but I noticed a set look on her face sometimes; an' I noticed, an' so did Polly Ann Weeks, that when she had that look she an' John had two hymn-books between 'em insted o' one.

"It's nothin'," said Polly Ann. "All young couples has to ride the breakers, as you might say, before they get into the open sea o' matrimony. Almiry's inclined to jealousy; an' John's more'n a little obstinate. When he thinks he's in the right he won't budge an inch. But they're both sound as nuts at the core."

I knew this was so; an' as Almiry was mostly bloomin' an' smilin' when I see her, I concluded she was gettin' her

neck fitted to the yoke. For marriage is a yoke in spite o' what young frisky flirtin' things may think about it. To be sure, Polly Ann Weeks heard tell that John Geer had letters that he didn't show his wife; an' that he an' Almiry had spats every few days. But as I told Polly Ann, there's always tongues that'll turn white black if you give 'em a chance. I never was no hand to believe a swan was a crow because a passel of old women said so. I'd rather trust my own eyes; an' so I told Polly Ann Weeks.

By an' by Almiry stopped comin' to meetin'. I had my suspicions an' went to see her. I found her workin' a vine on a little white flannel petticoat. I set down an' talked awhile, not appearin' to notice, an' while I was talkin' John come in. He passed the time o' day with me, an' asked me to excuse Almiry a minute an' beckoned her out o' the room. I heard their voices in the bedroom adjoinin'; they seemed to be arguin'; an' the more they argued, the less they seemed to agree. After a while John went out an' Almiry come back to where I was settin'. She didn't take up her work, but just set there with her hands lyin' slack in her lap.

The very next day I heard that a good-lookin' young woman had come to the hotel to board. The Leonard House was the only hotel here then. Joshua was depot-master at that time, an' he knew all about the comin's an' goin's. He see the young woman get off the train, an' he see John Geer put her into a carriage an' get in after her. Of course such doin's made talk in a little place like Millersville. Everybody asked why John didn't take the woman to his own house if she was anybody that he had a right too, an' if she wasn't, then what was she here for? I hadn't forgot the disputin' in the bedroom the day I went to see Almiry, an' I suspicioned that she was jealous, an' he was bent on havin' his own way. That he thought 'twas the right way, I didn't doubt for a minute. Logic is logic. An' I said to myself, an' to Joshua: "What John Geer's a doin' is in the broad light o' day; an' it's likely he knows what he's about. Almiry's a goose; an' most women is where men's

concerned." There might be a secret. I didn't question that. An' if you like, a secret between married partners is always wrong. But further than that I was as sure that John Geer was an honest man, as that I'm a settin' here. I told Almiry so, for their quarrel had come to be an understood thing; an' some of her friends give her advice just about as safe for her to take as pizen would a ben.

Well, one day I took it into my head to go an' see Almiry. I pitied the girl, an' I thought, havin' known her ever sence she was a baby, she might hear to me. For I meant to give her a piece of my mind, an' to stan' up for John through thick an' thin. As soon's I got to the house an' laid eyes on Almiry, I see that the thing had come to a head. She was white as this pocket hankercher, an' she held her head high, I tell you. I didn't think it was in Almiry to stiffen up so. But her heart was bein' pulled out of her by that string that John Geer had got 'round it. He pulled one way an' she another, an' she was just hardenin' herself to bear it. After I had been in the settin' room with Almiry a few minutes, she spoke up sharp an' sudden, an' said:

"Mrs. Anthony, will you go to the Leonard House with me?"

I started as if you had stuck a pin in me. "What on earth do you want to go there for?" I said.

"Wouldn't you want to go if you was in my place?" she said, still with her head up an' her shoulders braced as if she were made of stone.

"No, I shouldn't, Almiry Geer," said I; "an' if you'll listen to the advice I come here a purpose to make you a present on, you won't want to go. John Geer's your lawful husband, an' it's your duty to trust him. What's come o' the love you perferred at the altar?"

I was sorry I ever spoke them words; for they was no sooner out of my mouth, than Almiry seemed to be took with a sort of catch right in her heart. She put her hand to her side, an' sort o' doubled together, an' sunk into a chair. I run for the camphor bottle, but she pushed it away, an' dragged herself into her bedroom an' lay down on the bed. I went home, for she wouldn't let me do the least

thing; but I sent Cinthy Rathbun, a woman that does everything, from nussin' to cleanin' meetin' houses, for I thought she'd ought to have help; an I knew John wouldn't leave his work till late that night. The next day I went to see how they was gettin' along. Cinthy met me at the door, lookin' a good deal cut up, an' took me into the spare room. The shades was down, an' 'twas so dark I didn't see anything clear for a minute. But soon 's I got my bearin's I see something layin' in the corner of the sofy. The first thing I made out was the runnin' vine on the little flannel petticoat that I see Almiry workin'. I went closer an' there was a baby still an' cold an' white like marble. "It won't never know nothin' about this world's trouble," Cinthy said to me; an' then I come away, for I heard John Geer's step in the kitchen, an' I hadn't the heart to face him.

"The little dead baby'll be a peace-maker between them," I said to myself. An' I had it all fixed'n my mind that 'twas best the little thing should go. An' I expected to see Almiry comin' to meetin' in a week or two, pale an' patient, an' John with his gay face sobered. I knew it would be a blow to John, losin' his baby, but "trouble is good for folks sometimes," I said to myself. But things seldom happen as you plan 'em,—at least with such folks as Almiry Geer. What do you think? It wa'n't mor'n a week 'fore Cinthy Rathbun come to see me. I was out turnin' some sheetin' that I was bleachin' on the grass. Cinthy come 'round into the back yard to find me. She leaned against a cherry tree an' watched me till the sheetin' was all turned. When I had done, says I, straightenin' myself, an' takin' a long breath, "How's Almiry?"

"I hope you won't be too much shocked," says she, "for I know you're her friend, an'"—

"Stop!" says I. "Is Almiry Geer dead?"

"No, she ain't," says she. "I ain't sure though, but she'd better be dead. If she was layin' side of the baby we should know where she was."

"Ain't she to home?" says I.

"No, she ain't," says she.

"Where is she, then?" says I. "What's the use o' makin' such a mystery, Cinthy Rathbun?"

"Because there is a mystery," says she. "Almiry Geer's left her husband."

My knees gave way at that, an' I should a sunk in a heap on the grass if I hadn't clutched Cinthy's arm, an' held myself up.

"You don't mean to say that she went off unbeknownst to anybody?" said I.

"Yes, she did," said she; "an' John Geer's boardin' at the Leonard House, an' their tenement is locked up."

"Almiry Geer's a fool!" said I.

"There's different opinions about that," said Cinthy. "What's he gone to the hotel to board for, I should like to know!"

"Because his wife's left him," said I.

"Humph!" said Cinthy.

I grew pretty mad then. I hate hints, an' looks that mean more'n out an' out charges, an' I opened on Cinthy Rathbun, an' when she'd heard enough she left the house. She always was sort o' meachin' an' underhand.

'Twas five years ago that it happened. There wa'n't never nothin' like it in this country. I mean the givin way o' that dam, an' the water tearin' down into the valley, sweepin' along trees an' houses as if they had been straw an' children's toys. It was like the day o' judgment to them that was in its way. The house that Almiry an' John lived in stood low, in the very wake o' the water. When John heard that the dam had give way and the flood was comin', instid o' keepin' in a safe place, he ran to his home to try to save some of Almiry's things. An' the woman that all the fuss was about, she run after him with her child in her arms, a-beggin' an' implorin' of him to stop. My Joshua, he see it all. But he had enough to do savin' the poor creatures that couldn't help themselves. It looked as if they'd have a chance to get out o' the house safe enough, for the flood was stayed a little just above by a great raft o' trees an' logs an' housen stuff; an' they two—John an' the woman—actually carried out great armfuls o' beddin' an' wearin' apparel,—Almiry's weddin' gown with the rest, an' the poor little baby things. An' they got to a safe place

with the things, an' if they'd been contented with that, they might'a saved their lives. But they went back once more; it might'a been to get Almiry's silver that was her grandmother's, for John was found with a silver spoon clutched tight in his hand; an' the flood, fiercer than ever for bein' kept back, plunged down on 'em an' carried the little house away as if it had been an eggshell. Joshua see it rockin' and tossin' and they at the winder—John, the woman, an' the baby.

The next day there was corpses in most every house that was left. John an' the woman an' the baby, they was brought to our house. I would have it so. I wa'n't goin' to have John Geer laid out in no hotel. An' I said if the woman was his friend I'd be her friend too, an' I had them bodies laid out as if they'd been my own kin. They'd been layin' there some time, an' lots o' folks had viewed 'em, when all of a sudden Almiry Geer came stalkin' into the house like a ghost. Close behind her was Hank Maccomber. An' when I see 'em I thought in a minute of a sermon our minister preached describin' the souls that go away without hope at the last day. I declare I couldn't speak.

"Where's John?" asked Almira, in a voice that might a' come out o' the mouth o' some o' the drowned folks, it was so little like any livin' voice. I got up an' went ahead into the parlor where he laid in his coffin. Almira went in an' stood between the two corpses, an' looked from one to the other, an' at the little dead baby by its mother's side. She didn't shed a tear. She looked awhile, then she took some sprays o' purple heliotrope out o' her handkercher. They was so fresh an' sweet that the room was full o' scent in a minute. An' as calm as if the dead was only sleepin' she put a bunch o' the flowers in John's hand, an' a bunch in the woman's, an' a little spray in the baby's. Then she turned to her brother, an' says she, "Come." An' there was that look on both their faces like lost souls, too frightened by God's awful voice passin' sentence to sob or cry or complain as folks might in common trouble.

As Almira passed out between the coffins, I got holt of her 'round the waist,

an' dragged her down to the sofy, and says I, "You shan't go." Why, I expected to see her turn ravin' crazy any minute. An' says I: "God's sorriest for the dreadfullest trouble; an' you'd better tell *Him*." An' I slipped onto my knees, an' I just cried to God to help them poor creatures. An' when I got through prayin', Almiry was clingin' to my neck an' sobbin'; but the man, her brother, had slipped out, an' that was the last I ever see o' him; though he left money with one of his cronies to pay the funeral charges of the woman an' child.

Well, when Almiry calmed down a little I got her out into the settin' room, an' she told me just what I expected to hear some time or other — that John Geer wan't no ways to blame except in havin' a secret from Almiry. The poor drowned woman was his own only sister, an' the child was Hank Maccomber's. Theascal had pretended to marry her when he had no right to marry, havin' a wife already. She made John promise to keep her secret. An' they got into a tangle, — she an' John an' Almiry, on account of John's obstinacy, an' Almiry's jealousy, an' the human nature they all had. I always

shall say the woman ought to'a told Almiry her story, seein' as how she come to Millersville to get help from John. But then, 'tain't likely she ever dreamt of such a thing as Almiry's actin' as she did. An' John, poor fellow, was faithful to both women.

Almiry's lived with me ever sence. She's been tolerble useful, bein' as faithful a creature as ever breathed: an' that's a great deal in these days. But she's slack. The life all went out of her when John was drowned. She'd a been a poor crazy thing if I hadn't held on to her, or if the Lord hadn't, for she's been a believer ever sence: an' takes comfort over the easy parts of the Testament when her work's done, an' she sets down with her clean apron on. Her wits was saved, but they ain't what you would call sharp. She always has a pot o' purple heliotrope bloomin' summer an' winter. She'd spend every cent of her wages for it if she couldn't get it any other way. It was the flower John loved best, she says: an' she'll talk to it as she goes about her work; an' stan' an' smile when its lookin' bright an' pretty. 'Tain't likely she'll ever be any different."

BEACH GRASS.

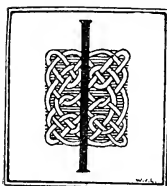
By Emily Shaw Forman.

A LEADEN sky above a leaden sea,
 A sandy beach, with wreck of seaweed strown,
 No sound but Ocean's cheerless monotone,
 And not a flower to bear me company!
 So moaned my heart, one dull November day.
 Lifting my downcast eyes, I grew aware
 Of a near helpful presence: everywhere,
 Down to the sea's white verge, in stanch array,
 Rank upon rank, the steadfast beach grass stood,
 Strength and content in all its graceful curves, —
 Type of a soul that bows, but never swerves.
 Nobly did'st thou rebuke my plaintive mood,
 O faithful watcher of the cliffs and dunes,
 Writing upon the sand thy mystic runes.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY.

I.

John D. Long.



THINK the New England of forty or fifty years ago has been subjected, in the social and general features of its country town life, to a radical change, and will never, in those respects, return to its former sort. For two hundred years, till 1840 or 1850, its towns remained practically unchanged in the character, habits, living, and occupations of their inhabitants; or, perhaps I should say, moved in a current of slow development along the same lines. Since that time there has been a rapid and fundamental shaking up and dispersion of elements. The overwhelming inrush of foreign immigration; the injection of foreigners distributed along every line of railroad embankment and around every mill wheel, being at first engaged in the construction of the means of material enterprise, but next multiplying in numbers and flowering out in thrifty, permanent citizenship; especially also the railroad system itself, which has fairly sucked the native New England population into the maelstrom of city life and business; largely, too, the more attractive opportunities there offered for the swift acquirement of wealth, — all these and other causes have wrought the revolution. The old family trees have been remorselessly stripped and shattered. The winter school, that used to have in the farming country districts fifty or sixty scholars, "great big" boys on the back seats, "fellers" and girls chewing gum, sliding down hill, going to spelling school, yet turning out ultimately as the very bone and sinew of a vigorous New England life, have now wilted to a meagre and straggling attendance of small urchins. The soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and the men of their time, (and they were the best blood of Pilgrim and Puritan descent) that went

a century ago to the farms of Maine, and the hill towns of what was then remote in Massachusetts, and made a spirited yeomanry with their well-filled churches, their saw-mills and stores, their turnpikes and stage-coaches, their trainings and musters, their justice courts and vigorous town-meetings, their great fields and farms, and barns and crops, and even their pretensions and distinctions in social life, — have now to a great extent, outside of the central villages, a diminishing number of representatives left, except when some millionaire jauntily comes back, after a half-century's absence, for a few summer weeks, and starts a fancy stock-farm for tosses a public library to the old Common where he used to play ball, or drive home his father's cows. Many an outlying rural mansion, almost aristocratic in its day with its white paint and green blinds, with hollyhocks in the yard, and mahogany and dainty china in the interior, is now in a dilapidated old age, crushed under a mortgage, or bought for a song by some wanderer from foreign shores.

But this is not finality; it is simply transition. It has been the result, not of the depression, but of the prosperity of our country for the last thirty years — a prosperity which has given such activity to its centres of population that the mobile elements of American enterprise and force have swarmed to the points of largest attraction; that is, to the cities from the towns, to the valleys from the hills, to the prairies from the rocks, and to the mill wheels from the sheep pasture. A reaction is sure to come. It will come from the steady increase of general wealth, which, as a matter of taste, of change, of novelty, as well as investment, will flow back again. It will come more and more speedily as now the public lands, the domain of which until recently seemed inexhaustible, are more and more occupied; and as the pioneer, finding no longer the boundless room of the West, turns his face to the sunrise and finds that New England

has still, in her soil, resources of product and maintenance, and that, in fact, during all this transition time, there have been those who remained on the paternal acres and have made them pleasant and profitable. Indeed in the towns about the birthplace of any of us, there are here and there not a few such cases.

And this reaction, too, has already begun to come, more than some are aware, in the fact that our citizens of foreign birth are seeking and have sought the New England farms, and are there going through the experiences which made our own ancestors self-supporting farmers: to wit, living prudently, saving their money, making no show of dress or equipage or lavish living, and raising large families of boys and girls, and keeping them at work indoors and out of doors, at home. There

is no fear for the future of New England rural life. It will be a different life from that of a generation or two ago. It will be, not a unique, but a conglomerate population. It will not be of one faith, but of many faiths. It will not be a Puritan New England, but will be the New England of the twentieth century, with a seaboard rich in foreign commerce,—with great cities,—with factories and all sorts of skilled industries dotting its inland,—with the most improved means of locomotion everywhere from hamlet to centre,—and with its fields and farms cultured and productive, furnishing the living and profit of the farmer who depends on the soil, or representing the wealth and leisure of those who retire or turn to country life and expend upon it the surplus of their profits gained in commerce or manufacture.

II.

George B. Loring.

IN considering the future of the New England country, we naturally review the past, and are guided by the facts which are already recorded in history. It is but a century since the population of Massachusetts was not more than three hundred thousand. Boston had only thirteen thousand souls. The entries of foreign and coasting vessels into that port were about three hundred annually, and the clearances were about four hundred. The valuation of all the property of Massachusetts, including the Province of Maine, was about ten millions only. The travel on the great line to New York was more than accommodated by two stage coaches and twelve horses. The strangers who visited Boston landed mostly at Long Wharf, we are told. No bridges spanned the Charles or the Mystic. In Essex County, one of the oldest and most populous sections of the colony, there were only three post-offices, and the appointment of these postmasters was all the patronage of that kind which the illustrious chief magistrate or his postmaster-general possessed. A weekly mail was a luxury: a weekly newspaper was all that the most inquisitive or ambitious

could obtain for the gratification of their curiosity or the ventilation of their views. The school-system of Massachusetts, even, the most cultivated of all the New England States, was most primitive. Here and there an academy, simply organized, conducted by a strict disciplinarian whose scholarship was undoubted, constituted all the means by which young men were prepared for college. No school of theology or law, and but one of medicine existed. Children were educated in district schools called "outskirts" and sometimes "squadron" institutions. The senior class in Harvard college counted only twenty-seven students, and Harvard was the only college in New England. Lawyers were at a discount: and a young man just entering on the profession wrote to a friend: "The profession by which I am to get my bread, nay, the very coat in which I can at present exercise it, is denied." The clergy were the social autocrats, and ruled their parishes with a rod of iron, while with supreme authority and assurance they pointed the way to heaven. The farmers, who constituted the bulk of the population, living in exceedingly simple dwellings, wearing largely homespun, led isolated lives, and were dis-

tinguished for sturdiness of purpose, rather than for any grace of mind or body. Farming was a rude, while a successful occupation. The plough, the flail, and the sickle were clumsy and would now be considered useless. The territory of New England was occupied by farms large and small, in which all grace and beauty were ignored before the universal demand for profit and a good living. A refined and beautiful country residence was hardly known. The residents of the city spent the entire year in their city houses, and rarely, even in midsummer, journeyed either to the mountains or the sea, and never enjoyed the luxury of a summer home. Of the habitations of these people the author of the "*Memoirs of an American Lady*," says :

"The house I had so much delight in recollecting had no pretension to grandeur and very little to elegance. . . . Through the middle of the house was a very wide passage with opposite front and back doors, which in summer admitted a stream of air peculiarly grateful to the languid senses. Valuable furniture was the favorite luxury of these people."

The same author assures us that the lives of her cultivated friends "besides being passed in unruffled peace and prosperity afford few of those vicissitudes which astonish and arouse." And of the great mass of mankind who lived outside of the small towns and cities, we are told that they had "plenty of the necessaries of life, but no luxuries. Their wives and daughters milked the cows and wrought at the hay. They usually had clean houses with pleasant porticos, and a fine stream beside the dwelling and some Indian wigwams near them. They were wood-surrounded and seemed absolutely to live in the bosom of nature, screened from all the artificial ills of life ; and those spots, cleared of incumbrances, yet still in native luxuriance, had a wild originality about them not easily described." Wilson, the ornithologist, a Pennsylvania Scotchman, a confirmed grumbler, but a shrewd judge, and the most thorough of American travellers, said, as late as 1808 :

their schoolhouses equally deserted and ruinous with ours; fields covered with stones; stone fences; scrubby oaks and pines; wretched orchards; scarcely one grain field in twenty miles; the taverns along the road dirty and filled with loungers brawling about lawsuits and politics; the people snappish, and extortionous, lazy, and two hundred years behind the Pennsylvanians in agricultural improvements."

President Dwight found better things in New England, and was convinced that the tastes of the people were simple enough to be "satisfied with college commencements and sleigh rides as an amusement." Their landscape was not adorned with flower gardens and lawns, but they took care to plant near their dwellings the American elm, which to-day towers above the farmhouse which it has watched so many years : and which stands even, now, the monument to the social and domestic virtues, and the integrity and courage and honesty of the generations who have gathered beneath its shade. They rejoiced in the "wild originality" about them.

A century has rolled round since the state of things which I have described existed. Had the American of that early day predicted the facts of this he would have been counted a visionary and a dreamer. Leaving the thirteen thousand people of his admirable and beloved Boston, with its crooked streets and cow-pastures, he could now wander through the twenty large cities of Massachusetts, and return to his home, thronged with four hundred thousand brilliant and busy inhabitants, all engaged in some adventure of mind and body and estate. He could reach the Pacific Coast in less time than he formerly occupied in passing from Boston to Philadelphia. The arts, the sciences, the industries of modern life, would astonish the venerable inhabitant of our old New England. His discourse of last evening would be read in every city in this Union in the morning papers, if he had recited any fact of universal interest or general sensation. His rustic home would be adorned with reproductions of the "*Angelus*" or Rosa Bonheur's horses. The refinements of philosophy would have cleared away the theological perplexities of his ancestors. A long procession of two hundred and twelve seniors would pour through the gates of Harvard, and a

"My journey through almost the whole of New England has rather lowered the Yankees in my esteem. Except a few neat academics, I found

college known as Yale, new to his vision, would count a score more as her new recruits in the army of scholars. The "outsirt" and the "squadron" would have disappeared, and the stately high school would fill their places, and struggle to eclipse the academy itself. To a person accustomed to the slow and moderate methods of this man's mind, the intellectual activity of the present would be bewildering and confusing. The audacity of investigation has taken the place of accepted dogma, and in mind and morals the community has assumed new duties and new obligations.

The soil of the New England states is occupied by an agricultural industry very different from that which existed a century ago. When this territory fed and clothed almost the entire population, there was a uniformity of occupation which prevailed in all sections. A farm in Berkshire county was similar to a farm in Essex; and the characteristics of the people were the same in both counties. But sixty years ago that great manufacturing industry sprang up which has changed the whole aspect of the states and the condition of society. Over a large portion of New England have sprung up centres of a most active and industrious character, established by able and energetic men, and conducted by the best and most comprehensive capacity. In these towns and cities we find the best of modern talent conducting the business, engaged in the professions, managing the schools, and controlling the order and well-being of society. We find also an ample market for all that the farmers can produce on adjoining lands; and the cultivation of New England soil has left the remote regions and has clustered around these more favored and encouraging spots. Not only in the management of farms, but in the general character of the people has the influence of these populous centres become strongly felt. We hear much of the distinguished sons of our ancient and perhaps now declining towns. We are told how these towns furnished the leaders of society and the state. General Ward, a rival of Washington as commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces, lived on his farm in

Shrewsbury. Samuel Osgood, colonel in the army, friend of Washington, first Postmaster-General of the United States, was the son of a farmer in the town of North Andover. From the Connecticut Valley came the river-gods to control the policy of the commonwealth. From a farm in New Hampshire Daniel Webster came forth, and from a farm in Essex, Rufus Choate. "About this time Benjamin Count Rumford shot like a meteor from the woods of Woburn," exclaimed the fervid and excellent Quincy, in his famous Centennial oration at Harvard College. The farms were prolific in strong and controlling men. And so they are in our day. A chronicler of Berkshire County has recently given a long list of remarkable men of our time who passed their boyhood and hardened their muscles in the toil of farms now deserted,—the Fields of Stockbridge, Governor Morgan of the little town of Washington, and a long line of merchants and authors and editors whose opinions the community has accepted and followed, and, whose wealth has added to the industrial revenue of our country.

An eloquent writer in the *Greenfield Gazette* "deploring the fact that the rural population" of New England, of Franklin County, of Colerain in particular, have seen their best days, says:

"Where are the once prosperous families that occupied the Eddy, the Smith, the Purington, and Wilson farms above the foundry village? Where are the twenty-eight families that lived in thrift on Catamount Hill, with their dairies and stock, and their ninety scholars? * * * Where is that long line of noble farmers that were so industrious and prosperous, extending from North River over Christian Hill to the Green Mountains, and those cattle drovers and merchants that did more business than all the stores in a half-dozen Western towns to-day?"

It seems to me the answer to this is easy. This thrifty and energetic rural population, which once occupied these farms in Colerain and the adjoining towns, obedient to the laws of business, has transferred its energy to more favorable locations. Not far from Colerain are private fortunes, each one of which could have purchased that town in the days of its greatest ancient prosperity. The wealth of Greenfield and North Adams and Pittsfield and

Chicopee and Holyoke and Springfield, wealth created by those very men who were born on the deserted hillsides, is the pride and blessing of that section of the Commonwealth. The old drovers are gone, it is true, but were they alive to-day and engaged in driving the herds from Vermont, they could not feed a tithe of the population of the towns I have enumerated, who are nearer to-day to the great pastures of Arizona than their fathers were to the grazing lands of New England. Let the New Englander rejoice, therefore, that the great supplies of the West are brought to his very doors. Let him remember that the "half-dozen Western towns" referred to are not counted in the list of controlling forces on this continent, nor are they the points toward which the sons of Colerain have turned their footsteps; but the great cities of the West, rivalling the other cities of the East, call constantly for the forces which are still found in our little towns. The city of Chicago points with pride to one successful merchant, born in the section of Massachusetts we are contemplating, whose sagacity and foresight and courage have made him the controlling force of his business companions. It is unfortunate that the little mountain towns of New England could not furnish employment and opportunity for all their bright ones; but they may rejoice in the fact that they have been the nurseries of such a noble race. Does any one suppose that the crop of talent and capacity grown on a populous area of New England is smaller than it was when that area was divided into little scattered farms and occupied by a hard-worked isolated people? The founders of one of our manufacturing cities—what have they to say with regard to the tireless ability exhibited in their foundation? And what have those to say, also, who have developed and enlarged these active communities, from the simplicity of a town to the magnificence of a city? Compare the intellectual activity of the present inventors and learned men of Worcester with the strong men of that time when its citizens were engaged in tilling the soil; and they may turn back with pride to the era of the Lincolns and Wards of an earlier day, but not with fear. Every

busy and growing city in the Commonwealth can boast of similar capacity, every town can point with satisfaction to some successful and respected and useful son. It is idle to attempt to enumerate a class from which have sprung the bold builders of our railroads, our senators, our vice-presidents, our presidents, our learned men, our philanthropists, our heroes, as great in our day as when the founding of our republic was the object of great popular effort. And when the great enterprises of our cities are examined, it will be found that they have been laid and brought to perfection by the sons of our rural population, who have established the great centres of trade, have constructed our imposing buildings, have adorned and beautified the charming homes which are gathered in these busy and prosperous centres of population. The men who have concentrated the great industries of Connecticut and Rhode Island, are they not to be considered in comparison with that generation who nursed those commonwealths in the laps of their infancy? And when we turn to Maine and New Hampshire and Vermont, they have not only preserved their own reputation, but they have furnished leaders whose services are counted as great as are those of the men who laid the foundations of our government, and have cherished and adorned it in our day.

But the progressive spirit may be found not only in those who leave, but in those who remain upon the farms, and occupy the "country of New England." I am warned, I know, that the rural population is decreasing, and that the families of the farmers are diminishing. But I am somewhat familiar with the farming towns of Massachusetts, and with the collections of persons who appear at our agricultural fairs; and I can only say that I see no falling off either in numbers or the activity of those who own the land. It does not appear that any large number of farms has passed into the hands of foreigners, although I am aware that abandoned farms have been taken up and profitably managed by aliens who have set a good example to those who were born on the soil. The fairs, however, are managed, the committees are filled by, and

the officers of the societies are made up of Americans, who are by far the largest exhibitors. The professors in our agricultural colleges, the Secretary and Board of Agriculture are almost universally Americans. I do not state this invidiously, but merely to show that Americans are not deserting the land, and that they alone control the agriculture of New England, and are entitled to the credit of whatever improvements are made in this industry. We all know how primitive and simple were the crops in the ante-manufacturing days of our country; but to-day the skill of the farmer is exhausted in the cultivation of all special crops which the market demands, and which have taken the place of more general crops which once occupied all the farmer's attention. Statistics on this point are interesting and convincing, and show how the opportunity of the landowner has increased as the population of the country has increased, and his industries have multiplied. In the state of Massachusetts, whose returns are most available, I find that the cultivated acres have increased from 881,402 in 1865, to 939,260 in 1885. I find that the amount of land devoted to market-gardening has increased from 3,988 acres, valued at \$1,024,236 in 1875, to 8,851 acres valued at \$3,088,826 in 1885. The value of the products of the farm has increased from \$37,073,034 in 1875 to \$47,756,033 in 1885. It is important to know of what this increase consists. In 1885, the crop of strawberries amounted to 3,930,730 quarts, valued at \$408,898; the crop of tomatoes amounted to 322,056 bushels, valued at \$164,307; the cabbage crop amounted to 11,499,817 heads, valued at \$550,518; the amount of milk produced was 72,528,628 gallons, valued at \$10,312,762. There are many other crops of equal value, and they all indicate the readiness of the New England farmer to accept the situation, and to improve his business by occupying lands better adapted to it. And this is all there is in the abandonment of farms in New England.

When the New England farmers gather around a manufacturing centre, they not only find an opportunity for a more elaborate and profitable cultivation of crops

of a special nature adapted to the neighboring market, but they also find all the physical and intellectual advantages which are found in thickly settled communities. All household comforts are within their reach. The lyceum and the lecture-room are at their very door. Institutions of learning invite the farmers' children to that cultivation which makes them valuable teachers, or prepares them, in all the preliminary branches of training, for higher education and services in the professions, or in all those callings which are demanded by the construction of railroads and by the great architectural enterprises of the day. The farmer and his family move in a sphere which is beyond the reach of those who occupy the remote regions and are cut off from all the influences which society can bestow. But not to the cultivation of those faculties adapted to the severe work of life is this condensed society fitted, but to the development of those refined tastes which add so much to the joy of life and lead to the adornment and beautifying of the home.

I have described what I consider the progressive nature of New England society, practically and æsthetically, and have delineated the point to which the passage of a century has brought us. That this progress will continue there can be no doubt. New England cannot pause now. Her vast accumulations of wealth and industrial enterprises will continue to increase in the years to come as they have in the years that are gone. Her genius for the most delicate manufactures will find a market lying all around her and increasing as time goes on. Her seacoast offers all the pleasure and refinement which a rich and cultivated people demand. Nowhere, from Eastport to the capes of Florida, can be found a more attractive range of coast or a more invigorating climate than exists along the shores of Maine and Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The attractions to the lovers of natural scenery which may be found in the "deserted farms," and along the hills and valleys of New England, are everywhere recognized. And while those who seek for recreation are already thronging the hills and mountains, the lakes and the coasts of New England for health and rec-

reation and repose, the influence of her manufacturing towns is felt in a wide circle of land lying about them. I can recall an ancient town, one of the oldest in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose simple respectability was most attractive, in the former days. In that town there were good farms and good farmers. The selection of a neighboring water-power for the erection of great mills and the founding of a great city has already had its beautifying effect upon this outlying place. The charming hills are crowned with the costly homes of prosperous manufacturers. The old lanes bounded once by wild hedgerows of untrimmed bushes, have been converted into wide avenues running through well-cultivated fields whose limits are defined by well built walls. Handsome church architecture now stands not far from the old meeting house, and the modern schoolhouse has taken the place of the modest little building in which our ancestors were taught. The respectability of the old town remains, and all the memories which cluster around a spot famous for influence, and integrity, and cultivation, and patriotism. And added to that respect-

ability, stretching farther and farther as time goes on, are all the marks which prosperous industry will always create; and the growing city is the centre of a refining influence as manifest as "the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land." I cannot doubt that these busy centres will increase and will exert their influence on the surrounding country. There is a section of the French Republic lying between Paris and Bordeaux, marked by continuous cultivation, gardens and vineyards, thriving towns, great regal estates, all radiant with historic interest, where man has toiled for centuries, and which indicates what time may do for New England. New England may be, will be, the home of the manufacturer, the gardener, the pleasure seeker, and a cultivated society. To the people of New England her traditions will always remain; the influence of their ancestors will always be felt; the effect of modern enterprise will not be lost; and in her mills, and schools, and estates, and exact agriculture, and cultivated communities, and charming resorts will be found "The Future of the New England Country."

III.

Rev. Samuel W. Dike.

"My invitation to contribute to this 'symposium' is due, I suppose, to my various papers upon 'The Religious Problem of the Country Town,' in the *Andover Review*, in 1884 and onward, and since that time in several other periodicals. I venture here some suggestions only, such as are prompted by more recent utterances of others and further reflection upon the subject.

(1.) More real study is needed. We have a great many views taken of the country town and its problems. But this is not enough; for these may be so partial as to be misleading, though quite correct as far as they go. To give an illustration: Two leading daily newspapers have contained a good many articles, both editorial and contributed, on the subject, that have not been very convincing to the student. Many of the

facts set forth must be accepted as they are given; but it is not easy always to acquiesce in the conclusion reached. For one thing, the lack of an impartial observer trained to scientific methods of study is felt. We soon become aware of some partisan end in view on one or both sides. The reader is soon made to feel that the tariff or some other pet subject affects the judgment and even method of the writer: that real facts are made to tell a defective story. True study will help us out of this difficulty.

(2.) Broader work will give us larger results in study. We cannot, for example, take the facts one chances to find in the carriage ride of a vacation, or at a single summer resort, or in a tier of towns one happens to know, for a just exhibition of the problem, until we have put them into their true position in a whole. Simple as this principle seems to be, its application

is not always made in practice. President Eliot even seems to me open to criticism at this point in his admirable study of a town in Maine. That is a typical town, but of a class far smaller than the reader of his instructive paper in the *Century* of August last is left to think. The two facts, that the population of the town increased according to his estimate, forty per cent in a decade, and the valuation doubled, take it out of the largest class of the country towns of New England, or of the country as a whole, and put it into a much smaller one. His town does stand for a class, but not for the larger class of country towns where population and wealth are stationary or declining, or at best very slowly increasing. A study is needed that will proceed on the careful classification of country towns by growth in population and wealth or the contrary, and a measurement of the volume in each class in these and other respects.

(3.) The still wider, almost world-wide considerations should be brought to bear to enable us to interpret the facts and perceive the future. Isolation of position, singularity of conditions, count for less and less as the world advances on the side of relative advantage, and for more in some respects of disadvantage. Communities, like men, cannot any longer live wholly unto themselves, and so defy the outside world. Sheer force and industry without high skill go for less, relatively, in helping overcome levelling forces than they once did. Intelligence, thrift, are a common necessity. New England, the rural parts of the country everywhere, must move with the tide. Yet, much may be done against the current by the power of a high personality. The workings of both these elements must be considered.

(4.) The industrial conditions are a powerful factor. Scarcely any other is more so. Property has been the tremendous developing and differentiating instrument of all modern society. Undoubtedly it is yet far from being brought into its true place in service of and in true subordination to the interests of personality. It is clear enough to many that in this respect the socialist demand has

considerable substantial foundation. But on the other hand, it will not do to neglect the laws of the material world and of the production and distribution of wealth. Some of us who many years ago protested against the old Political Economy, with its "cash nexux" and subjection of Humanity to the bondage of selfishness, are now compelled to complain that the social reformers in economics are too much "in the air." They seem to us to forget that all our spiritualized life is still, as it were, incarnated in a material world, an earthly society, and therefore to be developed under principles and laws that belong to both, in wise union. Study, intense, prolonged, and broad, will be extremely useful to show how deeply and inclusively industrial conditions enter into our present and future. Indeed, it is more truly sociological than otherwise.

(5.) The problem is eminently sociological. I do not mean by this that its material lies in the field of sociology. This is clearly enough seen by most. The trouble is that many do not also see that sociology demands that we go beyond this apprehension of the sociological quality of the material to something much more important, and that is to the bringing to bear upon it of the methods and principles of that science. That only is scientific treatment which attempts to do this. The facts of the country social life must be carefully collected, classified and weighed and tested qualitatively. The same ought to be done for its forces and institutions, and then the whole should be brought to the interpretation of the science that explains the structure and operations of this social order according as analysis, synthesis, comparison and historic explanation enable us to do this work.

We all recall the criticism of Agassiz, when listening to a panegyric on the remarkable delineation of a famous geologist, to the effect that the accurate *description* in this work was not *comparison*, meaning that it is the latter that transforms the best accounts of nature into science. Comparative study is the new Archimedean lever of the present generation of social students. Comparison must go below facts to their underlying prin-

ciples of structure and development, before we can pretend even to understand the mere facts, to let alone their truths, and this only can lead us to successful classification. Mr. John Fisk's little book, *American Political Ideas*, is for this reason worth volumes of old-fashioned American history. Freeman, Maine, Toynbee and Thorold Rogers applied to Weeden, and the growing material of our statisticians, and the special work of Johns Hopkins and other students, are samples of the kind of equipment needed. Sociological knowledge and methods are still too inchoate to be of the best service or easily available to more than a few. But enough exists to be highly useful and to make it clear that future work must be more and more in that direction.

(6.) Some special lines of work and directions which our thought may well take, are briefly mentioned in conclusion. More and better statistical work is one of them. For we are by no means in possession of all the facts accurately described and arranged. A few years ago the general convention of congregational churches of Vermont, and Rev. Henry Fairbanks especially, with great expenditure of his time and generous use of his money, heartily entered into a measure I proposed in this direction, and did an original work of this kind of the greatest value. A religious and to some extent incidentally a social census of forty-four towns in Vermont was taken and published, with maps, diagrams, etc. Studies of the effects of numbers, wealth, and distance, and their distribution, were made. Something like this work has been repeated in other places; but there is need of its systematic and persistent prosecution upon still broader plans, and over far wider fields. A state like Massachusetts, for instance, ought to have the enterprise to push such a work. The leading religious denominations alone, or possibly the State independently or in co-operation with them might carry the admirable work of its state census into the religious field, including perhaps investigation of social organizations like clubs and fraternities

of various kinds. A comprehensive survey of these that would bring all into the range and shows their numbers, equipment, capital, income, distribution, results, compared with their working force, the population, wealth of communities, etc., would be of immensely greater value than the present material which the denominational statistics separately give. Not so much would have to be added to the present outlay for statistical purposes to insure these larger results, while any additional cost would be more than met by the saving in expenditure and more intelligent directions given to work that would inevitably follow. Indiana reports, or did report a few years ago, her churches as items in her official statistics. It would seem that the economic and other public concern in such facts give ample justification for this kind of civil statistics.

A second line of inquiry is that of a scientific examination of our religious organizations and methods. I say scientific, for we have plenty of conventional studies of this sort. Take organization: A church is a social organization; so is Christianity in any of its social forms. It, therefore, is capable of sociological study. Its own structure may be compared with that of society as a whole, or with its parts. The influence of theory and tradition in shaping and fixing organizations, and the consequent advantages and disadvantages need to be carefully studied. I am persuaded that a scientific method of study applied to our organizations for work would make clearer than even the results of practical experience have done, the great defects in ways of work. It is evident that the present forms used in carrying on religious work are wasteful of men and money. Practical men of experience see this; but they are not prepared as they ought to be to solve the problems of readjustment; for they lack scientific training in the great sociological field in which their practical work lies. As the school of mines and of scientific electricity lie back of and give intelligence and direction to practice, so it must sooner or later be the case in religious and other social work, both in country and city. Reorganization will be wiser and more effective. Theory and practice will come

¹ See Supplement to Minutes of General Convention of 1886 and *Andover Review* of July, 1886, for the results of this investigation.

into close agreement, to the benefit of each. At present the country pastor, so far as sociological principles and methods go, is left to his native sense and the slow and uncertain results of crude experience.

It seems to me more than possible that the tendency to turn attention more to the home as a factor in rural work of undeveloped possibilities, as shown in the growing up of the Home Department of the Sunday school, may be followed by a greater use of educated women in the social improvement of country towns. In its way I think the Toynbee Hall idea for such young women has needs and possibilities in the country towns quite as great as in the cities. Help to a better understanding between people in and out of a village, and of parental duties, social opportunities, sanitary and hygienic conditions, to reading, to household economics, and other things, is needed in the country as well as in the city. A real community of life mingled with the best development of individual opportunities and domestic possibilities, is yet far from getting intelligent treatment by the leaders of rural life. Why may not the highly educated women of the day be drawn to these needy fields as well as to the cities?

Lastly, it is worth considering whether or not the education of the clergy and other teachers who are to work in the country, may be improved. Inability to think independently and yet soundly seems to me one of the most serious disqualifications of too large a part of the country clergy, though these are by no means so far behind their brethren of the larger villages and other parishes as one might think. The educated minister ought to be broader, quicker, surer in his efforts at re-adaptation than the business man. He should be more responsive to life and less hampered by mere tradition, yet he is often the reverse. Notwithstanding all the very great changes in

collegiate and theological training, too few men have been trained into real freedom and self-mastery in their intellectual processes. Like a poor mechanic, they do not know how to find material to work it to the best advantage, and put things together in the best way. In other words, they are not educated at the very point to which true education aims. Much as I value a broad, inclusive education, I think it can be bought at two dear a price. Fertility in invention, the power to bring facts into their natural order and give them scientific explanation and practical value, are the qualities of mind which the pastor needs on the sociological side. And I cannot help thinking that the public school teacher would be far more useful if more work should be done in teaching children, and even others, to observe and understand the material and social world about them. The former is often done. But social customs are not only as interesting and historical as plants and fossils: they are far more important to the student now, and in his later life. Thus the education of the home and one's vocation are an intensely real part of life everywhere. Especially in the country should this fact be perceived and taken into the avowed work of education. We need to help people to make the most of home education. The power to think well about common things, one's own work, the daily events of life, is almost the most useful thing education can give a man. Many country people have this in a high degree. But a conscious possession of the processes and an insight into the methods of their work would add to their power and increase their pleasure in work. In short, educators may well give more attention in country towns to training young and old how to think well on common, everyday things and act according to the conclusions of a sound method of thought.

IV.

Rev. George A. Jackson.

WILL the country towns of New England again become productive? it is often asked. Productive of what? Large crops,

to compete with the deep-soiled West? No. Of New England's old-time and most precious crop—men? Yes.

This is the devout wish of every true

New Englander; it is my own profound conviction. But the securing of such a priceless crop is to cost thought and effort. The earlier growth of sturdy New Englanders was like that of our virgin forests, which no man planted or pruned. But we are learning that, in order to restore such woodlands as we need, attention must be given to the art of forestry. So if we would re-people our deserted hills with a vigorous stock, attention must be given to the man-growing art. We cannot expect that the undirected forces of nature, any sociological law of demand and supply, will accomplish this. Men with wisdom and forethought must plan and work for the desired end.

To know what direction this effort should take, we must recognize the causes which have operated and may still operate to deplete our country towns. I would suggest four which have been among the most, if not the most important.

(1.) First, there was the rise of our manufacturing interests. It is now sixty years since the water wheel began to compete seriously with the plough. As is well-known, the first operatives in our cotton and woollen mills were the sons and daughters of farmers, to whom the ready money and the opportunity to see something more of the world, afforded by the mills, proved very attractive. The kind of men and women who had until then tilled our farms, and raised our distinctive New England crop, is shown by the character of the earlier work-people of the city of Lowell. The world had never seen before, and it has never seen since, a publication like *The Lowell Offering*. Nor had any other country seen such "factory girls" as Lucy Larcom and her compeers, who contributed to that sheet. And these Lowell operatives were representative of thousands who came down from the hills, to spin and weave in the mills that multiplied beside every stream in Massachusetts. If these others published no journals, they yet thought and wrote, as did those beside the Merrimac. This is testified by the hundreds of private albums, not photographic, but literary, which they handed down to their descendants. In how many families now filling the professions, or carrying on the great

industrial and financial enterprise of the nation, are such albums cherished, as souvenirs of those transition days when the families came from the soil by way of the factory town! But these people were not born to do what machines, or what men and women of less intelligence might do.

When, therefore, the Irish famine and the political disturbances in Europe sent swarms of laborers to our shores, the old stock left spindle and loom, not for the old farm, but for the minor workshops which demanded skill, and for stores and counting-rooms, and editor's chairs, and schoolrooms, and hospitals, and court-rooms, and pulpits. Thus, while drawing upon our rural population for a quarter of a century, the factories for the last twenty-five years have ceased to attract our native people. Anxious as they may be to escape the tedium of farm life, few young men or women are to-day ready to exchange it for places in the great factories crowded by foreigners. And since the skill-requiring manufactories are measurably full, or even over-crowded, we may say that this first depleting cause has spent its force. We need not trouble ourselves about it.

(2.) Another great draft has been made on rural New England by the free lands of the West. Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man" has been heeded. When, instead of dodging between the rocks to hoe his father's corn, a young man could go out and pre-empt a farm of his own which would yield half as much corn as his whole native township, it was a very loud call to go. And they went, not to western farms alone, but to western towns and cities and mines. They became to the great Northwest, leaders in thought, and enterprise; they founded new New Englands, which in turn have founded others beyond.

But this drain too, is ceasing. Fine farms of any value are now few and remote. For what it would cost to go to them with a family and put up the most modest of New England improvements, a man may buy here a farm all improved, where taxes are low, and schools and churches are, as compared with western distances, at his very door. Though not all who went

West took up farms, it was the open land that kept the Western labor market uncongested. Now that they are so nearly gone, the cities and towns are ceasing to call loudly for men—save to buy town lots—and in centres like Chicago there are more idle young men calling for work than in Boston. During the next decade, if present prices continue, I venture to affirm that the Westerners seeking farms in New England will outnumber the New England farmers going West. So we need not be concerned about this cause of depletion. Another, something like it, the cheap lands of the South, may, for a time draw off enough people to keep the prices of our farm lands from appreciating; but in the nature of things that competition will soon cease. The day is at hand when the great mass of people born in New England will die in New England.

(3.) A third cause for the abandonment of the farms, growing out of the first, has been a new sense of isolation from the world on the part of the farmers. Time was when this was not felt by them any more than by the old lady whom a Boston gentleman met in the back woods of Maine.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"In Boston."

"Sakes alive! how can you stand it to live so far away?"

But that time was before the sons and daughters who had gone to the new towns began to send back word of their stirring life; before the distant whistle echoed among the hills, and the weekly paper brought more of the enterprise and advancement of the great world. With this new knowledge, the life which had once been accepted as a matter of course, began to seem cramped. The more ambitious boys, the brighter girls, wanted to see the world, and be a part of it. So the towns gathered other willing recruits.

But the very causes which thus operated to produce a feeling of seclusion, as they became intensified, allayed that feeling. As railroads penetrated almost every valley, as the telegraph connected every hamlet with the metropolis, as books and newspapers multiplied, and it became possible for the once remote farmers to hear daily

of all that the world was doing and thinking,—he no longer had reason to feel secluded. In all southern New England there are now few regions where an enterprising man need feel himself out of touch with the throbbing life of the world. Concerning this third cause, therefore, we need give ourselves no serious uneasiness.

(4.) There remains, however, a fourth factor of our problem, which is a serious one, and which all who would rehabilitate New England country life should unite to correct. This is the feeling on the part of country people that their social status is inherently inferior to that of townspeople.

"Pooh!" says your practical man; "bread and butter determine those things,—not sentiment."

"No, sir," I reply, "not with New Englanders. Sentiment, not royal taxes, led to Lexington and Bunker Hill." So sentiment, if you choose to call it such, the feeling that they are thereby rising in the social scale, leads thousands of young men and women into our towns, who ought, for their own interests and for New England's interests, to remain in the country. City pastors often meet these persons and see their mistake, but can hardly order them back to the farm. The greater part of them, however, do not even attract a passing sympathy. They simply plunge in, and are socially lost, among the busy, self-absorbing multitudes which throng our larger towns. Many a young man to-day, who at home, on the farm and in the country village, would be a leader,—his family well-to-do, himself intelligent and popular, but without a trade—goes to the city expecting to better himself, but really only to swell the rank and file of those who are crowding one another for a scanty livelihood. When he marries and settles down, he will be found in a noisy street, next door to O'Callahan on the right, and Lavinsky on the left, where his children, in spite of him, must grow up amid most undesirable associations. This instead of his owning the old farm, bringing up his children amid happy surroundings, and being perhaps a selectman of the town or a deacon of the church, and withal a person of no little consideration.

Space permitting, actual instances could be cited of young married people who have felt that, whatever they did, they must get into town, because there they could "be something." In most cases, it would be to tell of the privations they have had to undergo, as compared with their friends who have clung to the soil, in respect of their houses, their daily comforts, their associates, and the health and happiness both of themselves and of their children.

Nor is this false notion confined to young persons. I recall an elderly farmer, one of the most dignified and generally sensible men I ever knew, living on a grand old homestead with its broad acres, who moved into a factory village and actually talked as if he were thereby stepping upward instead of downward.

If now New England country life is to recuperate, this hurtful illusion must cease. Any intelligent and industrious man can get a living upon our farms, either as owner or tenant or laborer, and unless he is a skilled workman he can get a better living there than elsewhere. And any family which is unable to make itself respected and honored in the country may be certain of social insignificance in a large town.

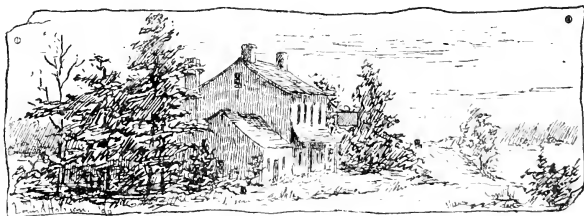
How shall these facts be impressed upon country people so as to check their unwise abandonment of the farms? By the organized effort, I reply, of intelligent town people, who are interested in country life. The number of town and city people in New England who have homes in the country is large. Many of them have farms, and the weeks which they can pass upon them they deem the best part of the year, bringing them nearest to the normal, unartificial life of man.

Now let such people come together and talk over this matter of exalting country life to its rightful place in men's minds. Let them plan to use their tongues and pens in showing that the place for those who can choose their own homes — eight months out of twelve at least — is in the country, upon their own lands, which they are to hand down to their children's children; that town life, for a majority of townspeople, is a privation as compared with country life, and is only to be accepted by them as a present necessity.

But that will not be enough. The mission of such an association would be found, not alone in talking up country life, but in lifting it up. There are, at present, privations even in New England country life, which are not to be disguised, but rather to be remedied.

There are schools enough, perhaps churches enough, if rightly used and supplemented; but there is yet much to be done towards awakening a new intellectual life, and a broader, better social life among the farms. To name specifics for this would be folly, but two suggestions: let every one who has a country home, if he cannot found a public library for the town, do what he can towards inducing the people to establish one; then let him see that the country church which he attends in the summer, instead of going on in its sleepy old way, wakes up to serve seven days in the week in promoting a wholesome, social, and intellectual as well as spiritual life in the vicinage.

Thus our country life may be redeemed, not only in name but in nature, and we may see a healthful outflow from the cities to the soil.



THE EDITORS' TABLE.

THE message of the Christmas bells is the message of sympathy and brotherhood, the call to civility and the thought of others, the command to live for at least a day or a week in the spirit in which life ought to be lived always. How the brief ebullition dashes color and brightness into the street, how it warms the home, how it cheers the shop, how it limbers so many a rigid face and dumb tongue, how endurable for a week it makes the critical and pitiless overseer, who would serve himself so much more efficiently if he would always be endurable! It is the season of charity, of neighborhood, of enthusiasm, of positive instead of negative and indifferent living. Why are men not so entranced by its beauty, that they will enact it into permanence? In its essence is it not simply this, that men will live loving instead of unloving lives, that they will see all men always as ends in themselves, and not simply as means for their own ends? This is the vision that makes an end of the sharp bargain, of the putting of the dollar before excellence and beauty, of robbing the city, of disparaging the rival, of the family feud, of the wife's heartache, of the wall-flower—and makes each corner of earth where the vision comes with power a corner of heaven. We believe that in all the nineteen hundred years since that first Christmas, the Christmas never came when earth so throbbed in holy discontent with all in our society that veils this vision, and stands in the way of its making itself real, as it does to-day. Everywhere men are sick of their selfishness, sick of the poor lust for superiority and power over others, sick of the greed that a bad system makes so compelling and hard to escape from. The call is going out to all the world, and is making itself heard more and more every day in the year, to make brotherhood institutional, to let it control us and our business and our politics. The Christmas bells, freighted with the holy memories of the centuries, ring in our ears to make the call deeper and to keep the vision bright.

* * *

THE "Decay of Rural New England," of which we hear so much in these days, has now become the subject of discussion as far away as London. The *Saturday Review*, in one of its late issues, devotes a special article to the subject, which we here reprint for American readers, no more because it is a foreign view of a matter so important to us, than because it is an intelligent view, manifesting careful study, and stating the problem with clearness. The *Review* says:

"The American press is deeply concerned for the fate of rural New England. It is being rapidly depopulated. Scarcely any part of the civilized world, not even the clays of East Essex and North Lincolnshire, has been so heavily hit by what with doubtful accuracy is termed the "depression of agriculture" as the wintry valleys and stony uplands that have been the cradle of so much that is vigorous in American life. What in England may be fairly called depression,

since the whole country comes within the region depressed, should, in America, be spoken of simply as a shifting of the centres of production. Under this process the farmers of New England and Old England have been about equal sufferers, with this difference, however—the Englishman, either in shape of owner or occupier, is almost compelled to face the difficulty. Emigration, as an alternative, could only be possible or desirable for a fraction of the strugglers. The New Englander, however, has had infinitely greater facilities and greater temptations for such a migration, and he has yielded to them so generally that the statistics of decline may well cause agitation in the minds of those who are left behind. If the State of Indiana were to develop some grave and unforeseen defect, and half of its people were to deport themselves into Colorado, no one would very much care except the remnant who were compelled to cling to the sinking ship. But the desertion of the old homesteads of New England appeals most strongly to the sentiment of all Eastern Americans, and an American upon a topic of this kind is the most sentimental of living men.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut, in New Hampshire and Vermont, hundreds of farms that twenty years ago were considered as snug and sound financial properties, proportionately to their value, as farms in Kent or Essex at that time were, have been actually abandoned. Old abiding places where generations of hardy, God-fearing, intolerant, close-listed yeomen tilled the soil with profit and content, have returned to the clutch of the forests and thickets from which they were rescued with such toil and pain two centuries ago. The proprietors have gone West, or into the manufacturing towns, and have been unable to find at any price, buyers and cultivators for their abandoned acres. It is no question of inaccessibility to railroads and conveniences, for New England is as well supplied with such things as Yorkshire. Indeed, it would seem to be the railroads that have killed the country. The factories that, under Protection, have sprung up throughout the whole Northeast, have by their high wages drawn away the farmer's families from the agricultural districts, while a perfected railway system supplies these manufacturing centres with Western produce at prices which defy local competition. It is not only that great breadths of old farming lands have been actually abandoned; but capital farms, close to towns and thriving villages, well tilled, and presenting every apparent comfort and opportunity to the intelligent working farmer, are unsalable. Details come from all parts of New England, and from all classes of people, that to any one who remembers what a solid and convertible article a good farm in the Eastern States was twenty years ago seems inconceivable. Americans, even of that part of the country for whose especial benefit protection has been maintained, are beginning to realize the cost of such maintenance, and to understand that others besides the unfortunate Southern farmers have got to pay the

piper. Village schools—and no surer barometer of New England prosperity could be appealed to—have shrunk here from a hundred scholars to twenty-five, there from sixty to eighteen, and in some cases collapsed altogether for want of support. Not long ago a Vermonter was met in a London shipping-office taking his ticket for Brisbane. He had first left his father's farm eighteen years ago, shipped as a seaman, and finally drifted to Australia, where he had married and become naturalized. On this occasion he had been over with his Australian wife to see the old folks in Vermont. His father he found still cultivating the ancestral two hundred acres, but under widely different circumstances. When the son left home in 1871, the farm would have fetched thirty-five dollars an acre any day in the open market, and yielded an abundant living to the family. In 1880, however, the old man was working twice as hard as of yore, and making less than half as much, and had tried in vain to sell at fifteen dollars. His neighbors had nearly all gone West. Their farms had been sold for a song to a great New York shooting club, enclosed in a ring fence, and abandoned to game and to gamekeepers!

Nor is it only from New England that the cry of depopulation comes! for in a single county in Northern New York four hundred farms are reported as unoccupied. This is worse than anything this country can show. The causes of this decline seem numerous and complex. Emigration to the cheap and fertile lands of the West, is, of course, a leading and obvious one, and the Yankee farmer possesses in the highest degree the qualifications for a successful emigrant. Moreover, his exile is generally shared by so many of his old neighbors and kinsfolk that the transition has come easier to him than to most people. The high wages of the manufacturing towns and villages have been another serious drain on the country population; brought, as they have been, almost everywhere within sight of the glare of city life. The very enterprise and intelligence with which the New Englander is generally credited causes him to fall a ready victim to such fascinations. One of the most curious phases of the present condition of rural New England is, that depression and decay are actually more obvious in the neighborhood of flourishing towns than in the remoter districts. It might be supposed that, with such an abundance of consumers close at hand, a ready market would be found for all those smaller and perishable products that to a working farmer, with a working wife, such as is the rule in New England, are generally most profitable. The wholesale supply system, however, even to the extent of the most perishable articles, such as milk, seems to have been developed in the Northeastern States to an extent unknown in this country, and the local farmer is left absolutely in the cold, with the further consolation of having to pay double prices for every manufactured article he buys.

Though the winters in New England are long, and the land not generally rich, still such drawbacks in a natural state of things would be far more than compensated for by the completeness of its civilization, density of population, and central position. The majority of its farms are not one

whit poorer than much of the land that in Great Britain is cheerfully cultivated. They have upon them houses and buildings and fences of the most substantial kind, have been generally well-farmed, produce good crops of oats, potatoes, and hay, and are furnished with pastures both sweet and fresh and watered by never-failing streams. It seems incomprehensible that such estates should by the hundred be lying derelict. But the fact, unfortunately, is one beyond dispute.

In anything connected with American agriculture, however, one element should never be lost sight of, and it counts for much. This is the universal distaste of the young American for farming. He sees in it the one career which contains no future possibilities of fame or fortune, unless, perhaps, by going West. He despises it as drudgery, and shrinks from even the very modified isolation, life upon an Eastern farm implies. He turns up his nose at the homespun of his fathers, honestly believes that farming is a vulgar pursuit, and knows no peace till he has secured the broadcloth and the pittance of the city clerk. The very girls will not marry farmers if they can help it, but aim at something more "genteel." What in this New England question seems most of all to disturb many excellent patriots is that the Irish Celt, who has shrunk from all pioneering work, is beginning to creep out of the cities with his politics and his priest, and to usurp the sacred soil of the deacon and the preacher. It is to be feared that, even with desolation as the only alternative, there are many excellent and patriotic Yankees who would prefer it to this; and some have even the audacity to say so."

* * *

WITH reference to this English article and to the important discussion of the same subject in the preceding pages, it is to be said that this decay of great numbers of the hill towns of New England is undeniable and most serious. The spectacle presented in scores of towns in New Hampshire and Vermont and Massachusetts, once scenes of vigorous and successful life, is certainly melancholy. The main reasons for it are not hard to find, and they are clearly pointed out by almost every writer who addresses himself to the subject. They lie in the opening up of the great West, with the easier conditions of its fertile lands in the agricultural competition, and in the wonderful development of manufactures in New England, with the beckonings to the hills of the rivers and the cities. But it is not hard to see that these beckonings from the factory and the prairie cannot possibly continue so strong as they have been during the last fifty years; and there is no reason to doubt that a new era of prosperity lies before every one of these hill towns. The New Englander need not fall into a panic; but he will do well if the discussion, now become so general and urgent, leads him to follow Dr. Dike's advice and study the matter in a really methodical and careful way. He will do well if he learns to love the country better himself, and to live more in the country, resisting the feverish and unwholesome impulse to huddle forever in the town, and if he magnifies the farmer's calling. He will help the case if he does something toward carrying

into the country what is best in the town, and the hunger for which so often drives the lonely young man and woman from the farm,—the library, the lecture, music, art, a living church, and whatever makes possible the valid sharing in the larger and significant interests of life.

Meantime, whatever the truth in the indictment, let not other facts be forgotten. New England as a whole was never so populous or prosperous as to-day. The census does not speak the language of discouragement. Let us compare the population of the six states, as given by the recent census and the preceding one:

| | Population in 1890. | Population in 1880. |
|-------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| Connecticut | 745,861 | 622,700 |
| Maine | 600,261 | 648,936 |
| Massachusetts | 2,233,407 | 1,783,085 |
| New Hampshire | 375,827 | 346,091 |
| Rhode Island | 345,343 | 276,531 |
| Vermont | 332,205 | 332,286 |
| Total | 4,692,904 | 4,010,529 |

And in this connection, let us note the increase as a whole, and the percentage of increase in each census since 1790. It appears that the percentage of increase for the last decade was greater than that of any decade since 1840-1850, and the absolute increase by far the greatest on record.

| Date of Census. | Popula- tion. | Percentage of increase. | In- crease. |
|--------------------|------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| 1890 | 4,692,904 | 17.62 | 682,475 |
| 1880 | 4,010,529 | 14.98 | 522,005 |
| 1870 | 3,487,024 | 11.25 | 352,641 |
| 1860 | 3,135,283 | 14.92 | 407,167 |
| 1850 | 2,738,116 | 22.67 | 493,764 |
| 1840 | 2,234,822 | 14.33 | 286,105 |
| 1830 | 1,954,717 | 17.78 | 295,138 |
| 1820 | 1,659,579 | 12.74 | 187,606 |
| 1810 | 1,471,973 | 10.38 | 238,962 |
| 1800 | 1,233,011 | 22.14 | 224,303 |
| 1790 | 1,008,705 | | |

* *

IN looking over the new books of the season, we notice with chief interest the goodly number of volumes of American poetry which have real value—such volumes as those of Edna Dean Proctor and Mary E. Blake and the two notable new collections of American sonnets. These furnish real satisfaction and encouragement to the lover of American poetry. It is a pleasure to have Miss Proctor's hundred poems and more, many of which have been such fugitives and wanderers, brought safely under cover together, as we find them in the beautiful volume just laid on the table. They are songs in many keys; but we are chiefly impressed by the large number of them which are "poems of places," and of that sort which would so please the heart of Longfellow. There are very many poems of Russia—"Russia," "St. Petersburg," "Moscow," "Moscow Bells," "Moscow at Evening," "The Shrines of Moscow," and more; there are poems of Asia, Africa, and England; but with chief pleasure we have read the many poems of New England and America, the poems of patriotism, the poems touching heroic things in our history, the poems which help transfigure so many of the hills and streams about our homes, as Whittier has forever transfigured the Merrimack. Miss Proctor, herself lover and friend of Whittier, gives us here

two poems on the Merrimack; but she takes us too, with her fine verses, to the Mississippi, to the Shenandoah, the Potomac, the Yosemite, to Illinois and New Hampshire, to Kearsarge and Monadnock. We give the poem on Monadnock—theme of Whittier and, above all, of Emerson—not because it is at all conspicuous for excellence among Miss Proctor's poems, but because it illustrates the high poetic feeling which we are glad to see made a part of nature and of the landscape which we know the best.

MONADNOCK IN OCTOBER.

Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord;
Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shone,—
Resplendent oriel in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the winds alone.
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying no win glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams,—
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be,—
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
And the vast minster hushed its shrines in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord?"

* *

IT is an interesting coincidence by which, after a period of more than twenty years since the last and only previous collection of American sonnets was published, we are given two admirable collections from different hands at the same time:—*American Sonnets*, selected and edited by T. W. Higginson and E. H. Bigelow; and *Representative Sonnets by American Poets*, edited by Charles H. Crandall. There has recently been published in England a collection of our American sonnets, edited by William Sharp. This English editor, in his preface, stated his belief that a finer collection of sonnets could be made from the contemporary American poets than from living English ones. "We are tempted to adopt his generous opinion," writes Mr. Crandall; "for we believe the living American poets are holding their own against our contemporary cousins in sonnets as well as in other forms of poetry. . . . The American sonnet is superior in nervous energy, in originality and movement in a wider range of thought." It is certainly a wide range of thought which is represented by these two new volumes. Mr. Crandall's collection is larger than that in

Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Bigelow's dainty volume,—there are four hundred sonnets or more in it; but the latter contains many things which are not in the former and which cannot properly be omitted from any satisfying collection of American sonnets. The lover of the sonnet and of American poetry will possess both volumes. Colonel Higginson gives us a slight, but valuable preface. Mr. Crandall gives us an introductory essay of ninety pages upon the sonnet, illustrated by many of the famous and representative older sonnets, chiefly from the English and Italian.

In turning the pages of these volumes, we are reminded how much excellent work our older American poets, Bryant, Cranch, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, Whittier, have done in the sonnet form; yet we are chiefly impressed, perhaps, by the extent to which the later and contemporary poets, Aldrich, Boyesen, Fawcett, Gilder, Miss Guiney, Helen Hunt, Lanier, Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Sill and others, have turned to the sonnet for expression. There are not a few selections, whose interest, as Colonel Higginson suggests, is chiefly historic. Such are the sonnets by Garrison, "Freedom of the Mind," by Theodore Parker. Mr. Crandall gives us one sonnet by Parker. "The Pilgrim's Star," never before published, by Channing, Allston, Margaret Fuller, and Daniel Webster. "The sonnet here assigned to Daniel Webster," says Colonel Higginson, "would hardly be preserved but for its authorship, as it certainly does not indicate what a foreign lady remarked to Motley in Europe, that the great orator was one of our chief poets." Mr. Crandall publishes this poem of Webster's in his appendix with other poems of interest often quoted as sonnets, but of irregular form. "Mr. Webster's touching poem is merely a succession of seven couplets." The poem is as follows:

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain:—
Names, things, and facts — whate'er we knowledge
call,

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming — no effacement here;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

The sonnet by Margaret Fuller which is given by Mr. Crandall is that entitled "Orpheus." That given by Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Bigelow is on Beethoven. It is as follows:

"Most intellectual master of the art
Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man
The universe in all its varied plan —
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains
impart!

Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart;
There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;

Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er
knows;

There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,
Float into wildest breezy interludes;

The past is all forgot — hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows — when lo! beneath
The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we strive to free us from the chain;

Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine
again!

With this may be read the following beautiful sonnet on Beethoven by Celia Thaxter, which will have further interest beside Mrs. Blake's lines on Beethoven, elsewhere given. It might properly bear the same title as Mrs. Blake's verses, and have been born, like those, in presence of the master's sculptured form. The final feeling is the same as in Margaret Fuller's sonnet, of the triumph of hope over despair.

"If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,

To us his creatures, surely here and now

We hear Him, while the great chords seem to
bow

Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless
noise

Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!

Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And, 'Come up higher, come,' the words it
speaks,

'Out of your darkened valleys of despair;

Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings

Into Hope's living, reconciling air!

Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings,—
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"

MR. CRANDALL includes in his collection of American sonnets, one sweet sonnet which many will be glad to see thus vouchsafed a place, and which has a pathetic and very tender interest. It is the sonnet entitled "Past," by Winifred Howells, the daughter of William D. Howells, whose early death a short time ago has been so sincerely mourned. Hers was a rare spirit; how beautiful and promising but few even of those among whom she walked in and out truly saw — so shy and not of this world was she — until death gave the perspective. The sonnet here given wider currency is one of the most beautiful of the few poems of hers which had found their way into print.

"There, as she sewed, came floating through her
head

Odd bits of poems, learned in other days

And long ago forgotten in the noisier ways
Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
And looking up, she saw upon the shelf

In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
All uncaressed by her fond eye or hand;
And her heart smote her, thinking how, herself,
She loved them once and found in them all good,

As well as beauty filling every need;
But now they could not fill the emptiness
Of heart she felt even in her gayest mood.

She wanted once no work her heart to feed,
And to be idle once was no distress."

Mrs. Blake's poems are as varied in range and character as Miss Proctor's. There is as much patriotism in the one volume as in the other. Ireland has here as prominent a place as Russia has there, and we feel in these poems of Ireland the warm rich heart. Only lack of space forbids our giving here the beautiful tribute to John Boyle O'Reilly. The brief poem upon Justin McCarthy we will repeat, because of the particular interest with which the present Irish situation invests it.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

To most men Fortune grants a single boon,
And looks upon her kindly task as done,
Since, by such wealth, the prize of life is won,
And Fame's bright garland cometh late or soon.

But here is one whose happier lot hath known
A fourfold gift, to make his fellows rich
In thought and deed strung to high Honor's
pitch.
For he to Fancy's realm hath flown,
And won his knighthood; he has plucked the
truth
From History's masking, and laid bare her
face;

Renown hath found him in the Statesman's
place;
The Patriot's heart is his in age as youth.

Choose for his wreath—and bid the emblem
stand—
The four-leafed Shamrock of his native land!

Another little poem we quote because it has so interesting a relation to the statue of Beethoven pictured upon one of the preceding pages.

A BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY.

THE glorious movement heaven-aspiring flies,
Through the rapt silence of the listening hall;
Fades from our sight the stern encircling wall,
And dreamland opens to our dreaming eyes.
Forgotten hopes and lost ambitions rise
To shake the soul with happy longing. All
Triumphant fancies hold the heart in thrall;
The future brightens under smiling skies.
And thou, O Master! on whose mighty brow
The waves of thine own harmonies do break,
High rising through the golden orb'd spheres
Like billows round some stately vessel's prow,—
Do they no echo to thine ears awake,
That reaches where thy listening spirit hears?

THE OMNIBUS.

LOVE EVER PRESENT.

LOVE ever present is: "I love,
Thou lov'st, we love;"—this minute!
Love flies away when "loved" appears;
Love past,—what joy is in it?

I "shall love," "may love," "might love," if
Perchance the gods decreed it;
Futurity's a sealed book,
Love's blindness may not read it!

I "could have loved" Marie, perhaps,
Had she possessed a shilling;
But "must love!"—how my heart was chilled
While thy behest fulfilling!

I "might have loved" a Zulu maid,
By dusky chief begotten;
I "should have loved," the neighbors said,—
Which was it? I've forgotten.

In Cupid's grammar school is taught
One endless iteration,—
I love, we love; no mood, no tense,
Inflection, conjugation,

No Was, no Shall;—Be, only Is!
"I have love" sighs: love is ended;
"Shall love" dreams: I may some day love;
Love speaks: our lives are blended.

—A. E. HOYT.

The Tribune, Westboro, Mass.

QUATRAINS.

Lord and Judge.

THE artist that framed the earth
Is the lord and patron of art;
The judge of a poet's worth
Is the poet that made the heart.

Easier.

To stoop to the world and drift
With the world and its decree
Is easier than to lift
The world and its vote to thee.

The Miser and the Lover.

THE miser would be poor
If he owned earth and heaven;
The lover asks no more
If but one gift be given.
—Matthew Richey Knight.

* * *

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

THERE was a carriage waiting at the door, and the servant had just announced to Miss Hamilton that a gentleman had called to see her.

"I will be down in a moment," answered a cheery, blue-eyed girl, as she slipped an unopened letter into her pocket. She had recognized the handwriting as the postman handed it to her. The letter was from a young college senior in the quiet New England town, at home for his va-

gation,—Arthur Ellsworth, a manly fellow, whom she had known and admired from childhood. And now Arthur's brother, Elmer Ellsworth, was waiting to take her for a drive. The latter was the handsomer of the two, possibly, with his fine form and dark eyes. He also was in the last year of college life.

After pleasant greetings the young people started in the bright September morning for the proposed ride. Who that has driven through Lexington and Woburn, past Mystic Pond, will ever forget the quiet country roads, the historic associations, the variety of wooded hills and pretty valleys? Now the two school-friends talked of the present with its joy, and the future with its hopes, of the books they had studied and the plans they had made. Now they gathered golden-rod, and listened to the song of the birds in the bracing air. It was a fitting time to say what had long been in Elmer's heart, that, sometime, when his profession had been entered upon, she would be the woman whom he wished to make his wife.

It was a hard matter for her to decide. Both brothers had been dear to her, perhaps Arthur especially,—and both were noble and worthy. Arthur had never spoken to her of marriage; and now Elmer had told her his love, and that she could make him happy. Had Arthur spoken first, perhaps, her heart would have more warmly responded; but in the beauty of that autumn morning, with the hopeful, earnest young man by her side, she gave her promise to be his wife.

As soon as she reached her home, she ran up stairs, hastily threw off her wraps, and remembered the letter in her pocket. Opening it she read:—

"How many times I have wanted to tell you that I loved you! How often have the words died on my lips! But now before I go back to college, I must ask you if you can return that love, and sometime be mine?"

Alas! that she had not opened the letter sooner. She could not tell Arthur that she had preferred him to Elmer; that were disloyalty to the man whom she had promised to wed. She could only say that she was already betrothed to his brother. She married whom she had promised. Both men became prominent in the history of New England—our little story is true. One went through life unmarried. His letter was opened too late.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

TRUANT MOLLY.

The winds have lulled the shadows to sleep,

The cows came home long ago,
The things of day strange silence keep;—
Why does that child linger so?

Shading her eyes from the setting sun,

The mother stands by the gate,
Watching long for the truant one;—
Oh! where does she stay so late?

Has she wandered on where the swamp flowers
blow,

Down by the gliding stream?
Hark! was that a faint "Hello?"

No, naught but the loon's weird scream.

Has she slipped on those dank, dark mosses
On the cliffs where the tall pines grow—
Food for the green, slimy waters
Of those treacherous bogs below?

Nay, hush ye, timorous mother,

Thy maiden is safe and sound;
No deep, dark waters smother,
Or the lithe, willowy form surround.

She is down at the foot of the meadow,

There at the end of the lane,
Asking a daisy the question,
Whether her love loves back again.

And Jack is bending beside her,

Down there amid the rye,—
Two curly heads near together,—
To see that the daisy don't lie.

—*Henry W. Hall.*

The Globe, Hartford, Conn.

A CULINARY CRITIC.

JOHN BULL, he loves his beef and ale,
His pudding full of plums.
The Frenchman likes his fricassee
And frog's legs with bread crumbs.

The Scotchman eats his meal of oats,
Like horses in a paddock,
His Haggis weird, his hodgepodge strange,
And toothsome finnan haddock;

And—tell it not in Gath, my boys,—
In whispers be it said:
He sometimes even longs to eat
His marna-lade on bread.

The German favors saurkraut,
And ripe Limberger cheese,
Hot and cold slaw, and other things,
That *he'll* digest with ease.

You join a band of Muscovites;—
They wish you at the deuce,
Because you cannot make a meal,
Off candle *à la Russe*.

Within a Chinese restaurant,
You hear a waiter halloo:
"Nice bird's nest soup; roast rat quite hot—
And puppy dog to follow."

You dine with a Sea Island chief,
Where all the dishes vary,
From yams on rice, to babes on toast
And roasted missionary.

The Esquimaux's sarcastic smile
Pronounces you a lubber,
Because you have no appetite
For walrus oil and blubber.

And thus you find in many climes,
Wherever you may roam,
The cooking is not quite the same
As that you get at home.

And often in your wanderings
You drop a tear and sigh
For oyster stew and succotash,
Ice cream, and pumpkin pie.

But the one dish of all the rest
To which my fancy leans
Is my New England's greatest pride, —
Our Yankee pork and beans.

— J. H. C.

* *

HARVARD ECHOES.

A GENTLEMAN from the West recently visited Cambridge to make some inquiries about Harvard, as he intended to send his son there the following year, and wished to know something about the institution. He had been in town but a few moments when he met one of the students selling newspapers. He remarked to a friend that he was glad to find that the students were not ashamed of honest work, to help themselves through college, — and passed into the college quadrangle. Soon he saw another student with a boot-black's kit on his back, and he again expressed his gratification, — this time, however, with the remark that perhaps the student might find some employment of a more dignified character. He continued his conversation, standing upon the sidewalk, but was suddenly interrupted by a "Look out, mister," and another student, wearing a tall hat with a feather plume, rattled by on a child's velocipede. The expression on the man's face showed that his idea of the Harvard student's dignity was receiving a rude shock. He asked his friend what it all meant; but the friend was as bewildered as himself. They concluded that it must be the eccentricity of this particular student; but the velocipedist returned accompanied by another student rigged out in a fantastic garb, as an officer of the militia. The student "presented arms" with his sword, and passed on.

The perplexed stranger stepped upon an electric car for Boston. Hardly had he seated himself, when a continued whistling was heard,

and a figure was seen in the distance, trying to overtake the car. The conductor stopped the car, and the student — for it was a student — came up. Placing one foot on the step he coolly proceeded to tie his shoe-string, and then, lifting his hat, turned his back and walked away. This was more than the man could endure. He turned to his neighbor, and asked, "Does Harvard College have an insane asylum connected with it?" "Oh, no," replied the other, "these are the second ten running for the D. K. E. Society."

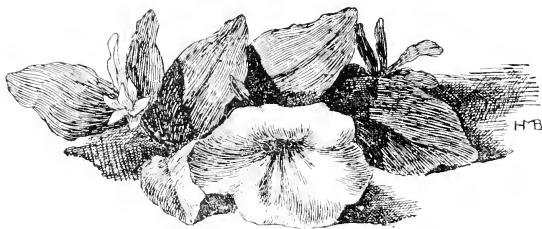
A STUDENT, in writing upon some historical subject, had quoted from an eminent author. When the time came for his theme to be criticised, the professor pointed out an error in the construction of a sentence. The student thought to escape the criticism by showing that it was in the portion which he had quoted; but the professor stopped the discussion by saying, "If I were you, I would not quote when I could write better myself."

It is almost a century since the custom at Harvard of requiring the freshmen to take off their hats to the seniors in the college yard was abolished. A sturdy member of the class of 1792, who afterwards became a prominent member of the college faculty, in his freshman year neglected to perform this act of reverence to a senior whom he met, who thereupon ordered him to take off his hat. He did so. "And now," said he, "take off yours, or I'll knock you down." The senior saw that it was expedient to obey, but he went directly to President Willard and complained of this lack of deference. "Did he say he would knock you down if you didn't take off your hat?" asked the president. "Yes, sir." "Then I advise you always to take it off, for if he said so, he'll do it." From that time, the freshmen kept their hats on in the presence of seniors.

A STUDENT had just been out taking his first practice rowing in a shell.

"How did you get on?" asked a friend.

"Oh, swimmingly," was the feeling reply.





From a portrait by John Neagle, 1825.

GILBERT STUART.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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THE OLD MASTERS OF BOSTON.

By Samuel L. Gerry.



American Art Union Medal, 1847.

OF all streets in Boston not one has changed less in sixty or seventy years than Cornhill. It has a unique curve quite picturesque as one looks up or down. Its buildings of about three or four stories seem occupied by a similar class of tenants both above and below. At either end of the street, however, there have been great changes. Scollay Square is shorn of the Scollay buildings; and lofty architecture quite eclipses the former low dwellings. At the other end one looks in vain for Dock Square with its hardware stores. The old landmarks have been rubbed out. But Cornhill remains almost intact. Burnham's antique book store has a successor of the same mould, and second-hand books are yet grouped there.

Greenough's Museum fronted on Court Street, but occupied space between Brattle Street and Cornhill, and was an attraction previous to the building of the museum on Tremont Street. Greenough was something of an artist, and his portly figure lives in memory, as well as the giant outline of Constable Read (old Hokey as he was called), and Big Dick, his contemporaries. Near by on Court Street was the old brick Court House with its balcony and bell, and its corps of constables with their staves of office.

Scollay Square, or Tremont Row, had once a nucleus of studios, but has long since yielded to more lucrative kinds of business. T. Buchanan Read first located there, when, as a portrait painter, he made a picture group of three of Longfellow's daughters, and exhibited a picture of the first General Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe." It was from that perch, Read spread his poetic wings and soared, till verse and art joined, and carried him to Rome.

It was in Cornhill, in the days of my boyhood, that my eyes first dilated upon a then well-known painter, who now, as I look back, seems like one of the old masters. It was John R. Penniman; and though much of his time in his then old age was spent in the coarser branches, yet many a decorative work attested his ability for higher art, and his real genius. Those were the days when open rum-shops were attractive to the eleven o'clock toppers. Penniman knew the places of that sort in Brattle Street, and

might be seen, "Fast by an ingle bleezing finely," in the old Bite Tavern in Dock Square, or sitting in the old Stage House at the foot of Brattle and Elm Streets. None ventured to dispute his high calling, and other circumstances might have arrayed his name on the roll of fame.

It was the year of grace, 1828, that Gilbert Stuart died,—the most talented portrait painter who ever dwelt in this city or country; his history, however,



William T. Carlton.

closed about the time I first sought to know the rudiments of art, yet most of his pictures are almost as fresh as when first painted. Contemporary with him, though much younger, was Chester Harding. His stalwart and almost giant figure, with his genial presence and his finely colored portraits, made him a marked character, and brought him a long list of sitters. His presence was quite as at-

tractive as his pleasant pictures. It was while painting the portrait of Abbott Lawrence that the building afterwards known as Harding's Gallery was put up at auction. "Why don't you buy it?" said Lawrence. "I haven't the money," said the painter. "Go ahead and buy it," said Lawrence; "I've got the money." He did so, and it proved a good investment, yielding him almost a competence. It was in that remodelled building that

a large collection of Washington Allston's pictures was shown, constituting a remarkable art event.

About this time, say 1833, the four walls of the Harding Gallery were covered by a joint exhibition of four artists, viz.: Chester Harding, Alvan Fisher, Thomas Doughty, and Francis Alexander. All these have gone.

In 1830, or thereabouts, I first visited the Athenæum, then situated on Pearl Street, at an annual exhibition, and I remember seeing Washington Allston's well-known portrait of the Jew, with the diamond ring sparkling on his finger. In those days, so far back, Cunningham, the gentlemanly auctioneer, (his store was on the corner of Milk and Federal Streets), with gold-bowed glasses and æsthetic presence, held the hammer, while the father Leonard held up the paintings, and took his first lessons in distributing the surplus of the studios. The Boston Crier was then an indispensable agent, in connection

with posted bills, in telling the public where and when the artists' sale took place, and it was somewhat suggestive that the same sonorous voice sometimes coupled this advertisement with "Child lost!"

There were several attempts by artists of a past generation to establish art associations. These had their by-laws and constitutions, their names and figure-

heads ; but their fires died out. Perhaps from their ashes sprang the Art Club. Or did the Art Club emerge from chaos? Were there not some former creations?



George Hollingsworth.

Can we not point to some evidences of previous life, when without law, order, association or decoration, the silent forces of genius were at work ; or did our club start full fledged, as Minerva from the brow of Jove? Had not art a history here, a brief one, with one or two deathless names — perhaps more? Did not the old masters of Boston stimulate the tastes which contributed something toward the formation of our club? Yours, dear old masters, was a labor of love :

“All for love, and nothing for reward.”

Among the names which appeared in the early list of toilers for art associations were Hollingsworth, Carleton, Andrews, Spear, Crosman, Hoit, Hartwell, Pratt and others.

One of the most extraordinary private art enterprises which occurred not long after Allston's death, (he died nearly fifty years ago) was that of Mr. T. T. Spear, who surreptitiously obtained a copy of Belshazzar's Feast, then exhibiting for the benefit of the owners of that big canvas, not a bad copy, considering that the drawings for it were made — in the keeper's occasional absence — in the crown of a hat. Great was the indignation of the gentlemen who furnished the ten thousand dol-

lar subscription which was paid Allston ; and great that of the artist's contemporaries. It was an injudicious attempt to secure a copy for exhibition, in the South, perhaps, but not an intentional wrong. Mr. Spear was a gentleman.

The first artists' reception held in Boston was in the Mercantile Building in Summer Street ; it was participated in by nearly all the artists of the city, and was quite a full dress affair. Governor Andrew and Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis assisted by their company, as did many others of the distinguished people. It is safe to affirm there will never be another so fraternal gathering, where all were free to participate. The artists yet living, of whom there are many, who contributed art works and cash for that occasion, will remember Mr. Thomas Thompson, who endeavored to remunerate every one who would allow him the privilege. He was a patron of art, a collector, to whom the title of patron might justly be applied, — and a unique character as well ; gathering job lots sometimes from the dealers and studios, often to help a needy artist,



Alvan Fisher.

and storing his treasures in the top of the first Tremont Temple, where eventually his riches in art took wings and flew away in a fire which consumed the building. Yet after that he again amassed a collection and went to New York, where after his decease the collection was dispersed to the music of an auctioneer's hammer.

served to hold artists' colors. It was by that turn in fortune's wheel that he became wealthy enough to set up his carriage in London. But, alas! another revolution in that wheel brought poverty. He invested in æolian attachments for the piano, and lost all. Coming back to this country in his last illness, he had the



Alvan Clark.

Much the largest part of his pictures were by American artists.

But to return to Cornhill. It was there that Rand, a portrait painter and maker of globes, invented the metallic compressible tube, which for half a century has

ministry of angels — or of artists, who assisted in his support.

Alvan Clark also had once a studio in Cornhill. He left his first love for the telescope, which gave him a world-wide reputation; but still he never forgot the

fascination of his earlier days. Like "Telegraph" Morse, he continued to love the atmosphere of studios. Mr. Clark's inventive mind was manifest in the method he employed in drawing, — using the prism to insure accuracy, and fixing his leading points in the process of painting by pins, that the important spaces be not lost. It was also apparent in the execution of the work, and with results quite remarkably satisfactory.

Francis Alexander, who died in Florence, Italy, where he had spent the last thirty years of his life, had, when we first saw him, a studio in Boyle's Museum, once back of the site of the present Boston Museum. He painted portraits, and possessed talents of high order, not inferior to those of any who have chosen that branch of art, which yet lives and thrives, notwithstanding the photograph is generally first in truth. But color is quite as important often as light and shade in obtaining a real likeness.

There are those living, and not very old, who know Mr. Vautin, when he taught drawing and water color in Boston; an honored man, who had the patronage and friendship of a host of friends. He died in England half a dozen years since, — whither he went to dwell, in the land of his birth, in order to improve in art and escape teaching; which trying vocation nearly killed him here. He was a morbidly sensitive and truly cultivated man. Some of the eccentricities of Americans terribly annoyed him; their spitting propensities, for instance, and egotistic spread-eagleism. Being gentle in his nature, he sought not only quiet, but seclusion, not letting intimate friends know where he dwelt, and yet being possessed of a most social nature. Among his lady friends was an artist whose studio was his frequent resort, — taking tea, and spending the evening. But, alas! the

lady's pictures did not please him; and as often as he ventured a criticism it bred contention, till, nettled beyond endurance, he drew up a written requirement, that in



Chester Harding.

his future visits her works were not to be shown him. On these terms, the friendship was continued. Mr. Vautin once took a studio on Washington Street, where the partitions of the room were thin; so, of course, he was annoyed. The first neighbor was a sculptor, who had a talent, unsuppressed, for imitating the cackle of hens, and crowing of cocks, and barking of dogs, besides the hawking habit. This neighbor's departure opened the room to a man who professed to cure stammering. This system was to eject the air from the lungs by prolonged sound before each sentence. Of course that became dreadful to the nervous artist. In time the fellow went, yet only to give place to the crowing horror of all — a brass band — which used the room for rehearsals. This last straw was too much. Vautin could stand

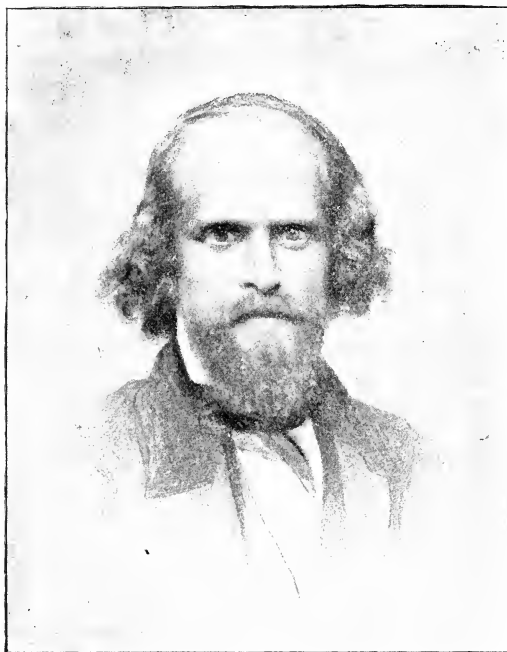
it no longer, and retired into private quarters, where his friends and students could find him, without card or doorplate. Like many another true lover of art he was, in early life, tempted to teach, till the growing demand engrossed his time

works on art and biography, which it was a great delight to share with his chosen circle of friends.

Perhaps of all the throng who have given their lives to art in their own city or its suburbs, none had a diviner call than Washington Allston, or were more faithful in response. It is a very great pity that his biography has never been published in full. Dana's sketchy outlines are about all, and these offered with apology.

Charles Sumner, in his oration at Harvard on three distinguished men — Pickering, Channing, and Allston — paid a very eloquent tribute to the artist, — his lofty motive and pure character.

It was during a twenty-five years' stay abroad, for a long time as pupil of West, and as a fellow student of Stuart, that he produced works which gave him a name and honored distinction among the giants of art at that day in London. But ill health and the seclusion of Cambridge rather checked his brilliant career. In person Allston was tall and slender, with a ministerial



Seth W. Cheney.

and thoughts. Visions of pecuniary competence seemed opening the doors to him, as something more than life's necessities were met. Investments in stocks were attended with success sufficient to encourage him to go deeper into the hazardous business. A few thousands were gained; but another turn of the wheel, and down went his prizes, till nearly all was gone. Yet still his art was left, and the cherished hope of yet pursuing it for name and honor clung to him. Having cultivated tastes, he was debarred by comparative poverty from gratifying them beyond the possession of a few choice

presence, and the dignity that marks the scholar and thinker.

About 1830, Thomas Edwards had a studio in Winter Street. He taught pencil drawing and the use of India ink. Afterwards he studied for the ministry, and was a pastor for about sixteen years; then again resorted to painting, chiefly landscapes. He was an excellent man — English by birth — with a cultivated mind. Our last acquaintance with him was in the Studio Building.

It is not long since Mr. B. F. Nutting left this city for one not made with hands. Hundreds of young men, and those of

middle age, remember him as a very faithful and efficient teacher of drawing in the Public Schools, and look back to him with affection. Their school days were made pleasant by his intercourse with them. He lived more than fourscore years. With a mind devotional, he was a religious teacher and a living epistle. Contemporary with him was Mr. D. C. Johnston, who was known in his early days as a caricaturist. Many will remember his often published "Scraps," which showed perception of the ludicrous, and many good hits in "Shooting Folly as it Flies." His children were all artistic, and one daughter yet remains who is more than a medium artist,—excellent. The two very talented brothers died in early prime.

There are many more who have ventured the voyage of life in the attractive bark of Art, whose names do not here appear; as Stephenson, the sculptor, whose brief career revealed a great deal of talent,—in his "Wounded Indian" and other works. John Greenough, too, the landscape painter, looms up for a moment in the haze of retrospect. The last seen of him was in Florence, Italy, where the writer remembers him in white apparel, as with gold-headed cane he walked by the Uffizzi Palace.

Hiram Powers, once professional in portrait busts in Boston, left our Athens for Italy, where Florence became his dwelling-place, and from which sunny clime, after making a

world-wide reputation with sculptures of Venuses, Greek Slaves and portrait busts,—he left for that city which has no need of the sun. These brief records are all of names and faces once familiar in our city, and many of them will be remembered by the living.

About fifty years ago Daguerre succeeded in attaching science to the chariot of art, and speedily came to an end the production of miniatures on ivory, hitherto favorite means of portraiture. The art died outright when the



George L. Brown.

photograph began to multiply and cover the face of the earth. The lovely things done on ivory in water colors showed some very able masters. After Malbone,

Richard M. Staigg was prominent in Boston, and he made admirable works till the demand weakened; then he turned to portraits in oil, with continued patronage.

There was one Southworth, who made beautiful pictures in that medium—not the well-known photographer, but a painter of miniatures on ivory. One Russell, too, long since dead, found patronage from the crowd that antedated photography. Several more names might be mentioned, of men who strained their eyes over those small works; but the wave of oblivion has covered them. There has been some attempt at revival, but the art seems past resurrection.

Among my earliest recollections of

had followed the bent of his mind, probably landscape would have had a distinguished devotee; but portraiture being in all lands a staple, he wisely chose it for support.

And now flits across the memory a brilliant sculptor, whose familiar face and tall figure were well known in our streets. Ball Hughes was without controversy a genius, as is evidenced by his well-known group of the Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby, and the fine statue of Bowditch,—both I think in the Art Museum. He was cut down in the prime of life, yet not by the hand of death. Many knew him in his later years by poker drawings, which he did for small returns. It was like “a giant cracking nuts.” We have never

had in Boston natural powers for art superior to his. In all his obliquities he was a gentleman.

Fifty years ago Alvan Fisher had a studio and gallery on Washington Street, near Summer. He was the first landscape painter who hung out a professional sign in Boston; a man of decided talents for art, and withal possessed of the extraordinary ability to make it pay pecuniarily. At the age of forty-three he had by industry in landscape and portrait accumulated thirteen thousand dollars. This sum he invested in eastern lands and lost the whole of it. Nothing daunted, he again sought success and won it in the accumulation of a few thousands, which by fortunate or shrewd speculation he greatly increased, till possessed of a small fortune. It was his custom once in several years to sell by auction what he had failed to part with privately. Each of these sales, some half a dozen in all, netted him in

cash an average of about fifty dollars on each picture. He usually put up at each sale less than a hundred works. Mr. Fisher had the rare faculty of painting incidents of some sort in his landscapes.



Albert G. Hoyt

artists, the genial face of Henry C. Pratt appears. His studio was opposite the head of Hanover Street at that time, and his room full of portraits was attractive. Few artists had a better clientele. If he

His pictures were taken from a good memory and pencil sketches. Although he sought often the White Hills, and was often, with Doughty and Harding, an habitué of Thompson's little tavern at North Conway, he rarely painted directly from nature, and when he did it was but a memorandum sketch of bits, as he called them, not deeming it well to do the whole work *al fresco*, as do our modern artists. Those pioneers of the mountains were about half artist and half trout fisherman. The senior Thompson could tell some good stories of their visits, when Daniel Webster, Judge Story, Jonathan Mason, Chester Harding, and others of note assembled at his house. Those were primitive days, when board was about two dollars a week, washing included, and French dishes had not been imported. North Conway was then uncut by railroads, and the embryo hotel keepers who now flourish there were unsophisticated farmers. Many can well remember when *Ragout de mouton* was simply mutton stew and *Bifteck au pomme de terre* was called beefsteak and potatoes.

At the South End lived Howarth, a picture cleaner and restorer, with experience that dated back to the time when Gilbert Stuart was painting his last pictures. Howarth had in his atelier an immense canvas, painted by David, of the Coronation of Napoleon; it represented the Emperor, full length, in his gold, ermine and purple velvet robes, with drapery background, where gold lace and fringes added to the splendid setting of the Emperor's face. "How do you like it?" said Howarth. Stuart praised the draperies and rich folds of the coronation robes. "But what do you think of the head?" said Howarth. With a surprised look Stuart replied, "Why, the thing has a head, hasn't it?" This was a witty criticism on a work where the accessories overpowered the subject,—a danger which in this age of bric-à-brac it is very hard to escape. This picture by David is now in the gallery of Versailles.

In turning over the leaves of memory, the genial and sociable Alonzo Hartwell's name appears. After years of engraving he took to doing crayon portraits and

afterwards painted heads. While in the business of engraving, Hammatt Billings was his apprentice. It is not long since Mr. Billings died. He was an architect, and many fine buildings here attest his skill. As an illustrator of books he also



Henry Dexter.

excelled, and was well employed. There were few men who possessed his almost hand of genius.

Now, if those art pioneers were to revisit the mountains, they would, like Cooper's Leather Stocking, "get lost in the clearing," or be impaled in a barbed wire fence, as they prospected for views.

But "the Fathers, where are they?" It was not difficult once to count them all; but now "behold a troop cometh" and a multitude of another generation.

Walking in memory, some few of us that remain, who once knew the old landmarks, can trace the lanes and streets where sculptors, painters and engravers waved their professional banners, little dreaming of Studio Buildings and Club Houses; little thinking that the same century in which they were born would develop mechanical processes with chemicals, which would reduplicate the choi-

cest works, till it is possible for the houses of the poor to possess art gems, and it sometimes takes a second glance of an expert to discern the difference between the duplicate and the original.

There comes up now in memory, as thought goes back many years, the earnest eyes and genial smile of Seth W. Cheney, whose crayon heads introduced him to a wide circle of art lovers, and whose

affords us views of his life, which, aside from art, reveal to us our great loss in his early departure.

As George D. Brown has but recently left his earthly tenement, it may seem out of place to number him with the pioneers of art in Boston. He was born in 1813, and was scarcely out of his teens when, associated with the Forest Club, he essayed scene painting, and from wood



B. F. Nutting.

personal qualities made him esteemed by all who knew him, and who yet dwell upon his virtues. There were in his heads a quality not only superior to others, but one which, to say the least, has never been excelled. The memoir published by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, his excellent wife, for private circulation,

engraving began his brilliant career in art. It was in 1849 and '50 that I saw him in Albano, in Italy, where he was spending a season in sketching. It was in the top of an old palace in that picturesque town that we found him putting the finishing touches on a drop scene for an amateur theatre. It was during the few

days I spent there that the first performance was given. Well does memory call back the scene as the curtain was unrolled, and the enthusiasm of the audience as they shouted for *Signore Bruno, il pittore Americano*, till Brown swung his hat from the private box in response to the compliment. The quarter of a century in which he studied art and nature under Italian skies, with Claude Lorraine as his model, have given to his works their distinctive character, beside what his individual style conferred.

Notwithstanding the fact that the daguerreotype and photograph have run some branches under, there remain invention and ideality, — while color is yet untouched; so that the mind and hand alone are competent to lead in high art.

It would not be an unprofitable retrospect which served to ascertain who, if any, of these old modern masters had material profit beyond daily bread from the work of their lives. Albert Hoit declared he had spent more money in Boston than he ever made there. He was an eminent artist and first president of the Art Club. Harding did succeed in amassing something for his old age. Fisher, as we have said, was shrewd and thrifty. Doughty had nothing to leave; if he ever did have any ballast, it was all thrown out before he ascended. Art historians are obliged to say: "The poor ye always have with you," — art and poverty being usually synonymous terms.

A word or two more of Albert Hoit. He was of New Hampshire birth, and first experimented with paint obtained in his father's grocery store. With a liberal education, he was thorough in all he undertook, and knew more of the chemical qualities pertaining to color than most artists. When the first General Harrison was nominated for the presidency, he was commissioned to paint a portrait of him, and obtained a good picture from the life. In his decease, art and society lost much.

The saintly Nutting, though industrious and frugal, required help in his old age; and a ministering angel made a special exhibition of his works in her studio for his relief. Friends generously seconded her endeavors, and thus the pillow was smoothed.

Mr. —, a sculptor of talent, spent many years in Boston. His family was more numerous than his commissions, and their cultivated tastes could not be gratified. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." They loathed the very name of art, and turned their faces from it. Per contra, another sculptor, of Cambridge, Mr. Dexter, by diligence and a talent not common with artists, was quite successful. With him, "the barrel of meal wasted not, and the cruse of oil did not fail."

Mr. — worked in an attic studio a whole winter without a fire. Once he tried an auction sale of his works in that room, and in order to do so at little cost he obtained an auctioneer's license, paying twenty dollars for it. On the published day and hour of sale, one person only was there besides the artist auctioneer, and he was gone before the first picture was put up. This ended the artist's amateur auctioneering.

Jarvis, who was a remarkably fine portrait painter, and lived in the eighteenth century in Boston, kept up his bodily temperature above the freezing point by hacking at a log in his cellar. "Don't let your professional fire go out," was the advice of a wise man.

Harding, though once an esteemed artist, outlived his popularity and in some degree his reputation, and this not on account of failing powers. A new generation of men had been born "who knew not Joseph." It was also due, no doubt, in part, to a new *regime* in the field of taste. There is a fascination in the rising sun of fame. With youth there is promise, not always fulfilled, but expectation is ever on the *qui vive*, and the public are ready to give a boost that will lift to the pedestal their idol, and are quite as ready to displace him when "another love succeeds." It is "Lo here, and lo there," with the multitude, who are ever looking for a new star. One may yet be discovered, but at present our telescopes are not sufficiently elevated. When, as of old, religion shall join hands with princes, and millionaires consecrate their wealth, art may appear in the predicted "new heavens and new earth."

With the exception of the case of Gilbert Stuart, these reminiscences are

personal; but although the writer thinks he saw, when a boy, Stuart's tall form, he has nothing to relate, though much of interest relating to him may be found in Dunlap's "History of the Rise and Progress of Art in America," a work of much value to those who wish to trace the steps of Stuart's contemporaries, or predecessors, who like him, were devotees of art in the early history of our country.

Many a name might be added of artists who were more or less known to fame while dwelling here, but who have not left with me any personal record, or nothing that would prove generally interesting. Engravers, architects, sculptors have mingled their names and works among us, and now are only found on the tablets of memory:—Stephenson, the sculptor, whose "Dying Indian" and portrait busts made him favorably known; Peterson, the marine painter, who painted ships and the sea almost incomparably; and Salmon, also a marine painter, who possessed power in drawing and knowledge joined to executive skill, making his works as distinctive in style of marine architecture as were the works of Canaletto in his specialty of Venetian scenes. One Smith, Jack R., and Bob Jones, the scene painter, were once known to fame here. George Curtis also loved to paint the silvery sea, and he too was a scenic decorator, as were Reingle and Truman Bartholomew. Hewins, the portrait painter, one remembers well as an artist and gentleman; and Joseph Andrews, the engraver, whose good works yet follow him.

There was Lane, too—he should not be forgotten. From lithography he turned to painting the sea and shore, and his works are found in many homes. The stalwart Kurtz painted landscapes, and like Claude Lorraine was first a baker; and he divided his time between drawing and driving, till a succession of rheumatic fevers ended in dropsy.

It is but recently that Hunt has joined hands on the other shore with his masters. J. F. Millet was the art father of W. M. Hunt, who in turn became responsible for a numerous progeny of art experimenters, who yet revere his memory in Boston. Much might be and has been said

of his genius; but his walk and conversation are yet fresh, so that we refrain from even an outline of his remarkable career.

John Pope painted many portraits in Boston, and with industry joined to prudence made something more substantial than a name. He was in the long catalogue of good artists who left Boston for New York, and was never sorry for it. Pope also painted landscapes.

M. G. Wheelock has not been many years dead. He left us in early prime, after leaving to his own city one of its finest buildings, the Masonic Temple. Possessed of an intense brain, he burned life's candle too fast. His promise as an artist in water colors was good. He illustrated Starr King's book on the White Mountains, which yet has a good sale to tourists. Mr. Wheelock was an active member of the early art associations, and met with the original twenty who formed the Art Club. That institution was born in Tremont Row, where many artists once gathered. One of the early presidents was Joe Ames of pleasant, jolly memory. Those were the days when artists were good enough to be the figure-heads of the club. Well do we remember when he was chosen to that then not very responsible position. His first words of business were, "Well, gentlemen, go ahead." When Hunt was asked to take the position, he said, "No he'd be hanged if he would have anything to do with any institution that had by-laws."

Mr. Ames did a very flourishing business in portraits for several years, and among them many full or three-quarter lengths of Webster, Rachel, Choate, etc. It was Ames's opinion that no artists' association could exist without a liberal part social, and in this he was an "advanced thinker." Those were the days of inexpensive refreshments; when a keg of lager beer on tap, crackers and cheese, with cigars, were the *menu*.

But to go back,—having seen that none of these elders by art became rich, how is it about posthumous fame? and what may be the reasons of their shortcomings? Among all those named, there are but one or two who will be esteemed high priests of art,—Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston: are there any more?

Doughty's works, though beautiful, were attractive by color and touch, but neither of these were very remarkable. Fisher's were pretty and sprightly, but were conventional, and had not enough of higher qualities. Harding's, though good for the time, have not the qualities found in Titian, Reynolds, or even in many other portrait painters abroad in the past century. Their interest lies in the historical subjects which they have handed down to us. Albert Hoit died before the prime of life, and left only hints of power. Many—most—of the artists of the first half of this century, who painted other than portraits, failed by substituting *chic*

for the inspiration which comes from following nature.

These artists, many of them, lived before much of our art vocabulary was formed. They had not received the advantages of foreign galleries and schools. We had next to none at home. Nature indeed was ever present; but its union with art, in partnership, was not formed in their minds sufficiently. And now that, in the case of many of these modern old masters, they neither obtained competence nor fame, neither honor nor reward,—may we not say they did not live in vain? They have planted and watered, and we have the increase.

WOMEN'S WORK IN SCIENCE.

By *Sara A. Underwood.*

THE nineteenth century is above all the woman's century. Never before in the known history of mankind has there been such an awakening of mind among women as has occurred during the past fifty years. Whatever the sex had previously accomplished was chiefly in the domain of feeling, emotion, and sympathy, in the grooves of which the intellectual force of women has been compelled to move, by reason of past circumstances and conditions which are slowly passing away. While woman has never been wholly debarred from learning and literature in the past, her work therein has been rather the outcome of her emotional nature than of her intellectual aspirations. She has helped the race through inspiring song, heart thrilling poetry, and ennobling fiction, rather than by philosophic thought or scientific investigation and discovery. By no fault of her own, and through no lack of capacity for such intellectual development, she has been hindered by her past environments from much progress toward science. But a new day has dawned, and with its first warm rays woman has awakened to a knowledge of a broader field of action, which invites her to new duties, and prom-

ises new joys. In the words of the historian Lecky: "A momentous revolution, the effects of which can as yet be but imperfectly described, has taken place in the chief spheres of female industry that remain. The progress of machinery has destroyed its domestic character. The distaff has fallen from the hand. The needle is being rapidly superseded, and the work which, from the days of Homer to the present century, was accomplished in the centre of the family has been transferred to the crowded manufactory." This freedom from those domestic duties of which Lecky speaks, together with the agitation in behalf of woman's individuality, which has within a recent period opened to her the doors of institutions of learning hitherto closed to the sex, have had the effect of drawing the attention of many women who are dependent upon their own exertions, or fear they may become so in the future, to avocations where an acquaintance with science may be profitable. Therefore, there is now an increasing interest in scientific studies among the women of to-day. In this paper I intend to make a brief survey of what women have done in science in the past, what they are doing at present, and

what possibilities are open to them in the future.

Remembering that science, the study of the laws, principles, and relations of the universe, has not, until within a comparatively recent period, been a common thing even among men themselves, the surprising thing is that, with all the obstacles which custom, circumstances and public opinion have placed in the way of women's attaining any prominence in science, any record of such work in the past should be found. Yet various exceptional individual instances of women, like Hypatia of Alexandria, versed in all the scientific knowledge of those times, have come down to us. Professor Yandell, in an address before the Louisville School of Pharmacy, published in *The American Practitioner*, said that "in the first medical school established during the first Christian era, women taught side by side with men. The school of Salerno contained in its faculty no names more respectable, for scientific zeal and attainment, than those of the three female professors, Trotula, Rebecca, and Abella, who were ready to grapple the toughest subjects in physiology or medicine." From the year 1600 to the year 1850—two and a half centuries previous to the time from which we may date the woman's era—though general education had not been granted the sex, yet whenever in isolated instances women were through some fortunate combination of circumstances allowed to share the educational advantages of men, the effect of such opportunity was many times perceptible in higher excellence in study, and we find record of a number of women who did work worthy of praise in astronomy, anatomy, botany, and other sciences.

But these were generally instances exceptional in their time, as in the medical school of Salerno, and the University of Bologna, where women were granted freedom to participate in education on terms of equality with men, or where the wives, daughters, or sisters of scientific men were encouraged to share in the studies of their male relatives.

The great University of Bologna was the means of giving to the world such women as Laura Bassi, who was professor

of physics there for thirty years; Signora Mazzolina, professor of anatomy, whose bust adorns the anatomical museum of the university; Clotilda Tambroni, professor of Greek, whose epitaph is engraved on the great door of the museums, beside many of lesser note; while the education enjoyed by its women students stimulated others not so favored to self-culture, and this not in Italy alone, but in other countries as well.

Celsius, a celebrated astronomer of Upsala, was a pupil of Kirch, the younger, of Berlin, whose father, mother, and sisters had each contributed to astronomical science. While passing through Paris to Bologna, he was entertained by De L'Isle, whose sister was a student of astronomy; at Bologna, he found his new master, Manfredi, assisted by his two sisters, who were well versed in the science; whereupon Celsius writes to Kirch: "I begin to believe that it is fated for all astronomers whom I have had the honor of becoming acquainted with during my journey, to have learned sisters. I have a sister, too, but not a very learned lady. To keep up the coincidence, we must make an astronomer of her."

Among the women whose fathers were teachers or professors of the science in which their daughters won fame, we briefly note Hypatia, whose father, Theon, one of the first mathematicians of his time, took great pains with the education of his gifted girl; Maria Agnesi of Milan, who wrote a work on the Differential and Integral Calculus; Maria Cunitz, who in 1650 published some astronomical tables of considerable value; Madame Emilie du Chatelet, the intimate friend of Voltaire, who translated Newton's "Principia," and wrote an excellent text-book for schools on physics; and our own Maria Mitchell, whose father accompanied her to Vassar, as assistant astronomer.

Marie Winckelman, born in 1670, owed her opportunity to win fame by her contributions to astronomical science to her marriage with Gotfried Kirch, a celebrated professor of Berlin. Their daughters made some mark in the same line. Madame Runkel, who discovered a comet and was otherwise celebrated for her knowledge of astronomy, was the wife

of a director of the Hamburg Observatory; and it was through association with her brother, Sir William, in his astronomical work, that Caroline Herschell became famous.

That even a few women won honorable mention for scientific attainments in an age when women were practically debarred from such pursuits from lack of educational equipment, should be a great encouragement to the women of to-day. With colleges dedicated to the higher education of their sex springing up in every direction, and the long-closed portals of one men's college after another being unlocked and thrown open to them, while the scientific professions beckon them on to share in honors and emoluments, the women of our time have entered upon the era of golden opportunity. In looking about to see how they are improving that opportunity, we must bear in mind the fact that their entrance upon it is so recent that it is yet scarcely harvest time. But the seed is being sown abundantly, as appears from the proportion of women to men pursuing the higher courses of study in the different colleges in the United States, as shown by the last census.

One hundred years ago girls were not allowed to attend any of the public schools of the country. When the first high school for girls was opened in Boston in 1825, there was such an outcry against the innovation, and so many girls applied for admission, that after a year or so the scheme was abandoned, and was not again attempted until 1853. In 1774 the first academy for women was opened by Moravians in Pennsylvania; in 1789 the first seminary for women in New England was inaugurated in New Bedford, Mass.; and Mary Lyon, in 1836, founded a college for women, in that state, on the broadest basis ever before attempted. Oberlin College was opened on the co-educational plan in 1833, and Antioch College in 1852. But these were innovations which met with much discussion and opposition, even among women themselves. To-day, however, this prejudice against the scientific education of women has nearly disappeared. Even the older and more conservative institutions, like

Harvard and Columbia, are, if not opening their front doors to women, at least making side entrances, called annexes, whereby they may enter. According to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education, 1886-7, there are now in the United States one hundred and fifty nine institutions for the higher education of women. These are divided into two classes: the one including a small number of colleges organized upon the usual plan of the arts colleges; the other a larger class of colleges and seminaries, most of which make provision for a complete course of instruction, beginning at an elementary stage, and carrying pupils on to graduation. In the former class are only ten,—Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, the Harvard Annex, Bryn Mawr, Wells, Ingham University, Baltimore College for Women, Holyoke Seminary, and Barnard College; the three latter have been added since the census was taken, and doubtless there have been additions to the second-class as well.

We learn from the yearly reports of the Harvard Annex that as yet this department is not so well supplied with facilities for scientific work as is that of the male students. In the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, women properly qualified are admitted to any of the courses; but this has been so only of late years. There are not many girl students, but the number increases yearly.

Professor Winchell of Michigan University says: "There is literally no discrimination made here on account of sex. Women study literature, languages, science, pharmacy, dentistry, medicine and law. They study for advanced degrees, and get them. They earn equal honors with men. They are more faithful and generally make better attainments, though many men equal them."

The movement in England with regard to the higher education of women has kept step pretty equally with that in this country. It was not until 1848 that the first women's college, "Queen's," was established in London. Bedford College followed soon after. Twenty years later Girton and Newnham at Cambridge; then Lady Margaret, and Somerville Hall, at Oxford. In the train of the impetus

given by the direction of public thought to the education of women followed the opening of public day schools to girls, the bestowal on women of the privilege to work for college degrees by the University of London, and of entering for the honor examinations at Cambridge and Oxford. In addition, free scholarships are open to women competitors in University College, Bristol; Queen Margaret College, Glasgow; the Royal University, Dublin University, and Alexandra College, Dublin; the Ladies' Collegiate School, and Methodist College, Belfast. Other free scholarships are equally open to both sexes in competition, in colleges in London, Durham, Birmingham, Dublin, and Londonderry. The Australian universities of Sidney, Adelaide, and Melbourne are all open to women upon the same terms as to men, and degrees are granted to women, as to men, when fairly won.

There are still those who question what good the study of science can accomplish for women, especially since it will naturally be some time before they will be able—if they ever are—to compete therein on equal terms with men, now so far in advance of them. The gain already made ought to be sufficient to answer these questioners. When we consider the number of women who now yearly graduate as physicians, and how many are earning an honorable livelihood by the practice of medicine, we see already one great good resulting from woman's entrance upon the scientific professions; while in many other departments of science, women are finding useful work and earning good salaries.

The work of three admirable women, Mary Somerville, Caroline Herschell, and Maria Mitchell, whose lives, laden with honor, came to a close within the memory of this generation, but whose achievements in astronomy belong to an earlier period, indicates still higher possibilities for the women of the future.

Almost every college has already one or more women professors or assistant professors. Even Harvard has admitted women as assistants in its astronomical department; while women, as Dean Rachel Bodley of the Pennsylvania Woman's

College, and Alice Freeman Palmer, of Wellesley, have held the positions of heads of colleges. Women scientists are being given state and national government appointments. One woman is assistant mycologist at Washington; others are engaged in taking meteorological observations. Missouri's state entomologist is a woman. Michigan University has several women professors and assistants in the departments of microscopical botany, anatomy, bacteriology, pathology, and obstetrics. In other colleges can be found women at the head of departments of botany, chemistry, etc.; and the principal of the Denver School of Mines is a woman. In ethnology and archæology shine such bright names as Alice Fletcher, Erminie Smith, and Amelia B. Edwards. Many of these have received high college degrees, and are "fellows" of distinguished scientific societies in this country and Europe. Many women here and in England are acting, or qualifying themselves to act, as druggists and dispensers of medicine.

It was once the fashion to doubt whether the feminine brain is capable of inventing or discovering. With woman's advance in scientific knowledge those questions will be set at rest. Already, in a small way, they are, by experiment and the discovering of facts in natural science. Mrs. Mary Treat of Vineland, N. J., well known as a writer on natural history, has made a number of discoveries in botany; and Miss Adele Field made some remarkable experiments and discoveries in regard to earthworms, which were published in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; while other women have made and are making discoveries in other branches.

The steady increase of patents granted to women since scientific studies have been opened to them explains in part why inventions by that sex have been heretofore so rare. A list recently published gives the number of patents granted to women inventors by the United States Government, from the year 1790 to July 1, 1888, as two thousand three hundred. From 1809 to 1815, only one patent was issued. After 1857, the number of women inventors increased rapidly. In 1870,

the number was sixty; in 1887, the number reached one hundred and seventy-nine. If last year's list were published, it would probably show a still more rapid advance. And these inventions take a wide range, from mere household and dress inventions to railroad journal boxes and submarine telescopes. In addition to the better scope and invitation for inventive genius which wider knowledge gives, the more independent position of women now requires less moral courage on their part to apply for patents than would have been necessary at an earlier period.

As might be expected at this early stage of woman's introduction to the sciences, her contributions to scientific literature have been small, and such as have appeared deal mainly with elementary science. As it may be interesting at some future time to note woman's advance in this department, I give here the result of some investigations made by myself as to the work already done by women. In the index of the articles contributed or published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, during the ten years from 1872 to 1882, are the titles of between seven and eight thousand subjects. Of these only twenty-five were written by women, and of these twenty-five, less than half the number were on really scientific topics. Since 1882 there has been an increase of articles contributed to this magazine by women writers, but not yet in proportion to the increase of women workers in scientific lines.

During the years 1885, 1886, and 1887 a list was made — perhaps not complete, but so far as could be gleaned from the review columns of newspapers, magazines, etc. of the books, exclusive of stories and poems, published by women writers during those years. These comprised history, biography, essays, art, travels, etc. Out of a list of over four hundred such works, only twenty-eight treated of scientific subjects. In the catalogue of the World's Exposition held at New Orleans in the winter of 1884-5, the list of books contributed to the women's department of that exposition fills twenty-seven pages and gives the titles of 1,215 books written by women; but only twenty-one of these

could be called scientific. One hundred years hence, scientific literature will show a much nearer equality between the work of the sexes, if the present rate of progress be kept up.

Among those who object to giving a scientific education to women are many who bring up the familiar objection of the motherhood of the sex, — that it is time wasted to give such an education to those who will be too busy as wives, house-keepers, and mothers, to make any use of their learning. To these we reply that in whatsoever path of duty our lot may call us in life, it has been over and over demonstrated by experience that ignorance is never a help, that knowledge is always power, however high or humble our position. As one mother writes: "If a physician be called to attend a very sick child, when perhaps the nursing is most important, which will give him the greatest sense of strength — the ignorant mother, blindly striving to ease present pain, regardless of future consequences, or the woman accustomed to using her reason? The first perhaps cannot read the labels on his bottles; the second can take notes of all he directs and give him on his return a faithful account of what has passed in his absence." More than this, the mother who has herself studied the science of medicine may act as physician in her own family to advantage; and the mother who can of her own knowledge give satisfactory replies to the questions of her boys and girls as to the wonders of the world in which they live, will, better than the ignorant mother, however loving and devoted, bind to her own the hearts of her children.

Moreover, where women find themselves possessed of exceptional ability in any one line of science, motherhood need not necessarily deprive them of continuing their interest or progress in that line. Laura Bassi, for thirty years occupying the chair of professor of physics at Bologna University, was only twenty-one years of age when she was called to it, and she married and became the mother of twelve children without interruption of her university duties. Her home, where she carried on many scientific experiments, was beautiful in its orderliness,

and was the resort of the lovers of learning. Mrs. Somerville was the mother of five children by her two marriages, yet found time for study and writing her famous works on astronomy. Harriet Martineau writes of her home life: "It was delightful to see her, always well dressed, and thoroughly womanly in her conversation and manners, while unconscious of any peculiarity in her pursuits. It was delightful to go to tea at her house in Chelsea, and find everything in order and beauty—the walls hung with fine drawings, her music in the corner, and her tea-table spread with good things." Erminie Smith, the eminent American ethnologist and mineralogist, used often to set out on her scientific expeditions, accompanied by her four boys.

A woman student writes from Boston: "Mrs. B., the mother of three children, has begun her fifth year of geology and mineralogy with Professor —. Mrs. L., with her house work, doing her own sewing and making her two boys' clothes, has been keeping up with me in the lessons that I have taken in geology, microscopy, etc. Mrs. M., who has studied the lower forms of life, and is able to take deep-sea dredgings and name animals therefrom, and who also does fine work in microscopy, has a family of three children and a husband. She has domestic help, but entertains a great deal, and is president of our Agassiz Club."

I am quite aware that these are exceptional women, and that the majority of wives and mothers could not accomplish what a few are doing. But the knowledge that such things are possible may encourage other mothers to keep in practice

what they already know, and to make an attempt to widen their sphere of knowledge and so become more helpful mothers, more companionable wives, and thus enlarge their capacity for giving and receiving happiness.

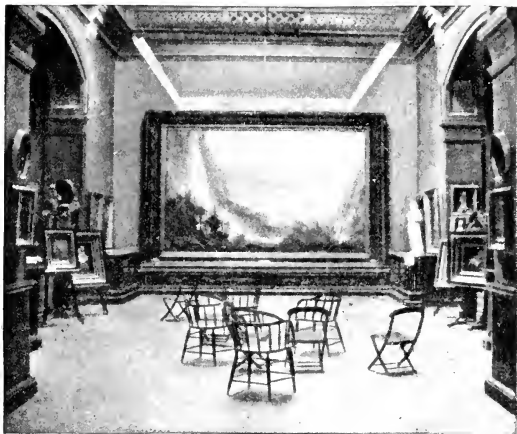
But it is mainly in behalf of that large and increasing class of self-respecting, and generally self-supporting women, who from choice or necessity remain unmarried, that this new interest in scientific work among women should be welcomed and encouraged. It is through science that mankind is to progress and improve. We are yet but working around the openings of a vast, rich mine of undiscovered knowledge, which will forever need new relays of workers to explore; and each new discovery therein will be sure to open new avenues of employment to both men and women.

An absorbing interest in any branch of science will leave for the woman occupied in it, little time for morbid whining for sympathy with sentimental woes, or abnormal longing for denied pleasure; no time to brood over real or fancied sorrows, for foolish gossip, or dalliance with temptation through idleness. It will keep her heart as well as her intellect fully occupied, will keep soul and body bright, cheerful, healthful, make her a useful factor in the world's work, and by teaching her, through the steady drill of persistence, patience, exactitude, and many-sided study, which such service demands, to make her emotional nature subservient to her intellectual needs, will do more than anything else to make her that "perfect woman nobly planned" of whom we dream.



A MODEL NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

By Edwin A. Start.



Interior of Art Gallery, St. Johnsbury.

AND so Bierstadt's magnificent 'Domes' is doomed to the obscurity of a little town in northern Vermont." Thus did a certain New York newspaper several years ago bewail the fact that Bierstadt's wonderful painting was to be carried away to a hill town in northern Vermont. But it was no commonplace community for which "The Domes of the Yosemite" had been captured. It was a town which has long possessed many claims to more than passing interest; a bright example of the result of that spirit of conservative energy which has accomplished much in New England in the past, and is not yet so dead that it cannot animate even a hill town of the North with vigorous life. In this little corner of the country that we call New England are many towns of long growth and rich historic interest; and various articles in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* have touched pleasantly upon the features, past and present, that give to many of them a never-failing charm. But New England is not so exclusively his-

torical, certainly not so wholly *passé*, as some would have us believe. She is still creating; and it is worth while to look sometimes at her more modern examples of development, to study the forces that make success and prosperity in our communities to-day, and the results that may be obtained through wisely directed public spirit. We have many towns pulsing with a strong and virile life, growing always, yet growing best while clinging closely to the traditions of the older New England. Such a town is St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where "The Domes of the Yosemite," found a permanent resting place.

St. Johnsbury is a modern town. It has little history, in the popular acceptation of the term; and what it has, is simple and easily told. It was a natural outgrowth of old New England, a frontier town founded after the acknowledged independence of the colonies had given their inhabitants opportunity to push out into the depths of the northern forests, where rich, virgin lands awaited the pio-



SOUTH.

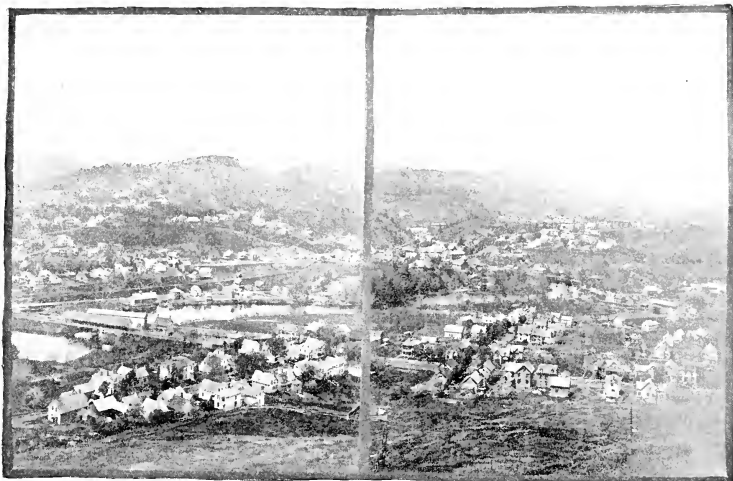
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

neer. The wilderness of Vermont was practically unbroken when the Revolution ended, the only white men who had penetrated its ancient forests being hunters and surveyors. But the Indian had departed from his well-worn trail along the Passumpsic; new towns were springing into being all through the territory embraced in the present Essex, Orleans, and Caledonia counties, and the forces of nature alone were left for these early settlers to contend with. Hardships enough there were in this harsh climate, testing and developing the manhood and the womanhood of the pioneers; but there was little of the romance of frontier struggles in the early days of the settlement. It was matter-of-fact, everyday work with the settlers.

The influence that brought the new town into life came from Rhode Island. Dr. Jonathan Arnold, a man of strong character, and a member of one of the best Rhode Island families, was, while a member of Congress, an earnest advocate of the recognition of Vermont's independence, against the claims of New York and New Hampshire. Whether he became interested in the new state through this advocacy, or was led to espouse its cause

because he had already in mind a settlement among its hills, is doubtful. However this may have been, we find him in 1786, heading a company of grantees, who received from the famous Governor Thomas Chittenden a grant of a tract of land lying within the limits of old Orange County. In the same year the first settlement was made. A previous colonial grant of the same territory had been made by the royal governor of New York before the Revolution, but no permanent settlement was made under it, and the grant lapsed with the power that had given it. Under the second grant a considerable number of hardy, self-reliant men found their way to the site of the new town, and began to clear places for homes. Growth was, nevertheless, slow. During the first year the settlers had to go on foot along the trails to the town of Barnet, several miles down the river, for every supply. There were no roads, only the primeval wilderness, whose beauties a century of man's destructive work has not been able to destroy.

In the spring of 1787, Dr. Arnold came personally to the settlement. He was then forty-six years of age, a born leader, and thoroughly trained in public affairs.



From Harris Hill.

NORTH.

He naturally assumed the direction of the enterprise. Promptly upon his arrival, he erected a saw and grist mill at the falls of the Passumpsic. The town was organized in 1790, and was named for a French gentleman, St. John de Crevecoeur, consul at New York, a warm friend of Ethan Allen, and a great admirer of America. In accepting the honor offered him of becoming godfather of the new town, St. John made the very sensible suggestion that, "the name of St. John being already given to many places in this country, it might be contrived by the appellation of St. Johnsbury." For this one laudable effort to prevent the over-multiplying of names in the New World, St. John deserves the appreciation of posterity.

Public improvements began in earnest in 1789, in which year the town petitioned the legislature for state aid in road building, urging the lack of resources on the part of the town, and the great need of highways. In the following year a roadway through "the plain," now the central residence section of the village, was partially cleared. This road followed the line of what is now Main Street. On either side were charred stumps, and about midway a deep gully crossed the

road. Beyond the stump land lay dense woods. At this time the population was one hundred and forty-three, and the grand list, \$590. Ten years later, in 1800, the town had a population of six hundred and sixty-three, and a grand list of \$8,628.

Dr. Arnold died in 1793, and was a great loss to the young community; but his wise, practical leadership had put it on the right path, and it grew and flourished. Early action taken by the town would indicate that its most dreaded enemies were wolves and Canada thistles. In 1799, nineteen towns, including St. Johnsbury, were set off from Orange County, and organized as Caledonia County, with Danville as the county-seat. Mails at this time were brought over the hills by post riders. The first meeting-house was built in 1802, and, as in other New England towns, it was also a town-house, being used for town-meetings as late as 1852. It stood on a high hill, as near as possible to the territorial centre of the town; but was later moved to St. Johnsbury Centre, a small hamlet about three miles up the river from St. Johnsbury village. In 1856, owing to its growth and the entry of the railroad, St.

Johnsbury succeeded Danville as the county seat.

Such were the beginnings of St. Johnsbury; and if it be true that "that people is fortunate which has no history," the late good fortune of this place is well accounted for. The future of the town thus established was powerfully influenced by two things: the establishing of the Fairbanks scale business in 1830, and the opening of the Passumpsic railroad to the town in 1850. For twenty years after the scale works were established, they flourished, although no railroad united the town with the outside world. The building of a railroad to the place gave a great impetus to this and other industries, and this growth has been constant and substantial in each succeeding decade. The building of the Portland and Ogdensburg line through the White Mountain Notch was long a favorite project of the late Governor Horace Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, and he is even credited with having originated the project of a railroad through the Notch. He was certainly active in promoting it, as well as the Vermont division of the same line, from Lunenburg, through St. Johnsbury, to Maquam on Lake Champlain. The last rail on this division was laid July 17, 1877, and

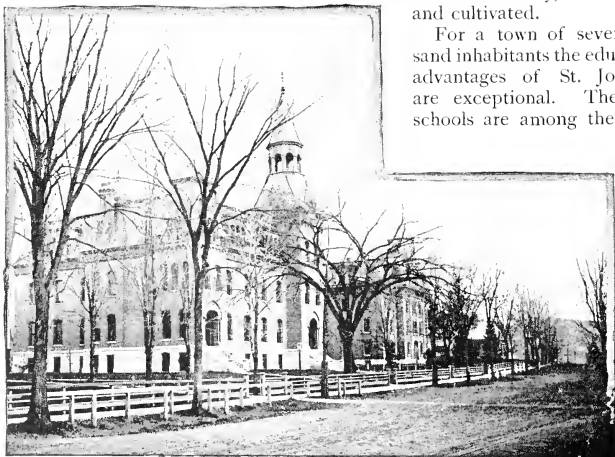
it opened to direct railway communication a most beautiful and fertile section across the state, the valleys of the Lamoille and Missisquoi, and made St. Johnsbury an important railway centre, standing as it does at the junction of great northern and southern lines, and at the gateway between the hearts of the White and Green Mountains. In 1850 a New York newspaper said:

"In the darkest hour of the Boston money market, by the efforts of and the confidence reposed in Mr. Addison Gilmore and Mr. Erastus Fairbanks, the bonds of the Passumpsic Railway Company were negotiated at par to such an extent as to allow the continuation of the road from Wells River, its present termination, to St. Johnsbury, and thus accomplishing a great step in progress towards Montreal."

Erastus Fairbanks was the eldest of the three brothers who founded the scale works, the first war governor of Vermont, and the father of Horace Fairbanks. Thus father and son, both in their generations governors of the state, played important parts in making St. Johnsbury the railroad centre that it is, and laying the best of foundations for its future business prosperity.

St. Johnsbury as we find it to-day is notable for its combination of culture, educational advantages, industrial activity, and rare beauty, both natural and cultivated.

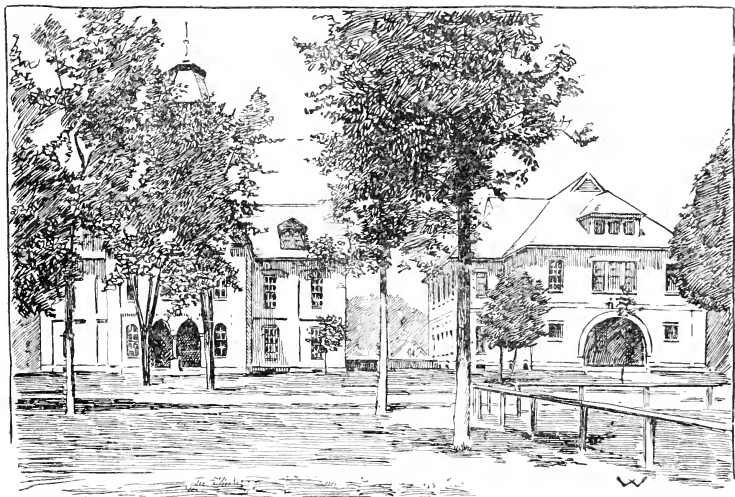
For a town of seven thousand inhabitants the educational advantages of St. Johnsbury are exceptional. The public schools are among the best in



St. Johnsbury Academy.

Vermont, the graded schools of the village occupying two centrally located brick schoolhouses, well built and commodious, with ample playgrounds. But the town has something more and higher in the widely known St. Johnsbury Academy, founded by the Fairbanks

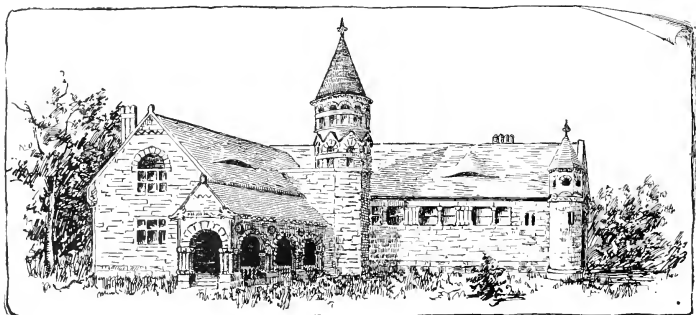
hundred students, to whom it offers the usual courses of a high grade academy and preparatory school. It sends a generous contingent each year to Dartmouth College, while a few students go to Amherst and the other colleges. It is usually represented in Smith and Wellesley



Graded Schools.

brothers in 1843, and maintained by the firm until 1866, from which time until his death in 1886 it enjoyed the special patronage of Sir Thaddeus Fairbanks, who gave to it liberally in thought and money during all that period. The two substantial brick buildings now occupied by the institution were erected by him in 1871 and 1873, at a cost of over \$80,000, and he met all the expenses of the academy until 1882, when it received an endowment of \$100,000, of which he gave \$40,000. His benefactions to the institution are said to have amounted to considerably over \$200,000. He was president of the board of trustees until his death, and was succeeded in that position by his son, Professor Henry Fairbanks. The academy has prospered continuously. It now has thirteen instructors, and enrolls annually over three

Colleges and at Mount Holyoke by some of its young lady graduates. Its instructors are thorough and experienced teachers, with Charles E. Putney, Ph.D., a well-known and able educator, at their head. The school has prospered, because it has been the object of watchful care and interest, and has been steadily developed in harmony with a fixed purpose, the purpose to give it permanence as a centre for intermediate education and thorough Christian scholarship. The surroundings and atmosphere of the town are peculiarly fitted to maintain it in line with this purpose. The general tone of society is intelligent. The power of the church is strong; and the saloon, the gambling den, and the other haunts of temptation play no part in the life of the town. It may be doubted whether there is a place of its size in New England so free from



Museum of Natural Science.

these demoralizing influences as St. Johnsbury.

A valuable adjunct to the academy in its educational work, but even broader in its scope, is the Athenæum, the gift to the town of the late Governor Horace Fairbanks, and maintained by his estate as a free public library and art gallery. This institution occupies a building of simple but massive and dignified design, located in a commanding position. Passing through the spacious entrance hall, from which stairs ascend to the second

floor, which is entirely occupied by a fine lecture hall, the visitor enters a large and well-lighted reading-room, supplied with the best home and foreign monthlies and quarterlies. Comfortable chairs are near the tables, and the whole atmosphere is hospitable and pleasing. On the right is a small room, entered through heavy portieres, within which is a life-size painting of Governor Fairbanks. Beyond the reading-room opens the vista of the library with its book-stacks on either side. Although this is a free public

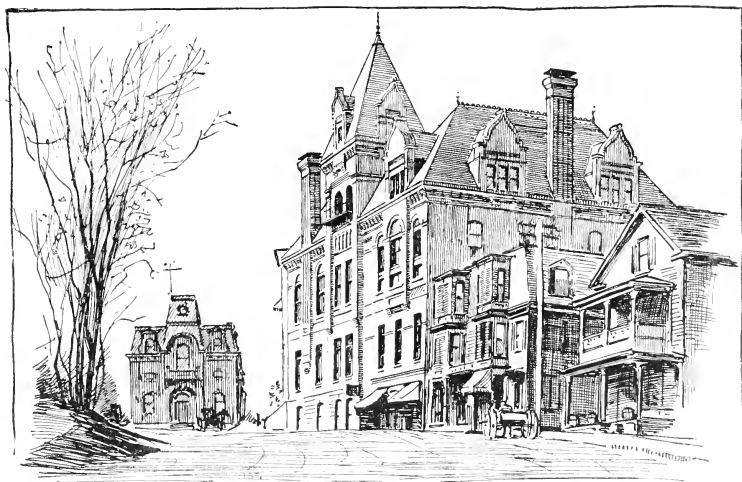
library, with no special restrictions not found in other libraries, the books are left uncovered in the original bindings. The bookcases are of heavy polished black walnut, and the resulting effect is more that of a vast private library than of a public library. There are no railings hedging about the book alcoves, with books in monotonous rows in ghostly gray covers, as in most public libraries. Red and blue and green and brown and black and gold bindings brighten the shelves, among which the book-lover may wander at leisure and study titles to his heart's content. Only he cannot remove the books from the shelves. That can only be done by the librarian. The result of



Col. Franklin Fairbanks.

this method of managing the library is that in the Athenæum the friend of the books finds himself amid friendly surroundings. It is a delightful resort, suited to quiet contemplation, a rich, elegant, and home-like library. The Athenæum now contains about twelve thousand volumes, and is equalled by but one, if by any, other library in the state. The collection is especially rich in the best works of history, biography, and science. The eight thousand or more volumes with which the library opened, November 28, 1871, were chosen under the advice of the able bibliographer, Mr. Poole, a

acquainted with the Athenæum gallery, that a single collection of paintings so choice is to be seen in few galleries in this country. "The Domes of the Yosemite" has no reason to blush for its company in this "obscurity of a Vermont town," nor does that grand mass of colors caught from the sky, the sunlight and the laughing waters of the Yosemite lack appreciative visitors. St. Johnsbury is not New York; but it is the home of many cultivated and travelled people and to it there come in the course of each year, on social or business visits, many others, citizens of the world, widely



Young Men's Christian Association.

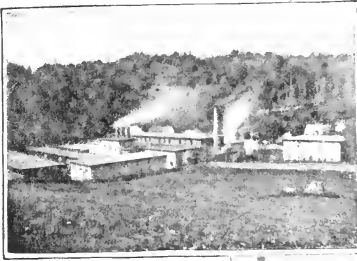
fact which sufficiently guarantees the substantial value of the collection. Many of the volumes are richly bound, presenting a very attractive appearance.

Beyond the library is still another apartment, the art gallery, in which hangs Bierstadt's masterpiece, along with a small but choice collection of paintings, including some of great value. "The Domes of the Yosemite" cost originally \$30,000. But it is a sordid mistake indeed to estimate these pictures or books by their cost, whatever that might be. It is the general judgment of connoisseurs

travelled, widely read, who can estimate Bierstadt's canvas and the other treasures of the Athenæum at their full value. It may well be believed, too, that the free access to these works of art tends year by year to educate the common people, those whose advantages for culture away from the limits of their native hills have not been so great, to a better appreciation of the beauty and the worth of art.

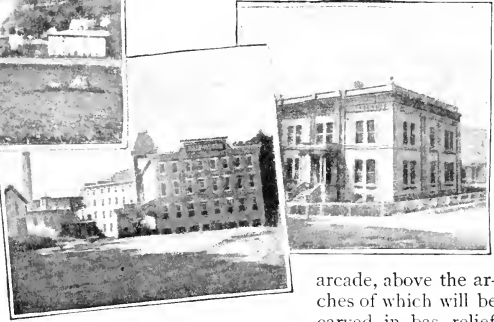
The art gallery is not large, but it is so well planned and lighted as to give the best effects in minimum space. In glass cases about the room are priceless books

on art and its history, only available for reference, large folios many of them, in costliest bindings.



A short distance north of the Athenæum, on Main Street, stands a brown stone building rapidly approaching completion and already giving evidence of great architectural beauty. This is the Fairbanks Museum, the latest and not the least valuable addition to St. Johnsbury's educational system. The giver is the Hon. Franklin Fairbanks, president of The E. and T. Fairbanks and Company. He is a son of Governor Erastus Fairbanks, and brother of Gover-

by him, a plan broad and useful in its scope, showing the work at once of a lover of natural science and a far-sighted man of affairs. The structure is of brown stone, the main building extending north and south one hundred feet, with a west wing fifty feet in length. Along the south side of this wing an



Fairbanks Scale Works.

arcade, above the arches of which will be carved in bas-relief the heads of Linnæus,

Humboldt, and Audubon, leads to the entrance tower at the junction of the wing with the main building. The main part will contain the collections, having ample floor and gallery space. The wing will be occupied by the curator's room, class and lecture room, working room and library, while several light and dry rooms will be finished in the basement. The museum will contain working collections in every branch of natural history. The nucleus for every one of these collections, embracing ethnology, geology, mineralogy, zoology, conchology, entomology, ornithology, oölogy, —already exists in the rare private collections of Colonel Fairbanks, brought together at great care and expense from all parts of the world. It is intended to have all working specimens duplicated, so that they can be freely used for class-room work: for this museum is to be no dead thing, no mere show place for the curious, but, as I have already indicated, a working part of the educational system of the town. With the special scientific



Fairbanks Dry Goods Store.

nor Horace Fairbanks, and is the present head of the family. This museum is the accomplishment of a plan long matured

library in this building, and the already excellent collection of scientific works in the Athenæum, the library facilities for

scientific study will be practically complete. Scientific classes from the academy can hold their recitations in the museum classroom. A local scientific society is already projected, the work of which will centre about the museum. A complete collection of the fauna and flora of the county and vicinity will be made through this medium, and correspondence and exchanges will be opened with other scientific societies, making a living centre of permanent and useful scientific work. That such attractive opportunities will have an ever stronger tendency to draw the young men and women of the place, and those who come

other large-hearted and public-spirited citizen to place his name as a public benefactor beside those of the many members of the Fairbanks family, who have so honorably identified themselves with all that is best in the life of this place.

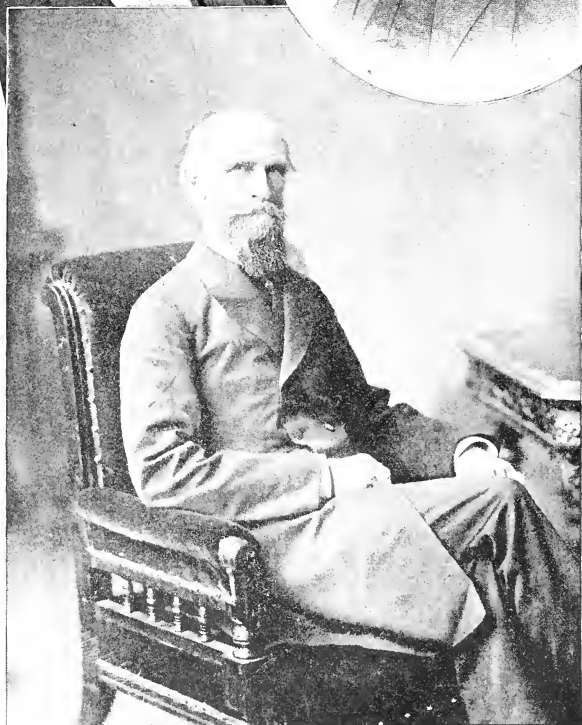
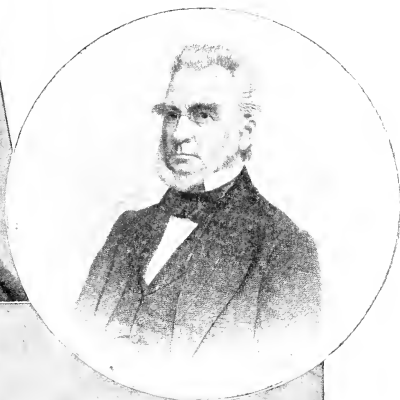
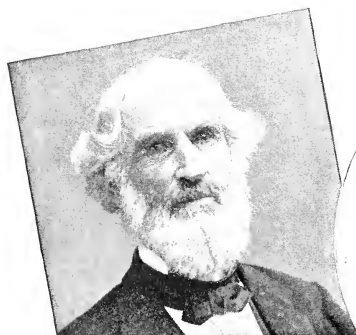
The church holds an important, it may be said a dominant place, in the life of St. Johnsbury. The Congregational body embraces a large share of the culture, wealth, and influence of the town. It possesses two large churches in the village, the North and South. The Methodists, with one prosperous church, stand next in point of strength and age; and smaller churches represent the Epis-



Elmwood—Residence of the late Sir Thaddeus Fairbanks.

here to attend the academy, into scientific study and research cannot be doubted. When profitable and elevating studies of this nature can be made pleasant to young people, they will compete on even terms with the more careless amusements of youth, and a great end will thus be attained. The liberal and beneficent plan of the founder needs to be understood in order to be fully appreciated. As the rounding out of an almost complete system of education, this museum will leave but one thing to be desired by this favored town—an industrial school; and here, it seems to me, is an opportunity for some

copian, Baptist, Free Baptist, Reformed Presbyterian, and Universalist sects. These for the Protestant side. The Roman Catholics have a large parish, mainly made up of Canadian French. There are other Protestant societies in the outlying hamlets of the town, St. Johnsbury Centre and East St. Johnsbury, in each of which the Congregationalists are established, the former village possessing the old First Church and society of the town. Even the smallest of these societies possess neat and pleasant houses of worship. The Methodists have an excellent church



Sir Thaddeus Fairbanks.

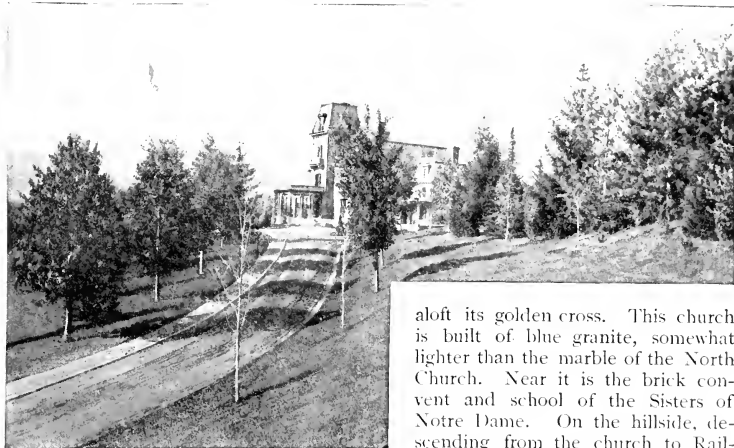
Governor Erastus Fairbanks.

Governor Horace Fairbanks.

property. The South Congregational Society occupies a large and homelike white church, of the type characteristic of the last generation, the interior decorated in refined taste, while shade trees and a fountain on the lawn add to its attractiveness. But the North Church is the architectural pride of St. Johnsbury. It is unequalled in New England, outside of Boston, for richness, grace, and beauty.

elaborate bronzes, and stained glass windows that throw over all the subdued and solemn light befitting the sanctuary. The architect of this church, Lambert Packard of St. Johnsbury, is responsible for most of the best work in the village.

A few steps from Main Street, and near the new museum, stands the Catholic church, a stately stone edifice, with a tall and singularly graceful spire, holding far



Underclyffe — Residence of Colonel Franklin Fairbanks.

Set to the best advantage in a large corner lot, its fair proportions would attract the observer anywhere; in a small northern New England town, they excite admiration and surprise in every visitor. The material of the edifice is a dark blue native marble, found at Isle La Motte on Lake Champlain, and all but the trimmings are rock faced. There are some interior columns of a finely polished red granite from the Bay of Fundy, the bases and richly carved capitals being of Ohio sandstone. The most striking feature of the exterior is the beautiful tower on one corner, rising, with its turret, to a height of nearly a hundred feet. The main entrance is through a triple arch, with side entrances through a *porte cochere* on the right and a porch on the left. The large audience-room is richly finished in native cherry, with

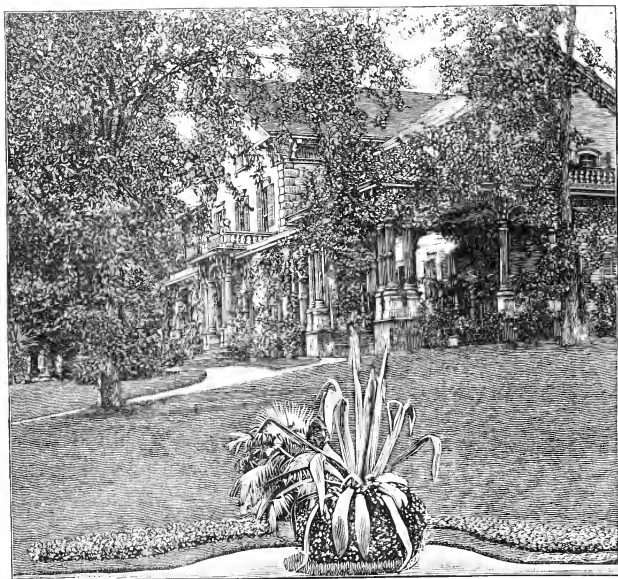
aloft its golden cross. This church is built of blue granite, somewhat lighter than the marble of the North Church. Near it is the brick convent and school of the Sisters of Notre Dame. On the hillside, descending from the church to Railroad Street, the cross streets are rapidly filling with a tenement-house

population of French Canadians, who form the major part of the parish, and who are coming across the line in constantly increasing numbers, and who represent the foreign immigration problem so far as St. Johnsbury is concerned. They constitute about four-fifths of its foreign population, and are a difficult people to Americanize, being almost Chinese in their exclusiveness. They are Catholics, of a peculiarly narrow Old World type. They are not especially obnoxious neighbors: but their clannishness, the ignorance of the mass of them, and the patriarchal authority of their religious leaders, debar them from sympathy with the spirit of any American community, particularly of such a community as that of St. Johnsbury. Their children are educated in their parochial school, and the people live by themselves,

There are exceptions. There are bright, progressive French-Canadians — quick, vivacious and intelligent, who take good positions in the community; but the mass of this people certainly present a problem.

St. Johnsbury is a village of homes. It knows no labor troubles. Its people are thrifty, prosperous, and contented, while high standards are always before them in their exceptional surroundings. Among them are many well-to-do people — prosperous merchants, manufacturers, professional men. The streets are well laid out, broad, lined with trees, straight and regular where the land permits it, or

has excellent water works and sewer system, and other like advantages in common with other progressive towns of its size. One feature that will strike the visitor is the surprising number of fountains playing on the grounds throughout the town. A part of the village lies on the river level, at the foot of a long slope. Here is the railway station, one of the two leading hotels, and a considerable business centre on Railroad Street. Above, on "the Plain," a broad plateau, is another business centre, the other prominent hotel of the place, the St. Johnsbury House, the academy, the leading churches. In this part of the town are



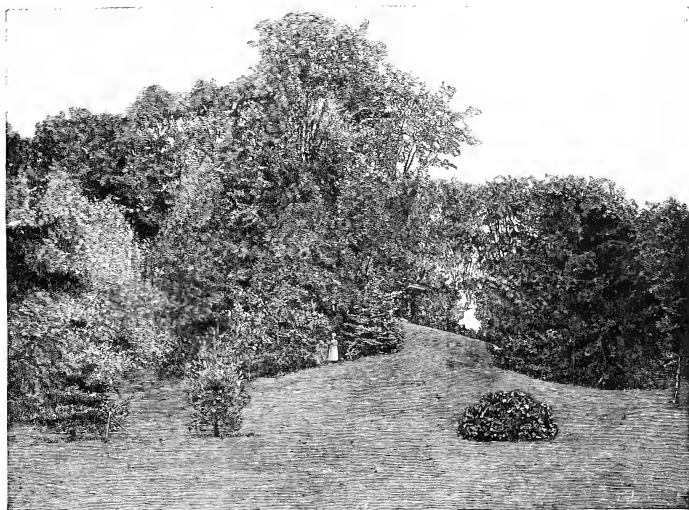
Pinehurst—Residence of the late Governor Horace Fairbanks.

winding up and down, in and out among the hollows, giving constant surprises and glimpses of beauty. They are lined literally with trees. All about are well-kept lawns, pretty gardens; everything is neat, everything attractive, marked by taste and a strong local pride. The village is lighted by gas and electricity,

the most beautiful residences, chief among them the homes of the different representatives of the Fairbanks family, stately houses, with park-like grounds — Underclyffe, the home of Colonel Franklin Fairbanks; Pinehurst, with its treasures of art, the home of the late Governor Horace Fairbanks; Elmwood, home of Professor

Henry Fairbanks, and formerly of his father, the late Sir Thaddeus; and Brantview, the home of Mrs. William P. Fairbanks, architecturally the finest residence in the village. The greenhouses of Pinehurst and Underclyffe are famous, the

and activity to the last days of his life. He was a man whom it was good to look upon, a genius and a Christian gentleman. Some one wrote of him in 1872: "An old man of striking and venerable appearance, tall and slender, erect, with



A Glimpse of Pinehurst.

former more especially for its rare orchids and exotics, the latter for its chrysanthemums and roses — and both for their extent and the choice general results attained by the gardeners. The beautiful grounds about the Fairbanks homes, and the greenhouses with their floral treasures are open within reasonable limits for the public to enjoy.

I have alluded to Thaddeus Fairbanks by his title, which is generally accorded him, for he was a veritable knight of the imperial Austrian order of Francis Joseph, having received the cross of the order in 1873. He was also the recipient of the decoration of commander in the Tunisian order of Nishaw el Niftikar, and of the golden medal of Siam. He was the inventor of the world-famous Fairbanks scale, and he lived to the age of ninety years, honored and beloved, in full vigor

a remarkable head, now white with years. He speaks with Spartan brevity and rather shuns intercourse with strangers." His great interest outside of the inventive work in which he was constantly engaged was the St. Johnsbury Academy. What he did for that institution I have already told. His son, Professor Henry Fairbanks, gave to the Young Men's Christian Association the handsome brick building occupied by that organization. It has reading-room and parlors, a small hall and an excellent gymnasium. The association is very prosperous, owning, in addition to this property, Music Hall, the only large audience-room, with stage, in the town.

The St. Johnsbury soldiers' monument in Court House Square was made in Italy, by Mead, and is a chaste and beautiful work of art. It bears the names of over

eighty of St. Johnsbury's soldiers. The war record of this small town is noteworthy. At the close of the war it was ahead of its quota, and had the proud satisfaction of knowing that those whom it sent out had acquitted themselves like men.

Luke P. Poland was one of the citizens without mention of whom no paper relating to St. Johnsbury would be complete. Lawyer, chief justice of the supreme court

ident of St. Johnsbury from 1850 to 1885, when he removed to his native town of Waterville, where he lived less than two years, his death occurring in 1887. For twenty-two years from its organization he was president of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury.

This fortunate town has been especially fortunate in its newspapers. The oldest of these, the *Caledonian*, has been identified with the history of the town for more

than half a century, always representing the best there was in St. Johnsbury; and for thirty-five years the history of the *Caledonian*, was the life history of a man whose name deserves mention when St. Johnsbury is mentioned, — Charles Marshall Stone. Mr. Stone died in the present year, at the age of fifty-seven years. In many ways there is a remarkable parallel between his life and that of Samuel Bowles. Both began their editorial career in the troublous years preceding the war of secession; the whole life of each was identified with that of one newspaper, upon which he stamped a strong individuality and sturdy character. In his narrower field, Mr. Stone's work was singularly like that of Bowles. The marked characteristics of his paper were its



Charles Marshall Stone.

of the state, representative to Congress, and United States senator, Judge Poland's was a remarkable personality. He had marked faults, but he was in spite of them one of the greatest and most useful of the brilliant galaxy of public men in whom Vermont takes such just pride. His record in Congress, in both houses, was a remarkable record of thoroughness and statesmanship. Judge Poland was a res-

unflinching independence, the vigor with which it tore the mask from hypocrisy, its hatred of tricksters and time-servers in politics, its readiness to alienate friends rather than yield jot or tittle of what it believed to be the truth. With such a policy the *Caledonian* became a real power in the community. A small country weekly, its influence and reputation have been quite beyond its magni-

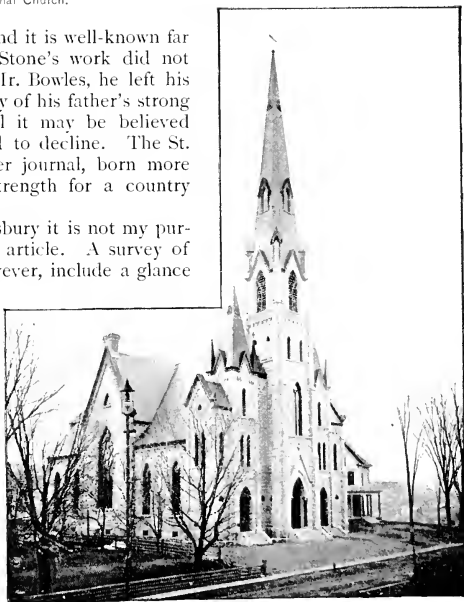


North Congregational Church.

In 1830, the hemp-raising craze had a run among the farmers of northeastern Vermont, and the Fairbanks brothers began the business of handling this hemp, which had to be weighed in large quantities, an operation of some difficulty with the clumsy appliances then in use. Thaddeus Fairbanks had a rare inventive genius. He had been engaged in the manufacture of carriages, and later, with his brother Erastus, under the firm name of E. and T. Fairbanks, in the manufacture of stoves and cast-iron ploughs. In

tude as a business enterprise, and it is well-known far outside of its own field. Mr. Stone's work did not perish with him. Again like Mr. Bowles, he left his paper to a son, who inherits many of his father's strong traits, and under whose control it may be believed the paper will not be permitted to decline. The *St. Johnsbury Republican* is another journal, born more recently, of more than usual strength for a country paper.

Of the industries of St. Johnsbury it is not my purpose to speak at length in this article. A survey of the town must of necessity, however, include a glance at the great scale business, with the growth of which the growth of the town has kept even step. In 1815 there came to St. Johnsbury from Brimfield, Mass., Joseph Fairbanks, his wife and three sons, Erastus, Thaddeus, and Joseph P. A sawmill was established by the elder Fairbanks, on Sleepers' River, where a part of the great scale factory now stands. Here various kinds of mechanical and mercantile business were carried on by members of the family for some years.



Roman Catholic Church.

all this Erastus was the executive head, but Thaddeus was the designer, the inventor, the mechanical head. He went to work now to solve the problem of a suitable weighing machine, and evolved in a night, substantially, the plan on which the Fairbanks scale, in all its many forms, is made to-day. Erastus and Thaddeus were joined by their younger brother, Joseph P., a lawyer by training, a scholar and an excellent business man, who died in 1855. From this time the scale business flourished, until now its buildings cover more than twelve acres of land; six hundred men are employed, and the weekly output is from 1500 to 2000 finished scales, which are shipped to all parts of the civilized and semi-civilized world. The honors bestowed upon Thaddeus Fair-

by the bright, intelligent faces of the men, their pleasant, gentlemanly bearing, and their evident interest in their work. No strike has ever interfered with the prosperity of these works, and this fact the visitor will readily understand. Here

are no dull, ignorant, and sullen faces; no grumbling, unwilling toilers. These are men.

Every process in the manufacture of the scales is specialized after the manner of all large manufacturing business at the present time. Each man puts his part of the scale through one process, and then it goes on to the next—from the foundry where it is cast, to the blacksmith shop where it is worked, then to the machine shop and through the various finishing rooms, to the sealing room, where



Soldiers' Monument.

banks, the inventor, coming from Austria, Tunis and Siam, are some evidence of the extent to which the reputation of this product of a Vermont factory is spread.

The great shops are full of interest for the visitor, who will be struck particularly

every scale is tested and sealed before being sent out. There is no time wasted, even in the carpenter shop, on unnecessary hand work. Everything is done quickly by accurate machines of wonderful simplicity. Many standard styles of scales

are made, from the tiny postal scale to the great hay-scale; and in addition to this any desired special style will be made, so that countless designs have gone out from the pattern shop to pass through the rapid course of construction and be sent out somewhere on the inhabited globe, beyond which the company has not yet extended its business. The company is now incorporated as E. and T. Fairbanks & Company, with a capital stock of two and a half million dollars. Besides its manufacturing business, it runs large grocery and dry goods stores, originally started for the convenience of employes, but now developed into enterprises extensive in themselves for a town like St. Johnsbury. The new dry goods store has just gone into a large three-story building with full modern equipment, occupied entirely by this business.

These two stores form but a part of the mercantile business of the town, which is a centre of trade, and yearly increasing in its importance in this respect. Its merchants are enterprising and prosperous, and there is no reason why, with the exceptional railroad facilities, the trade of the place should not greatly grow, as there is no other town in northeastern Vermont or northwestern New Hampshire so large or so situated as to become its successful rival. It is believed by many that the town is destined to become the largest city between Concord, N. H., and Montreal.

Among St. Johnsbury's manufacturing industries are factories producing agricultural hand implements, carriages, files, furniture, worked granite, electrical machinery, feed water heaters, and paper making machinery,—many of these products finding an extensive market in various parts of the United States. Here, too, is the centre of great lumber interests, the lumber being found in the forests of Essex and Orleans counties, and to a less extent in Caledonia.

The solid financial basis of all this business is shown by the capital employed in banking. There are two national banks with an aggregate capital of \$800,000, a savings bank with deposits of over a million and a half, and a trust company

with a capital of \$50,000. Apparently, St. Johnsbury's business prospects are only endangered by one thing, and that the very element that has been the town's tower of strength in many ways, a conservatism which may be carried too far. Yet her business men are bright and active, with more young blood than is found in some New England towns, and they should be capable of pushing to the front.

It has been necessary in the present article to mention early and often the name of Fairbanks. To the reader who has appreciated at their full value the facts herein set forth, this needs no apology. "Their works do praise them." Many others have filled useful places in the history of the town, have honored it by living in it; but it has been impossible, in the limits of this article, to do more than mark the prominent milestones along the path which have distinguished this place above others, its peers in business importance and in many other directions. If this has given to the name of one public-spirited family especial prominence, is it more than just to the work they did? Does it not present a fair example for others to follow, and thus enforce the very idea this article was intended to suggest? The members of this family have held their wealth as a trust to be administered not for their own pleasure alone. They bestowed much of it where it would do permanent good to the Christian church and to the community in which they lived. If more of the wealthy men in our New England towns would follow their example, there would be less complaint of the desertion of the hill towns, and of the rush of young people to the attractions and advantages of the cities. I have no wish to glorify any individuals. If a helpful suggestion for our New England towns can be drawn from the facts here presented, the preparation of this article will have been fully justified. St. Johnsbury is far from perfect, it has many things yet to learn and to do; but it has attained many of the elements that go to make up that model village which we hope some day to see.

I have kept for my closing words some

mention of that which will naturally strike the stranger in St. Johnsbury first, — the rare beauty of the scenery. Thirty years ago an intelligent Swiss lady, who con-

sea of hills, rising in the distance to the height of mountains that guard the whole horizon. Among the hills around you wind pleasant valleys, chief among them that of the Passumpsic, giving rest upon its banks, on its course from the northward, for many pleasant villages. Down to the Passumpsic, through a wild and beautiful valley, the Moose plunges and foams, from the eastern hills in Essex County. From the west, Sleeper's River flows down past the scale works, and likewise joins the Passumpsic. The terraces of the Passumpsic Valley are of great interest to geologists.



Athenæum.

fessed that she was disappointed in the White Mountains, and in many other vaunted natural beauties of America, and was homesick for her native mountains, wrote a letter from St. Johnsbury to the *Boston Transcript*, in which she said :

"Here I am in American Alp-land. Since I left my own home on the borders of limpid Lake Lucerne, I have seen nothing comparable to the picturesque scenery around St. Johnsbury. This place, with its environs, is one of the prettiest in New England. Pretty is not the exact word to qualify a scenery which combines the beautiful, the graceful, and the sublime, in mountains, wooded hills, sweet valleys, and those "blue eyes of nature," as Goethe calls them — the lakes — and gorgeous cloudland."

If this seems overdrawn, ascend Prospect Knob, the hill rising abruptly a few hundred feet above the village at its western edge. The village which lies below has changed, has much advanced, in thirty years; but sweep the landscape with your eye. The "mountains, wooded hills, sweet valleys, gorgeous cloudland," all are here, unchanged and changeless. The handsome buildings of the village, if it is summer, are bowered in a mass of trees, resting on green hills in a billowy

Looking off to the northward the eye meets the remarkable contour of the Burke Mountains, near Lake Willoughby, one of which has an altitude of nearly 3,500 feet; west and southwest sweep the Green Mountains; away to the southeast is Moosilauke; and north of it, standing out so sharply that it seems but a few miles distant, looms Lafayette, with his fellows of the noble Franconia range. A little north of the Franconias, and less than forty miles to the eastward from your observation point, over the flanks of the nearer hills, lie the Presidential peaks, in all their massive grandeur, with Washington just visible at the right. If you are here in the autumn, you may see this varied landscape radiant with its autumnal hues; later still, when the river shines blue and distinct, when the brilliant foliage has passed and the dull browns and yellows have superseded them, you may see the grand old mountains white with early snows, touched with the late autumn sunlight, cresting them as with a silver crown. Whenever you see it, you will find this landscape beautiful and sublime.

THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.¹

By Fred DeVine.

THEY turned her out in the street at night,—
They turned her out in the street
Her sorrow was heavy, her garments light,—
They turned her out in the street !
In form a woman, in years a child,
Her weeping eyes were large and wild,
For her hopes were ruined, her love beguiled,
As they turned her out in the street.

Within the parlor was life and light,
As they turned her out in the street ;
The cheerful fire was burning bright,
As they turned her out in the street.
She caught a glimpse of the daughters fair,
As they gathered around their mother's chair,
And all was warmth and comfort there,
As they turned her out in the street.

Without a friend, without a home,
They turned her out in the street ;
Sick and naked the town to roam,
They turned her out in the street.
The pane was frozen, the mercury low,
Wildly drifted the wintry snow,
As they slammed the door and bade her go,
And turned her out in the street.

The frost benumbed her shivering form,
As they turned her out in the street ;
And her sighs were drowned in the blinding storm,
As they turned her out in the street.
She thought she heard the tempest cry,
“ You deserve to die ! You deserve to die ! ”
And sought a place in the snow to lie,
As they turned her out in the street.

In a country cottage a mother prayed,
As they turned her out in the street,—
Her spirit broken, her heart dismayed,
As they turned her out in the street,—

¹ While attending the Assizes at one of the Northern Circuits in New Brunswick in 1889, the painful facts which suggested the above poem were brought to the knowledge of the author. The Hon. Judge Wetmore, of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, in addressing the grand jury, referred to the matter as follows:—

“ This poor girl had been grossly imposed upon, and had no friends to look after her, was an outcast from society, and the hand of humanity was refused her in her bereavement. Many are in positions where there are no temptations. No persons with wily advances endeavor to draw them from the paths of rectitude; in their comfortable homes, with friends to advise them, there is very little fear of their going astray. But if they were placed in circumstances of danger on every side, with no home or friends, without early education or training, they might also become victims of deception. Her circumstances must have been known to the community, and she should not have been left to die like a dog. She has been unpardonably overlooked, neglected, exposed to the weather and the scorn of mankind, treated as no human being should be treated in a civilized country, and I have been informed her clergyman even turned his back upon her in her sad hour of need and forbade others to shelter her. I think it was the peculiar business of the overseers of the poor to have cared for her, and they have been criminally delinquent in the discharge of their duty. If she had been properly looked after, this would not have happened, and I think the overseers of the poor should be indicted for their neglect.”

THEY TURNED HER OUT IN THE STREET.

That God would cherish her hope and pride,
Her only support (she had none beside),
And homeward to mother her steps would guide,
As they turned her out in the street.

And her sighs and prayers were heard above,
As they turned her out in the street,
By the Father of mercy and truth and love,
As they turned her out in the street ;
And she dreamed her child was free from care,
Robed in a garment white and rare,
And joined her again in the evening prayer,
As they turned her out in the street.

And the morning came, and the storm passed by,
Where they turned her out in the street ;
And the sun shone out from a clouded sky,
Where they turned her out in the street ;
And a stranger driving along that way,
In his costly furs and his cosey sleigh,
Was sure he heard a spectre say,—
They turned her out in the street !

And peeping out from the drifted pile,
Where they turned her out in the street,
Was a woman's face with a heavenly smile,
Where they turned her out in the street ;
A face so sad, a form so bare,
The cold snow matted in her hair,
And her prayerful eyes in a vacant stare,
Where they turned her out in the street.

And beside the mother and near the wall,
Where they turned her out in the street,
Wrapped in an old and tattered shawl,
Where they turned her out in the street,
Like a spotless angel in disguise,
Was a little baby, a doll in size,
With its first tears frozen in its eyes,
Where they turned her out in the street.

And the chimneys sighed and steeples groaned,
They turned her out in the street !
And the breeze in solemn sadness moaned,
They turned her out in the street !
And the snow-birds warbled a doleful strain,
And sobbed o'er the helpless creatures slain,
And the hedges echoed the sad refrain,
They turned her out in the street !



THE HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING IN AMERICA.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By J. F. Jameson, Ph. D.

II.

ACCORDING to the arrangements of chronology, the seventeenth century ended with the year 1700. According to the real facts of history, the period that we always think of as the seventeenth century ended at least a dozen years earlier, and the real eighteenth century then began. In other words, though there was no violent break, yet with the fall of the House of Stuart and the formation of the Grand Alliance a new page in the history of western Europe was turned. The age of Richelieu, of Strafford, of Cromwell and of Milton had ended; the age of Walpole, of Dubois and Fleury, of Pope and Voltaire had already begun. A century of prose, of criticism, of wit, and of finish set in. The very wars that have been alluded to are typical of the change. The conflicts in which the preceding generations had been engaged, — the Thirty Years' War, the civil wars in England and in France, — were conflicts for great religious or constitutional principles. The war which opened with the formation of the Grand Alliance and the expulsion of James II. was more like the wars of the succeeding period, — wars not wholly dynastic, indeed, but of a dryly political character, and waged rather with gallantry than with lofty enthusiasm. Politics, at any rate in England, where alone politics was a popular concern, subsided into a condition unenthusiastic, inanimate, and humdrum. Material prosperity was rapidly increasing, and the world, tired of the age of conflict, became devoted to the pursuit of wealth. Society settled down into that prosaic and secular temper, that engrossment with the material elements of life, that absence of high ideals, to which of late we have been giving the name Philistinism. Political life consisted of little but selfish personal

conflicts, between statesmen who laughed good-naturedly at the mention of patriotism or public virtue. The church was lifeless. The world was its own god, and Sir Robert Walpole was its prophet.

The independence of Europe which America has enjoyed since the war of 1812 and has more distinctly felt since the close of the Civil War inclines us sometimes to speak and think of our earlier history as if an equal degree of independence prevailed in those times. The history of America is written as a separate story, as the story of something quite isolated. In reality the same waves of thought and feeling generally agitated both, though they sometimes reached the American shores a little later. Fashions in these matters were as naturally followed in the colonies as fashions in dress or in social usages are followed in colonies everywhere. So it happened that the age of Walpole was marked by much the same phenomena on this side of the water as in England. No period in our history was so dull. Political enthusiasm, whether it were enthusiasm for liberty or enthusiasm for loyalty, declined and gave place to an unheroic apathy. Religious zeal declined not less. Even controversial life in the church was concerned with matters less vital than heretofore, while as to controversies in matters of state, they centred almost universally about interests of a petty and personal and selfish sort, so that history finds little better to record than the quarrels of the royal governors with the colonial assemblies. The country was growing rich and prosperous, and as it sought wealth and prosperity more and more, the intensity which had marked the preceding period rapidly relaxed. The generation grew broader and more tolerant indeed, but it at the same time grew more worldly and more commonplace in its aims and thoughts.

The incoming of this age of prose had,

I am persuaded, more unhappy results in New England than in Virginia, or in the southern and middle colonies generally. Its easier tone was better suited to the life and manners that had grown up in those milder and softer climates. The alteration from the seventeenth century was less marked and less demoralizing. But in Massachusetts the candid inquirer is forced to admit a deterioration for which the gain in liberality was hardly a compensation. Few things in our history are more pathetic than the grief of the uncompromising elders when the Massachusetts charter was taken away and the Puritan theocracy fell. But the succeeding generation grew accustomed to the change, and submitted themselves willingly unto Cæsar. The great experiment, the object of so much prayer and solicitude and ceaseless effort, had failed. The strenuousness which had arisen from high aims and devotion to a great and religious task in part gave way, in part became diverted into pettier channels. The elder Puritans had shown harshness and austerity, but mixed with these were elements of grandeur. In the eighteenth century there is much of the same harshness and rigor, but the diary of Judge Sewall, the New England Pepys, shows us minds painfully exercised about small things—about periwigs and surplices and the observance of Christmas.

Sewall does not properly fall within the scope of these papers. In his solemn yet amusing way, he furnishes us with valuable historical material indeed, but not with a professed historical composition. But much the same character is borne by the most prominent historian of the age, that redoubtable New England Boanerges, the Reverend Doctor Cotton Mather, the "literary behemoth" of our colonial era, as Professor Tyler has called him, author of no less than four hundred and fifty-two published writings, and especially of the "*Magnalia Christi Americana* ; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from Its First Planting in the Year 1620, unto the Year of Our Lord, 1698." This miracle of learning and piety and factious ambition and pedantry and conceit was born to every advantage which could attend a New England historian of

the colonial period. He was the grandson of two of the chief lights of the pulpit in the days of the settlement, the Rev. John Cotton and the Rev. Richard Mather. His father, Dr. Increase Mather, was minister of a large parish in Boston, president of Harvard College, himself author of ninety-two writings, and for many years the most influential as well as the most learned man in New England. Great things were expected of one who began life under such auspices, — *non sine dis animosus infans*. Cotton Mather early began to satisfy these expectations. He was graduated from Harvard College at an age younger than that of any bachelors save two in its whole history, and three years later took the master's degree, sustaining in public disputation the thesis, that the Hebrew points are of divine origin. His early piety was not less conspicuous. "When he began to speak almost," says his son and biographer, "he began to *pray*, and practiced this Duty constantly while he was a School-Boy; and, altho' he used no *Forms* in Secret, he composed some for his School-Fellows & obliged them to pray. Before he could write notes of Sermons in *public Assemblies*, he commonly wrote what he remembered when he came home. He read the *Scriptures* with so much *Ardor* and *Assiduity*, that *fifteen Chapters* a Day divided into three Exercises, and nothing less, would suffice him. He would moreover reprove his Play-mates for their wicked Words and Practices." At fourteen he began the practice of frequent fasting.

Not many years after his graduation, this pink of youthful priggery was called to be assistant in his father's church, of which he remained a pastor for nearly half a century, for much of that time directing the affairs of the province, like a pope, from the pulpit of the Old North Church. His rich and fruitful activity in public affairs during that period cannot here be described, although important illustrations of his character may be derived from his course in the witchcraft troubles, in which he was extraordinarily active, urging on the courts to more and more prosecutions, stimulating the popular

excitement, and making the most violent efforts to prevent the natural reaction. It is with his literary activities and mental characteristics that we are concerned. His son, relating his death-bed conversation, says, "I asked him *what Sentence or Word, what Πικρόν ἔπος, He would have me think on constantly*, for I ever desired to have him before me and hear him speaking to me? He said, 'Remember only that one word *Fructuosus*.'" The advice was highly characteristic. Never was there a mortal of more prodigious industry. In one year he prepared and published fourteen books, preached more than seventy-two public sermons and nearly half as many private ones, kept sixty fasts and twenty-two vigils, besides attending to his other varied duties, for he was most assiduous in pastoral labors. The amount of his work in the study was enormous; that of his work among men was scarcely less so. The 361st of his works, as catalogued by Mr. Sibley, is entitled, "Honesta Parsimonia; or, Time Spent as it should be. Proposals, . . . To prevent that Great Folly and Mischief, The Loss of Time." Herein, at least, the learned and painful doctor practised what he preached. The record of the various ingenious means which he employed in order not to waste any time is an amusing and interesting one. Even his prayers and meditations and thoughts were carefully systematized. The topic and method of his meditations while dressing were prescribed for each morning in the week. There was method observed even in the occasional thoughts with which he strove to have odd moments profitably occupied.

"When the Doctor worked in the *Night*," says his son, "he would impose it as a Law upon Himself even before he fell asleep again to bring some *Glory of his Saviour* into his Meditations, and have some agreeable *Desire of his Soul* upon it. . . . When he *washed his Hands*, he must think of the *clean Hands*, as well as *pure Heart*, which belongs to the Citizens of Zion. And when he did so mean an Action as *paring his Nails*, he tho't how he might *lay aside all Superfluity of Naughtiness*. . . . He was very constant in *Ejaculatory Prayers* and

Praises. . . . While he *walked the Streets*, or *sat in a Room* with his Mind otherwise unemployed, he would not lose the Time, but use his *Wit* as well as *Grace* in contriving some suitable *Blessing* for such and such as were before him; and then he would form it into an *Ejaculation* for them. . . . When he *walked the Streets*, he still *blessed* many Persons who never knew it, with *secret Wishes* after this manner for them; Upon the sight of a tall man, '*Lord, Give that Man high Attainments in Christianity*.' A lame Man, '*Lord, Help that Man on moral Accounts to walk uprightly*.' A Negro, '*Lord, Wash that poor Soul; make him white by the Washing of thy Spirit*.' A Man going by without observing him; '*Lord, I pray Thee, Help that Man to take a due Notice of Christ*.'" The punning habit which is here noticeable crops out in all his writings, and indeed a general habit of verbal jingles and ingenuities which might justify one in applying to himself what he in the "*Magnalia*" says in praise of Rev. John Wilson, and commending

"His care to guide his flock, and feed his lambs,
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms and anagrams."

Enough has been cited to show thoroughly the character of this extraordinary man, a man of extraordinary piety no doubt, but also of extraordinary self-consciousness, rising at times into the most amusing vanity. His tireless energy and industry in study went far towards fitting him to be a historian of New England. His family connections and his prominent position gave him additional facilities for such a task. Already, among his multitudinous publications, he had issued a few minor ones of historical content, such as "The Bostonian Ebenezer," "Decennium Luctuosum," "Arma Virosque Cano," and "A Pillar of Gratitude." But about 1693 he formed the design of writing a general church history of New England, a design which the neighboring ministers much encouraged. It was finished in 1697. On January 12, 1698, he records in his diary, "I set apart this day for the exercise of a secret fast before the Lord. One special design

of my supplications was to obtain the direction of Heaven about my 'Church History,' the time and way of my sending it into Europe, and the methods of its publication. I think I am assured that my supplications are heard in this matter." After long delays, an opportunity occurred to send it to London, but still further delays intervened. The book was large, the publishers were cold; but at length one was found who, not with any expectation of gain, but for the glory of God, undertook its publication. It may be interesting to note the mode in which the historian manifested his concern for his precious work, a mode perhaps not often observed by the historians of our day. In his diary, under date of April 4, 1702, occurs the following entry;

"I was" in much distress upon my spirit concerning my 'Church History,' and some other elaborate compositures, that I have sent into London; about the progress towards the publication whereof the Lord still keeps me in the dark. To have those compositures, with all my labors and all my prayers about them, lost, would be a terrible trial to me. But I thought it my duty to prepare for such a trial. Wherefore I set apart a vigil this night peculiarly for that service. Accordingly, in the dead of the night, I first sang some agreeable psalms; and then, casting myself prostrate in the dust, on my study-floor, before the Lord, I confessed unto him the sins for which he might justly reject me and all my services; and I promised unto him, that if He would reject those particular services, which I have been laboring to do for His name, in my 'Church History,' and some of the compositures now in England, though my calamity therein would be very sensible, yet I would with His help submit patiently unto His holy will therein; and I would not be discouraged thereby at all from further endeavors to serve my Lord Jesus Christ, but I would love him still, and seek him still, and serve him still, and never be weary of doing so, but essay to serve him in other ways, if he would not accept of these. Thus did I resign unto the Lord; who thereupon answered me, that He was my Father, and that He took delight in me, and that He would smile upon my endeavors to serve Him, and that my 'Church History' should be accepted and prospered."

Mather's solicitude for his books, it ought to be said, should not be regarded as arising solely from vanity. The desire to do good by them seems to have been ever present with him. From both motives, he used the utmost care and ingenuity and diligence in disseminating copies of them in all directions, more

especially throughout New England, as soon as he received them from the press of Boston or of London. The arrival of the first copy of the "Magnalia" is thus chronicled by him, October 30, 1702:

"Yesterday I first saw my 'Church History' since the publication of it. A gentleman arrived here from Newcastle in England, that had bought it there. Wherefore I set apart this day for solemn *thanksgiving* unto God for his watchful and gracious providence over that work, and for the harvest of so many prayers and cares and tears and resignations as I had employed upon it. My religious friend, Mr. Bromfield, who had been singularly helpful to the publication of that great book (of twenty shillings price at London), came to me at the close of the day, to join with me in some of my praises to God."

The offspring of all these "prayers and cares, and tears and resignations" is indeed a large book, distended by abundant divagations and moralizings and quotations and even the insertion, in extended reprint, of essays already published. There is little consistency or method in the mode of presentation. It is the outpouring of a full mind working at great speed. The general scheme is plain enough, but it is such as to involve much repetition and looseness of arrangement. The first of the seven books of which the "Magnalia" consists gives a somewhat desultory history, not only ecclesiastical but civil, of the colonies of New England. As an appendix to this book is reprinted "The Bostonian Ebenezer." The second book is entitled "Ecclesiarum Clypei," and contains the lives of the governors that were as shields unto the churches of New England. To each of the more important ones is consecrated a separate chapter, under some such quaint title as "Nehemias Americanus, the Life of John Winthrop, Esq., Governour of the Massachusetts Colony." The third book gives, in forty-three chapters, the lives of the principal New England divines. The first part, entitled "Johannes in Eremo" (John in the Wilderness) commemorates four of the most prominent, grouped together for no other reason apparently, than that they all bore the name John,—John Cotton, John Norton, John Wilson, and John Davenport. In the second part, (quaintly entitled "Sepher Jereim," i. e., "Liber Deum Timentium"; or "Dead Abels yet

speaking and spoken of," in the third part and in the fourth, other clerical worthies are commemorated who were of less consequence or who did not have the name of John. The fourth book is devoted to the history of Harvard College and the biographies of its more eminent graduates; the fifth, to the acts and monuments of the New England church. The sixth book, perhaps the most curious of all, is called "Thaumaturgus, . . . i. e., Liber Memorabilium, . . . wherein very many illustrious discoveries and demonstrations of Divine Providence in remarkable Mercies and Judgments on many particular persons among the people of New England, are observed, collected and related." One chapter, headed "Christus super Aquas," is given to remarkable deliverances by sea; another, "Ceraunius or Brontologia Sacra," to providences connected with thunder and lightning. Still another has as an appendix a history of criminals, executed for capital crimes, with their dying speeches. But the most remarkable of all is that bearing the formidable title, "Thaumato-graphia Pneumatica," and "relating the wonders of the invisible world in preternatural occurrences." "There has been," he says, "too much cause to observe, that the christians who were driven into the *American Desert*, which is now call'd *New England*, have to their sorrow seen *Azazel* [Satan] dwelling and raging there in very tragical instances. The devils have doubtless felt a more than ordinary vexation, from the arrival of those christians with their sacred exercises of christianity in this wilderness: But the sovereignty of heaven has permitted them still to remain in the wilderness, for our vexation, as well as their own." And so he proceeds to a detailed narration of fourteen selected cases of witchcraft, forming a chapter of most curious reading, and a monument of his own ingenuity and credulity. Finally the "Magnalia" closes with a book called "Ecclesiarum Proelia, or, A Book of the Wars of the Lord." It is, however, mainly concerned with the conflicts of the colonial authorities against heretics; but at the end it includes a reprint of the two small books, "Arma Virosque Cano" and "De-

cennium Luctuosum," giving an account of the Indian wars.

Such was the composition of this famous work. Its style was not less peculiar. Prince, indeed, in his funeral sermon upon Mather, confesses that "in his Style indeed He was something singular, and not so agreeable to the Gust of the Age." He was probably the most learned man, and certainly had the largest library, in colonial America. The treasures of these intellectual resources were lavished upon his work until its tissue was heavy and stiff with the jewels of pedantic quotation. It is a very easy matter to appear erudite, and doubtless Mather knew the imposing trick of jauntily alluding to recondite authors and ignoring their unfamiliarity to writer as well as reader. But with all deductions, he was really very learned. The jewels were genuine enough: the fault was that the fabric was overloaded with them. Some, indeed, have breathed a suspicion that they were out of all proportion to the value of the ground-stuff. An eminent but cr  tchet   historical scholar of the last generation used systematically to refuse to believe any unsupported statement of Mather. This, however, is unjust. He is often inaccurate, but he has conveyed to us a great amount of information not elsewhere attainable. The criticisms upon his historical style may best be explained by showing a bit of it. With some difficulty, I select a passage not cumbered with Greek and Latin quotations. It is the beginning of the chapter called "Venisti tandem? or discoveries of America."

"It is the opinion of some, though tis *but an opinion*, and *but of some* learned men, that when the sacred oracles of heaven assure us, *the things under the earth* are some of those, *whose knees are to bow in the name of Jesus*, by those things are meant the inhabitants of *America*, who are Antipodes to those of the other *hemisphere*. I would not quote any words of *Lactantius*, though there are some to countenance this interpretation, because of their being so *ungeographical*. . . . I can contentedly allow that *America* (which as the learned *Nicolas Fuller* observes, might more justly be called *Columbina*) was altogether unknown to the *pennmen* of the Holy Scriptures, and in the *ages* when the scriptures were penned. I can allow, that those parts of the earth, which do not include *America*, are in the inspired writings of *Luke*, and of *Paul*, stiled, *all the world*.

I can allow, that the opinion of *Torniellus*, and of *Pagius*, about the apostles preaching the gospel in *America*, has been sufficiently refuted by *Basnagius*. But I am out of the reach of Pope *Zachary's* excommunication. I can assert the existence of the *American Antipodes*; and I can report unto the *European churches* great occurrences among these *Americans*."

Even if the Americans were antipodes of Europeans in a geographical sense, which is hardly literally true, they were far from being so in respect to mental development. One of the most interesting facts about Mather as a literary phenomenon is that he is our chief American example of a remarkable historical school then dominant in every part of Europe, and shows America participating in the life and evolution of European thought. The sixteenth century and the early seventeenth had been an age of great historians who were also great men. Prominent statesmen and soldiers wrote brilliant accounts of events in which they had borne an active part. Something of this characteristic belongs, as we have seen in a previous article, to the American historical writers of that time. The period from 1650 to 1750, on the other hand, was in Europe distinctively an age of erudition. Excellence in historical narrative declined, but enormous labors of investigation, criticism and publication were carried through. It was the age of Bollandists and Benedictines, of Mabillon and Muratori and Rymer. In every country giants of erudition arose, and vast additions were made to the sum of historical knowledge. Obviously Cotton Mather was nowise the equal of these Anakim. But he is their American analogue, and he and Thomas Prince and the Reverend William Stith of Virginia show us that already the English colonies so far shared the life of the world that even the movements of European scholarship found their counterpart on these shores.

But there was at any rate one American historian who was not thus mentally annexed to Europe, but retained an original spirit, racy of the Virginian soil. It has already been remarked that the incoming of the age of Walpole had less undesirable effects in Virginia than in New England. Something must be attributed to the hap-

pier influence of the climate; something to origin from Englishmen whose traditions were not Puritan. But whatever were the causes, the tone of Virginia life and thought in the earlier part of the eighteenth century was an exceedingly attractive one. The tone of Virginia life, I ought perhaps rather to say; for of its thought we really know little. But its life at any rate was marked by an openness, a freshness, a geniality, strikingly contrasting with the narrow strenuousness which the decline of Puritan fervor had left behind it in contemporary Massachusetts. The Virginian planters were not less worldly and unheroic, not less the children of the eighteenth century. But their engrossment with the world took the turn of a hearty delight in it, so fresh and spontaneous and agreeable as half redeemed its Philistinism. Of this life, easy-going and commonplace and sterile of intellectual achievement, yet pleasing and natural, we fortunately have an admirable exponent in Robert Beverley. Perhaps it is rather as such an exponent than as a historian that Beverley is valuable to us; for, excellent as his historical narration is, it occupies but little more than a third of the not very large book which, in 1705, he published under the title, "The History of Virginia." The rest is descriptive of the natural productions of the country, of the Indians and their civilization, and of the present state of the colony and the nature of its government. It is this last portion, apparently, out of which the volume grew. In his youth, Beverley's father was clerk of the House of Burgesses; he thus became familiar with the public records and public business of the colony, and for his own information gathered many notes regarding its administration. These notes lay unused until the year 1703, when, after the fashion of the wealthy planters of that day, he went to London upon business. Soon after his arrival, his bookseller told him that a general account of all Her Majesty's plantations in America was being prepared for printing, and requested him to look over that part of it relating to Virginia and Carolina. The book was Oldmixon's "British Empire in America." Half a dozen sheets of the

manuscript of it were brought to Mr. Beverley. What followed may as well be related in the colonial proprietor's own words as in any paraphrase of them.

"I very innocently (when I began to read) placed Pen and Paper by me, and made my Observations upon the first Page, but found it in the Sequel so very faulty, and an Abridgment only of some Accounts that had been printed 60 or 70 years ago; in which also he had chosen the most strange and untrue Parts, and left out the more sincere and faithful, so that I laid aside all Thoughts of farther Observations, and gave it only a Reading; and my Bookseller for Answer, that the Account was too faulty and too imperfect to be mended; Withal telling him, that seeing I had in my junior Days taken some Notes of the Government, which I then had with me in England, I would make him an Account of my own Country, if I could find Time, while I staid in London. And this I should rather undertake in Justice to so fine a Country; because it has been so misrepresented to the common People of England, as to make them believe, that the Servants in Virginia are made to draw in Cart and Plow, as Horses and Oxen do in England, and that the Country turns all People black, who go to live there, with other such prodigious Phantasms. Accordingly before I left London, I gave him a short History of the Country, from the first Settlement, with an Account of its then State; but I would not let him mingle it with Oldmixon's other Account of the Plantations, because I took them to be all of a Piece with those I had seen of Virginia and Carolina, but desired mine to be printed by itself."

It is no wonder that Beverley took this course, in view of some of the errors he signalizes in that book. For instance, in one passage Oldmixon said, "When Indians at the Head of the Bay [i. e. Chesapeake Bay] travelled to New York, they past, going and coming, by the frontiers of Virginia and traded with the Virginians," etc. Here we have, early exemplified, that originality of view respecting American geography on the part of Englishmen which was until recent times the source of so much vexation to American bosoms, and which now that we have become less sensitive proves so perennially amusing.

The paragraph which I have quoted to show the genesis of Beverley's book will also serve to exhibit the merits of his style. It is simple, clear and direct, far removed from the curious involution and cumbersome pedantry of Cotton Mather's; it never smacks of the lamp. The author was a plain Virginia gentleman, who

had read some books, not too many, perhaps, but did not think it necessary to mention them all, nor to quote them with a frequency inversely proportioned to the familiarity of the language in which they were written. A French traveller of the period has left us an interesting picture of the home and the simple rural life of Beverley, whom he happened to visit upon business. It is too long to be here quoted; but the characteristics which it brings to light are most attractive and Arcadian. Again and again in Beverley's book his strong love of Nature crops out, and some of his descriptions are truly delightful. This, however, is in the second, third and fourth parts of the book. As to the first or historical portion, it is too brief to convey to us a very great body of information on Virginian history; but the sprightliness and ease of the style prevent its ever seeming dry. For the latter years of the seventeenth century, the years just before it was written, its volume becomes greater, and it gives some interesting information on details of public affairs, such as might easily come to the writer not only from his own experience, but from his family connections, for he was brother-in-law at once to Sir John Randolph and to Colonel Byrd of Westover.

Leaving aside such plain and business-like accounts as that of Beverley, the histories hitherto written in America had mostly been written either for the glory of God, or for the glory of the writer, as in the case of Captain John Smith, or for the glory of both in curious mixture, as in the case of Cotton Mather. It remained for some one to prepare the soil for the growth of American historical scholarship by beginning to write history without didactic or personal tendency, and in a truly scientific spirit. It may fairly be said that the wealth and leisure of the torpid and money-getting age which has been described was a necessary prerequisite. The traditional view is that scholarship and poverty are twin sisters. In reality, however it may be of scholarship generally, the thorough pursuit of history requires so much laborious research, and therefore so much leisure on the part of some one, that for its success-

ful conduct it has generally been necessary that, if not the individual, at any rate the age, should be rich. At all events, with the increase of wealth a hundred and fifty years ago, there did appear our first historical scholars, one in Virginia, one in Massachusetts. There was a curious parallelism not only in their purposes and methods, but also in the unfortunate immediate fate of their books.

The two scholars alluded to are the Rev. Thomas Prince, minister of the Old South Church in Boston, and the Rev. William Stith, president of William and Mary College, in Virginia. The elder of the two was the Boston clergyman, a man of high and amiable character, who from his boyhood had possessed an eager interest in whatever bore upon the history of New England. Appreciating more highly than those who had preceded him the need of scholarly thoroughness and the value of original authorities, he spent years in making a search, as exhaustive as he could, for printed and manuscript materials. Thus he formed that invaluable New England Library which has been already more than once referred to, and of which a considerable portion, surviving to our times, forms the priceless Prince Collection in the Boston Public Library. Of books, pamphlets, and printed papers he had accumulated, he tells us, about a thousand; he had also gathered together a multitude of manuscripts left by the early settlers, documents, copies, and letters, to the number of several hundred.

With these copious materials Prince at length, though with diffidence, began the composition of a Chronological History of New England. His modest aim did not extend to the preparation of a historical composition in the fullest sense; he proposed merely to write a chronology, but with every sort of care to secure the most minute accuracy. He proposed to include "remarkable providences," the deaths of prominent men, brief notices of transactions of the government, elections, grants and settlement of towns, the formation of churches, the ordination and removal of ministers, the erection of important buildings, remarkable laws, executions, wars, battles, — in short, all

the events of the earlier history of those colonies in which his contemporaries might feel an interest. In the long introductory portion he notes down, in true annalistic fashion, the principal events in the history of the world from its creation down to the settlement of New England. This, he confesses, gave him a vast amount of trouble; and we must regret that he spent so much time in perfecting it, for the result was, that the New England Chronology never got beyond the year 1633. Indeed, the first volume, published in 1736, carried the narrative no farther than to the autumn of 1630. Here the publication rested until eighteen or nineteen years later, when the author, then an old man, began the publishing of volume second by the issue of sixpenny numbers, of thirty-two pages each. Only three such numbers, it is supposed, were ever issued; and of these three no one now possesses a perfect set. The truth seems to be, that there was not at that time an adequate public demand for a history so minute as Prince provided.

It will be evident from the plan of his work that it does not lend itself readily to interesting quotation. But it is the first of our histories, not itself an original source, which is of value as a contribution to historical science rather than to historical literature; and it is to this that it owes its great importance. Prince and his Virginian contemporary are the progenitors of modern American historiography. The wide sweep of the search after materials, the patience and industry in investigation, the minute accuracy and fidelity which characterize the best of the moderns, are all to be found in Prince, and to be found in a high degree. "It is Exactness I aim at," he says, "and would not have the least mistake, if possible, pass to the world. If I have unhappily fallen into any, it is through inadvertency only." The spirit of the work, it will be seen, was that of the Benedictines of St. Maur; and the execution seems to have been as scholarly as the intention.

Among the points of resemblance between Prince and Stith, their ill-success in publication is one of the most remark-

able, and in truth not at all creditable to our forefathers. There is something highly amusing in the tone of annoyance with which Stith remarks the indifference of his contemporaries to his labors. After speaking of his intention to have included many more interesting documents, he says, "But I perceive, to my no small Surprise and Mortification, that some of my Countrymen (and those too, Persons of high Fortune and Distinction) seemed to be much alarmed, and to grudge, that a complete History of their own Country would run to more than one Volume, and cost them above half a Pistole. I was, therefore, obliged to restrain my Hand, . . . for fear of enhancing the Price, to the immense Charge and irreparable Damage of such generous and public-spirited Gentlemen." This, we may suppose, was the reason why the work was never carried beyond the year 1624. If it had been carried down, on the same scale, to the year of publication, 1747, it would have made an eight-volume history of the colony of Virginia, a work of such bulk that even "Persons of High Fortune and Distinction" in Virginia might be excused for hesitating to support it.

Yet these persons might have done well to sustain him, for his "History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia" is an excellent piece of work, — pleasing in style, accurate, and fair. That it is too prolix, however, is a thing that cannot be denied; and this is the more to be blamed because the proportions between the different parts show us clearly that the author was dominated by his materials, rather than master of them, and that he relates much of his story at great length simply because it is in his power to do so. Thus, out of the seventeen years which he treats, he devotes three-fourths of his space to the first three years and the last five, evidently because materials were most abundant for these. For the years 1607–1609 he could draw on the most detailed portion of Captain John Smith's narrative, a source the complete trustworthiness of which he seems in general not at all to doubt, though disposed to make considerable allowances for personal pique and party spirit in regard to Smith's ex-

pressions concerning the Virginia Company; "Not," he says, "that I question Captain Smith's Integrity; for I take him to have been a very honest Man, and a strenuous Lover of Truth."

When this esteemed guide leaves him, the ex-president of William and Mary falls back upon the papers in the Capitol at Williamsburg and the collection of documents made, for historical purposes, by his late uncle, Sir John Randolph. With the year 1619, however, his narrative widens into a very copious account, which is derived, in a far greater degree than has been generally supposed hitherto, from one of the sources which he mentions. The mode in which he refers to it is as follows: "But I must confess myself most indebted, in this Part of my History, to a very full and fair Manuscript of the London Company's Records, which was communicated to me by the late worthy President of our Council, the Honorable William Byrd, Esq." The records so described have a curious history, and one which, it may be remarked parenthetically, authors have almost invariably related incorrectly. In 1624, King James I. seized the papers of the Company and dissolved it. Shortly before this, in anticipation of such a seizure, certain officers of the Company had secretly caused to be prepared an attested copy of the records of its proceedings, during the last five years, to serve as evidence for their justification in case of prosecution. The copy, when completed, was intrusted to the president of the Company, Shakespeare's friend, the Earl of Southampton. On the death of his son, the Lord High Treasurer Southampton, in 1667, the two volumes of the copy were bought of his executors, for sixty guineas, by Captain William Byrd of Virginia, and for more than a century formed a part of the extensive library of the Byrd family at Westover. These are the two volumes of which Stith made use, and he appears to have used them very freely. All subsequent historians have referred to them, but to all appearances they have not really used them. It would take too long to relate how most of them passed into the possession of Thomas Jefferson and then into

that of Congress. In the library of Congress these primary sources for the history of our first colony have now been buried for sixty years, and all efforts to make them public have hitherto failed before the apathy of Congress and the difficulties presented by its cumbrous machinery.

We have little time left in which to speak of a fifth work, though it was in reality the best of them all, was written by a man of conspicuous station, lieutenant-governor, chief justice, and finally governor of Massachusetts, and was bodily associated with a striking event in our revolutionary history. The book referred to is the history of the colony and province of Massachusetts by Thomas Hutchinson, the famous Tory governor. The scene alluded to was in the time of the Stamp-Act troubles, when already the first volume of the history had appeared. A Boston mob, of the sort which in our school-days we are taught to venerate as gatherings of liberty-loving patriots engaged in resisting oppression, attacked the lieutenant-governor's house. The fact was that he had disapproved of the Stamp-Act policy, and had opposed it by every legal means. But liberty-loving patriots engaged in resistance to oppression cannot be expected to give attention to defences so subtle. They broke in the doors and windows, demolished all the furniture in the house, and destroyed or scattered all the books and papers of the occupant. A clerical neighbor made efforts to save these last, and nearly all of the invaluable manuscript of the second volume of the history was thus preserved. Although it had lain in the street, scattered abroad several hours in the rain, yet so much of it was legible that the author was able to supply the rest, and to transcribe it. In spite of the loss of materials, the second volume was published nine years later. "I pray God," says the writer in his preface, after speaking of the riot, "to forgive the actors in and advisers of this most savage and inhuman injury, and I hope their posterity will read with pleasure and profit what has so narrowly escaped the outrage of their ancestors." It is well-known that in this same year the gov-

ernor retired to England, from which he never returned. Long afterwards, and years after he had died in exile, his grandson, at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, published the third volume of the history. The recent publication of his "Diary and Letters" has made clear to a generation more disposed to be just to those who were faithful to their king, that Governor Hutchinson was, both in patriotism and in character, fully the equal of his opponents. Of his qualities as a historian there is but one opinion. He was industrious in research, and had access to many materials, especially those collected by Cotton Mather, for Mather's son was his brother-in-law. He wrote with excellent judgment and in a good, though not brilliant style. "His mind," says the late Dr. Deane, "was eminently a judicial one; and candor, moderation, and a desire for truth, appear to have guided his pen." Even the third volume, which treats of the period from 1749 to 1774, the period in which he was himself so large a figure in the bitter political contests which led to the Revolution, is written with much fairness. The spirit with which Hutchinson approached the history of the colony and province is shown by a note found among his papers, and written near the end of his life, in which he says:

"In the course of my education, I found no part of science a more pleasing study than history, and no part of the history of any country more useful than that of its government and laws. The history of Great Britain and its dominions was of all others the most delightful to me, and a thorough knowledge of the nature and constitution of the supreme and of the subordinate governments thereof I considered as what would be peculiarly beneficial to me in the line of life upon which I was entering; and the public employments to which I was early called, and sustained for near thirty years together, gave me many advantages for the acquisition of this knowledge."

Here again, as in the case of Cotton Mather and Prince, we may suggest a parallel with the European movements. Hutchinson's approach to historical study was mainly from the point of view of the student of institutional history. In Europe, by the middle of the eighteenth century, the age of erudition had been succeeded by an age mainly devoted to

the study of the development of institutions. Puritan Hutchinson was in his way a member of the school of Mon-

tesquieu, Turgot and Voltaire, a disciple, consciously or unconsciously, *Essai sur les Mœurs.*"

DISILLUSIONED.

By Wilbur Larremore.

DEAR Heart, the wiseacres with shallow prate
 Awoke misgivings as we took the way
 That, for our steps untried, enchanted lay,
 Like waters calm that moonbeams tessellate.
 "Ye are but babes to hope to conquer fate,
 And make Love fold his wings with you and stay;
 Romance, life's vain mirage, will have its day;
 It will be well if ye ne'er learn to hate."
 But Time, the great refuter, bade them cease.
 The years have passed not pain and tears without;
 Yet love, the twin reality with life,
 Each day doth bring a deeper faith and peace.
 We *have* been disillusioned, dearest wife,
 Freed from the bugbear of a cynic's doubt.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

By Allen Eastman Cross.

IN a land of dreams he wandered as a friend of Art and Song,
 And his paths were laid in beauty, and his life was glad and strong;
 And the sun was bright above him, and the scenes that filled his eyes
 Had the glory and the lustre of an Earthly Paradise.
 But across his land of vision, like the sweep of sable wings,
 Came the sounds of lamentation for the want that Famine brings,
 For the pride of manhood blighted by the cruel fight for food,
 For the light of youth beclouded, and the wrongs to womanhood,
 For the cold and famished labor, when the barns are full of corn,
 And the busy mills are storing what the workers might have worn.
 And the dreamer saw the sorrow, and he heard the bitter cries,
 And he left his dreams of morning and his Earthly Paradise;
 And he changed his lyre of music for the bugle of the fight,
 And he sounded forth his challenge to the myrmidons of Night,
 To the tyrant and oppressor who had done the people wrong,
 While he led the marching millions with the summons of his song.

EXPERIENCE OF A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN DURING THE REVOLUTION.

By Mrs. Amelia Leavitt Hill.

EZRA STILES became the pastor of the first church in Newport in 1755.

He belonged to an age when a minister's settlement meant a life work, when changes among them were rare. Regarding his daily life among his people, it appears from his memoir to have been his custom,—

“First, in the morning to offer secret prayer to God; then calling his family together to read a chapter of the Bible in course & perform family prayer; then to read by himself one to three or four chapters in course with frequent references to the original Hebrew and Greek, and to the commentators ancient and modern—that lately he had made much use of the Zohar, in which with the Syriac he now daily read a portion. At ten or eleven he walked abroad and visited his flock. After dinner he read an hour or two and then visited again. In the evening he read one or two hours. Between nine and ten he attended prayer in his family. About eleven he retired to bed, and committed himself and all his concerns to God in secret prayer.”

His diary of this time gives the following account of a spinning match held at his house; and others of a similar character frequently occurred:

“26th of April, 1769. Spinning match at my house. Thirty-seven wheels. The women bro't their flax and spun ninety-four fifteen knotted skeins—about five skeins and a half to the knot of six ounces. They made us a present of the whole. The spinners were two Quakers, six Baptists, twenty of my own society. There were beside fourteen reeler. In the evening and next day Eighteen 14 knotted skeins more were sent in to us by several that spun at home the same day. Upon sorting and reducing of it—the whole amounts to one hundred and eleven fifteen knotted skeins. We dined sixty persons. Mrs. Whipple sent in 4 lbs. Tea, 9 lbs. Coffee, Loaf Sugar, above 3 qrs. Veal, 1½ box Wine, Flour, Bread, Rice, &c. &c.—or to amount of about Twenty dollars, of which we spent perhaps one-half. In the course of the day the spinners were visited by I judge six hundred spectators.”

From his journal, December 25, 1772:

“Xmas kept in three congregations of this town. Mr. Kelly has begun it in the first Baptist Church here, but only as a Lecture in the afternoon, at least the people only consider it in this

light, though he means it as an anniversary of Christ's Nativity. This looks more like keeping Christmas than anything that has ever before appeared among the Baptists and Congregationalists in New England—about one hundred and fifty years from the first planting of New England.”

In the spring of 1775, public commotions incidental to the beginning of the Revolutionary War scattered his flock. He writes:

“How does this town sit solitary that was once full of people! I am not yet removed, though three quarters of my beloved church and congregation are broken up and dispersed.”

A letter from General Washington informing the people of Newport of the burning of Falmouth, and of the danger so near to them, being received, Dr. Stiles decides that it is no longer expedient to keep his family together at Newport, and writes to his wife's brother, the Reverend Mr. Hubbard of North Haven, Connecticut, asking him to care for one of his children—as follows:

“NEWPORT, 28 June, 1775.

REV. AND DR. SIR:—When I received your sympathizing and kind Letter, I little tho't of giving you the Trouble of one of my Children, while at the same time, I felt a sensible gratitude to yourself and sister for your generous offer. However the gloomy and dangerous Prospect of Things and the Events foreseen by many as coming upon Newport (tho' I don't so clearly foresee them) have determined me to send Kezia and comit her to your care, if you shall be pleased to take the Trouble of her a few months only, or till the present dark Cloud is blown over, For when Things shall be restored to Tranquillity, I shall choose to keep my Children around me. I pray you Sir to have a tender vigilance over her, and to order her with all Authority. I comit her to sister and yourself, and have charged her to be obedient unto, and treat you both with the greatest submission and Duty. I should like she might be kept to business of Spinning, Milking, Dairy, etc., so as to lay a foundation of a notable Woman. Pray counsel her on the great things of Religion and Virtue and Sobriety, and call upon her daily to read her Bible. My love to sister and Respects to all friends. I am Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

Rev. Mr. Hubbard.”

EZRA STILES.

During this season of anxiety in Newport, Dr. Stiles's eldest son was a student at Yale College. He writes to his father in the following words, Aug. 15, 1775 :

"Honored Father:—I write continually but receive no answers. My love for all the family as well as my duty forbid my neglecting opportunities to inform of my welfare. As to my health this climate will never suit—I am attended constantly with a most violent cold and apt to be feverish. The weather is hot to extreme. The earth dry—fruit in great plenty. Mr. Lewis¹ is gone home. I am alone—expect him back to-morrow. I hear nothing of Kezia of late. The President has been visited by a severe fit of the ague—some students here but not many—friends as well as relations are in health. My classmate Brooks was kind enough to inform me of this by Mr. Scribner. I have now commenced Sophomore. My hurry obliges me to conclude, with my best wishes for the preservation of you from the rapacious maws of a devouring enemy. A letter from home would be agreeable to inform how all do. I remain your most dutiful and ever obedient son,

EZRA STILES, JUN.

New Haven, Connecticut Hall."



Ezra Stiles.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.



Miss Betsy Stiles.

FROM A MINIATURE.

On the blank sheet is written "Received Aug., 1775," and a list of the number of men wounded, killed and miss-

ing from several regiments is added by the same hand.

On the 23d of October, 1775, a meeting of the Newport society was called, and it was decided to hold no regular church services during the winter, on account of the unsettled state of the community.

Another letter came from General Washington, urging upon the people the necessity of caring for their families, in view of the impending calamities. Dr. Stiles hires a house at Dighton, Massachusetts, and here he leaves his family, himself returning to his beloved home, where he continued his pastoral work, as far as was possible, and preached on Sundays to congregations of soldiers.

He received, shortly afterwards, a call to settle in Portsmouth, to succeed President Langdon of Harvard College. He writes :

"It has pleased God to break up and scatter my dear flock, but my pastoral relation with them is not dissolved, and I am ready to serve any vacant church for a year, or until the end of the war, if they wish in that way to accept my labours."

He is invited to come, on the condi-

¹A friend and tutor in College.

tions he has proposed. On his arrival at Portsmouth he writes to his brother-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Hubbard of North Haven, as follows :

"PORTSMOUTH, June 23d, 1777.

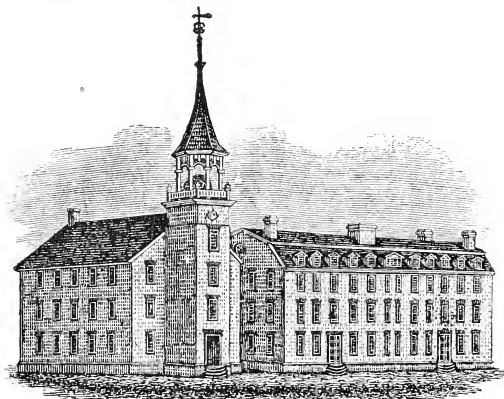
REV'D. AND DR. SIR:—Your kind and very brotherly favor of the 16th ult. by our worthy friend Mrs. Morse (who is well at Berwick,

again Providence has opened a door. I and my family are received with all friendship and kindness and hospitality I could desire. Conl. Langdon lately presented me with $\frac{2}{3}$ Bbl. sugar and coffee, Madam Whipple a Bbl. of flour, D. Rodgers a loaf of sugar, etc., etc. These are specimens. My children are all well, and send love and duty to Uncle and Aunt. I thank sister for her kind offer to take Ruth, but hope we shall get along. We have the advantage of schools here.

All but Betsy and Ezra go to a morning writing school. Then Isaac, Ruthy and Polly go to school all day. Ezra studies Mathematics and Natural Philosophy with me. I have more to write. Your letter did me great good. The nearer you come to Heaven, the more you talk the language of Paradise.

My love to all,

EZRA STILES.



View of Yale College in 1763.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

though I have not seen her) got here indeed a few days before me, but I did not receive it until the 29th of last month, the day in which I arrived safely here with my whole family, viz., my seven children and servant; but while I had reason for gratitude to Heaven for carrying me through safely and without accident the troubles and anxiety of a family removal, yet it was a joy intermingled with sorrow, with a tender grief which will never cease to arise in my breast on that day, May 29th, the day on which my dear and never, never to be forgotten wife left me dreary.

It has pleased a holy Providence that my dear flock at Newport be broken up and dispersed through the calamity of the present unnatural and cruel war. A series of dark and gloomy visitations have come upon me and my family and my flock for two or three years past. May God sanctify them, and especially keep me from dejection and despondency. It often excites tears of pious gratitude to God to recollect the unexpected supplies to my necessities which my Heavenly Father has poured in upon me the year past, the year of exile. Would you think that Mr. Babcock of New Haven should present me, unthought of, with 2 pieces of linen? Tho' reduced to some straits, yet I was seldom without 20 or 30 dollars in my pocket all last year, and we had great health in the family. My Betsy¹ has conducted herself exceedingly well, and now

¹ His eldest daughter.

During these years of anxiety and trouble, Dr. Stiles's one hope, seen through his letters, seems to be his restoration to his Newport people, and his love for them and for his home among them seems to have followed him through life. After his settlement in Portsmouth he writes in his journal :

"This is a sea-port, and exposed to the enemy; dangers and troubles await us everywhere. In God's holy protection only is there security. My dear Newport flock alas! is broken up, and dispersed to the four winds. Whether the enemy will allow us to rest in peace is known only to God. But, if we must make another flight this summer, may God give us a pilgrim's heart. To Him I commit myself, my dear Rhode Island exiled flock, my family, the flock I am now to minister to, my country, and the church universal."

On the 27th of September, 1777, he was elected President of Yale College. He did not give an immediate acceptance, but visited Connecticut, to attend a meeting of the Corporation, and also consulted his Newport friends on his decision of so weighty a question. One of his Newport friends and parishioners, William Ellery,² wrote to him :

"I wish there were a prospect of your Newport flock ever returning, but alas! they are scattered up and down the land like sheep without a shepherd; and it is probable that many of them will not return to Newport."

² Grandfather of Dr. Channing.

On the 10th of December, 1777, Dr. Stiles writes in his journal:

"I am this day fifty years old. God hath graciously taken care of me all my life to this day. While a third part of my Church and Congregation has been shut up by the enemy in Newport, I have enjoyed liberty, and been graciously provided for. Unexpectedly when the door of usefulness in Newport was shut up and when my circumstances at Dighton were straight, God was pleased to open two doors for my labors. His providence seemed to open my way most clearly for Portsmouth. It has pleased Him to bless me and my family with health,—I have here good advantages for the education of my children. The severities of this campaign have deluged a great part of my country with blood, but I and my house have hitherto been blessed with security. I have lived to see the wonderful interposures of a gracious Providence for this bleeding land, the most signal instance of which was the conquest of General Burgoyne, who with his whole northern army fell into our hands, the 17th of October. May God perfect the deliverance of the United States and the establishment of their independence! I am happily settled, and had no expectation of removal till it might please God to re-gather at Newport my dear flock to which I might again return, as my pastoral relation to it is not dissolved, but another door of usefulness and labor is opened, by my election to the Presidency of Yale College. In many ways I am unequalled for either the ministry or the presidency. I am happy and in peace in the one, it is uncertain whether I should be in the other. I have advised with the Rhode Island association and with the scattered remnant of my dear flock, and I am still waiting upon the voice of the public."

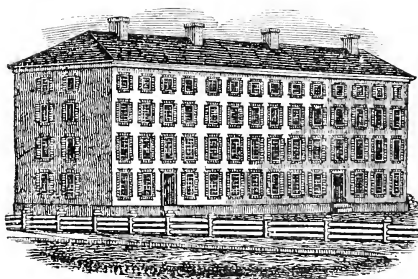
He finally decided to accept the call to the presidency, and was installed on the 8th of July, 1778. Before his removal for New Haven, he liberated his negro man-servant, Newport, who had been brought from Africa in 1757. The man never asked for freedom; the act was the spontaneous result of his master's conviction of the barbarity of the slave trade. Such was Newport's devotion to the Stiles family that he followed them to New Haven, and ended his days there.¹

The following account of Dr. Stiles's journey to New Haven is taken from a leaf of his journal:

¹ Long after Dr. Stiles's death, his only child, who long survived him (Mrs. Leavitt, of Greenfield), heard of Newport as very old and feeble and alone in New Haven. Judge Leavitt made the journey from Greenfield to New Haven in order to take Newport and Nabby, his wife, and care for them during the rest of their lives. They gladly accompanied Judge Leavitt, but after a week in Greenfield returned to New Haven, giving it as their reason that they could not live so far away from Yale College.

"June 8th — Putting my things and preparing for removal. I freed and liberated my negro man Newport about Oct. 30th. Settled all my affairs, and myself & 7 children set out in two carriages for New Haven. One was a covered waggon, which carried 4 beds, 3 large boxes, & 4 children. The other was a neat genteel caravan, which was suspended upon steel springs as a Coach, and carried myself and 3 children. Expenses of travel about 230 Doll. beside the cost of the carriages. Through the good hand of our God we arrived safe without any accident."

The President's family were destined to see the same distress in their new home that they had left in the old. The 5th of July a British fleet anchored off West Haven. It was supposed that the burning of New Haven would speedily follow, and the President sent his family away, and sent with them the valuable papers belonging to the College, the College records, and his own manuscripts. There were no soldiers stationed at New Haven, and the town was defended by its inhabitants, who with the College students bravely succeeded in keeping the enemy from entering the town for several hours. Finally, however, it was given up to the British, and but few houses escaped destruction at their hands. The college buildings, the churches, and the President's house were uninjured. A valuable chest of President Clap's man-



South College.

Erected during Dr. Stile's Presidency.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

uscript was a part of the plunder. President Stiles writes to General Tryon, who was in command of the expedition, asking for this box of papers, which he says "can have no respect to the present times, as President Clap died in 1767. A war against

Science has been reprobated for ages, by the wisest and most powerful generals. The irreparable losses sustained by the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and other ancient monuments of literature, have promoted the victorious commanders of modern ages to exempt these monuments from the ravages and desolations inseparable from the highest rigours of war."

General Tryon writes in reply :

"Had they been found at New York they should most certainly have been restored, as you desire, but after diligent enquiry I can learn nothing concerning them."

It was afterward found that they had been thrown into the Sound. A part of them were found afterwards on the shore at Fairfield, some at East Haven, but most of them were lost.

This year, as in the previous summer, commencement was not celebrated, on account of the war. Visiting Newport at this time, Dr. Stiles preached to his former congregation ; about two-thirds of

that we attended divine service very conveniently, though with a pleasure intermixed with tender grief."

The following letter from Betsy Stiles,—after her mother's death the head of the household,—written to the President while visiting in Newport, gives a somewhat interesting picture of domestic life during the war. It will be seen that the President's daughter sympathized with her father's scientific pursuits :

"NEW HAVEN, Oct. 13th, 1781.

HON'D FAPA:—Agreeable to your orders I write by the Post to inform you we are very well but quite alone. Isaac¹ went with Ben to Newport and has not yet returned. I thought I could do very well without him, for he would willingly have tarried at home the vacation had I desired it, but as there was nothing of consequence to see after except the Cyder I tho't he'd better go. Mr. Willyton sent for the Casks and I sent what I thought right. I have got three Hogsheads well put up in the cellar by the assistance of Mr. Woodward who is our guard by night. He is one of the militia which are stationed here, and he is upon guard. I get M—— who lives in G—— to sleep here, as I'm fearful of being alone in the night. We have not had any alarm since you have been gone, as Colonel Arnold keeps them at bay very cleverly. The day before yesterday he paraded his men out, about 2 miles with an intent to have a sham fight. Their appearance was exceedingly good, and I never saw a body of militia look so well and conduct so well in my life. The Col. is a fine-looking man, and his Phiz, told us he felt cleverly. He keeps at the Stewards and we have a Sentry close by us. Day before yesterday Mr. Ingersoll arrived here from Philadelphia—come to settle his affairs—whether he brought any news or not I can not tell, for we have little or no company, and are so retired now, that were any news in hand we should not know it till t'was old. This week had a letter from Ezra². He mentions an extraordinary N. light, which I suspect was the same we had here Sep. 25th. With the assistance of Mr. Pruden I made the following observations. N. 11.20 an arch about 20 degrees above the horizon inclining toward the W. at VIII¹/₄ the Coruscations tended toward a point in the zenith. One streak in the West very red but not flashy, the light then ascended in flames, similar to the Coruscations from a large fire. Wind S. the flashes extended nearly to S. W. and ascended with great rapidity. Its continuance about a quarter of an hour. It thus almost all disappeared. At VIII³/₄ another arch similar to the first only 10 degrees higher; in a few moments was another arch above which was 40 degrees, both leaning toward the west, from the first arch bright streaks of light but no flashing. The Coruscations pointed in the zenith in the form of a cone. Upon this the flashing began, the flames inclining



Monument to President Ezra Stiles.
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

them had not returned. The enemy had nearly demolished their "temple," which he says was "a decent edifice," when he left it.

"But my zealous little flock," he writes, "took down the chimney and cleaned the meeting-house, and then procured some benches, made for the king's troops entertainment, and left behind; so

¹ Isaac Stiles, her brother.

² Ezra Stiles, Jr., living in North Carolina.

toward the E and W with very great rapidity. At IX o'clock it all disappeared. At X the sky was rather bright, but in the north black heavy clouds. And now Papa I hope you will not laugh at the simplicity of your daughter Betsy's observations. If I have misapplied words, I shall have the pleasure of being rectified by him whom I only wish to please. I must be taught to make observations. I fear I have done so badly that Papa can scarcely find out my meaning, but I've done my best, and hope it will be accepted as such, from Papa's ever

Dutiful Daughter,

BETSY STILES.

I have made of our grape vine 5 Quarts of wine. The rest of the Cyder is come, & safe in the cellar. Our boy is come & is a very good one."

With the termination of the war came the termination in this family of anxiety and trouble, and their life was thereafter a singularly quiet and peaceful one. Dr. Stiles writes during the last years of his life:

"It has been a principle with me for thirty-five years past to walk and live in a decent, civil, and respectful communication with all; although in some of our sentiments in philosophy, religion and politics, of diametrically opposite opinions. Hence I can freely live and converse in civil friendship with Jews, Romanists, and all the sects of Protestants, and even with Deists. I am all

along blamed by bigots for this liberality, though I think none impeach me now of hypocrisy; because I most freely, fully and plainly give my sentiments on everything in science, religion and politics. I have my own judgment, and do not conceal it. I hold it beneath the dignity of a Philosopher to suppress his sentiments upon anything. It is indeed unworthy of him to make up hasty opinions on every new subject which occurs. Upon these, therefore, he should discourse in the way of search and inquiry till he has formed his judgment; then let him express it, but without reproaching others because they think differently."

He writes again:

"It excites my indignation to see so little charity among the various Christian denominations; and such zeal to build up sects rather than make Christians."

He continued in the active duties of his office until his death in 1795, at the age of 68. A letter from the Honorable James Hillhouse of New Haven, says:

"A new burying-ground having been opened in New Haven, the last autumn, a certain part of which was presented to Yale College by the proprietors, the friends of the President were desirous that 'his ashes should be deposited in the first and most honorable place in it.' With the concurrence of the family, the body was laid there 'in that decent and respectful manner which was due to a character so universally beloved and respected.'"

THE OLD CHAIR.

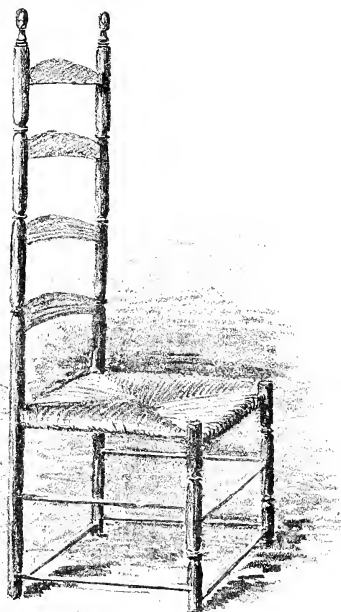
By *Mary L. Cobb.*

IT happened on a pleasant October afternoon, as the shadows grew long beneath the trees, and I looked at the declining sun through the golden and crimson glow of maples along the roadside, that I saw the old farmer at his milking. I stopped to chat with him, a thing I enjoy, for he is an original, this quaint old friend of mine. He is not a person of wide experience, having seldom travelled farther than his oxen would take him on a summer's day. Once, however, fifty years ago, they took him all the way to Boston, forty miles or more; and like Yankee Doodle, he complained of not being able to see the town, "there was such a sight o' houses." He there exchanged his farm produce for some farming tools, and came away feeling satisfied with that one experience. He wondered

why I liked the city. He asks: "Have you got a good barn there for your saddle boss?" and thinks it "mighty inconvenient," when I answer "No." I said to him: "Uncle Eleazer, how did you like the lecture on astronomy the other night?" having seen him present, to my surprise; and he replied: "Pretty fair, but the man didn't know what he was talking about, when he said the moon had nothing to do with the weather, or with luck in plantin'. Why, I've obsarved for myself, near on to eighty year, and I guess I know. And I allers plants my beans and kills my hogs on the increase of the moon. My wife, she says if you kill on the wane of the moon the pork all sizzles away in cooking and loses half its heft."

"The books don't know everything, then, Uncle Eleazer?"

"No, no, they certainly don't. It takes practical experience. I c'd write as good a book as any of 'em if I had the



larnin', and tell about the weather a good deal better than they do in the papers."

These remarks the old man made with such a good-natured expression on his healthy countenance that I could only smile approvingly in return. In truth, are we not all conceited about something; either our attainments, or our common sense, our riches, or our independent poverty, our fine ancestry, or our elevation from lowliness? A little self-complacency helps to make one content with one's lot.

As my old friend rose from his milking, I noticed with interest what he used for a milking stool. It was a very ancient chair; one of those tall posters, with narrow backs, fit only to look at while they help us to behold in imagination the stately, straight-backed great-grandmothers, with their knitting, sitting there. A

shame that it should be treated so shabbily in its declining years! Wondering at my interest in an old wooden chair without other seat than a piece of board laid across it, my old friend said: "You may have the chair if you like it so much. It belonged to my wife's great-grandmother, and my wife is eighty-seven year old."

Trembling a bit lest his wife should not acquiesce in this generous proposition, I entered the house and broached the subject to the wife. She, too, was willing that I should bear away the treasure, and added to its value by telling me that it was one which her great-grandmother used in the old square pew at "the first meeting-house," and was about one hundred and fifty years old. Now, yet more interested, I tried to call up the vision of those old days. I had read about the early times of the old church. Built in 1745, permission was given to the "highest rate-payers" to build square pews instead of simple slips, and to "set a row of banisters with a rail-stop above them, at their own cost and charge." In the old church records I have read also of permission being given to Squire — to put in an arm-chair into his pew for his infirm wife; and in similar manner I suppose my ancient chair, then new and shining, took its place in the pew which contained the family of one of the "highest rate-payers."

That same year an army of six thousand New England troops was sent to reduce Louisburg, and the minister of the old meeting-house went as their chaplain. In 1758, a company from this town enlisted for the last French and Indian war.

And now I recalled that on an old gravestone in the churchyard, with the rudely sculptured skull and wings of old Father Time and inscription mossy and nearly illegible, I had read a few days before: "William Blood, died 1759, faithful to his king and his country."

I asked the old lady if that was her great-grandfather, and when she answered "Yes," I felt that he, too, might often have sat in my old chair, and I half feared to show how much I prized it, lest she might find it changed from a milking-stool to a throne, and repent her gift.

Next morning, early, I sent for my chair. And now for the appropriate seating! It must have the old-fashioned flagged seat that belonged to all of its kind. So I pushed my inquiries far and near. I heard of one old lady, who knew the art; but she could no longer do the work, she said. To one and another I went, who could make cane seats, but knew not the lost art of flagging. At last, and near at hand, a dear old lady heard of my wishes, and volunteered to seat the chair if I would help her. She "used to do many of them fifty years ago." Then for the flagging! It was too late to cut cat-o'-nine-tails this year, for the frost had touched them; but it was said the coopers might have some. And finally I found my cooper and my flags; and my old chair stands with its new old-fashioned seat, which will soon look as dry and brown as the old.

On one of the bars at the back of the chair, on the under side, there is a deep cut, as if some child had gouged out a piece. But no! the wound has a much more interesting cause. My good friend

tells me that in old times, when one wished the light near by, the iron candlestick was often hooked to one of these bars, and if not noticed, the flame might burn a place in the bar above, as had evidently been the case here, for the hole was blackened and charred. Only one charm the more in my old chair, this potent reminder of the days of tallow candles and high mantelselves and heavy mahogany tables that could not be moved hither and thither as the reader or the seamstress wished.

Who knows but that it was burned when the young wife sat absorbed in reading the letter that told of the death of her husband, of him who died "in the service of his king and country?"

"He lived, he died. Behold the sum,
The record of the historian's page!"

Little else do we know usually of our ancestors who died so long ago. But my old chair will serve to remind a forgetful generation of those who did so much for us—the martyrs for their homes and country more than a hundred years ago.





William Morris.

FROM A LATE PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

By William Clarke, M.A.

UPWARDS of a century has passed since the new birth of English poetry. Into the deadly routine and dreary formalism of the eighteenth century, with its worship of the "little wasp of Twickenham," there projected itself a new enthusiasm for nature and for man. The note first struck by Thomson

was deepened by Cowper, and merged into the magnificent symphonies of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The theme was nature, but nature blended with human reason and imagination. With the love for nature came the deeper love for man. This mirrored itself in the writings of Goldsmith, in the poetry of Cowper and

Burns, in the greater poetry of the Lake School, and in the revolutionary poetry of Byron and Shelley; while the lives of the poor were invested with a new interest through the realism of Crabbe. The French Revolution fanned the flame of human sympathy, and furnished the motive force of a whole generation of English poetry. Scott alone turned to the past for romance and beauty. But Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge and Southey were all inspired by the wonderful outburst of human force which the Revolution awakened.

We all know how the revolutionary fires blazed up, abated, and died away, leaving the cold, dead ashes of a past social order. Still more quickly died the enthusiasm for the Revolution in the breasts of the Lake poets. Its hasty, shallow methods; its utter ignorance of history, leading to the most absurd perversion of truth; its poor, inadequate ideals, could not satisfy them;—and Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth became reactionists. Yet the two latter certainly could never rid themselves of the new passion for man which the Revolution had helped to awaken in them. Even in the most conservative and apparently reactionary poems of Wordsworth, we find those deeper elements which are of the essence of a far profounder revolution than the enthusiasts of '89 ever imagined. Byron and Shelley retained their revolutionary fervor through the whole of their too brief lives; but when they passed away, the spiritual force of the Revolution passed away with them. The prolonged shocks of social earthquake were over; agitated Europe had a brief respite, and the thoughts of men were turned back once more to history and romance. The poet of this period was Keats, whose nature, poetry, and sensuous beauty bear absolutely no trace of the new spirit awakened in Wordsworth, as truly as in Byron. Struggle and tumult have ceased, and we are lapped in delicious dreamland.

With 1830 came the new reforming spirit, manifesting itself alike in Liberalism, on the one hand, and in the new church movement on the other. Although the Tractarian movement appears on the

surface thoroughly reactionary, and although it led its greatest spirit into the bosom of the Catholic Church, yet, looked at more deeply, it made for reform and change. It revived in England the study of history, and indirectly gave us the writings of Stubbs, Freeman, and Bryce. At first, purely conservative in criticism, it has now borne strange and unexpected fruit in the essays called *Lux Mundi*. It inspires such men as Cardinal Manning to stretch out a right hand to labor agitators, and is making Christian Socialists of many of the younger men among the High Church clergy. It gave birth to the pre-Raphaelite revival of art, and endowed England with whatever is worth looking at in her modern architecture. It has reconstituted the whole political framework of England, and has given her, under the old monarchical forms, a constitution essentially as democratic, if not more so, as that of the United States.

The poets of this new era of energy and inquiry, of hope and improvement, were Tennyson and Browning, whose early manhood was synchronous with the dawn of the period. What buoyancy and sympathy, what unswerving faith and courage do we find in the early works of both poets and, indeed, in the whole work of Browning! Many political reformers and thinkers shared the same feeling. It illumines the earlier writings of John Stuart Mill, and burns even in the pages of the sombre sage of Chelsea. By the middle of the century, the fires of 1830 had begun to pale, and the disappointment and foreboding of the time are evident in the later writings of Carlyle. The poets of this period are Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough, on both of which precious spirits rested "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." Both, it is true, sound the note of courage; but Arnold became more and more the stoic of modern poetry, brave and patient, but expecting little. Both poets symbolize for us the breaking wave, on the crest of which Tennyson and Browning had climbed to glory and renown. A new criticism of life had already overcast the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought.

Then followed the period of quietism

analogous to that of Keats; and it found its poets in Rossetti and William Morris. With the exception of one sonnet, there is not a single poem of Rossetti's which gives any indication that the poet lived in the nineteenth century, or that he took the faintest interest in human affairs. Rossetti's art is the same; it is the art of one quite withdrawn from contemporary business and strife. Of the same school is the poetry of William Morris. This delightful poet goes back to ancient Greek and old Norse themes for his inspiration, abjures modern life, and describes himself in those oft-quoted lines, as "the idle singer of an empty day." Such is William Morris, the poet who wrote *The Defence of Guinevere*, and *The Earthly Paradise*, and *Love is Enough*. This is the side of Morris's nature known to the lovers of poetry the world over. But of late years Morris may be said to have undergone a new birth, which has not destroyed his old self, but which has given him new and different interests in life. And it is of the new William Morris, as some of us know him to-day, that I am to say something.

Morris's figure is the most picturesque in prosaic England. A stout, sturdy, stalwart man, with ruddy face, who looks frankly out upon the world with bright blue eyes. His grand, massive head is covered with a shock of gray hair, tumbled about in wild disorder, while upper lip (which is short) and chin are covered with gray moustache and beard. He is always clad in the same fashion when I see him: a black slouch hat, black sack coat, and a most picturesque blue shirt with a collar to match. In winter time he envelops himself in a thick, dark Inverness cape. A lady informed me that the poet had taken her in to dinner at a party in irreproachable evening dress; but I have never seen him in that conventional garb, and have no wish to. Many years ago he sat accidentally upon his silk hat and crushed it: he has never worn one since. His subsequent career may be said to have consisted, metaphorically speaking, in the crushing of silk hats generally, as well as all other symbols of our artificial society. Not even Shelley or Whitman is a more unconventional figure

than is Morris. His very aspect is a perpetual challenge to all that is smug and respectable and genteel.

Morris is a born rebel, an anarchist by nature. His protests against convention have in them absolutely nothing of the artificial: they are the genuine expression of his character. I was once talking with him about a forthcoming election to the London School Board, and was expressing a hope that the progressive party would win. "Well," said the poet, striding up and down the room, "I am not sure that a clerical victory would not be a good thing. I was educated at Marlborough, under clerical masters, and I naturally rebelled against them. Had they been advanced men, my spirit of rebellion would have probably led me to conservatism merely as a protest. One naturally defies authority, and it may be well that the London School Board should be controlled by Anglican parsons, in order that the young rebels in the schools may grow up to defy and hate church authority." This curious reasoning led me to express my doubt whether the average London boy or girl could be trusted to grow up a good rebel like Morris; but his enthusiastic conviction would not allow of a doubt on the point. Rebel and heretic Morris is and ever will be.

It is singular that Morris, anarchist as he is, owes his new birth to one who is the great apostle of obedience and lawful rule; viz., to his friend, John Ruskin, who, still partly bound himself, has yet liberated so many bright and eager souls. Morris was at Oxford along with Burne Jones (who was at that time, curiously enough, meditating Holy Orders in the Anglican Church), and he was of the same generation with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. All were brought under Ruskin's influence, and none more so than Morris. From Ruskin, Morris imbibed the idea that our present politico-commercial civilization is absolutely hostile to art. Ruskin saw beauty and the love and passion for making beautiful things dying out of modern life. He saw crystal streams polluted by manufacturers, green fields blasted, and hillsides denuded of their trees and flowers, ancient and venerable objects torn down,—and all for the purpose of produ-

cing things neither beautiful nor desirable in themselves, not because they were needed, but in order that profit might be made out of their sale. I do not know any more terrible satire on certain aspects of our modern civilization than is revealed by a walk through some of England's manufacturing districts. Here nature is absolutely degraded and ruined. Green hillsides are scarred and blackened, huge heaps of cinder and slag replace the flowers which nature gave, hideous black pits yawn before and behind, even the sky is blotted out with a dense pall of black, poisonous smoke. Not one single object of beauty is visible; and amid such natural surroundings, millions of English people are condemned to live.

It is conceivable that we might tolerate this defacement of nature, did it lead to any beautiful artistic result. No doubt the marble hills of Carrara were less beautiful after repeated excavations than before: but then, as a compensation, we have the palaces and churches of Italy. Under modern industrialism there is no such compensation. In England's manufacturing districts, everything that is built is hideous. The rows of little brick houses of the square box order of architecture are hideous; the churches and chapels and town halls were, until Ruskin's ideas had in some measure penetrated the thick ugly hide of the British Philistine, still more hideous; the slated roofs, the corrugated-iron mission-halls, the dingy, monotonous streets, the huge, square factories, the iron bridges, the dirty railway stations—all are utterly, irredeemably vile; and if Morris had his way they would probably all be burned to the ground. The system does not even promote universal or general material comfort. The great mass of laborers are miserably poor, and many of them as degraded as barbarians. Work and drink, drink and work—such is, as personal observation has taught me only too well, the daily life of millions among them. And to add to the irony of the situation, the local capitalist who has made his pile by blasting every object of natural beauty in his neighborhood sets up as a patron of art, frequents Mr. Agnew's gallery, hangs English landscapes in his drawing-

room, and orders a two-thousand-guinea portrait of his own dull face from Millais or Oulless, which is duly exhibited in the Academy!

Ruskin and his disciples saw the lovely world of nature and art gradually being swamped by the incursions of this sea of ugliness; and to make it worse they heard it all justified by what they conceived to be a false and shallow political economy. This political economy, self-styled a science, which is already happily being fast discarded and despised in the very land of its birth,¹ ignored alike ethics and beauty, and taught or implied that the one end of man was the acquisition of riches, and that everything in society or State which stood in the way of that supreme object was to be thrust aside or abolished. To a Shakspeare a man was a wonderful piece of work, noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god. But to the economist, with his shallow and degraded eighteenth century philosophy (?) (save the mark), a man was a riches-producing animal, and his form, movement, reason, action and apprehension so much useful labor force to be expended in turning out pots and pans, steam pumps and iron boilers, not for his own use, but that another man might make a big fortune, have a town and country house, a moor in Scotland, a yacht in the Mediterranean, and a seat in that paradise of wealthy snobs, the House of Lords.

I do not think the above is any caricature or exaggeration of the state of things which the apostles of art found themselves compelled to face. Ruskin himself produced what he called a "political economy of art," and has followed it by some of the noblest ethical works of our time, culminating in *Unto This Last*. No doubt there are many elements of Ruskin's teaching which tend to positive reaction and which cannot be accepted. It is impossible to conceive of small individual handicraft completely replacing the vast system of collective production through machine industry. Just in so far as Ruskin

¹ Compare, e. g., the new treatise by Professor Marshall of Cambridge with the dismal sophisms of Ricardo, Senior and Fawcett.

has been reactionary and impracticable, his influence will die out; but there is a vivifying residual essence which is immortal, and it is this which seized and pervaded Morris's mind. The younger artist fastened on the idea that ordinary commercialism, with its theory that labor is a mere commodity, and its political economy, with its philosophy of accumulation as the prime end of man's being, was for ever absolutely hostile to art, and that either it or art must perish from the world.

This idea which has made of Ruskin a reactionist, longing in vain for the renewal of a past which is gone forever, germinated in Morris's mind and led him ultimately to the revolutionary socialism which has been his creed for the last seven or eight years. Morris sees that there is no going back, that medieval life based on certain conceptions of the world and of man that are no longer entertained cannot be revived. Yet, in certain elements of that mediæval life, adapted and modified, he sees the only conditions under which art can flourish. The worker must be his own master, must have free access to the instruments of labor, must have leisure, education, above all freedom. These conditions Morris finds best fulfilled in the mediæval communes, which were, in effect, industrial republics, little islands of freedom in an ocean of despotism and barbarism which finally overwhelmed them.

The reader may ask whether great art has not been produced under all manner of social conditions. He may recall the great works of art produced in Rome under the unspeakable corruption of the Borgias, or in Florence under the Medici, or even the less worthy art of corrupt and enslaved periods in France and England. He may remember that Venetian art only rose to greatness after the life of the republic of Venice had begun to decline, and he may remind us that Millet and Corot painted French landscape under the contemptible regime of Napoleon le Petit. All this is true; but when Morris speaks of art, he is not thinking of great individual painters or sculptors, of Raphaels, Titians, Turners and Millets. For Morris, art is built up from handicraft;

and the decay of art means to him the decay of the power of the average man to make something beautiful with his own hands, not as an isolated event to be talked about for years, but as an everyday occurrence, part of the normal expression of his daily life. When Morris, therefore, sings the dirge of art, it is popular art that he thinks dead or dying. He admits as fully as any one the excellence in technique displayed by many English painters, the admirable drawing, the coloring and so forth. He laments rather the passing away of the artist workman, of the man so trained, so environed, that he could both design and produce objects of beauty.

It was such men as these who built and beautified many of the great cathedrals and churches of Europe; who sculptured the portals of Chartres and the glorious façade of Amiens, and who have left in a thousand European cities and towns moldings and traceries and foliated capitals, portraits and quaint fancies, quips and jests, as well as dreams of beauty in wood, metal, stone and marble, to be the wonder and admiration of our time. According to Morris this beautiful work was the result of really free associated human labor, where the worker was his own master, had received a careful training in apprenticeship to his guild, and worked in fraternal equality with others. To-day the average worker is a machine-minder, the all but soulless agent of an anonymous joint-stock company or syndicate; performing day after day, and year after year, the same piece of monotonous mechanical drudgery; liable any day to be elbowed out of the field by new inventions; unable to work unless a body of capitalists can make for themselves a profit out of his work; and living amid noisome, sordid and hideous surroundings, as a general rule.

People accustomed to the old superficial talk about the great mediæval period, when Gothic art manifested its glory, as "the dark ages," will wonder when they hear from Morris that the nineteenth century workman is less "free" than the artist-workman of the mediæval city. "What," they will say, "with a free press, popular suffrage, railways and telegraphs,

decadence of kingly rule, liberty to walk and travel to and fro, and to live how and where you like ; with all these advantages, are we to be told that the working classes are less free than their ancestors in those old, dark, fortified cities of eight centuries ago? The idea is absurd !” And yet this “absurd” idea is seriously entertained by many of the best thinkers in Europe, and is corroborated by the researches made into the conditions of mediæval life.¹ The halcyon period of English labor was at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries ; and those who have most earnestly studied the subject believe that the European working classes were never so really “free,” in the sense of commanding opportunity for expansion and free scope for energy, as they were in the later mediæval period, and in the communal organization of the free European cities. Just in so far as the working classes of our time have improved their lot, it has been by adopting the spirit and method of the mediæval craft-guilds through the modern trade-union.

The above will perhaps help to elucidate the position taken up by Morris, and I can now recur to his individuality and opinions, which will be more intelligible in the light of his social creed. In considering Morris’s opinions, we must always remember that he is essentially and always an artist, and that he approaches all questions from the artist’s point of view. These opinions he always gives quite freely, generally striding up and down the room, his words rushing forth in a torrent, every muscle of his body in active agitation, his face animated, his bright blue eyes dancing merriment or flashing scorn. I have heard him deal pretty freely with many of our celebrities whom he has known personally, but I shall not of course repeat what I have heard him say about noted people still living. He never minces his words, but speaks straight out. Living himself in the most open daylight, free as the wind and frank as a young child, Morris knows

nothing about concealment or *double entendres* or convenient evasions. He will attack the most renowned giants of fame, will cover with ridicule the most fashionable contemporary opinions, will lash and sting right and left without the slightest hesitation ; and yet in all will be thoroughly good-natured and human.

Morris’s literary judgments are sometimes narrow, being controlled by prejudice. It is amusing to hear him hold forth on two great English poets whom he dislikes, Milton and Browning. He cannot abide either Milton’s puritanism or what he regards as his false classicism ; and he stamps his critical foot down unmercifully on *Paradise Regained* and *Il Penseroso*. In truth, Morris, spite of his large acquaintance with Greek poetry, is not classic in the least : he is Norse and Gothic and romantic. And just as he places Gothic architecture far above any of the Greek achievements in stone or marble, so does he value Northern poetry with its rushing tide of life, its adventure, its passion, even its grotesque and terrible elements, more than the placidity and calm dignity of the Greeks. Even in Greek literature he prefers the very earliest, the youthful, to the more mature. He has translated and he loves the *Odyssey*, whereas the great puritan poet admired most the drama of Euripides, produced in the social decadence of Athens. Browning’s poetry he dislikes *in toto*, and he abuses it in no measured language. Its abruptness, obscurity, theology, introspection, its constant dwelling on sin and probing of the secrets of hearts are all utterly distasteful to the author of *The Earthly Paradise*.

In truth, there is much of the passionate, unrestrained, beauty-loving child about Morris. He instinctively dislikes over-intellectuality, subtle metaphysical distinctions, products of a highly-wrought or excessively superficial society. He is eternally young, and he loves the youthful in literature and art. A Norse rune or saga, an Italian peasant-song, an early English ballad, is more to him than a highly finished poem or drama ; and he would give more for the wild sculpture of a Romanesque porch than for all the sybils and prophets of Michael Angelo. He loves an almost unconscious spontaneity ;

¹ Thorold Rogers’s great *History of Prices* naturally suggests itself as containing a mass of evidence on this point. See too, a recent account in the *Fortnightly Review* of the 13th century Parisian workman, by Madame Darmestètes.

and when this has given place to severe intellectual effort in a work of art, its charm for Morris has passed away. I was once in Morris's company when a French anarchist sang the *Carmagnole*, and I plainly said that it appeared to me poor stuff. But Morris liked it because it was adapted from some old French peasant song and seemed to him to retain a certain flavor of rural wildness, memory of fields or vineyards where peasants danced their own dances and sang their own songs. It is a question how far this child-element which so fascinates Morris can be retained in modern life. I incline to think that in our exceedingly complex society, with its vaster conceptions of the world and its ever-increasing command of knowledge, it will be all but impossible to retain this element. Literature and art will inevitably express more and more a mature and intellectual life, and it is even possible that the taste for certain old forms of art may die out altogether. If this view be true, it must be inferred that Morris's influence is partly reactionary, as indeed some among his socialist friends think it is.

Like his friend Ruskin, William Morris does not love America, though his reasons are not altogether, perhaps, the same as those of Ruskin, who once declared that he could not live in a land where there were no castles. To Morris, America is the apotheosis of commercialism and the "cash nexus" between man and man. It is the awful example among nations, and he predicts for its present political and social system a violent overthrow. Morris has never been in America, and says he has no wish to go, though his business connections with America are extensive. Mere republicanism is to him an empty form, apart from real social equality; and he thinks the United States, with its conservative constitution, its huge monopolies, its millionaire senators, no more "free" than Germany or Spain. In short, he regards America as exhibiting on a great scale all the evil traits of modern Europe, while destitute of those great historical monuments and traditions which do something to redeem the Europe of to-day from the charge of vulgarity and commonplace. Europe however is, for

him, moving along the same plane towards the same abyss. He was talking to me recently of a visit he had paid last year to Rouen, where he had not been for many years, and which he found vulgarized and made as gaudy and Parisian as possible, and he compared commercial Rouen with the lovely Gothic dream which he knew forty years ago when he visited the city, before the era of modern "improvement" had set in. Morris dislikes exceedingly two of the ideas on which the American Republic, so to speak, is based: the puritan idea of the seventeenth century, and the individualism and "common sense" of the eighteenth. His dislike of puritanism he shares with all artists, but it is a feeling running deeper than a mere æsthetic prejudice against men who smashed beautiful monuments and ravaged cathedral aisles and windows. Morris shares the naturalism of so many contemporary European thinkers, and he has the child's hatred of gloom, austerity and introspection. He regards puritanism as false and unhealthy in sentiment, and, like Matthew Arnold, considers it to have been deeply prejudicial to the growth of intelligence in England and America. Based on a conception of the world which of course Morris regards as absolutely false, it developed strength without beauty, and in its decadence has become a fruitful source of hypocrisy and cant,—an aspect of its decline in which it received the merciless lash of satire from Thackeray and Dickens. I am now, be it understood, merely giving Morris's view, without criticising it; but it is unquestionably a view shared by a majority of the chief English writers of our time.

As Morris dislikes puritanism, so does he dislike its eighteenth century offspring, the theory of "individual rights." To him, as to Carlyle and the modern scientific school, a man has no natural rights at all. They are mere pigments, *a priori* conceptions, born of that unreal and sentimental century which gave birth to so many strange things. The individual could not indeed be an individual but for the social environment which has helped to make him what he is; and to suppose that he can isolate himself from that and make claims for himself as having an "in-

alienable right" to this, that or the other is absurd. Thus the old theory of early liberalism with its free trade, Protestantism and *laissez faire* goes by the board, and the new collectivist theory takes its place. Morris shares these views with all the socialist school, which entirely repudiates natural rights and tends always to subordinate the individual too much to the social whole.

In holding this view, Morris's conduct squares with his creed. He is, as is well known, a member of a socialist body called the Socialist League. Although by far the most distinguished member of this little organization, and although it is kept going largely by his generosity, he takes his place in the ranks with the poorest or humblest member on a footing of democratic fraternity, and allows himself to be ordered about just as the majority chooses. The secretary of Morris's branch of the League has told me that it has sometimes pained him somewhat to see ignorant men at the committee meetings assign to Morris his particular task, a judgment with which the poet instantly complied. He is, perhaps, ordered by the committee to speak on Waltham Green opposite the District Railway Station; and in that open space, on the following Sunday morning, you may see the author of the *Earthly Paradise* haranguing a crowd of poor men on their grievances and on the revolution which one day is to set them right.

Morris will never be an orator, but as a public speaker he is greatly improved since I first heard him. He is more fluent, less embarrassed, and better informed. When he was a member of Mr. Hyndman's body, the Social Democratic Federation, he used to leave the economic part of his subject to Mr. Hyndman. When asked at the close of a lecture some puzzling economic question, he would reply that he did not understand economics, and that his questioner must ask Hyndman about that next Sunday. Morris's revolt was an artistic revolt, and he had all the artist's dislike for those whom Burke calls sophisters, economists and calculators. But Morris, to his credit be it said, bent himself to the disagreeable task of studying dry books on economics and sociology, specially influenced

thereto by his friend, Mr. Ernest Belfort Bax, author of *The Ethics of Socialism* and several other books calculated to startle the simple-minded reader who opens them for the first time. Those therefore, who, knowing Morris's revolutionary creed, expect to hear nothing from him but wild, picturesque abuse of everything that exists, would be considerably surprised by his clear, well-informed argument; though every now and then he would give them a gentle shock by some piece of satire or humor or invective.

When Morris and his friends seceded from the Social Democratic Federation, many were the surmises as to the reason for this course being taken, and many were the jokes about the tendency in Socialist bodies to quarrel and split into sections. The secession was due partly to personal, partly to what may be called political causes. On the first it is not necessary to dwell. As to the second, if I were to define in a word the differences between the two bodies, I should say that the older body was influenced by the extreme authoritarian ideas of Marx, while the League was always verging on anarchism. Under Morris's guidance, the League has steadily refused to work on parliamentary lines by legal and constitutional means, but has contented itself with instilling generally revolutionary sentiments into the minds of its members. Not to trouble oneself about external forms and public institutions, but to prepare the mind for wholly new ideas—that seems to be Morris's method of going to work. Mr. Hyndman's organization, on the other hand, while always talking vaguely about a violent revolution, has a distinct political programme of reforms intended to alleviate the existing conditions of society, and to prepare the way for the socialist state of the future. The Federation also puts forth candidates for Parliament and for the London School Board and County Council. This "stepping-stone" policy, as it is called, is satirized and denounced by Morris, who suspects that it may fasten the old slavery under new forms.

It is not easy to understand how Morris proposes to bring about the condition of

things he looks forward to. No parliamentary or municipal methods, no reliance upon law-making machinery, an abhorrence of everything that smacks of "politics": it all seems very impracticable to the average man, and certainly suggests the poet rather than the man of affairs. What Morris thinks will really happen is, I should say, judging from numerous conversations I have had with him, something like this: Existing society is, he thinks, gradually, but with increasing momentum, disintegrating through its own rottenness. The capitalist system of production is breaking down fast and is compelled to exploit new regions in Africa and other parts where, he thinks, its term will be short. Economically, socially, morally, politically, religiously, civilization is becoming bankrupt. Meanwhile it is for the socialist to take advantage of this disintegration by spreading discontent, by preaching economic truths and by any kind of demonstration which may harass the authorities and develop among the people an *esprit de corps*. By these means the people will, in some way or other, be ready to take up the industry of the world when the capitalist class is no longer able to direct or control it. Morris believes less in a violent revolution than he did, and thinks that workmen's associations and labor unions form a kind of means between brute force on the one hand and a parliamentary policy on the other. He does not however share the sanguine views of John Burns as to the wonders to be accomplished by the "new" trades unionism.

It must not be supposed that Morris is a mere vague dreamer and nothing more; on the contrary, he is in many ways a man of great practical energy and experience. At the head of a large business, with factory in Surrey, store in London and a branch in New York, Morris has customers all over the globe and knows all about these capitalist methods which he believes will shortly be destroyed. He is minutely acquainted with every process in his business, and has for years worked with his own hands. He is especially skilled in designing and in dyes. While Morris is listening to the questions and criticisms passed on his lectures, he

generally has a pencil in his hand and a little piece of paper before him, on which he traces out most charming designs, rapidly done, but sometimes exquisite in symmetry and grace. He is greatly esteemed by those in his employ. The eight-hour working day is in practice in the Merton factory, and the wages paid are the highest known in the trade. Morris has to some extent carried out (as far as the existing commercial system permits) the method of the mediæval guilds in educating apprentices. At the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition I saw a beautiful piece of work from the Merton factory, which Mr. Morris's daughter assured me was done by an average boy taken from the village and properly trained in the works. Morris holds that no artistic work is really worth anything, in which the design is not executed by intelligent workmen who recognize the idea of the designer. Some friends were talking to him a while ago, in my hearing, in praise of the domestic architecture of America and in particular about the works of Boston's lamented architect, Richardson. He fully admitted Richardson's genius, but said that he did not believe any really beautiful design could be properly executed in America by men who were working for wages in the employ of a capitalist. The workmen themselves must be artists or their product will fall far short of the design.

Will Morris produce any more poetry of the old type? One cannot say, for Morris is an inexplicable genius, whose erratic movements in the firmament of literature it is exceedingly difficult to calculate; but I do not think it is likely. His few socialist poems will not, with the exception of the chant, *The Day is Coming*, add greatly to his fame; and he now seems to have given himself entirely to prose work. He may possibly one day retire from active agitation, and then startle and inspire the world with a new kind of poetry, breathing the spirit and hope of the great socialist movement. But at present he expresses his ideas in archaic prose or, as Mr. Andrew Lang, I think, termed it, "Wardour-Street English." It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Morris seems unable to clothe his ideas

respecting the strength and beauty of communal life (as in *The Roots of the Mountains*) in modern, contemporary style, for it seriously deters readers from attending to what he has to say, and it gives occasion for the profane to ridicule and make merry. By a curious coincidence it happened that on one and the same day amusing skits on this book, written in mock archaic style, appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Daily News*, the latter from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang,—who, spite of his extraordinary versatility, must now, after his junction with Mr. Rider Haggard, be numbered among the Philistines. "The idea of a clever whipper-snapper like Lang attacking a great man like Morris!" said a friend of the latter to me. Morris read the attack, but as he cares nothing for critical articles in the papers, he was not in the least affected thereby. His latest serial, *The Glittering Plain*, I candidly confess I can make nothing of. I thought at first that this was due to some defect in myself, and I was therefore much relieved when a distinguished man, himself a friend and admirer of Morris, told me he could make nothing of it either. Beyond all question, Morris's finest prose work is his *Dream of John Ball*, an imaginative attempt to realize the condition of the English peasant in the time of the great Peasant Revolt (in Morris's opinion by far the most important fact in English history) and to body forth the aspirations of those who tried to win a great victory at that time for the cause of labor. Other writers can picture the outer forms of life in the past, but who can seize on the essential spirit of a past order of civilization as Morris can!

Morris's influence on his friends and on many of the younger artists is great. He has led Mr. Burne-Jones to a deep sympathy with socialism, and has inspired Mr. Walter Crane and many of the other designers and workers in wood and metal, who have organized the annual Arts and Crafts Exhibition. I do not know any young man of ability and promise in the literary or Socialist circles of London who has not been influenced, more or less, by William Morris. There is no doubt that Morris has devoted too much energy to work that might safely be left to inferior men. Goldsmith's criticism of Burke, that he had spent much of his time in "cutting blocks with a razor," may be applied to Morris. One can admire strongly his courage and his scorn of the conventional, and yet at the same time one can doubt whether an exquisite artist-poet should give up whole mornings and evenings in addressing meetings and in distributing Socialist literature in Hyde Park. This judgment does not apply to Morris's lectures at the little hall which he has fitted up adjacent to his house at Hammersmith; for these lectures are really admirable, and are usually listened to by a highly appreciative, if sparse, audience. But one hesitates to criticise Morris. He is a law to himself, and the remarks which might apply to less original men do not apply to him. Whether one agrees or not with his specific opinions, England may well be thankful that in these days of routine and mammon-rule she has such a healthy, virile, manly idealist in her midst, to inspire her people with the hope of a better day, as the poet, artist, prophet, and agitator, William Morris.





MISS NISBY'S WIDOWHOOD.

By J. H. M.

WHEN the people of Ranville decided to start a circulating library, they were met by two serious difficulties at the outset. Money was scarce, and, though they had raised enough to buy a sufficient number of books to start with, where were the books to be kept? and who was to keep them? Few of the men of the village took much interest in the project. Those few had contributed already all that could be expected of them; the uninterested many had paid their contributions mostly in advice of a discouraging nature. To the women, in anxious discussion over their difficulties, came Miss Loomis. She had not been to the meetings before. It was well understood why, for the "Loomis girls'" pride was well known; the scanty income that supported the two sisters could not be stretched to cover outside calls, even though it was eked out by such bits of sewing as the two could get.

"I hear you want a place for your books," the tall, thin spinster began abruptly, in the pause that followed her entrance. "Me'n' Nisby have about concluded to offer our hall. It's no pertickler use to us, and it's big and light, and shelves could be put up easy'n' cheap. If bein' there to give out books two afternoons in the week'll do, why, we'll do that, too."

"Well, now, Bella Loomis, that does beat all! There isn't another person in town could do it but you'n' Nisby; they ain't got the room nor the time, nor p'r'aps it's the willin' spirit."



It was Mrs. Beedle who spoke. Her husband kept the Cash and Barter store, and was one of the few men who took an interest in the library scheme; though he, like the others of the sterner sex, had given his money only; he had no time, or no inclination, to attend to details.

Miss Loomis's somewhat severe features were relaxed in a pleased smile; she was delighted that she and her sister could contribute their share, for it had hurt their pride severely to feel that a new project was being undertaken in their native town, a new project where so little that was new came, and that they could take no part in it.

That was over a year ago; now the library was firmly established, and the semi-weekly afternoons when it was open had become events to the two librarians. Their old-fashioned, low, brown house

was a little off from the town, perched on the side of a ridge whence they could overlook the village, and further off more ridges, beyond which stretched the higher ranges of the Green Mountains. The busy Vermont women had not heretofore found much time to climb the hill where was the sisters' out-of-the-way house. But now it was different: the hall, half-filled with books, offered strong inducements to those whose lives were so prosaic and uneventful; and few were the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons when half a dozen people at least did not visit the Loomis house. Some volumes on agriculture had been added, and these were in great demand; without doubt, the library was a great success.

The sisters found constant pleasure in the new books that were gradually filling the shelves, and Miss Nisby's chief delight was in dusting and re-arranging the many rows of volumes.

Miss Sophronisba Loomis was ten years younger than her sister Arabella, "ten years younger and ten times better looking," some one had said once. At least she had heard that he said it. He was not given to saying such things to her, though his eyes had said many things in the long past days; things that had burned down deep into her heart, and had left there scars, that could never be effaced, she knew. She knew; yes, but no one else suspected, not even Bella: there was some comfort in that. Where was he now? Twenty years is a long time, and it was fully twenty years since John Tewksbury left Ranville. Nisby was twenty then, he five years older. That summer she had gone "to help" his mother, and in her capacity of "hired girl" had been treated by Mrs. Tewksbury and her son as one of the family; eaten at their table, — in the kitchen to be sure, the summer boarders had the dining-room, — and sat with them evenings in the back porch after the work was done. That was the summer before John went away; he went in April, the sixteenth, — it came that year on a Tuesday.

Nisby was dusting her books, thinking over these old times, — and just here she dropped her duster and sat down. Yes, the sixteenth was Tuesday. Monday

night, the Monday night before, John Tewksbury had come upon her in the old covered bridge that spanned the brawling little stream that ran through the town. Nisby felt thankful that in the comparative darkness her vivid blush might not be seen.

"I was comin' to say good-by," he said after a minute's silence.

The girl gave no sign of the sudden heart-sinking and queer little choke she felt, but walked on by his side with a murmured "I hear you're really goin' to-morrow."

"Yes."

There was silence as the two ascended the hill slowly, the girl's pretty head down-bent under the searching glance she felt but did not see. John's eyes, his one beauty, were fixed steadily on the moved face beside him. Nisby was the prettiest, most attractive girl he had ever seen; yet, even then, a quick thought flitted through his mind if perhaps he might not meet other women more pretty, more attractive, than this simple, village-bred girl. For John Tewksbury was ambitious, and meant some day to be an important character in the world. Would Nisby Loomis be a fitting wife for him? He wondered thus as his gray eyes studied the face that flushed and paled under his look. But Nisby knew none of these musings. She was sure then, he had made her know in many ways, that he loved her, and she thought she understood why he did not bind her to him by any promise now.

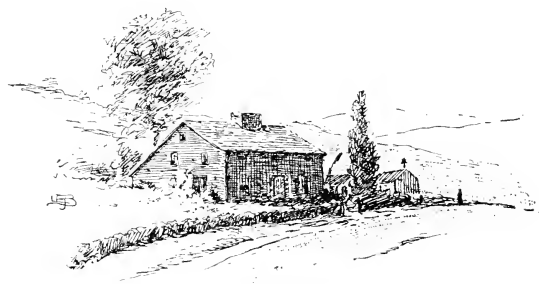
"I'll be gone a long while, Nisby," he broke the silence at last; "it may be years. I'm goin' to write to you if you're willin', and you'll answer me, won't you?"

"Why, yes, John," Nisby found voice to say.

"And I hope you'll think of me sometimes." The young man's voice trembled. It was hard to leave the girl he loved. He put out his hand and took her little work-roughened one into his large, firm grasp.

"Why of course I'll remember you," Nisby returned, with a weak little smile. With every word she felt that she was losing control over herself. The old maid sitting there with the old worn duster in her lap, felt again the trembling of her

lips, as she felt it then, and remembered how hard it had been to utter even those few words. John's next utterance she heard as if it were yesterday — "Don't forget me, dear. Good-by;" and stooping, he touched the trembling lips with his own, and then turned and strode down the hill. Nisby cast one look after him, then, as a turn in the road hid him from her sight, knew that the sorrow she had been trying to curb must have its way. Under a big elm tree, screened by a high



The old-fashioned, low, brown house.

bush from the eye of any chance passer, she sat down, trying vainly to stifle the sobs that shook her slight frame. Behind the hills that stretched beyond the village, the sun was setting in a glory of crimson and gold; little birds were twittering their good-nights; the tiny leaves feathering the young poplars were nestling in the light evening breeze; everything breathed of spring time and hope; but the young girl felt only a blank despair.

"Through dusting a'ready, Nisby?" Miss Loomis's voice broke in abruptly on her musings. "You're real smart, now." Then noticing the disordered shelves and the traces of tears on her sister's face: "You're not sick, are you, Nisby?" she asked anxiously.

"No, not a bit. I felt lazy and was resting;" and Miss Nisby sprang up, and resumed the forgotten dusting with such energy, that the other, as she carried off the work basket she had come for, thought she must have been wrong about the tear-marks after all.

But the spell of those past days was not easily broken. Memories of the letters she had received during the next six months came to her; of her pleasure at John's steadily improving prospects; then of the anxious weeks when those letters had ceased. After several of those weeks had passed, the girl had written twice, — thrice, — but no answer had ever reached her. Mrs. Tewksbury had died just before her son left Ranville; he had no other relations there, and Nisby heard

nothing of him for years and years, except a stray rumor or two that he was prospering wonderfully out in the West. Other wooers came to her, but she never cared for any one but John. She could never forget him. Why, then, had he forgotten her? Perhaps her letters had never reached him; perhaps he had written and his letters had been lost in that journey, a very long one, it seemed to her, that

they must take to get to her. Surely, surely, her faithful woman's heart would cry, John had not ceased to care for her! She could do nothing; but some day, — who knows? The thoughts of her quiet, shut-in lips had crystallized into a pathetic faith in her girlhood's lover; a faith possible to but few women, and to those few a doubtful blessing.

After awhile John Tewksbury's name ceased to be spoken in Ranville. She wondered if any one remembered him but herself; sometimes she thought he must be dead, but that thought was too sad to be entertained for a moment: the faded old maid remembered her lover's splendid strength and health; surely he must be living somewhere. No one knew of Miss Nisby's romance; even those who remembered the young lovers thought of their attachment as a thing of the past, one that had come to nothing; there were many such. Even Miss Loomis had no suspicion that her once pretty sister had carried beyond her youth the love

that she had once feared had been given to John Tewksbury. It had been a relief to Bell Loomis when the young man left Ranville, for she had neither liked nor trusted him. One drawer in the old-fashioned painted secretary, shared in common by the sisters, was always kept locked; Nisby had the key, and the older Miss Loomis, incurious by nature, and with an unusual faculty for minding her own business, had never questioned her as to its contents. Sometimes Nisby looked over the score or so of old letters kept there all these years; sometimes, with a blush on her faded cheek, pressed to her lips the lock of dark hair, tied with a bit of sewing silk, and wrapped carefully in silver paper. These were all she had left of the man who had once, she was sure, loved her heartily; who even now she dared to believe, could not have forgotten her, — judging his nature by her own faithful heart.

Mechanically, as she mused, the little spinster had finished her dusting, had re-arranged the shelves, leaving a vacant place for some new books that had come that day, and, just as they had come from the express, were lying in a big bundle on a chair. After she had opened the package, she stood a moment gloating over the treasures before her; then, after placing them on a table to be catalogued, she began tidily to pick up, fold, and put away the papers and string with which the books had been secured. Under the strong outside brown paper wrappers were several newspapers, which had been placed around the books, the better to shield them from careless handling. She glanced down their columns carelessly as she smoothed them out. Suddenly, the name of John Tewksbury caught her eye. She looked hastily up the column, then grasped the table for support. At the top of the sheet was the word, "Obituary;" under that, "John Tewksbury."

When Miss Loomis, having finished her afternoon's work, had set the table for tea and got that meal quite ready, she began to wonder what had become of her sister.

"Nisby!" she called, from the foot of the stairs; then, "Nisby!" again, with a slight rise of voice indicative of failing

patience. Receiving no answer, she ascended the stairs slowly, listening as she went for any sound from above. When she reached her sister's door, she was surprised to find it locked. A locked door, night or day, was a thing nearly unheard of in Ranville, and though the younger Miss Loomis's door was provided with a lock and key, that lock had never been used in the memory of man, — certainly not of woman, as represented by her sister Arabella. That woman seized the door-handle, and with it shook the door vigorously, calling:

"Nisby! Nisby! Are you there? Whatever's the matter?"

There was a sound as if some one was crossing the room; then the bolt shot back, and Nisby, pale, hollow-eyed, stood before her sister, saying:

"I did not know the door was locked, Bella. Did you want me?"

"Nothing but supper," Arabella returned, relieved; "it's ready. You didn't know it was so late, did you?"

She had not observed her sister's appearance, and Nisby, shrinking back into the darkness of the room behind her, said:

"I can't eat any, Bella. My head aches very bad. You know I had a bad one two or three years ago, you remember?" — anxiously, "and must keep quiet now, as I did then, so I'm going to bed. Leave the tea things till morning, and I'll do 'em with the breakfast dishes." Dish-washing was part of Miss Nisby's share of the household duties

and, even in her grief, the thought of her homely cares arose, for she disliked to have her sister take any extra work.

"Nonsense, Nisby; I'll do 'em. But you'd better have a cup of tea. Whatever gave you such a bad head?"



"Mighty stuck up," Mrs. Beedle announced.

Nisby declined the offered refreshment, and returned the unusual kiss her sister gave her as she left her, then began to undress mechanically, wishing the dull weight at her heart would go away, and that she could feel like herself again, instead of feeling as if she were somebody else. Just before she blew out the kerosene light, she opened a drawer, and, taking from it the folded paper that she had found that afternoon, re-read for the twentieth time the few lines that had so changed her life. Probably no one else would ever know it, but Nisby felt, and felt truly, that her life without the thought of her girlhood's lover could never again be the same; he had been wrought into all her thoughts, into her very being. Events were few in Ranville, new objects of thought, as derived from hope, scarce: her lonely, narrow existence had but served to foster her love, as a broader and brighter lot would never have done. It was true her faith had been once most sorely shaken, but it had been re-established more firmly than ever in her lonely woman's heart, heedless of reason or logic, and clinging year by year more closely to its fond surety. John *must* be true. Yes, now she knew beyond doubt that he had been; no other woman had filled the place she had hoped to have in his life. In all the particulars of the newspaper item, details that told of his birth and upbringing in Ranville, of his short stay in the little western town that he afterwards left for the city in which the remainder of his life was spent and where he died, — no mention was made of wife and children. Surely, had he been married, the paper would have made some allusion to it; so much was told, that, too, would have been given, had such a thing been. He had loved no one else in that far distant life of his; something had made him doubt her: a man's faith was not like a woman's; and though she lived only as a memory to him, no other woman had blotted the thought of her from his heart. He had left the little town where she had sent his letters; he thought she had forgotten him. Why he had not told her of his changed plans she did not ask; she did not even think of it. A narrow, one-

sided way of thinking, without doubt, but the life of this woman had been altogether narrow and one-sided, not only from force of circumstances, but from a certain bent in her character; and she, loving no man for twenty long, silent years, seized eagerly on the few meagre facts that might explain, though so poorly to less unbiased minds, the cause of his seeming neglect.

Nisby's head, which ached and throbbed unceasingly during the long night, got little of the relief that comes with sleep. She heard her sister softly ascend the old, creaking stairs, then listened nervously to her quiet movements in the next room, closing her eyes, and hoping the other would not speak to her. Presently the door between the two rooms opened, and Nisby felt that Bella stood in the doorway between, looking at her. She lay motionless, and later, when cautiously she opened her eyes, the door was still open, but the light was out, and the sound of regular breathing assured her that her sister slept. Through the long night, Nisby Loomis lay there, passive in her grief, going over and over the scenes of her youth, and wondering painfully what details had filled out the facts given in the paper concerning her lover's life. He had died a rich man; had she been his wife how different would have been her lot from the eventless existence she had passed. The paper was a month old she had seen; and it filled her with fresh sorrow to know that, while John had been lying in his grave, she had gone on with her life, not knowing it. A week ago she had even gone to one of the infrequent Ranville tea parties, — with pleasure, she remembered. "And the same as his widow," she moaned, burying her face in the pillow. Yes, that was what she felt herself to be: John Tewksbury's widow. "If all had gone well, I should have married him, and I'd have been his widow now." She thought over and over. Vague wonderings, thoughts she could not, and would not if she could, have expressed, flitted through her mind; and when at daylight she fell asleep, she dreamed that she stood by the dead man's grave, and by her side mourned a child, with beautiful gray eyes, — eyes like John's.

When Nisby awoke, it was broad day, and sounds from below told her that

breakfast was being prepared. She felt dull and heavy, but rose slowly and began to dress. She picked out from among the few gowns hanging in her closet a worn gingham of black and white, which she put on carefully, then went down stairs.

"I hope your head's better, Nisby," Arabella said, looking up as she entered the kitchen. "Why, child, you look just awful!"

"Yes, it aches some still, but I'll be all right soon," the other answered, as she straightened the cloth she had spread over the table. Unobservant Miss Bella noticed no change in her sister beyond what might be the effect of a severe headache, and the day wore on like other days, quiet and uneventful. When the sisters changed their working dresses "for afternoon," the younger, instead of her usual brown gown, slipped on her best one, a black cashmere.

"Seems to me you're very much dressed," was Miss Loomis's comment, as they sat with their sewing a little later. "But it's most time to think about spring clothes," she went on, "and we'll have to have new dresses this spring. I think I'll get me something dark blue. What are you goin' to have?" Miss Nisby waited a moment before answering; she felt her reply would provoke comment, and she bent low over her work, as she said:

"I'll get me a black nun's veiling. It wears better than anything, and will be good for spring and summer, too."

"Black!" ejaculated Miss Loomis. "Why, Nisby Loomis! Folks'll think you're in mournin'. Nun's veiling wears well, and 's as economical a thing's you can get, but why not have a nice color, — something light? At your age," the ten years separating the two made Nisby seem almost a girl in her sister's eyes, "you can afford to dress more youthful."

"I like dark things better, Bella, and think I'll wear them altogether — now," with a little catch in her voice, and sudden color on her sallow cheeks. "I'm gettin' old and must dress suitable to my years."

"Well, it does beat all, how notional you are, Nisby!" And "notional" Miss Loomis continued to call her, as each

garment took on the same sombre hue, and "Nisby's mournin'" was constantly attended to. Their friends noticed it too, and wondered and privately gossiped over it. No one suspected the reason for it. For the spinster's love story was forgotten by any who had known of it, and no connection was established between a brief notice of John Tewksbury's death, a notice which appeared later in the local paper, and Nisby Loomis's "cranky dressin'."

Her dress was the only outward change in her life; it went on seemingly no lonelier, no more monotonous than before. She slept, and rose, and ate, looked after the library, sewed, and attended to her daily duties, thriftily saving from their little pittance towards the sum they were "laying by," and trying to live out as cheerfully as she could the quiet life that to her had lost all the hope that had made it sweet. No, not all, not all. Her faith in John she had firm, it was her very own; some day she would see him again, and be with him; she could feel as could a wife whose husband had "gone before." The poor black clothes she wore, the ill-fitting black gloves, the coarse black bonnet, were to her the outward symbols of her widowed heart. In the locked drawer of the old writing desk was the obituary notice, cut from the western paper, tied up with a little poem she had found in an old magazine, entitled "The Widow's Cry." The faded blue ribbon that had secured the bundle of letters was replaced by a black one; the lock of brown hair in its silvered wrapping covered by a sheet of black-edged paper. That need of expression which is at the root of all our mourning customs, she felt and expressed in these ways, as far as she could, unknown to any save herself.

In the intervals of her busy life, Nisby had always been fond of walking. Now these solitary walks along the lonely country roads only served to foster the thoughts of John that were constantly in her mind. Here he had walked with her when, as children, they had scampered along the road, glad of the release from school; there he had stood one day as he bashfully handed her some flowers he had gathered by the roadside; yonder was

the house where, as "hired girl," she had lived under his roof, and had all unconsciously learned to love him; and sweetest, yet saddest, of all, was the familiar walk up the hill, where he had begged her not to forget him, and where he had kissed her good-by. The old maid rested often under the big elm tree, where the young girl had wept so bitterly twenty years ago. Miss Nisby did not weep there now; she was dimly conscious, even of the morbid, unreal life she was leading; yet her love for the dead man, slumbering restlessly all these years, had been awakened to new strength by the shock of his death. Some day she would see him again; with all the depth of her fervent religious convictions, Nisby Loomis was sure, unquestioningly sure, of that.

One day her lonely walk led her by the village graveyard. Mechanically she turned and went in, and paused a moment by the spot where her parents, and the little brother who had died so young, were buried. Bella Loomis's careful hands had kept this corner trim and neat. Every week for many years she had visited and carefully tended those long-made graves. If anything had prevented Bella's weekly visit, Nisby had gone in her place; but it had taken a great deal to keep the elder sister from her self-appointed work. Now, Nisby, after a moment, walked slowly on to the place where a simple headstone recorded the fact that "Jane, widow of Martin Tewksbury," was lying there, "in hope of a blessed resurrection." John's mother! O, that she might have the right to bear his name; to feel that when she, cold and still, should lie waiting for that awful trump which should summon the dead to rise, she might have inscribed over her grave the name of him she loved!

"John," she murmured, sinking to her knees on the ground, "John, you and I know, if no one else does, that we belong to each other, now and forever."

She stooped forward and began to brush away the dead leaves that had collected on the neglected mound. It was overgrown and matted, the headstone discolored and green with moss. Who should look after the grave of John's mother but herself?

The next time Miss Nisby walked out she carried a basket, the one Miss Loomis was in the habit of taking with her on her weekly visits to the cemetery. Thither Miss Nisby turned her steps, and an hour's hard work saw her efforts rewarded: the plain little stone looked clean and free from moss, the leaves and tangled vines were cleared away, with all the New England woman's neatness and quietness. Nisby drew back, surveying the result of her labor with a feeling oddly compounded of housewifely satisfaction and sadness. It was a comfort to think she could do something for John; if he could see her, he would be glad to know she was caring for his mother's burial-place.

Spring passed, and summer; autumn's glory of color faded to winter's white. Miss Nisby had grown a little thinner, a little quieter than she had been a year ago. No one noticed this, however, or, if any one did, it was attributed to the black garments in which she was always seen. In the deep Vermont snows there was much time when the graveyard was perforce unvisited, the graves untouched; but with the first breath of spring, Miss Loomis resumed her work there: Miss Nisby, hers.

In March, Ranville's quiet was broken by a ripple of excitement. Old Miss Nash, up on the hill, had consented at last to sell her house. It was a big, old-fashioned affair, perched high up from the town, and overlooking it. Around it were spacious grounds, long uncared for and run to waste: Miss Nash's lack of neatness, which arose from no lack of money, but, as Mrs. Beedle had often said, "sheer laziness and fondness for clutter," had long been a trial to the inhabitants of the thrifty village. But the purchaser of her property was going to change all that, evidently, for very soon workmen were seen, busy in all directions, — carpenters, plumbers, gardeners. "The old place wouldn't know itself" Miss Loomis said. The ordering and overseeing was all done by an agent from Boston, a quiet man, who minded his own business, and who expected, evidently, that other people should attend to theirs; for he returned rather short and

gruff answers to the many questions asked him, and it was with some difficulty that the many anxious seekers for knowledge gleaned the few grains of information he vouchsafed. The purchaser was an old man named Grey, a widower with several grown daughters; the family were coming to Ranville in July; they came there because old Mr. Grey had taken a fancy to the place as a summer home, when he had, in passing through Vermont, spent a night in the village. For further facts the Ranvilleites must wait, they discovered, and thenceforward contented themselves with many and various speculations.

July came. The Nash place was in apple-pie order; the house modernized and freshened within and without, refurnished and ready for its new occupants; the green grass was velvety, the garden filled with flowers; the townspeople agog.

Past the Loomis's house, one afternoon, flashed a big wagonette filled with smiling, chattering people; later on, a big wagon, full of trunks, crawled up the hill. Bella and Nisby watched them from their respective stations by two front windows; the Ranville front windows were well filled that day,—that is, those windows which were in houses commanding the way from the station to the "Nash place." People who had no desirable vantage ground of their own had found it convenient to "run in" and visit those who had.

"It'd be only friendly to call, I s'pose," Miss Loomis said, for the hundredth time, to the unusual number of book-lovers who, it being library day, had felt more than ordinary anxiety to provide themselves with reading matter; "though they seem pretty gay people for us. Mrs. Beedle, she's goin' to see them. Besides," she added, with cheerful frankness, "I'd just as lief see how the old house looks now it's fixed up so fine." In her sister's feelings, Miss Nisby felt full sympathy; she, too, would like to see the old house in its new dress.

So, one afternoon, attired in their best, the two climbed further up the hill, to the pretty modernized house. "No one was there; the ladies had gone out to drive," the neat, white-capped maid said. So,

disappointed, after a curious glance into the hall strewn with rugs and daintily furnished,— "for all the world like a new-fangled sittin'-room," Miss Loomis remarked afterwards,— the sisters took their way back to their own little home, which seemed strangely quiet and faded after the brightness and beauty of the house they had just visited.

"I do' know what they'd have thought of you, though, Nisby Loomis," Bella remarked, as they were removing their best gowns for their usual afternoon attire, "to have seen you all in black and me in colors. 'Tisn't usual, you know, and I can't account for such a strange notion as you've got."

"Why should it matter, Bella, if I like it? What those people think needn't affect us, need it?" Nisby answered; and her answer was but a modification of her usual reply to such remarks. She had the wisdom to say little on the subject, and even that little she rarely varied.

After a time, one of the Misses Grey returned the visit, bringing her sisters' cards; the Misses Loomis wondered why, for the etiquette of cards was an unknown subject to them, visiting cards even being rare things in Ranville. The Ranvilleites understood before long that the Greys were not people they could ever become intimate with.

"Mighty stuck up, I should call 'em," Mrs. Beedle announced in sewing-meeting one day, "only that when you meet 'em anywhere, they're as pleasant as pie-crust, and don't seem to have a mite of pride about 'em. It beats all, such people!"

"They're not proud, 'specially," declared Miss Bella. "Why should they be?"

"Why, indeed?" Mrs. Beedle returned. "They're no better'n other folks, I'm sure; and as to dressin', they seem to wear gingham and such, same's we all do. But after all, if they want to be quiet and keep themselves to themselves, I'm sure they've got a right to."

And with this opinion, Ranville agreed, and thereafter watched the doings of the Greys with an interest that grew no less because the observers felt there was small possibility of intimacy between themselves

and the inmates of the "Nash place," as it was still called. There was the utmost feeling of friendliness between all parties; and Mr. Grey and his daughters increased this feeling not only by subscribing liberally to the village library, — from which they never drew a book, — but by trading often at all the Ranville shops, and generously contributing to the support of the Christian church, which they frequently attended.

Generally, there were visitors at the Greys': day after day their carriage passed the Loomis's, full of gayly dressed and smiling people, often with two or three equestrians trotting in its wake.

One morning in the early fall, Miss Grey drove by alone, just before the morning train was due. She looked toward the library and bowed pleasantly to Miss Nisby, standing at the window.

"She's going to the train, I shouldn't wonder," Nisby said. "Miss Cox said this morning she'd heard there was another sister — a married one — coming on a visit. Just tell me if you see her coming back, Bella."

Miss Loomis had rheumatism badly that morning, and was, for a wonder, sitting idle, nursing her swollen fingers.

"Come quick, Nisby," she called, presently. "She's got some one with her."

Miss Nisby, broom in hand, took up her post by the window again. She noticed the strong resemblance between the two women seated side by side in the handsome T cart.

"So that's the other sister," she commented. "I wonder who she's in black for. Her husband don't seem to be with her. I hope she isn't a widow, poor thing!" She watched the black-robed figure out of sight, then looked down at her own cheap black cotton dress with a little sigh.

The sky darkened before night, and the air grew colder; just at dawn next morning, a strong wind blew, and, when day came, the ground was brightly carpeted with fallen leaves.

"It's pretty early for the leaves to fall," Miss Loomis said, surveying the thickly strewn road. "Like as not there won't be such another blow for a week or two.

If it wasn't for my hands, I'd go and rake up our lot."

"I'll go: I can as well as not," Miss Nisby answered. "I'll finish up the housework, and I haven't a speck of sewing but what can wait. I finished Mrs. Beedle's waist last night, and I'll do it up so that it'll be ready if she sends for it."

Accordingly, soon after their early dinner, armed with a small rake, Miss Nisby trudged off to the cemetery. Carefully she cleared away the fallen leaves, picking off with her fingers those that the rake did not remove, until the grass was neat once more. She packed the leaves into her little basket, then stood a minute resting after her labors, surveying with a thrifty satisfaction the result of her work. Presently she turned toward the spot where John's mother was lying. As she approached it, she perceived a woman standing there: a woman tall and graceful, robed in black from head to foot. Thrown back from her sad and pale face a long crape veil fell; just over the line of her smooth blonde hair was a gleam of something white and soft. She did not observe Nisby, who paused uncertainly at sight of her. It was unusual to meet any one in the graveyard, and this woman, as Nisby perceived after her first surprise, was a stranger in Ranville. In a moment she reflected that it must be the sister who had that day arrived at the Greys. She noted the perfect fit of the little jacket, the graceful fall of the gown and the neatly fitting gloves the stranger wore, and, womanlike, remembered her own appearance, — her faded black calico dress, her old black straw hat, — and wished she had not come there just then. What could a stranger be doing in that unlovely place? Surely there was nothing to attract one there. As Miss Nisby stood hesitating, her rake in one hand, the basket stuffed with leaves in the other, the woman looked up and saw her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a gentle bow, and in a low, rich, voice; "could you tell me if the Jane Tewksbury buried here was the mother of — of John Tewksbury, who died in the West over a year ago?"

The slight hesitation midway in her

question was not lost on her listener, nor did the faded little woman fail to appreciate the ripe beauty of the face turned toward her.

"Yes, — yes, ma'am," — Miss Nisby felt her own face color as she spoke, — "she was John's mother."

"I should like to hear from you about Mr. Tewksbury's younger life here," pursued the clear voice. "I have never met any one from his native place before, and you, perhaps, knew him well?"

"Yes," Nisby answered from the mist, in which floated vaguely the thought of



"As Miss Nisby stood hesitating, the woman looked up and saw her."

"Did you know him, then?" the beautiful woman asked eagerly, her lips trembling a little as she spoke. "But," as no answer reached her, "of course you hardly remember him if you did; he left here so long ago."

Know John! Remember him! Who was this woman who asked such a question?

"Yes, I knew him," Nisby found voice to answer.

"Perhaps you may know who I am," the stranger continued. "I should like to see you some time at my father's house. It was strange he should have bought a house here of all places, though he did not know then that this was Mr. Tewksbury's early home. I wish you might come to see me some time—I don't know your name"—she paused inquiringly.

"Loomis — Nisby Loomis," Miss Nisby answered, out of a sort of mist by which she felt mentally surrounded.

how strange it seemed to hear John spoken of thus formally. Then she realized that the other was speaking again. "I shall hope to see you soon," were the first words she grasped, "or, perhaps, you would let me come to you, — if you would tell me where you live Miss — or is it Mrs. Loomis?" with a slight stress on the title.

"Miss Loomis," the old maid said. Through the mist, strange thoughts were floating dizzily. Mustering up her courage, she gave the required information: then, confusedly, hurriedly, —

"You are a Miss Grey, ma'am?" she stammered.

"I was a Miss Grey," the other returned, "but it was long ago. I have been married nearly eighteen years. My husband was from this place. I thought you knew. I am John Tewksbury's widow."

She bent her head as she spoke, and Nisby, as one in a dream, noted her quiv

ering lips, while she raised her hand and drew over her face the shielding crape, then, turning, walked slowly away.

The sky had darkened : from the drifting clouds, slow, heavy drops were falling : falling on John Tewksbury's widow, weeping drearily under her down-drawn

veil ; on the grassy mound beneath which his mother slept her long and peaceful sleep ; and on Miss Nisby Loomis, bereft and tearless, lying prone by the little hillock, her faded black dress strewn with the bright leaves she had gathered in her work among the graves.

MY TWO FRIENDS.

By S. W. Foss.

I LIVED alone within a mighty city,
The crowds that come and go ;
'Mid all its throngs, the foolish and the witty .
I had no friend or foe.

There were two men, within that mighty city,
Came to me from the throng ;
One loved me with a love akin to pity,
The other's hate was strong.

The lover and the hater dwelt beside me,
Passed through the selfsame gate ;
And neither, in their passing-by, denied me
The look of love or hate.

So many months within that mighty city
I loved my friend full well ;
But him, my foe, for him I felt no pity —
But the deep hate of hell.

One morning, in the twilight, o'er the city
There came an icy breath :
My friend had passed, beyond my love and pity,
The border land of death.

Then was I lonely, and the way grew dreary ;
I grimly fought with fate,
And cherished, with my loneliness aweary,
Dead love and living hate.

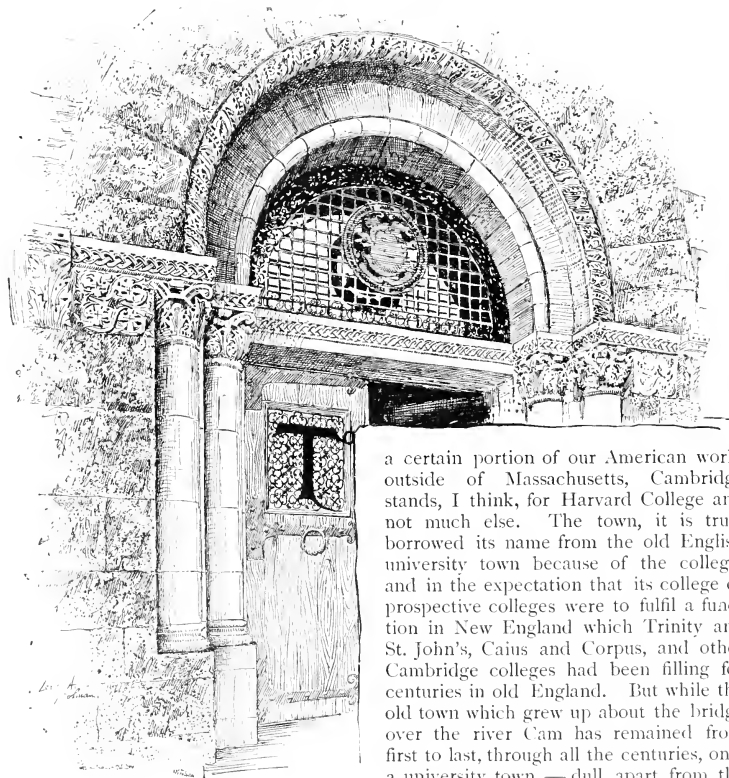
I sought his grave to whom my heart was mated, —
My friend, the good and brave ;
And there I saw the form of him I hated,
Bent, weeping, o'er his grave.

And then he told me that, in all the city,
But me and him below,
From all the throngs that needed God's sweet pity,
He had no friend or foe.

And now we live within the selfsame city,
No other friends we crave ;
Our love is strong that sprang from human pity,
Above the dead man's grave.

THE RINDGE GIFTS TO CAMBRIDGE.

By Ashton R. Willard.



Door of City Hall, Cambridge.

a certain portion of our American world outside of Massachusetts, Cambridge stands, I think, for Harvard College and not much else. The town, it is true, borrowed its name from the old English university town because of the college, and in the expectation that its college or prospective colleges were to fulfil a function in New England which Trinity and St. John's, Caius and Corpus, and other Cambridge colleges had been filling for centuries in old England. But while the old town which grew up about the bridge over the river Cam has remained from first to last, through all the centuries, only a university town,—dull, apart from the intellectual brilliancy which shines from

the colleges, and slow, save for the fire and dash infused into it during terms by the choice body of English youth who gather there,—the new Cambridge has in late years stridden forward almost like a western town. It has spread itself out for miles away from the college, and is at this day full of intelligent life, of young and active life, and of municipal life purely its own.

A glance at a map of that part of the shore of Massachusetts Bay where it sets in farthest to form the harbor of Boston shows a very large centralization of population on a very small area. After New York it is the largest aggregation of population which gathers about any ocean port on the continent. Two tidal rivers with broad estuaries make their way into the bay at this point. Within a radius of four miles there are five municipalities known by different names, all so full of people that their street systems interlace and connect, except where the

rivers and tidal inlets prevent them from doing so. Cambridge is one of these municipalities and the second largest. It is often called the Brooklyn of Boston, separated from it only by its broad tidal river, the Charles, as Brooklyn is separated from New York. It has within its own area miles upon miles of streets, many thousands of inhabitants; and it demands for itself, or at any rate is in a condition to wisely and profitably use, every municipal and public advantage which its own efforts or the philanthropic acts of others can secure for it.

To this city, with these needs and these capacities to enjoy and appreciate, has recently come a rare bestowal of public benefits. It is unusual when one considers the source of it, — the liberality of a private individual. It is remarkable for the public wants which it responds to and binds together.

Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, a Cambridge man by birth, but a Californian by present residence, has, out of loyalty to his native city, built and given to it within a little over three years, a city hall, a public library, and a manual training school. He has also given a valuable site for a high school building in the heart of the city, upon condition that the city should erect the new school; and this condition is now in process of fulfilment. These gifts are noteworthy considered individually, and they are noteworthy considered as a group. It is in every respect a remarkable case of generous and judicious giving.

In a particular way the gifts answered to the need of Cambridge. There was pressing demand for better quarters for the public collection of books. A library had for quite a number of years existed in the city, distinct from the college library. In the beginning it was a private affair belonging to the Cambridge Athenæum, a chartered body organized in 1849, and having various literary purposes as the reason of its existence, — the gathering of a library, the founding of a reading-room, and the support of a lyceum. It is this association which built the Athenæum Building on the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, afterward purchased by the city, and

known to the present generation as the City Hall. The privileges of the library were originally enjoyed only by subscribers. The city bought it in 1858 and continued for a while the old arrangement. In 1874, the library was made public. Its home in latter days has been in rented rooms in a commercial building, quarters evidently not calculated to secure its greatest usefulness, and not sufficiently safe for a collection already so valuable.

Mr. Rindge's gift of the library building was announced to the city government in June, 1887. It was his first gift. The committee in whose hands the matter of the consideration of plans and the determination of other details was placed, went about it very speedily and the library has now stood for some time completed. It was first opened to the public in August, 1889. The gift included not only the building itself, but a large tract of ground in one of the most desirable portions of the city, lying very near the buildings of the university. A whole square situated between Broadway, Cambridge, Irving and Trowbridge Streets was appropriated as a site, and has since been beautified to make suitable surroundings. So large is the open space about the library, that it might fairly be called a park, and constitutes, considered by itself alone, a very generous public gift.

The design of the library building comes from the office of a well-known firm, and the reputation, particularly of the senior member of it, entitles what has been produced here to respectful and attentive consideration simply in its aspect as a work of art. The architects of the building were Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City. Mr. Henry Van Brunt is one of the seniors of the profession in this country and his name attached to any work is sufficient to give importance to it. He has had a long professional career. For many years he was associated in business in Boston with Professor William R. Ware, and during the existence of that business relationship many buildings of note were produced in this immediate vicinity. The beautiful, picturesque and conveniently appointed church on the corner of Marlborough and Berkeley Streets in Boston (the First Church), was

designed by Ware and Van Brunt; also the Harvard Medical School, which stands at the corner of Exeter and Boylston Streets. At Wellesley College the same firm were the architects of the fine large dormitory known as Stone Hall, and of the School of Music. They have left their mark in a particularly prominent way upon the city of Cambridge. The

which goes by the name of its central component, Memorial Hall. This greatest of the eastern works, in whose designing Mr. Van Brunt has shared, rises within sight of the new library. Its tower may be seen over the roof of the manual training school.

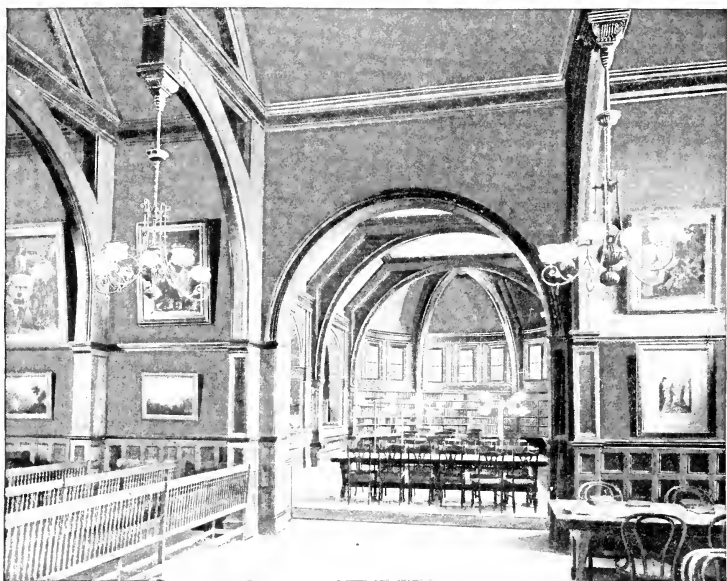
The library is Romanesque in style, and in this respect stands alone among



Cambridge Public Library.

visitor who goes to inspect the college and its immediate surroundings loses much if he fails to see the group of buildings on Brattle Street occupied by the Episcopal Divinity School, the dormitory, memorial church, and other buildings constituting an association of harmonious forms which every one admires. Their principal fame rests, however, upon a larger work, the largest and most imposing college building in New England, — not to include a wider area, — and one of the most unique buildings in the country: that combination of students' dining apartment, Ruhmeshalle and theatre,

the various buildings of Mr. Van Brunt's which have just been mentioned. The Romanesque is the most popular of recently revived styles, and it is interesting to see how he uses it, to observe how he expresses himself in this language. The style is one which, as is well known, was brought into vogue by Henry Hobson Richardson, and was used by him in Trinity Church, in Boston, and in almost all his works. In the interesting essays which Mr. Van Brunt has from time to time contributed to periodical literature, he has here and there expressed his views of the Romanesque style, and the



Interior of Cambridge Public Library.

way in which it should be applied to modern uses. He has spoken in high terms and in a generous manner of what Richardson, and of the value of what Richardson has contributed to American architecture. And this is worth noting, for Mr. Van Brunt was Mr. Richardson's senior in the profession, and an established practitioner in Boston when Richardson came into the field. It indicates how far he stands above a petty professional jealousy. But underlying his undivided approbation of the man, and his high appreciation of his work, there is a distinct note of disapproval of what he considers the tendency to exaggerate mediæval effects, noticeable, perhaps, not so much in Richardson's work as in that of his followers. In an *Atlantic* article published in 1886, speaking of the Romanesque style, Mr. Van Brunt says that

"it has the advantage of being an early and uncorrupted type, and it will be interesting to see in what direction and to what end its apparently un-

exhausted capacities will lead us, by the course of constant and intelligent experiment to which it is now subjected. But these experiments are often open to the charge of an affectation of barbarism and heaviness inconsistent with our civilization. They have hardly broken loose from the bonds of precedent in the style, or shown signs of acquiring new elements with any tendency to that delicacy and refinement which are necessary to satisfy modern culture, or to that elasticity essential to modern requirements."

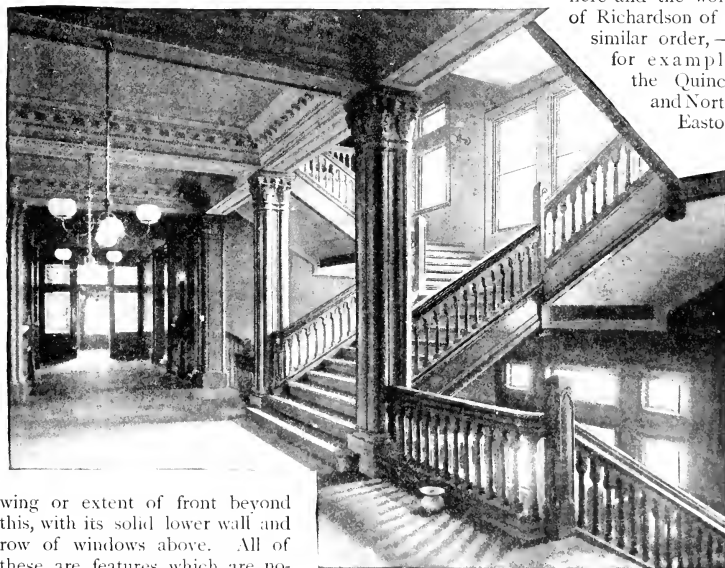
For the choice and patiently studied work of Richardson in the Harvard Law School, Mr. Van Brunt has unqualified approval; but he refers to the gate lodge of Mr. Ames's country house at North Easton, designed by the same architect, as a "specimen of boisterous Titanic gambolling." The later work of Richardson appears to him the most free from blemishes. The whole career of the great architect indicates, in the view of Mr. Van Brunt, progress toward what is highest and most valuable. It shows, he says, "a steady process of development from savage and brutal strength, to strength refined by study, enriched by

experience, and controlled by indomitable will."

The public library at Cambridge furnishes an opportunity of showing how, in the estimation of Mr. Van Brunt, the Romanesque motive should be dealt with, and stands alongside his written words as an interesting commentary on Richardson's style. Certain points of resemblance are to be noted between Richardson's library buildings and the new library at Cambridge. There are about the entrance the round arches, with their ornamentation of mediæval carving, which Richardson brought into favor. There is the tower flanking the entrance, designed to contain the stairway to the second story, and which, in fact, serves that purpose here. There is the long

This we should conclude not only from his work here but from certain other work in which he has been concerned, such as the First Church and the divinity school. The opportunity to introduce the quaint and elaborate Romanesque carving is also a chance which he gladly seeks and improves. There is much of this about the entrance arches, and an elaborate band runs entirely across the end, carved with many quaint faces. More carving of similar character is bestowed upon the details of the windows above, and even the small corbels at the eaves are some of them chiselled into grotesque heads. But while there is a likeness to the work of Richardson in some respects, there is a marked difference in others. What is felt on a comparison of the work

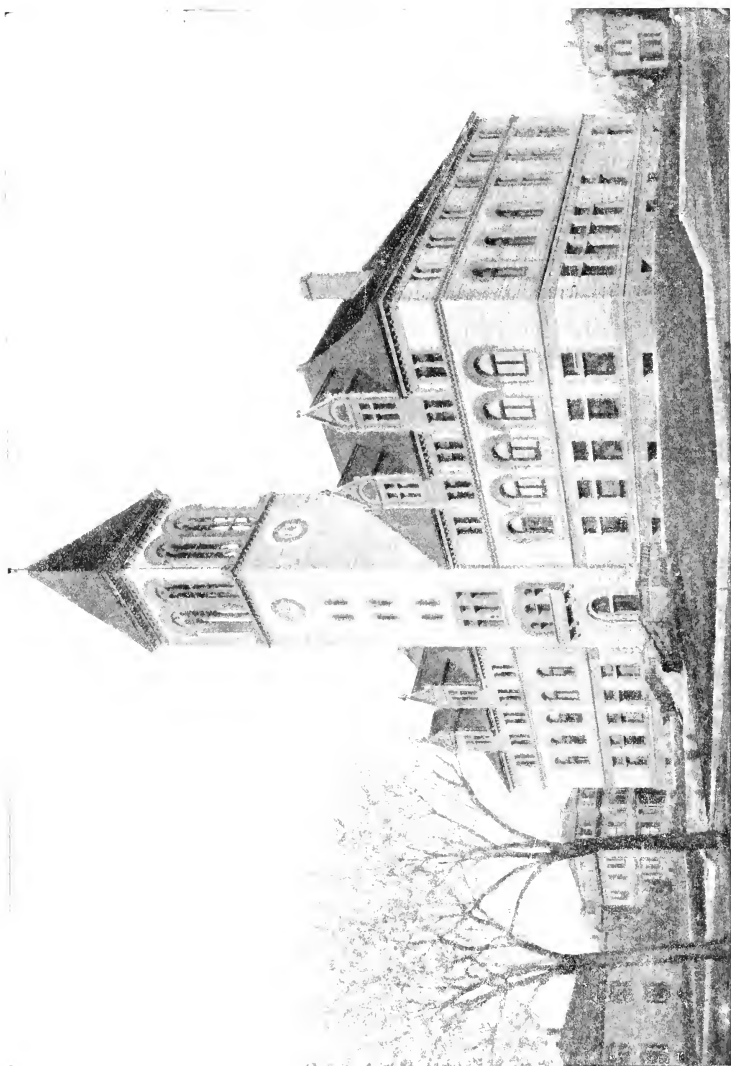
here and the work of Richardson of a similar order, — for example the Quincy and North Easton



Hallway of Cambridge City Hall.

wing or extent of front beyond this, with its solid lower wall and row of windows above. All of these are features which are noticeable in Richardson's libraries. And there is a further superficial resemblance arising from the materials employed, Dedham granite being used for the wall work and a darker stone for the ornamentation. Picturesqueness of outline and in the grouping of parts is an effect which is pleasing to Mr. Van Brunt.

libraries, — is precisely what one would look for on reading Mr. Van Brunt's statement of what pleases him and what does not so fully meet his approbation in the Richardsonian manner. There is an intentional departure from the original



CITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

types in their massiveness, breadth, and much-emphasized solidity. There is a much greater lightness noticeable in the general aspect of the exterior, a tendency toward a more pronounced nicety of finish, and a studied avoidance of anything which could be called an exaggeration of the mediæval effect.

Much thought has obviously been given to the arrangement of the interior, and it appears to be in every way convenient and adapted to its purpose. Van Brunt and Howe have built a number of public libraries, and seem to have made a close study of what is necessary for the convenience and comfort of those who use the building, and for the safety of the books. The arrangements, in several practical respects, are in advance of those found in some of the Richardson libraries. The æsthetic is not sacrificed, but it is not allowed to control where it would conflict with the most advanced ideas of what is important in interior appointments. In the libraries at Quincy and North Easton, referred to above, the books are so arranged as to contribute to the interior effect. They are not accessible to the public, but are placed in open alcoves on either side of the principal wing of the building, down which the visitor can look; and about these alcoves there is more or less ornamentation by way of clustered shafts, or carved capitals, or balustrades. Such an arrangement involves a sacrifice of safety. In the Cambridge public library, the books are kept in an isolated wing (not visible from the front of the building), and entirely shut off from the rest of the interior by a brick wall. This wing is entered by two small doors behind the delivery desk, the lighter doors for ordinary use being fortified by heavier fireproof ones behind. The interior of the book wing is a mere matter of iron floors, iron frames for bookshelves and bare brick walls. This type of bookroom is now well known. There is no attempt made to impress the mind with any other sensation than that of the security of the books. It is made abundantly light by long windows extending from the floor to the roof. The end of the wing is a mere brick partition, not a finished stone wall. It may be re-

moved at any time, and the bookroom extended when more space is demanded. The first glance at the exterior would lead one to infer that the wing at the right which appears in the front view was designed to contain the books, but this is not its purpose. It is a reading-room, and contains in shelves placed directly against the wall, a number of reference books which may be taken down without application at the desk, and consulted at the tables occupying the open space in the centre.

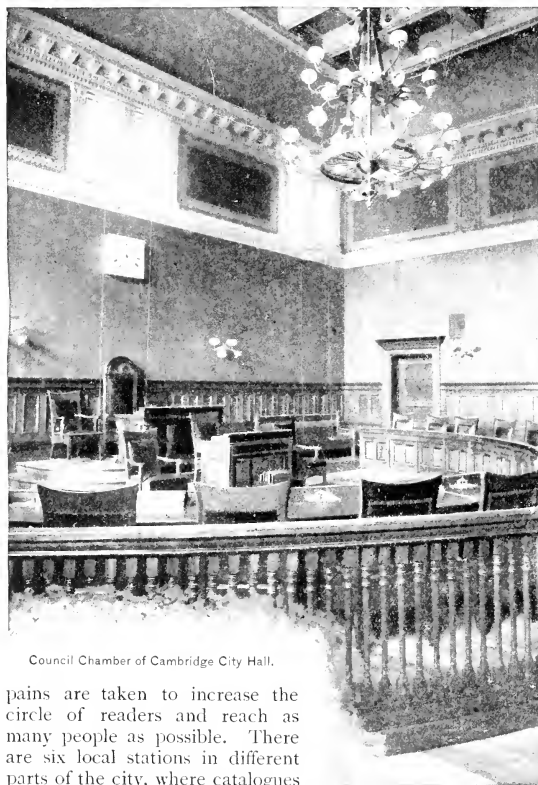
When the interior appointments of the library were under consideration, it was decided to provide for a memorial room on the first floor, where manuscripts, war relics, and other literary and historical matter of public interest connected with the history of Cambridge, might be collected. It was thought that, if the interest of Cambridge people could be aroused, this might become a very valuable feature of the library. The collection is now at its very beginning, but already possesses a number of objects of interest, and is destined to steadily increase. Many a town would do well to follow the example which is thus offered at the Cambridge library. Many of the smaller objects which the antiquary prizes are wholly lost, because there is no place to receive them when they are first dislodged from their regular resting-place. Among the things which have already found their way into the collection at Cambridge are the European note book of Margaret Fuller, and a portfolio of her papers: also a number of objects which are of interest from their associations, such as the lock, key, and hinges of the front door of the old Holmes mansion, removed to make way for the Law School, the old arm-chair and some other relics of Professor Popkin, a quaint old character, the last man to wear a three-cornered hat in the streets of Cambridge. A number of objects of artistic value have been given by Mrs. Anna L. Möring, a Cambridge lady of wealth who made various bequests for public purposes. Her bust stands in the Memorial Room. Several paintings, principally copies from well-known European masterpieces, presented by Mrs. Möring, hang upon the walls of the Memorial Room and in other parts of the building.

The library which Mr. Rindge has so finely equipped is doing a valuable work in Cambridge, in a field which the college library does not in the least reach. Great

books ordered on these cards are distributed by the teachers among the pupils, at their discretion, and are returned to the teacher and through her to the library.

The library building is itself very much frequented by readers and persons in search of books. On almost any afternoon, a glance into its cheerful interior will suffice to convince one that Mr. Rindge's gift is highly appreciated, and that the influence of the library is being increased by the attractiveness of its new home.

The City Hall is the most prominent of the group of gifts which came after the library. The public announcement by Mr. Rindge of his determination to provide the city with a municipal building, was contained in a letter dated at Los Angeles, November 3, 1887, and addressed to Mayor Russell. The demand for new accommodations for the city government was no less pressing than the demand for new quarters for the public library. For years the existing City Hall



Council Chamber of Cambridge City Hall.

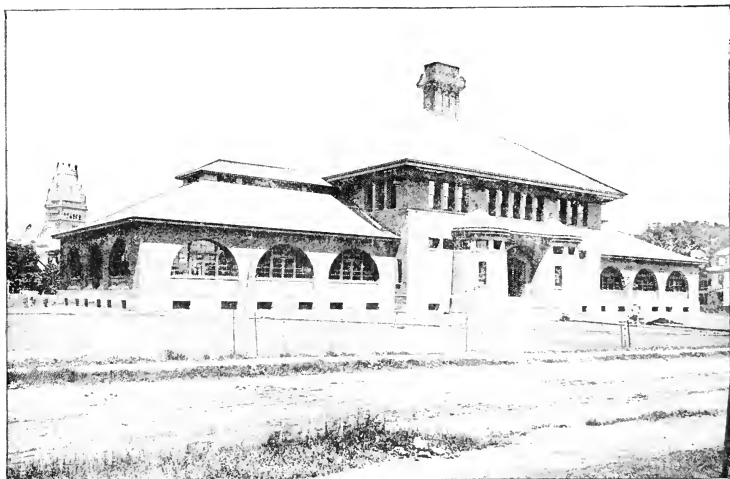
pains are taken to increase the circle of readers and reach as many people as possible. There are six local stations in different parts of the city, where catalogues are kept, and where books can be ordered by the simple filling out of a slip such as would be made by a person calling for a book at the library. These slips are collected three times a week, and the books called for are sent out to the stations on the same day. The outside delivery system at the stations is highly appreciated, and the number of books drawn is constantly increasing. It is also a part of the system of the library to allot ten cards to each teacher of the grammar schools and higher grades. The

had been wholly inadequate for the purpose, and unworthy of a great city. Yet it had been impossible, under the pressure of many needs, to undertake so large a work as the providing of a new one. The proposal of Mr. Rindge cast upon the city the duty of providing a suitable site. After a little debate, the front of a block upon Main Street, just above the old City Hall, upon the opposite side, was selected. The choice seems a judicious one. The new build-

ing stands upon higher ground than the old, and therefore occupies a commanding, as well as a central position. It is on the principal business thoroughfare of the city, and on the main artery which connects Boston with the College and old Cambridge. Dwellers on the Boston side of the Charles River, whose windows command an outlook over the neighboring city, have seen a new tower rise and take its place among the existing spires of Cambridge within the last two years, at first appearing as a mass of scaffolding above the neighboring buildings, and at last defining itself as a large square shaft capped with a pyramidal roof. This new feature which has inserted itself in so prominent a way in the old prospect is the tower of the new City Hall.

There is a pleasant historical suggestiveness about the form which the architects, Longfellow, Alden, and Harlow have chosen for this building. In its general outline it is allied to a group of

traditional trait; and it has also in other respects a likeness to that advanced type of civic building which was developed in the cities of the Netherlands when they stood at the forefront of European cities. Buildings erected for the secular public purposes of towns and cities form a very interesting succession of types as far back as they can be traced. The tower is the feature which is most constant through all the successive changes of taste. The earliest charters granting municipal rights in France, it is said, always mentioned the privilege of erecting a belfry in connection with the municipal building, — the bells serving many important purposes, calling the citizens together for public assemblages, giving warning of some tumult in the streets, or perhaps of the sudden descent of some enemy upon the walls or gates. One use of them was made from the first which is also made to-day, the sounding of an alarm of fire, and in this respect there is a common



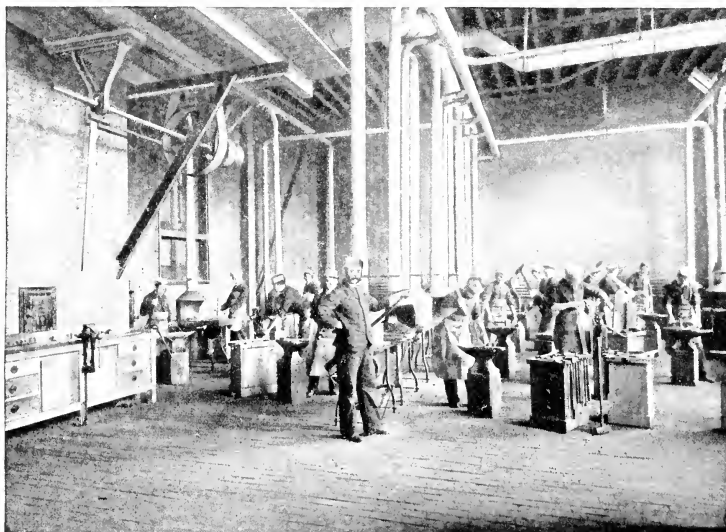
Cambridge Manual Training School.

buildings which have a large historical interest and a large artistic interest. The tower was the leading feature of most mediæval town halls. This new building has in this respect a very ancient and

purpose which binds together all the centuries. In another particular, the antiquary will note, in the exterior of the City Hall at Cambridge, the repetition of an exceedingly ancient feature. This feature

is the balcony in the centre of the front, just over the entrance. The mediæval builders were as sure to introduce a provision of this sort in their town halls as they were to erect a proper tower for the bells. It was the place of public proclamations. One may easily imagine the

In general outline it seems to be the late Gothic development of the town hall, or guild hall, to which the municipal building at Cambridge is most closely allied. The civic building, the building which stood for a joint movement of citizens whether of the municipality or of the



Blacksmith Shop, Cambridge Manual Training School.

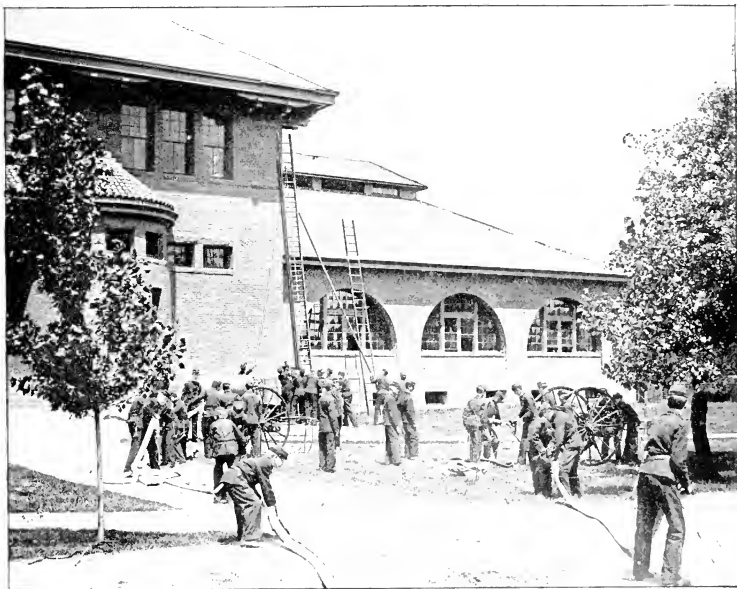
surging crowd, the upturned faces which in old days thronged up to such a public rostrum, combating for the most favorable places for seeing and hearing, helping out verbal arguments by a touch from the staff of a halberd or the blunt end of a pike. The printed announcements posted at the street corners, and the notices in the columns of the papers, have superseded, in our day, this way of bringing to the attention of the citizens the decisions and orders of their local rulers. And yet in a certain way the balcony of the City Hall at Cambridge is serving the old purpose and performing its old-time function. It bears inscribed on its face a proclamation of certain principles, which I refer to again later. It has a voice of its own, with which it addresses every one who comes near it.

guild, reached its highest development during the mediæval periods in the towns of the Low Countries. The Flemings were the merchants and artisans of Europe. Wealth poured in upon individuals, municipalities and guilds, and part of it went out, or rather went into permanent shape in stately buildings. There is a great hall still to be seen to-day at Ypres, a little town not far from Lille, an enduring monument of this early prosperity, a massive and imposing building with a large square tower rising from the centre of the front. There are no gables, but high roofs sloping upward with a rapid pitch from the front and from the ends. Three tiers of windows indicate the division of stories within. It is by no means an isolated example of this style. Restoration or the substitution of renaissance

buildings have blotted out some of the older halls, or modified their original features. But the same type is still to be seen to great advantage in the rich façade at Oudenarde with its elaborate central tower, in the great city hall at Brussels, and in the building which looks down upon the marketplace at Bruges. The tower at Brussels is not exactly in the middle of the front. The building is otherwise symmetrical and there is no apparent reason why the tower should not be at the precise centre of the length. According to the oft-repeated legend, the architect when he discovered that the tower was not in the middle mounted to the summit of it and jumped down, a matter of some three hundred feet. Many repetitions have not secured a wide cre-

façade to the main street or square; in the character of the roof which is high and recedes from the front instead of showing gables on the principal street; and in the manner in which the whole design is strengthened and ornamented by a lofty central tower.

While the City Hall may be associated in its principal lines with these prominent historical types, it does not follow them in matters of detail. In ornamentation all the buildings referred to are Gothic. The details of the new building at Cambridge are, in the common acceptance of the term, Romanesque. In other words, we have here, as in the library, one more example of the influence of Richardson, one more proof of the popularity of his style, and of the permanence of the im-



Fire Brigade, Cambridge Manual Training School.

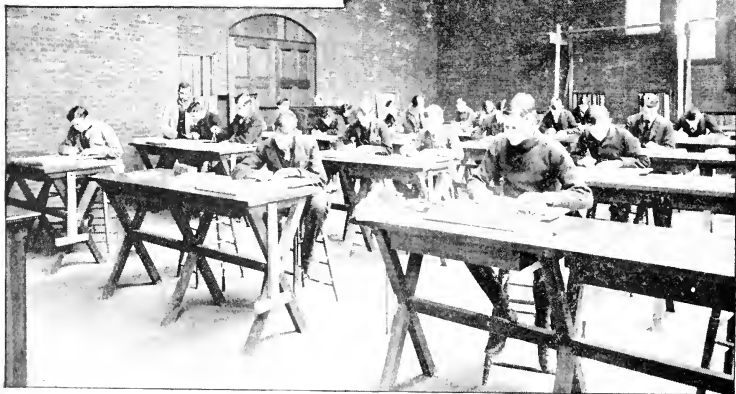
dence for this story. The belfry tower at Bruges is the subject of a familiar poem by Longfellow. The new City Hall at Cambridge is like all these Flemish buildings: in presenting a long principal

pression which he made upon architecture in this country. Richardson built one city hall, which presents his familiar details; but it is individual in design, and the present building does not resemble it

in general outline. There is perhaps here at Cambridge a suggestion of the master's work in the court house at Pittsburg. But it is not necessary to suppose that the designers of the new City Hall were influenced by any of Richardson's buildings in particular, or did more than draw at will upon the details now commonly associated with the Romanesque style as it is practised in this country, and which have become the property of the whole profession.

The entrance of the City Hall, which one reaches by an ascent of nineteen steps from the sidewalk, makes a beautiful picture in itself. There is some carving about the deep round arch and about the capitals at its base. A sort of wrought-iron network of a choice design protects the glass panels of the outer doors. There is a screen, also in wrought-iron, over the semicircular light above, and upon it the arms of the city are very appropriately placed. Just inside this doorway is a vestibule with a mosaic pavement and brick walls, separated by glass doors from the principal corridor of the first floor. The brick walls of the vestibule are pleasing in color, and the panel on either side relieves their severity. A wide hallway extending nearly the whole length of the building, parallel with the front, makes access to all the rooms on the

groundfloor very easy. The wainscot and other woodwork of this hall is of some light wood, oak or ash. Overhead, the beams which support the next floor divide the ceiling into compartments, and around these compartments runs a simple cornice, resembling the Corinthian cornice as it was rendered by colonial builders, and as it is seen about old doorways and porches. The principal general feature of the interior halls is the stairway, rising by broad double flights from the basement to the upper floor. Windows at every landing flood it with light. All the interior space devoted to corridors and hallways is abundantly lighted, and a serious difficulty in the construction of large public buildings has been satisfactorily met. Upon the line separating the stairway from the principal corridor on each floor are ornamental pillars with capitals, motived by some ante-Gothic type, Romanesque or Byzantine, or both; and these, with the balustrades, furnish the principal decoration of the space allotted to the stairs.



Drawing-room, Cambridge Manual Training School.

A glance from the windows of the stairway discloses the fact that the building is not a solid rectangle, as would be inferred from a front or side view. It forms three sides of a square. When the increasing demand for office accommodations makes it necessary, the capacity of the building can be indefinitely increased by extending the side wings, or the square may be completed by adding a fourth block across the back. If that should be done, the windows of the stairway would look out into an enclosed courtyard instead of into the recessed space between the two side wings, as at present. Each of these wings, as now arranged, contains a large assembly room for one of the legislative branches of the city government, with windows on the outer wall. They do not extend entirely to the inner wall, and the possibility of a passage-way to other rooms beyond is not permanently blocked. The Common Council sits in one of these large assembly rooms, the Mayor and Aldermen in the other. These chambers are very pleasing in their decoration, and such interiors would hardly have been possible twenty years ago. It is an interesting subject of conjecture whether they can possibly seem to us, after the lapse of twenty years, as insipid, meaningless, and generally tasteless as many of the rooms prepared and decorated for similar purposes a score of years back. One inclines to think that the interior designers and decorators of the present day have got hold of something more lasting.

In the Common Council chamber, above a high wainscot of light ash, a broad expanse of dull green wall, with an unobtrusive pattern in a slightly lighter tint, extends to the moulding at the lower edge of the frieze. The whole wall effect is very light, and "dull" is not used to indicate anything dark in shade. The room extends through two stories, and the upper windows are just the height of the frieze. Or let it rather be said that the broad decorative band which I call by this name is exactly accommodated to the height of the upper windows, so that these cause no break in the continuity of the cornice or of the lower moulding. A light brown tint is used in the frieze,

divided into panels by borders of a lighter color in pattern. The cornice above the frieze is of the most elaborate Corinthian type. Like the other carved and raised work, it is of an ivory white color with its finer lines emphasized by gilding, and forms a beautiful termination to the vertical wall. A shallow curve rises from the cornices to the flat part of the ceiling, which is checked off by cross beams of ivory and gold into square compartments. Twenty desks and chairs of heavy oak, simple in outline, are arranged in a semi-circle on the floor. The raised desk and chair of the presiding officer and the benches outside the rail are massive and severe in design, and in keeping with the seats of the councilmen.

The aldermen's room is very similar in arrangement, and in the character of its decoration. But it is somewhat larger, and the coloring of the principal wall space is different, a terra-cotta tint being used instead of green.

Mr. Rindge, in his broad plan of giving, embraced more than the library and city hall. He wished to do something toward extending educational privileges in a new direction, on a side where the public school system made no provision. As he expressed it in his announcement of his intent, which was made Nov. 3, 1887, he proposed to give the city an industrial school. A committee was nominated by him to inquire into different methods of industrial education. The whole matter was carefully investigated by this committee, and one of their number and a member of the high school committee of the city, visited several schools in different parts of the country. This inquiry, and the deliberation upon plans occupied the winter and spring of 1887-8.

As soon as the system of instruction to be followed was determined, the work of getting the building ready went forward with great rapidity. Ground was not broken until the middle of July, 1888, but pupils were received in September. The building was not entirely completed at that time, but it was sufficiently advanced to make it possible to begin the instruction of the first class. There were no ornamental details in the interior to delay the finishing, and no lath and plaster

work to stand in the way of early occupation by its slow drying. Some of the later work about the building, and in putting in its fittings, was done by the boys themselves.

No one can visit the Manual Training School and inspect it while in operation, without being greatly interested in what he sees, no matter what may be his individual views as to the propriety of introducing manual training into the general education of boys. To the visitor who goes through its rooms, the school shows the smooth working of a carefully designed and somewhat elaborate mechanism, and in seeing its orderly movement the same pleasure is to be had which one experiences in watching an ingenious machine doing its work without jar and without friction. The working hours at the Manual Training School correspond with the school hours of the public schools with one hour in addition. During these hours, on any school day, the boys may be seen at work. An inspection naturally begins with the woodworking room, where a part of the first year's class commences its manual training. The first thing that impresses one is that the boys like it. There are no evidences of inattention. The class or division does not seem anxious to be somewhere else. There is no wistful studying of a clock or watch face. On the contrary, one has a feeling that if this boy here should be called away from his bench, or this other one should be made to look up from his lathe, he would resent the interference. It is quite possible that to the instructor who walks from point to point in the workroom there are differences between the boys. By daily contact he may discover that one is less earnest and intent, as well as less capable, than another. But the effect of attention and interest is so much greater than in the ordinary school-room that the slight difference between different boys escapes one's notice. Everywhere in the room there is activity, and everywhere there is apparently the same diligent, earnest work.

The boys are of various ages, some apparently as young as thirteen. During work hours they all wear, to protect their clothes, the same outer suits of dark

brown and black duck, and a round paper cap. On one side of the woodworking room is a row of benches, not touching the wall but standing free from it. It is at these benches that the first work of the course is done. The boys may be seen here busily engaged making mortises and tenons, learning how to dovetail pieces of wood together, cutting grooves in flat pieces of wood and acquiring a knowledge of the various elementary processes of joinery. They pay little attention to each other. What each has in hand seems to be sufficient to occupy his mind. On the other side of the room are a number of lathes connected by belts with the shafting overhead. Another division may be seen at work at these lathes, learning how to make the various forms which appear in combination in turned work. There is a certain fascination in watching the process of wood-turning, as there is in watching the shaping of clay on the potter's wheel. With the help of the machinery, the wood seems to yield as easily to the touch of the workman in one case as in the other. In either case the forms seem to be produced with very little expenditure of energy, and by the law of its production the finished work cannot fail to have perfect mathematical symmetry. The boys seem to take a great interest in seeing the wood shape itself under their touch into the likeness of the drawing which hangs before them. The work which is executed in this room and the other rooms is not done from models, but from drawings carefully figured with all the necessary dimensions. These drawings are reproduced to the necessary number by "blue-printing" from the original. A blue-print, showing what he is to do, is suspended or fastened in a convenient position before each boy at work.

The inspection of the school may be continued by a visit to the ironworking room. This is similar in shape and size to the woodworking room. The student is taught here the general principles of working iron when it is cold, and how the same effects are produced upon the metal which he produces upon wood with the common woodworking tools and ma-

chines. The utility of hand tools is naturally much more limited and the importance of machines greater. The boys learn what can be done with the cold chisel and file; but the more attractive part of the work appears to be the drill in the use of machines.

The visitor would miss one of the most interesting class-rooms if he should fail to glance into the blacksmith shop. Fifteen separate forges allow quite a number of boys to work together. The work in the forge-room is found to possess great attractiveness for the students, and with so many forges in operation, and so many hammers going, it presents a very lively and stirring scene to the visitor, — not apt to offer much resemblance to the schoolroom of his own recollection. For educators, who see in the manual training school the solution of many problems of the future, the “anvil chorus” which may be heard here on any morning would possess something more than a mere sentimental interest.

When the plan of instruction to be followed at Cambridge was under consideration, Mr. Rindge's agent visited, among other schools, that of Professor Woodward, at St. Louis, where the name “Manual Training School” was first devised and applied. The system adopted at Cambridge is similar to that followed at St. Louis, but does not follow it in all particulars. In the routine of the Cambridge school there are a number of incidental features which are novel, and give it, to a certain extent, an individual character. There is not space to enlarge upon these here, but at least a mention should be made of the fire drill, which has been brought to a high degree of perfection, both as an exercise and a practical lesson for a possible practical emergency. Hose carriages and ladders are kept in the building. The pressure at the street hydrants is such as to render an engine unnecessary. At the alarm of fire, the boys who take part in the drill rush out from the school and workrooms in a manner to astonish the beholder, and only a very few minutes are needed to get a stream of water on the building. A school of this character can hardly continue in existence very long without

developing new features. There is a constant accumulation of new ideas, and the latest school to be founded has certain advantages over its predecessors. The Cambridge school is already exercising an influence of its own as a model. Within a few months it has been visited and inspected by a representative of the school system of one of the leading cities on the Pacific Coast. Finely executed plans, prepared by the boys in the drawing-room of the school, have been taken by him to the West, and the arrangements which have been favorably viewed at Cambridge may make a new appearance on the other side of the continent.

The building in which the work of the manual training school is done, is built of brick and stands upon a roomy site next to the public library. The library faces Broadway, with its side upon Irving Street. The manual training school building faces Irving Street, and its entrance is but a few steps from the entrance of the library. There is little ornamentation about the manual training school, in the sense of carving or anything of that character which has no constructive purpose. But the architects, Rotch and Tilden, have drawn the essential lines in such a way that the building is by no means bleak or box-like in appearance. It furnishes a good illustration of how an architectural work may be made satisfactory to the eye without ornamentation in the common acceptance of the term. Such architecture would be pronounced by many critics the best of all architecture, in that it does not rely upon sentiment for any part of its effect, but upon a frank avowal of its purpose, and a judicious arrangement of those parts which are necessary to enable it to perform that purpose.

A question naturally presents itself as to the connection which the Manual Training School has with the regular public school system of Cambridge. It is also natural to inquire where the boys come from who work at the benches and anvils, and how they get the instruction in English branches which boys of this age should be receiving. The situation is in some respects a peculiar one. The school is supported by Mr. Rindge, but

is conducted as a part of the public school system of Cambridge. The building in which the work is done, was built by Mr. Rindge; the cost of the materials upon which the boys work, the expense of running the machinery, and the salaries of the skilled mechanics who serve as instructors are paid from his purse; and he has announced his intention of continuing to meet the running expenses of the school for an unspecified period. But the boys are public school boys, the instruction is free, and the work done at the Manual Training School counts as a part of the public school work. Under the present arrangement, each Cambridge boy who enters the English High School has his option of taking a course of pure head work, or a course of part head work and part hand work. If he elects the latter, he drops one study of the regular high school course, and only one study. In the place of the study which is dropped he receives instruction for three hours a day in manual training at the Manual Training School. Mechanical drawing is included under the head of manual training, and the other incidental features of instruction and work at the school. Two-thirds of the time is spent in the shops, and one-third in the drawing-room. Great attention is paid to the drawing, and some very fine work is produced. The regular high school course covers three years, and the manual training course is arranged for three years, side by side with it, and occupying the same proportion of the student's time in one year that it does in another. It is a very popular course. Thus far about three-fourths of each class have chosen it in preference to the course of pure head work. While this stands at first thought as the choice of the boys, it signifies also the choice or at least the assent of the parents, as no boys are allowed to take the training school course against the consent of their parents or legal guardians. A number of students from the Lawrence Scientific School, a department of Harvard University are also at present taking a course at the Manual Training School. A prominent western educator, in a public address delivered in 1882, said, "I doubt if one could find on American soil a more

unpromising field for a manual training school than beneath the lofty elms of Cambridge or New Haven." The idea underlying the statement was, that there was something in the atmosphere of an Eastern university town — where culture, in the sense of literary and æsthetic training is placed upon such a high pedestal, — which would make it impossible for a training school to flourish. A visit to Mr. Rindge's school is far from giving one the impression of an institution suffering from contact with surroundings unsuited to its development or an unfavorable atmosphere. It seems to be deeply rooted in popular favor, and bids fair to hold its ground as well as the old elms themselves.

Mr. Rindge, as a man, presents many admirable personal traits. If a sketch of his life were to commence, as biographies usually commence, with the date of his birth, it would be apparent from the introductory words that the whole story would necessarily be very short, and that there could be, in the nature of things, no long narrative either of connection with business affairs or other public concerns. He was born in 1857, and when he gave his gifts to the city he was only twenty-nine years old. That part of his life which is properly public is therefore just beginning.

His early life was spent in Cambridge, and in the fall of 1875 he entered Harvard. He proved not to be very strong physically and did not complete his course. The New England climate is too rigorous for him, and he has been compelled to go elsewhere in search of a permanent residence. He lives at present in California. From time to time he has returned to the East for a short stay, but the change is apt to have an unfavorable effect upon his health. When the time drew near for the formal opening of the City Hall last December, Mr. Rindge came to Boston, but he became ill soon after his arrival, and could not be present at the exercises at Cambridge. He has since returned to California.

Upon the death of his father, which happened several years ago, Mr. Rindge inherited the largest fortune which ever descended to a Cambridge boy. When

he came into the possession of this great property he appears not to have looked upon it as a power placed in his hands exclusively for his own gratification. He began to deliberate upon a plan of some public work which should be a benefit to Cambridge. An idea recommended itself to him, and he went to work carefully elaborating it. The first project was quite matured, and work all but commenced, when his thoughts received a turn in a new direction. Among Mr. Rindge's college classmates and close personal friends was William E. Russell, now Governor of Massachusetts and in 1887 Mayor of Cambridge. Mayor Russell, without knowing of Mr. Rindge's project, but knowing his generosity and his means, brought to his knowledge the need of the Cambridge public library. It was not done with the intention of asking him to build a library. But a subscription paper had been started by citizens of Cambridge looking to the raising of funds for a new building, and as Mr. Rindge happened to be at the East, and in Boston, while the paper was in circulation it was natural that the movement should be brought to his notice. The paper, as it happened, was brought to his attention on the day before that on which he was to definitely bind himself to his first project, and make contracts for the commencement of work.

The laying before him of this movement, — while its immediate effect was to draw from him an avowal that he had committed himself to another project and could not contribute to the library — resulted in his deferring his intended action and led ultimately to a new direction being given to his thoughts. Before this his plans had been kept to himself. He now unfolded his projects and desires to Mayor Russell, and discussed them with him. There was another very valuable adviser drawn in to take part in these counsels. This was Col. T. W. Higginson. As a result of the interchange of views with Colonel Higginson and Mayor Russell, Mr. Rindge, in June, 1887, announced his intention of giving to the city a building for the public library. It was but part, as the reader knows, of an extensive system of gifts

which was to be subsequently carried out. The whole plan of these gifts was carefully discussed and matured by Mr. Rindge and his able advisers. Under the advice of Mayor Russell and Colonel Higginson he gave a far more practical turn to his intended benefactions, and while not abandoning in all respects his first plan he modified it in very essential particulars. The accident which led Mayor Russell to make his communication to Mr. Rindge the day before he had irrevocably bound himself to the execution of his first project, instead of the day after, must be considered one of the most fortunate which has happened in the history of the city of Cambridge.

Mr. Rindge has a profoundly religious nature. And he is not only one of those who are deeply moved by religious truths as a matter of personal experience, but he believes also in the prominent advocacy of religious and moral principles. It was his wish that some verses of scripture and maxims of conduct should be inscribed upon the wall of the library, and this was in fact a condition of his gift. His wishes in this respect met with a ready acceptance and have been fully carried out. The city government unanimously adopted resolutions expressing their gratefulness for the gift, and willingness to conform to Mr. Rindge's desires. These resolutions were laid before the board of aldermen by Mayor Russell himself. I quote them because they indicate the attitude of the city and the appreciation of Mr. Rindge's generosity.

"Resolved, that the city of Cambridge accepts with profound gratitude the munificent gift of Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, of land and buildings for a public library, as stated in his letter of June 14, 1887; that the city accepts it upon the conditions stated in said letter, which it will faithfully and gladly observe as a sacred trust, in accordance with his desire.

"Resolved, that in gratefully accepting this gift, the city tenders to Frederick H. Rindge its heartfelt thanks, and desires to express its deep sense of obligation to him, recognizing the Christian faith, generosity and public spirit that have prompted him to supply a long felt want by this gift of great and permanent usefulness."

It was also Mr. Rindge's wish that an inscription should be placed upon the front of the city hall. The inscription

has been already indirectly referred to. It occurred to the persons who designed the building to place it upon the front of the balcony, or upon what is constructed in form as a balcony, and there is a certain special appropriateness in this. The inscription was prepared by Mr. Rindge himself, and read as follows:

"God has given commandments unto men. From these commandments, men have framed laws by which to be governed. It is honorable and praiseworthy to faithfully serve the people by helping to administer these laws. If the laws are not enforced, the people are not well governed."

It is due to Mr. Rindge to say that he has won the warm personal regard of all those who have been drawn into relations with him during the progress of this work at Cambridge, and of those who are in continuous relations with him in the management of the Manual Training School. He has shown himself to be of a warm-hearted, friendly, and sympathetic nature. The whole-souled confidence which he has reposed in his agents has been very gratifying to them, and some of them have publicly spoken of this.

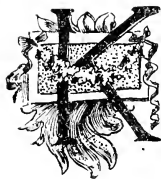
A trait which has been as noticeable

from first to last as any of his personal traits is his refusal to put himself personally forward, or to court popular notice or approbation in any way. There is not a line or letter anywhere about any of the buildings to indicate who was the giver of them, or even that they were a private gift. All such tributes are conspicuously absent because Mr. Rindge requested that there should be no mention of himself.

It is certainly a most unusual and noteworthy chapter of history which has been enacted at Cambridge during the last three years. No one has ever done so much for the city as Mr. Rindge has done. Any one of his gifts would have been a generous benefaction in itself. But that he should join all of them together, and, furthermore, that he should make these public gifts as a young man, with every temptation to make his immediate pleasure his immediate aim; that he should do this, not as a citizen still in the midst of his fellows, but as one acting from the other side of the continent, where his lot has been permanently cast with another community, — there is something exceedingly remarkable about this.

GHOST, POET, AND SPINET.

By Alice Morse Earle.



ATE and I decided to go spinet-hunting. Our fond hope was to obtain a wonderful spinet which we had heard was hidden in a farmhouse in a little town in the heart of Massachu-

setts. That is, we had not exactly heard the wonder called a spinet; but we felt sure it must be one, for the old farmer, who was our antique-forager, had said it was like a small piano, and very old and very queer, — and we were positive it would prove to be either a harpsichord or a spinet.

"Oh, Anne!" Kate said in ecstasy, "Think how lovely it will look in our

music-room by the side of our new grand! How interesting it will be to our musical friends to see the points of difference and note the progress made in the manufacture of pianos. We will keep it just as it is — quaint and old-fashioned; we will have it cleaned and mended, but not re-strung or changed. And when we give our musicale in the fall, we will have some one read a paper on the evolution of the piano from the harpsichord and spinet. I do hope the case will be inlaid."

In order to reach the farm which held this precious spinet, we should be obliged to take a stage-coach in the afternoon, which would carry us to Pardon, and there we should remain over night. Early in the morning we could drive to the old farmhouse which we had heard

contained the treasure, and then take the return coach in the afternoon.

So one cloudy, cold spring day, we rode with chattering teeth and shivering limbs on the outside of the jolting old stage to the country inn on the outskirts of the village of Pardon. We clambered down, and the stage rattled off. Pardon is one of the loveliest of New England villages. It is situated on the highest point of a terrace-like series of hills, the ascent of which would appall any one but a New England farmer or a New England horse. Why the town should have been located on the top of this hill cannot be understood. It is cold and bleak in winter, and all the pastures and good lands lie so far down the hill, that it entails much tedious and hard climbing from them to the houses of the village. But our grandfathers dearly loved a "sightly" location; and they found it in Pardon and so located their town there. Many years ago, the much-travelled turnpike had been built through the centre of the town. The road had gone straight up hill and down hill in the uncompromising way our ancestors delighted to go,—up, up the sharpest ascents, and down, down the steepest declivities, obtaining thereby the loveliest views—though we can hardly believe the stern old Puritans had that in their mind, in the construction of their highways. But now there was a road built around the base of these hills, and all the passers-by went and came by the "New Pike"; and seldom any one went up and down the steep Pardon hills but the Pardon dwellers, the ubiquitous tin-peddler, the few necessary tradesmen, and the stage with stray wanderers like ourselves. Once a day the Barre stage passed through the village, but rarely stopped, except to water the horses. No summer boarders had yet invaded this dull Yankee paradise, and the old people lived their monotonous New England lives quite undisturbed.

This Pardon inn was a picturesque old colonial house, with a great square chimney in the centre. It was surrounded on three sides by a piazza so narrow that two persons could not walk it abreast. If you met any one whom

you wished to pass, either you or he must step down to the greensward below. In fact, it was not a piazza at all, it was a shelf, or ledge, or narrow, unroofed platform all around the house. On the ledge in front of the house were ranged a row of six or eight kitchen chairs—their front legs on the extreme edge of the ledge. Three or four of these chairs were occupied, at the time of our arrival, by elderly men, evidently farmers, who rested their heavily shod feet on the front rounds of the chair, or let them hang unsupported over the edge of the piazza.

We went immediately into the inn parlor, to try to warm our chilled bones, and found it a most astonishing apartment. The walls had been decorated fifty years ago by some travelling artist, and his work was evidently preserved as a triumph of high art. Ten or twelve portraits, presumably of the various members of the family, were painted upon the plastering, and these were adorned with imposing simulated gold frames, apparently held in place by rich varicolored cords and tassels. Wooden-faced, unshaded, non-perspectived daubs were they, but still they had that indefinable quality which made us feel that they were good likenesses.

It was curious to see, also, the marked likeness our landlady bore to the hard-faced old daub of a grandfather on the wall; had you dressed her in a brass-buttoned blue coat and high "stock," she would have been far more like the portrait than most portraits are like their originals.

A red-hot stove and six enormous cuspidores graced this parlor. A preserved funeral-wreath, and a ghastly row of little oblong silver disks, which proved to be coffin-plates, were over the mantel. The centre table bore a bunch of woollen flowers and fruit under a glass shade, and gilt volumes of Martin Farquhar Tupper and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The sound of voices from the men on the piazza came in through the window, which we had immediately opened, and we discovered with some horror that they were discussing the details of a murder which had been committed in Pardon some weeks previously. A poor old in-

sane father had killed his son, a hard-working farmer, and the widow and little children were left without means of support.

"It is certainly true," said Kate, "that the most terrible murders and crimes are committed on these New England farms. The men and their wives talk these crimes over, and revel in the details, and sit and 'mull' over them until the idea gets into their brains, and then they go and do something themselves. Why don't they lock that man up? You heard what they said, that he is at liberty still?"

"Kate," I answered her vehemently, "it is not so. New England farmers are most intelligent and virtuous as a rule; it is only in isolated cases that you will find ignorant crime, and even then it doesn't compare with city wickedness." But Kate still argued unconvinced.

At quarter before nine, our hostess, who was a stolid, rawny, elderly woman, gave us an ill-smelling oil-lamp, and we went disconsolately to bed. The low-studded bedroom exhaled that musty, woody 'smell, which is often found in rooms furnished with old mahogany furniture and kept habitually closed. I threw open the windows to let in the fresh air. The little village was quite still, even at that early hour, and as the inn was at quite a distance from any other house, and surrounded by trees, not a light was to be seen.

The room contained a plain, high, four-posted cherry bedstead, which, without valance, tester or curtains, looked like the skeleton of a bed. The bed-clothing bulged out over the sides and foot in a way which suggested feathers—and examination proved this to be true. A most diminutive washstand with diminutive pitcher and basin of pink and white English ware stood in a corner of the room. Two gloomy mahogany bureaus and two light-blue painted chests comprised all the remaining furniture of our apartment. An examination of the doors discovered very heavy locks without keys.

"I am going to ask for some keys," Kate said.

"No, you must not," I answered. "How absurd it would be! We know all about this house; why should we wish for

keys? Why, they don't even lock the outside doors."

When at last we climbed upon the bed, it proved, as we feared, overwhelming. We sank in despair in its feathery depths. We rose from one billow only to sink in another. We drenched our handkerchiefs in cologne to try to drown the henny smell, but it rose undestroyed and unconquerable, as did the feathers themselves. At last Kate, being young and strong and overpoweringly healthy, fell asleep. But I could not sleep. The feathers were too hot and soft, and the stillness too oppressive. The only sound which broke the intense quiet,—were a series of soft footsteps around the ledge of a piazza, and the deep barking of the old spotted coach-dog, that we had seen in the yard.

Suddenly I saw, shining under the closed door, a light, but heard no sound. Every nerve quivered, and my senses of sight and hearing were quickened to the highest life. At last, the door softly opened, and a woman's form quietly entered from the hall. All was so still, so utterly noiseless, that she might have been a ghost—the ghost of some old occupant of the inn. But I did not fear a ghost; I feared the living. I thought in a second of the unlocked doors, and the half insane or idiotic farm dwellers, who might freely enter here. She might be some poor demented creature who lived in the house—or they might all be thieves! I lay motionless in an agony of terror, lest an involuntary movement should cause the rope network holding the bed to creak and groan, and so attract to me the attention of the frightful visitor. Not that she was really frightful. She was a tall, rather bony young woman (I could see vaguely by the candle which was placed on the floor outside the door), and she was not our landlady. She just glanced at the bed as if to assure herself that we were fast asleep, then lifted my dress from the blue chest on which my clothes were reposing, softly left the room, and closed the door.

I waited an agony of minutes before I awakened Kate; but at last I roused her.

"What is the matter, Anne?" she said in a sleepy voice.

"Oh, do whisper, Kate dear, don't speak so loud. Such a frightful thing has happened! A woman has just been in our room and taken away my dress. What can it mean? Do you think she will come back? Whom can we call to? Oh! we may be in a trap—such awful crimes are committed in the country! What can we do?"

"Anne, will you go to sleep?—you are dreaming. I can see a heap of clothing on your sea-chest. Your dress is probably there all safe. Get up and light the lamp, and see if it isn't there just as you left it. Your burglaress didn't get your money, anyway, for it is pinned into your corsets. Now do go to sleep, and let me, too."

"Kate," I said, "I wouldn't get out of bed and light that lamp for a thousand dollars. I am not dreaming. I shall not go to sleep. I shall stay awake and see what she will do next."

Kate did not answer—she was asleep.

"Well," I thought, "let her sleep, poor girl. It would do no good to keep her awake to meet her fate. We are to be robbed and perhaps murdered in our beds—but what can we do? These two blue chests are doubtless the sea-chests of sailors who came here on the way to their homes, and were never seen again. Never, never, if I survive this night, will I sleep in a strange house again. Hark, what noise is that?" A strange low clattering sound was heard. "It is a grindstone; they are doubtless sharpening knives and hatchets."

Now, I had never heard a grindstone sharpening knives; but I felt, I knew instinctively, that this was it. She would soon come upstairs again with the sharp knife;—but if we kept still, as if asleep, she might not harm us. The noise went on in its dull, low clatter; it stopped—now she is coming; no,—the noise again; again it stopped—went on and on; and the next thing I heard was our landlady's sharp voice, as she rapped vigorously on our door, saying, "Come, it's time to get up—breakfast is ready:" and I saw the bright morning light streaming through half-shaded windows into our room.

Yes, I had fallen ignominiously asleep

while "standing watch." The monotonous clatter of the grindstone had lulled me to sleep, in spite of my agony of fear. I sprang out of bed. There was my dress on the chest just as I had left it the night before. I searched the pockets. All my possessions were still there, and in perfect, untampered condition. At my bewildered and disappointed face Kate burst into a fit of laughter.

"You silly woman! Did you think your dream was real? Indeed, Anne, you are getting to be foolish and sentimental. The idea of waking me up because you had the nightmare and dreamed a bad dream! That silly moonshiny way will grow on you; I don't know what it will lead to. Come, hurry and dress, else we shall not have time to go to the Maybee farm and get back by eleven o'clock, in time for the stage. But perhaps you would like to stay here another night;—a feather bed and a ghost are not to be met with every night."

I maintained a dogged silence on the subject of the ghost, but dressed, thinking and thinking. Was all that agony of fear only imagination? Could a dream be so real? But I certainly was wide awake when I heard the grindstone, and I will not leave the house until I find out at any rate about that noise.

We sat down to a true New England fried breakfast—doughnuts, fried pork, and griddle cakes; and Kate, who lives for music, began immediately to inquire about the spinet. Yes, our landlady had heard of some musical instrument that the Maybees wished to sell; but "What is a spinet? Ye don't mean a spinning wheel, do ye?" We explained that we meant a little old-fashioned piano.

"I ain't never seen none there; but if she's got one, she'll sell it. Orvilla Maybee'd sell her collar bone rather'n not make money. Alvira, bring in some more griddle cakes."

The door opened, and a woman entered, bearing a plateful of smoking hot griddle-cakes. Is it?—it must be—yes, it is—my ghost, my midnight maulrauder, my *spook*! I stared at her with open mouth and eyes as she calmly and unconcernedly moved around the table. Surely I cannot be mistaken—the same tall, bony

figure and long neck! Have I second sight? and have I known Alvira in my inner consciousness? or did she really in the flesh (or in the bones) enter our room? Perhaps she is a somnambulist.

Kate interrupts my thoughts. "What is the matter, Anne? You look" — she said it with mischievous satiricalness — "as if you had seen a ghost!"

By this time Alvira had disappeared; and we saw her no more until, just as we were to leave the house, she appeared on the ledge. I turned to her, and said with a sudden impulse: "Alvira, did you come into our room last night, and take my dress?"

A dull flush rushed into her sallow face. She hesitated, looked at the driver, then at me, and said doggedly, "Yes, I did."

I turned upon the amazed and discomfited Kate.

"And won't you tell me, Alvira, what you did it for; and what was that grinding noise I heard so long?"

Without a word she disappeared into the house. I stood amazed, undecided whether to follow her or to give up the inquiry, when she stepped out upon the ledge with the skirts of a dress in her hand. It was the fac-simile of mine, in a cheap light brown cashmere.

"I am going to Boston next week," she said, in a low voice, "and I didn't know how to make my dress, and I thought if I had yours to look at, I could make mine like it. I hope I didn't wake ye, and frighten ye. I guess ye heard my sewing-machine."

"Alvira," I said, staring at the dress, whose every fold and draping hung as gracefully as those of my city-made gown, "come to New York; change your name to Connolly — O'Donovan — Egan — put Madam before it, and you will make your fortune." There was one place in my costume where the folds of the drapery were caught and held together by a carved wood clasp. I took her scissors, cut the stitches that held it in place, and pulled it off. "There, take this clasp and put it on your dress, as a token of my gratitude to you for proving to my sister that I am not a ghost-seer, not visionary, not a foolish moonshiner." And we mounted the wagon and drove off.

"Well," said Kate, "that is the strangest thing I ever heard of. Why didn't she ask to take the dress? How she looked when you asked her about it! And the grindstone you heard was an old rattletrap of a sewing-machine! Think of such dressmaking talent being wasted here in this village!"

Our driver was a tall, wiry Yankee, whose only visible attire was a moth-eaten fur hat, a woollen shirt, a pair of heavy boots, and faded overalls, held in place by a single suspender. He looked too thinly clad for the raw spring weather, but seemed perfectly comfortable and contented in his light clothing. We had been warned that he did not call himself a farmer, but a poet; and it was hinted that he was a little "luny." He had begun his rhyming career with the composition of epitaphs for all the village inhabitants, both living and dead; and from thence had advanced to the constant use of rhymes in everyday life and had acquired the name of "Rhyming Darius." "He lisped in numbers and the numbers came"; and proudly did he display his talent to us prosy city folks. He also combined with his vocation as poet the additional talent of employing intricate legal forms of speech; for he had at an early period of his life been a witness in some country trespass case, and had since then always spent a day "in court," whenever the rare days of idleness of a New England farmer would permit. As a result, he always cross-questioned every one with whom he had any conversation, and adopted, as far as he could remember, a lawyer's phraseology and legal terms. He had a wily manner of evading questions, and seldom gave a direct answer; so between questions and answers we held "open court" all the way to the Maybee Farm.

Our poet also made a strange introduction of the letter U into words — which use he evidently regarded as something extremely eloquent and scholarly, but which produced some very astonishing variations in our vernacular speech. He was much excited at Alvira's nocturnal use of my dress; for he had heard my questions to her, and he poured forth a perfect volley of rhymed questions upon

us as he drove, seated sidewise, fixing us
"with his glittering eye":

"Why didn't she apply to ye pursual
An' ask ye fur the garment?
Did she retain the article
Long enough to bring a warrant?
Did she take it with malice of forethought
Or unpre-med-ure-tated?
Did she turrefy ye very bad
A-purloinin as ye stated?
What air ye goin' to do?
Did her mother know it too?
Why didn't ye holler out?
An' ask her what she's about?"

At last, to stop his flood of inquiry,
Kate began to question him, to draw him
out about the spinet.

"Do you know the Maybees well?"

"Wall — I may perhaps assert
And assure-vure-rate I do;
At any rate I know him
And I s'pose I know her too"

"Is it an old farm, and an old house?"

"It ain't so old as some,
And it's a little older'n others.
The farm's older'n the house;
It used to be my brother's."

"How long have you known them?"

"Oh — quite an in-ture-val,
But I ain't known 'm all my life;
I've known him since I was two year old,
And a leetle longer his wife."

"Do you know whether they have an
old spinet?"

"I'll tell you in a minute
If you'll tell me what's a spinet?"

"It is like a little old-fashioned piano.
Have they got such a one? Is it old?
Is it small? Describe it to us."

"They've the funniest thing you ever see;
Its just as curious as it can be;
How to dure-cribe it just beats me;
Spinets's the name for it down to a T.
It ain't so big as some pianures,
And it ain't so small as othures;
'Tain't so old as some you'd see
And 'tain't so new as it might be;
That is all that I can say.
I heard old Maybee tell one day
He'd a mus-ure-cal com-bure-nation
He'd be glad to sell for a very small sum;
T'was as old and mean
As any he'd seen
And he'd like to sell it, he says,
Before it drops to pieces."

We looked at each other in amazement
at this strange specimen of Yankee
humanity — that is, we did it whenever

his gaze was averted long enough to give
us any chance to look at each other.
We sank back in despair of ever receiv-
ing a definite description, and resigned
ourselves to his renewed questions. Kate
tried to parry him with some of the skill
which he himself displayed, but failed
ignominiously under the scathing sharp-
ness of this "lawyer" of thirty years'
experience. We finally answered his
rhyming questions with as much direct-
ness and truth as the chief witness in a
murder trial. As we alighted from the
wagon and were about to enter the May-
bee door, Darius pulled me back by the
sleeve and whispered:

"Ye mustn't mind, Miss Maybee,
If ye find her a leetle cross;
She ain't at all e-lab-ure-ate
Any more than my old horse.
She won't show any man-ures
When you ask to see her pianure."

A sharp-featured young woman ad-
vanced to meet us. Her hair bore two
partings, an inch apart, and the middle
lock was strained painfully back. Her
young but not beardless face was curiously
mottled with yellow patches which showed
plainly that dyspepsia and biliousness
had marked her for their own. She
looked so sour, so sharp, so devoid of
"man-ures" that we quailed visibly before
her keen black eye. What new specimen
had we here? Into what world was our
spinet-hunting carrying us?

Kate began the conversation very mildly
by saying that she heard that Mrs. May-
bee had some china that she wished to
sell. You must always lead up to a trade
with a Yankee.

"Then you've heard a lie," the acrid
voice broke in.

"But surely we have heard that you
have a piano to sell?"

"Well, I ain't. I've got a musical
combination, but I ain't so awful anxious
to sell it."

For minutes we stood there, facing this
resentful being, who showed no desire to
have us seat ourselves, while we pleaded,
we praised, we cajoled, we apologized,
and we questioned, until, at last, she al-
lowed us to see her precious spinet. We
entered the gloomy "best room" where it
stood, gave one glance at it, and sank on

the haircloth sofa. It was a *melodeon* — a forlorn, broken-down, old *melodeon* — to which some farm-tinker had added an oblong frame strung with cat-gut and wire strings, in the apparent hope of forming some instrument of the nature of an Eolian harp.

Tears of disappointment sprung to Kate's eyes; but the contrast, the revulsion of feeling, the sense of the ludicrous, was so keen, that we both gave way to hysterical laughter; we could not suppress it. Where, alas! were our "manners"? I was the first to recover my self-possession. I turned to Mrs. Maybee, who stood before us speechless with angry astonishment, and said pacifically: "You were very good to let us see it. It is not quite what we expected to find. It is so much newer than an old spinet! I fear my sister could not afford to buy it — as she has one piano already. It is very curious and very ingenious, and no doubt you will sell it to some one." We were walking slowly toward the open door in the hope of immediate escape; but we were not to escape so easily, not without punishment for our adventurous raid. As we drew back, Mrs. Maybee advanced; and it seemed for a while that we should be obliged to buy the old melodeon and take it off with us. But I seized upon a diversion, a godsend, in the shape of a row of window-plants in the kitchen. One fine geranium flourished in a "copper lustre" pitcher, which had had a hole knocked in the bottom, to permit the water to drain out. I immediately

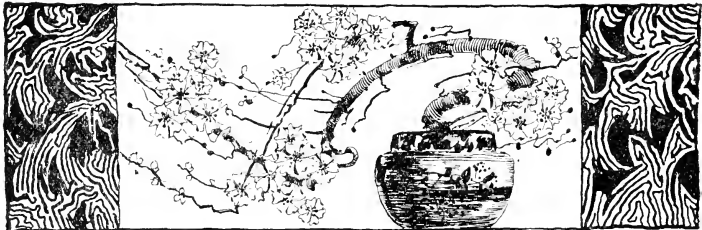
began to admire that geranium, and offered Mrs. Maybee a dollar for the pitcher and plant. This diverted her mind from the unfortunate "spinet"; and after much sharp talk and bargaining we paid her one dollar and seventy-five cents for the geranium and pitcher, rushed from her inhospitable door, and drove away with our poet. "The True Story of the Life, Temper and Adventures of Orvilla Maybee," related to us in legal verse by "Rhyming Darius" on our homeward drive, made us wonder that we escaped unharmed from that New England vixen.

So our broken lustre pitcher was all that we had to carry home with us from our "spinet hunt." And I will close this little chapter of New England experience with a simple statement of the cost of the lustre pitcher and the geranium (which died when transplanted).

| | |
|---|--------|
| Two fares to Pardon and return | \$4.00 |
| Bill for supper, bed, and breakfast for two | 1.50 |
| Wagon, poetry and legal advice | 1.00 |
| Paid Mrs. Maybee for pitcher | 1.75 |

Total cost of pitcher \$8.25

As I have since seen a fac-smile of our lustre pitcher (only whole and unbroken) in a bric-a-brac shop, ticketed \$2.00, we cannot consider the trip financially successful; though, truth to tell, it was far more so than many another trip we have taken in search of antiques. Our disappointment over the poor non-existing spinet would have extinguished the ardor of any one but a true "antique-hunter," in whose breast hope springs eternal.



COLORED CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH.

By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.



THE separation of the white and black races in the South became in some respects more marked after the emancipation of the latter, than it had been before. Domestic service ceased as a rule to produce intimate relations. With the rise of political antagonism, each race was left largely to solve its own problems alone; or rather, each was left to attempt such solution alone.

Cable has drawn attention to the resolute determination with which the freedmen, during the reconstruction period, laid the foundations of an educational system. They were aided by northern men and women.

The religious history of this people is suggestive. It can only be outlined here. Before the war, white ministers preached to the slaves, with more or less regularity, such doctrine as they desired them to hear. After slavery was abolished, the colored people generally withdrew from the charge of the white churches, but one branch of the colored Methodist church continued for many years under the jurisdiction of the white bishops, although it maintained negro ministers. At a comparatively recent date it has begun to have colored bishops.

During slavery, it was very difficult for a colored man to obtain license to preach; and in some localities any unlicensed negro, whether bond or free, was liable to very severe punishment if he preached or prayed in an assemblage of colored persons. Nevertheless, there were men who defied the public law and the private prohibition of their masters, and carried on religious work among their comrades. These men were called "exhorters," and after emancipation they began the task of establishing among the freed people some regular religious life. I have been told by two or three responsible colored

people of large experience in the South, that uneducated as these exhorters were, they were mostly men of character and integrity, well fitted for the labor which they undertook. The northern colored churches, notably those in Pennsylvania, sent men south to aid in the organization, and finally the present system of churches and sects was evolved.

One of the foremost colored educators of the South corroborates the statement made to me by other persons, that those colored preachers who are now found to be unfit morally and mentally for their office are generally men of a younger generation than the "exhorters." They are men who, since the abolition of slavery, have conceived the idea that a minister's calling is an easy and gentlemanly one.

A description of some colored meetings I have attended may give a tolerably correct idea of the character of such gatherings in the far South. It must be remembered that my special and personal acquaintance with these things is principally limited to one of the less enlightened regions in the South, where the conditions of slavery were particularly hard, and the educational influences of freedom have been somewhat restricted. In the districts, such as the Port Royal Islands of South Carolina, where secular and religious instruction has been given the negroes by northern missionary teachers since the war, very different phenomena are to be noted from those characterizing the "Black Belt" country. In the neighborhood of the great university of Atlanta, the aspect of the people, even on the streets, differs from that in southern Georgia, and the schools at Tuskegee and Hampton undoubtedly have the same effect in leavening the whole mass of negroes about them, and producing in them an appearance of moral and mental intelligence. A careful study of both the better and the worse portions of the South is necessary to enable the stu-

dent to obtain any comprehensive acquaintance with the present condition and potential character for good or ill of the negro race. I can undertake only to furnish a small part of the material for such study, by presenting such phases as have come to my knowledge, and which represent the state of affairs in certain important districts of the country. The description of some of the meetings of colored people, which I have attended, may give a tolerably adequate idea of such gatherings in the far South and of the character of the preaching and services.

On one occasion, I entered a small, unpainted building, heated by a smoky stove, the pipe from which was stuck through a window, as there was no chimney. Here a man of rather remarkable ability officiated. In his sermon, he declared his disbelief in the propriety of educating men for the ministry. Ministers, he said, are called of God, they were not made by education. He had himself received his summons in the days of slavery, when indeed he wished God would not command him to preach, so bitter was the punishment meted out to a slave exhorter. He described with great dramatic force the way in which a negro, who had been caught preaching by the patrol, was the next morning laid out on the ground and forced to sing hymns while the overseer flogged him. Continuing his address, this preacher passed to the discussion of political themes and the present condition of his race. His people, he said, were in despair, in the state where he lived. They were too poor to go East, too poor to go West, and bound down to suffer where they were. If there is a better country anywhere, they want to go to it, "I don't want," he said, "to stay here with him that was my taskmaster, always trying to push me down, when I try to get up. Here we are together. He don't love me, — of course he don't. It wouldn't be natural if he did. Do I love him?" When he had asked this pertinent question, he leaned forward over his desk and hissed out his answer in a tone charged with satirical feeling: "Do I love him? Oh — I'm just lovesick for him! But I can't get any return to my affection." "The ablest and best men in

Z ——" continued the preacher, "will talk about 'niggers.' If there's any world where they don't talk about 'niggers,' I want to go there;" and then with a yearning note in his voice, he added, "That's one thing I love Jesus for. He's going to put an end to all this trouble by and by."

This man is said to think that every word in the Bible is literally true; and consequently, he not only maintains with some more celebrated negro minister, that the earth is flat, but believes that the stars actually sang as reported in the Scriptures. 'He compares the doctrine of evolution to "a flop-eared mule, sure to fling its rider into hell." He puts his own interpretation on creeds, however, and holds to a rather curiously modified version of the doctrine of the vicarious atonement. Moreover, he alters the Lord's prayer, and substitutes for one petition these words: "Thou hast never been inclined to lead us into temptation." He says, "he has no use for merely emotional religion; a monkey can have that." He believes that the human race was originally under an order of predestination, and was gradually developed out of it, until at the coming of Christ, man became an entirely free agent, wholly responsible for his own destiny. A belief in predestination, he says bluntly, "has sent many beautiful young men and ladies to hell." He deprecates the practise of blaming "my devil" — as, owing to some wholly inscrutable reason, he calls Satan — for the evil done in this world. It is not the devil, he says, who gives light weight and short measure, nor has the devil ever been heard to utter a profane word.

This man has but a small religious following. Many of his own people distrust him, and his general reputation is not good, although his sermons lay a great deal of stress upon the importance of doing right. To do right, he declares, is to pay the rent due from man to the Lord of the vineyard. He is said to be perfectly fearless in expressing his political opinions, and will say to white southerners the same things about the southern situations that he says to negroes or to northerners. He has been known in private to favor the disfranchisement of the

negroes, if they are to remain in the South, "Because," he says:

"We, who have been slaves, will bear it when we are tricked and driven from the polls. We know why the whites feel towards us as they do, and we've got the old slave fear in us still. But twenty years hence how will it be? My boy there is not going to put up with what I do. He's never been a slave. If he goes to vote and they try to hinder him, he's going to knock somebody down. And then there will come bloodshed and a race war. I want to save him from that."

Some of the churches, both in town and country districts, are very rudely constructed. I have been in one where there was no glass in the windows and where the flooring was not complete, so that the swampy ground was exposed to view. A stove pipe stuck through the wall or a window served, in some instances, in place of a chimney.

The preachers speak better or worse English according to their education or the degree of excitement under which they labor at the moment: for the more excited a negro becomes, the more he relapses into dialect. Hymns have been generally "deaconed off" in the colored churches I have attended, and for the very good reason that most of the persons present have had no hymn-books, and could not read them if they had. The minister or leader therefore reads two lines aloud; these are sung, and then he reads two more, and the process is continued to the end of the exercise. The singing of hymns is ordinarily very bad. The musical faculty of the Africans fails them when they attempt the congregational rendering of church music; but when the audience becomes excited and ceases to struggle with these alien harmonies, it will sometimes yield to the genius of its race, and burst into a wild song whose musical and emotional qualities are fascinating. Responses are frequently made by the auditors to the preaching and praying, and these occasionally take the form of a low murmur called "moaning," which breathes a subtle pathos and suggests the wind among the branches of the southern pines. It is an inarticulate cry from the soul of a savage people, upon whom its masters have imposed the religion of a civilized world.

I was once very much impressed by the part borne in the service by the congregation in a Methodist church. The minister was nearly white, a man of some education and refinement of manners. I had met him before, and had heard him tell how his house had been fired into the night before election day, when he had resided in another county from the one where he now preached and had been a candidate for office. Throughout his prayer, the day I attended his church, the audience maintained a constant undertone of response. "Oh yes," they murmured; "Yes, yes," and "yes" again; "Oh, Lord;" and once there came an impressive call on "God Almighty." At first this echo-like accompaniment was nearly as energetic when the minister enforced some moral duty upon the attention of his hearers as when he gave utterance to his sentiments and feelings. Towards the close of the meeting, however, the passional element gained the ascendancy, and the groans, the cries, and "moaning" all expressed the fervor of religious enthusiasm, and not any ethical inclination or determination. At all times the congregation sustained its part in the worship with due decorum and proper subordination to the minister's role. The effect was solemn. The whole audience prayed as one being, and soft ejaculations filled the house like a body of incense rising to the Lord. It seemed impossible that the preacher should not catch some helpful inspiration from the almost palpable atmosphere of emotion about him. The exercises had an informal character that made them very interesting. The elder addressed the people in the manner a superintendent of a Sunday school might use to an assemblage of children. He was introducing some new forms and ceremonies into the service, and spent some time teaching the congregation how to participate in these. He frequently interrupted them or himself with explanations and instructions. He chanted the responses to his own part so as to show his listeners how to do it. Sometimes he stopped the people abruptly when they were reatling, saying, "You don't read loud enough. Now, all of you that *can* read, do read." Again he

cried out, "Not so fast. This is the way you do;" and then came a good-natured imitation of their rendering of the passage in question, followed by the command to "try it again." This was all very simply and amiably done, and it was evident that the manner of it was suited to the character of the audience and calculated to produce the desired results. A dozen or more men and women served as a choir, and gave direction to the congregational singing, which somewhat lessened its peculiarities. The elder spoke of the need of acting in unity, and by way of illustration referred to the cathedral at Nassau, which he had visited. Before proceeding with the subject he had under consideration, he interpolated a quick remark, saying, *apropos* of nothing, "They don't make any distinction there. The Governor General sat in one seat, and right behind him was a family of the blackest persons you ever saw." The consciousness that they are living where "distinctions" are made, seems to be ever present in the minds of many of the more intelligent and educated colored people. Only one person who would be called white was in the church this day, but there were several there whose skins were fair enough to merit this description. Some of the comely quadroons exhibited traits of features and coloring akin to those of the French Canadians.

The qualities common to human nature were pleasantly perceptible in the meeting. A man played roguishly with a baby in front of him; young girls giggled irrepressibly, with their heads bent low, in prayer time; and one small infant wailed frequently, and required much dandling and hushing into silence. A husband and wife came in rather late, leading a small child. The mother had brown hair, and a skin of pale, pretty yellow tinge. The father's eyes were blue, his cheeks were ruddy, and he had a blond moustache. He caressed and fondled the child after they sat down, and both parents smiled happily at each other over the little one's head. A great sense of the difference between slavery and freedom swept over me, as I watched them manifest their frank and wholesome joy; for I thought of the wrong by which they

had come to be what they were, and realized how, through many generations of their ancestors, father and mother had not walked like them into church, leading a child between them.

The collecting of money in colored churches in the South, is conducted in a peculiar manner. The minister comes down from the pulpit, and standing by a table, states how much money must be raised that day, and the object for which it is needed. He remains waiting, and members of the congregation come up voluntarily and deposit their offerings on the table. From time to time, he counts the sum received, subtracts it from the amount required, and calls for the remainder. A man frequently goes through the aisles with a contribution box, to pick up coins from any strangers or persons afflicted with shyness. But most of the gifts are made by the people who go forward themselves. Their zeal is constantly stimulated by remarks from the minister, who perhaps assures the audience that he shall stand there till the desired quantity is given, and that he thinks them too polite to keep him waiting very long. All the while, the choir or a portion of the congregation sing, with ever-increasing fervor. "Give us another song," cries the preacher, "our people won't give unless you sing. I want only one dollar and forty-five cents more. A short song ought to bring that." On such occasions as this, a visitor is likely to hear some sweet wild melody, like the one that has the refrain of

"Ring those charming bells."

I have seen one or two displays of religious emotion, which, though probably hysterical, were still affecting. I was present one evening when a young girl was received into the church and knelt to partake of her first communion. A large number of men and women partook with her, all kneeling in a half circle around the elder, who passed quickly from one to the other, uttering in low, swift, but rather musical tones the prescribed formula. One woman who had communed earlier in the day, followed the others from their seats, and crouched just outside the ring. She buried her face in her hands and

cried violently during the administration of the rite, then retired to her former seat, whence her smothered sobs filled with a heart-breaking agony sounded through the church. I was told afterwards that she was quite an old woman and had suffered great hardships when a slave.

Once I spent a Sunday forenoon wandering about roads lined with negro shanties, watching the people. Afterwards, I came to know in that town some intelligent colored men and women, whose virtues were stimulating others to rise to higher levels in life; but at that time I did not know them, and I was profoundly depressed by the strangeness and squalor of what I saw about the streets. These dusky people seemed so un-American, so alien to American hopes and ideals, that, existing as they do in a region of the country recently unsympathetic with national aims, their presence appeared to indicate the possibilities of great problems for the patriot and the Christian. In the afternoon I went to church, wondering if I should find there any influence which might inspire the worshippers with the idea that any sort of happiness was better than that to be obtained by basking in the sunshine, sitting in dirt, gossiping unctuously and sucking sweet juices from stalks of sugar cane.

The unpainted meeting-house was whitewashed within and decently clean. The audience came in slowly, and amounted finally to seventy-five or eighty persons. Most of the people were pretty well dressed, and there were only two or three women present who wore calico substitutes for regular hats or bonnets. The men sat on one side of the room, the women on the other. The hymn was deaconed out and the singing was bad. The preacher was a visitor from another town. His prayer was vehement in manner and crude in thought and expression. It contained very little reference to practical needs or duties. He thanked God earnestly on behalf of his hearers, because they were still alive, because "the blood had not congealed in their veins, and they were still walking actively on the stage of life." His sermon, like his prayer, was filled with incoherent fancies drawn from passages in the Bible, and it was delivered

with an unction that drew sympathetic responses from the congregation. These utterances came most frequently from the men, but occasionally a feminine groan or murmur could be heard. It cannot be denied that the grafting of a little book knowledge on the wild African stock sometimes produces a most curious mental growth. This man's ignorance and the savage and untutored nature of his mind were certainly remarkable, yet from his lips fell readily words of three or four syllables which were often rightly pronounced. It was unnecessary, of course, to use them, but still they were generally brought into such relation with the other parts of his sentences as to show that the speaker really had some notion of their meaning. Sometimes, however, he made a funny slip, as when he spoke of inflicting on Satan an "incursable wound," and said that the angels were summoned to behold "the transery" of the Saviour's death. He described the last coming of Christ with unaffected delight in the imagery furnished by the Bible and supplemented by his own inflamed fancy. He called Christ "General Jesus," and said he would wear the rainbow around him like a "neck-tie—ah!" He scarcely spoke of moral truth or duty. He uttered a sneer at hypocrites, and he suggested that the enemies that impede the progress of the modern believer to Canaan are the vices of lying and backbiting. These two remarks embodied all the ethical teaching there was in his sermon. His theology was rudely primitive, and his religion appeared to be a superstition of low order, but although his thoughts were extremely confused and worthless, he possessed some real dramatic ability. It is true that he located Lisbon in South America, but he nevertheless gave a brief description of the famous earthquake, which was sufficiently realistic to be effective. His account of the resurrection of the dead was quite vivid; and when he enacted the part of angels, who, he said, would lean over the grave of the exile from Eden, and cry out "Adam, *come FO'TH*," it was not hard to imagine that the old gardener would be likely to obey such an energetic summons. I did not feel, when I left the church, quite

prepared to answer the question that had presented itself to my mind, whether such preaching was much more beneficial to the people than an hour's basking in the sunshine would have been. Still, I was inclined to the opinion that it was better for their imagination to receive even such poor stimulus than for them to pass their lives going through an unbroken succession of animal pains and pleasures. The final conviction certainly remained with me, after such consideration as I could give to the religious phenomena that came in my way, that the wonder is that a people having the antecedents of the southern negroes, and isolated as they now are from much improving contact with superiors, should still exhibit any notion whatever of the pure principles of Christianity, and be able to organize and support churches which at all embody its spirit. Their self-sacrificing devotion to church work is proverbial. No people on earth, whose condition can be fairly compared with theirs, have seen more clearly than they the need of educational and religious institutions, or have made more heroic efforts to provide them.

The kind of help which the negroes need in their attempts to lead a rational and moral life was given very quietly during a couple of seasons, in a county in the far South, by two ladies, whose work deserves description for two reasons: it was very well suited to the necessities of the colored people, and it was of a kind which it would be comparatively easy for any resident or visitor in the South to inaugurate and sustain. The great willingness of the negroes to gather together for instruction deprives the missionary work among them of half its terrors. They may not always profit permanently by the teaching they receive, but they are eager to experiment with themselves in the character of learners. The ladies, to whom reference has been made, Mrs. G. and her daughter, drove about the country and made friendly acquaintance with various colored women in different hamlets. These negro women were then invited to gather their friends together one day in each week, and their new acquaintances came out by appointment and talked to and taught them. Usually, the

village churches were secured for these weekly meetings, which speedily resolved themselves into a species of secular Sunday schools. I visited one of the largest of these gatherings, which was held on Wednesday forenoons, during the winter months, when labor was not imperative in its demands on the time of the women and children. A hundred and thirty persons were present, among them half a dozen men. Some of the latter had walked across country from a village some miles distant, to beg Mrs. G. to visit their neighborhood. A few of the women were old; their grandchildren were scholars and they came to listen. One young mother brought her nursing baby. Classes were formed, and all the natives who could read helped the visitors to teach those who could not, and each child was promised a New Testament as soon as he was able to read a single sentence correctly. A part of the morning was devoted to sewing, and part to singing and other general exercises. The older women who had not courage to try to read were glad to gather in the sunshine outside the door and listen to any visitor who would read the Bible or talk to them. In this group was the "doctor," a woman who evidently acted as a midwife. She had her apron full of herbs which she had plucked on her way to the church. She was very tall and very black, and she had a misshapen cheek and a mouth which betrayed her habit of chewing tobacco. In spite of her rather repellent appearance, her smile was kindly, and she gently claimed the young infant in its mother's arms, as being, in a certain sense, also her child. She spoke so strange a dialect, I found it almost impossible to understand her, but I found out that she came originally from "the salt," by which she meant from some place on the seashore. She, and a number of other slaves were sent to the neighborhood where she now lived, during the war, in order to get them out of the reach of the northern army. She said that the labor imposed upon the slaves was harder in this inland country than in the coast region whence she came. The liberators found her and her comrades, notwithstanding the efforts of their owners to hide them.

And she had been so fortunate as to get possession of fifty acres of land which she had paid for since she became free. I looked at the uncouth creature with added respect when I heard this, and wondered how she had known enough to try to buy land immediately after her emancipation,—and especially how she had been able to get a sure title and to make her payments. I knew enough of the state of affairs which followed the close of the war to realize the difficulties under which she must have labored, when she and her fellow slaves were turned adrift on the wayside of their native land and forced, if they would have a footing for their naked feet, to create it with their naked hands.

A second woman was also said to be a "doctor," and no hint was given to lead me to conclude that these women attempted to increase the efficacy of their medicines by charms and spells. I am told, however, that nearly all native "doctors," male or female, among the lower classes of the negroes, are believed to dabble in witchcraft and are popularly called "conjure doctors." It is therefore probable that my black friend from "the salt" reinforced her natural intelligence with uncanny lore.

When talked with about some fundamental principles of morality, the elder negro women listened with childlike simplicity. The importance of the marriage institution was explained to them. They seemed to understand somewhat of the argument, and nodded and murmured an emphatic assent when they were reminded that it was almost universally the case, where marriage was not regarded, that the care of the children was thrown solely on the women. The "doctor" declared quite proudly that her daughter "Susannah" had been married for two years, and another woman said that they had a minister in their village, who could perform a legal ceremony, and added that "most of the younger couples around there were reg'larly married." She also said that the mothers like herself tried to instruct their children in elementary morals; but sometimes, she observed, apologetically, "talking to children did not do much good."

Mrs. G. asked one of the visitors on this occasion to address the assemblage, and the speaker addressed her remarks especially to a group of about twenty-five girls who sat in front of her. They were from fourteen to twenty years old. She told them that they could choose whether they would be good daughters and sisters, and whether they would fit themselves to be good wives and mothers. Freedom had brought to them this opportunity for choice, and had therefore laid upon them a greater moral responsibility than that their parents had known, whom slavery had often rendered unable to fulfil domestic obligations. The girls listened thoughtfully, and encouraged by their attention, the lady went on to speak very plainly of their duties as women who were yet to marry and to rear children. I watched them all the while quite closely. Not a silly giggle, not a single self-conscious look, not one light smile greeted these remarks. 'Those dusky young creatures looked straight at the stranger who spoke to them and their eyes were earnest and serious. It was impossible not to feel in their presence that, notwithstanding all the errors that spring from ignorance, savagery, from a peculiarly exposed condition of life, and from an inheritance in the common frailty of human nature, there are still sound qualities in negro womanhood, which have not yet been wholly spoiled, and which, under favorable circumstances, may develop into sources of moral health and strength to future generations.

These country negroes seemed to set two goals before them, in their desire for education: they wanted to learn to read the Bible and to write their own names. Mrs. G. gave them slips of paper with easy words written on them, which they took home, copied, and then returned for inspection. Some of these papers came back with amusing variations of the original text written on them. One man, after experimenting with his copy over part of the page, wrote at the bottom, "Harrison is now our President, thank God."

The conduct of the masses of white southerners in regard to the education of the negro varies in different localities,

and of course the attitude of individuals differs with their personal idiosyncrasies. This attitude ranges from that expressed to a friend of the writer, by a Georgian, to the effect that ignorance is the best condition for a laboring people, to the stand taken by Cable and by Lewis H. Blair of Richmond.

The utterances of common men sometimes constitute a more faithful index of popular opinion than the speeches and writings of nobler minds, and I cannot forbear from referring here to the remark of an Episcopal clergyman, of merely average intellectual rank. He is a native southerner, and in a discussion of the merits of institutions, and being possibly a little excited by some criticism passed upon the system which had prevailed in his state, he retorted that, in his opinion, compulsory education was as bad as slavery.

The objection to mixed schools is very strong, and probably found its highest expression in the attempt to pass the Glenn bill in Georgia, a few years ago. This bill provided that any teacher who taught both white and colored children in the same school should be liable to a fine of a thousand dollars, to twelve months in the state prison, or a year's service on the chain gang, — to any one, to either two, or all three of the penalties, at the discretion of the judge. This bill was passed by the Georgia legislature by one hundred and forty votes to two in opposition; the two members who voted against the bill were colored men, and the only negroes in the legislature. This bill afterwards passed the state senate with some modification which necessitated its return to the lower branch of the legislature, and it was dropped.

Mr. Lewis H. Blair has written boldly in favor of abandoning the policy of maintaining separate schools. He says, "Separate schools are necessarily injurious to both colors. To the black they are a deliberate affront, and their tendency is to keep the whole negro population in a degraded condition;" and he adds, of the effects produced on the whites, "One reason, most likely, why the South has always shown, and still shows, so little intellectual development, apart from law

and politics, is because the whites have been possessed of the idea that the height of superiority is a white skin, and they have been content with that kind of eminence. Mixed schools will, in time, emancipate us from this fallacy."

I quote these sentences, because they express opinions which differ from the views that seem to prevail in the South; and, while it remains to be seen whether they will ever be generally adopted, it is still interesting, historically and ethically, to note the fact that they have been already published in a southern city by a southern writer.

Two very intelligent colored teachers told me, in Macon, Georgia, where the colored schools are practically free, that there is no active hostility to the instruction of the negroes; while in Chattanooga, one of the schoolmasters said he believed the white people of that city were very much in favor of the education of the blacks. In one county in a state in the extreme South, nine thousand dollars was devoted during a recent year to the support of schools, and the number of children of both races enrolled as pupils was forty-four hundred. There were many other children in the district, of proper age, who did not attend school at all. There were no free schools in the county town.

Teachers who wish to receive a portion of the public money are required to pass examinations, after which they receive certificates. They then contract with the county commissioners for a share of the public fund, larger or smaller, according to the size of their schools. The money is allotted for a certain number of months, usually from three to five in the year. It is not ordinarily enough to support the teachers throughout a year, and the general, if not the invariable custom is to charge a small fee to each pupil, and the schools are frequently kept open for a longer time than that for which the county pays. In the agricultural and forest regions of this county, the charge averages from fifteen to twenty-five cents a month for each scholar. In the town, the rate is from fifteen cents to a dollar, according to the advancement of the pupil in his studies. The public money is paid at the close of the year.

In the county seat there were, at the time we are considering, two colored schools which received support from the public fund. There were, however, other small schools in existence, sporadic institutions, which often endured for but a little while. As I write in the interest of good education, I am obliged to say that as close an investigation into the matter as I could make, left me convinced that the best colored teachers are not always the ones to whom is extended the most encouragement by the white citizens or their agents. There was in a former year one free school in the place. It was entirely supported by a northern lady. It was kept in a little one-roomed hut in the outskirts of the town. Some of the children came in from the adjoining country. Their ages ranged from seven to twelve years. They were all beginners. They sat on a bench extending along the sides of the room. They had no desks and no apparatus, except a few primary school books. The teacher was a young girl, incompetent to do more than start them in learning to read. She pronounced her words imperfectly and after the usual negro fashion. Another young woman had a school in a tiny shanty, which was heated by a small stove, the pipe of which penetrated the wall. The building had no window, and all the light came through the door, or stole in at chinks in the wall and roof. The room was not more than eight or ten feet square, and thus enclosed from the sunshine, ten or twelve children sat crowded together and studied at imminent risk to their eyesight. The teacher heard them recite, one at a time, and taught them apparently quite thoroughly in the elements of reading and spelling. She had a sweet, sad face and a gentle manner, and she enunciated her words clearly and correctly.

A larger school was kept by a man, who had made commendable efforts to obtain an education, as he had passed some time at a college for negroes. His attempt had not been successful. Probably his original endowment of brains was small, and as his age indicated that he must have been a slave till he was grown to manhood, his powers had very likely been lessened by the postponement of all schooling till he

had arrived at maturity. He was a good and kindly man, but he beamed with delight over a recitation in physical geography which amounted to nothing more than the repetition of a few of the principal words in a paragraph, without any effort on the part of the scholar to incorporate them into a sentence. In his grammar class he allowed the pupil to say that the adverb "mortified" the verb. Many of the parents who sent their children to him were of course too ignorant to judge of his acquirements, and no one in the town appeared to object to the cultivation of ill-grounded vanity and to the diffusion of dangerous misinformation, of which such a school is the prolific source.

I found in one town in the Black Belt a school kept by a colored man and his wife, both of whom had obtained moderately good educations at Atlanta. The husband, Mr. H. is a full-blooded negro; his wife has a slight trace of white blood in her veins. They are in the prime of life, but were both born slaves, and he was sixteen years old when he began to go to school. When I first knew them, they assembled their pupils, to the number of about a hundred, in a large room in the lower part of a warehouse. The colored people of the place aided him to raise the money to buy a lot of land, and then procured by gift, loan, and subscription the means to erect a schoolhouse. The property has been put into the hands of trustees, who are to hold it for educational purposes. The teacher who occupies it is not to be required to pay rent, although thus far, since it is Mr. H. who has the use of it, he contributes in various ways to the support of the institution and to the liquidation of the debt a full equivalent for the rent he had paid elsewhere. This school is made up of pupils of all ages and degrees of color. I have seen there red-headed children who were said to be allied to the negro race, and were therefore unable to attend the white schools. One of the scholars was a Baptist minister; another, a night-watchman from a hotel. He was a full-grown man and came in his livery of service and took his place among the beginners. As a rule the boys and girls were dressed as neatly

as the children one would see in a northern village school. Their faces averaged to express as much intelligence. Their docility was very great. Colored children seldom seem to be nervous or restless. Their ability to sit still and wait till the moment of movement arrives contrasts surprisingly with the expenditure of force in wiggling to which juvenile Yankees are prone.

Mr. H. had a softly modulated voice, and spoke with sufficient accuracy of grammar and pronunciation. His manner was singularly calculated to soothe the children. He appealed habitually to their moral sense, and gently insisted on the necessity that they should learn self-control, and that they should be guided by a sense of honor in the performance of their duties. His attainments enable him to prepare scholars to enter the college at Atlanta. One boy who went there from Mr. C.'s school was the son of a man who was especially zealous to provide his children with everything which he thought would benefit them. He had, moreover, some intelligent ideas on the subject; and in starting a little private library in his own home, among the first books he purchased were the "Life of Frederick Douglass" and Knight's edition of Shakespeare.

Mr. H. is persuaded that the ordinary education of the colored people in the South should be supplemented by a thorough industrial training. I took part on one occasion in a conversation between him and an elder in the Methodist Episcopal church, and was surprised to see how clearly these men comprehended the condition of their people, understood their needs, and perceived the influences that would aid them. They evidently knew on what bases of character and training it is alone possible to erect a solid and lasting civilization. There was nothing fanciful or extravagant in their views. The elder admitted frankly that the first effect of freedom had been to make the boys disinclined to work, and he maintained that this tendency must be overcome while they are still in school and while the authority of the frequently incompetent parent can be supported by that of the teacher.

Right-minded people should be able to lay aside all prejudices as to the greater desirability of possessing a white or a black skin, and consider humanely the situation of a man or woman of African descent who, after obtaining an education, goes to live in a southern town. It is not probable that such colored persons will find any associates whose mental life is on a plane with theirs. If they are of slave extraction, they are almost inevitably too poor to buy many books. They have spent their youth in the struggle to acquire learning, not property. They are not likely to find employment which insures them large incomes. There may be a library in town; they are debarred from its privileges. There may be lectures or entertainments in the place; they can attend them only by submitting to conditions which mark them publicly as belonging to an inferior, as well as isolated class. If they desire to make better the community in which they live, in any way outside of regular church methods, they must expect little aid or recognition from those of their fellow-citizens who, by virtue of their opportunities, ought to be most able to help them with counsel and sympathy. In cases where moral and mental stagnation does not follow this complete isolation from the intellectual and ethical and gracious life of the world, it would seem that the native impulse toward good must be very strong. In point of fact, it has been in just such environments of discouragement as have been described, that I have seen manifested some of the noblest and sweetest qualities of character. On the other hand, this separation of the educated negro from the society of educated white men tends often to the growth of vanity in the black man, who, being forced to associate chiefly with his inferiors, naturally comes to over-estimate his superiority. It is still to be proven, moreover, whether the desire for education, which has thus far been very strong among the freed people, will continue to influence them powerfully, if they find that education does not open for them the opportunity to lead congenial lives and to follow freely the higher avocations. The lower class of colored students probably have not yet perceived the difficulty

of their situation so clearly as to be discouraged. They still believe that education is the key that will unlock the door of a worthy future for their race. Yet I remember being much impressed by the fate of one man. He was a student from Hampton and, I think, a graduate. He had so little negro blood in his veins that his hair was pale yellow, his eyes light, his features straight, his lips thin, and his complexion that of an Anglo Saxon blonde. He was a teacher, but found his salaries so small that he gave up his schools and became a waiter.

A northern lady who had taught the freed people for twenty-five years, lately found one of her pupils in a depressed state of mind. What was the use, he asked, of his trying to learn, when he must go back to the fields to work beside his ignorant comrades?

To overcome, in a measure, the mental and moral stagnation among the colored inhabitants of one southern district, a free library was started not long ago, by some disinterested parties. It is, so far as the writer knows, the only institution of its kind in the state where it is situated. It incurs no running expenses, because one colored man gives its accommodation, rent free, and acts as its librarian without charge. It belongs, however, to an association of colored trustees, who manage its affairs when any management is needed. It contains between seven and eight hundred volumes. It is open to whites as well as to blacks, but with the exception of some northerners, no whites have availed themselves of its privileges. Books are distributed weekly, and seventy-five to a hundred are issued at a time. After a year's existence, no book had been lost or destroyed. The readers are, of course, nearly all juvenile, since few of the negro adults in the region can read. Stories are most desired, but travels, history, biography, and poetry are also read. *Romola* has been asked for by a reader, and *Little Women* is especially beloved.

I had an opportunity at one time to see something of a school established in the South by missionary effort from the North. A few white Southerners, prominent men in the county where it is situated, were instrumental in having the

school located there, and contributed some aid in the purchase of land for the site. The buildings of this school were burned by incendiaries, when it was located in another town. The teachers are northern women, who say they have been politely treated by the native ladies and gentlemen in their present home. About thirty girls are taken as boarding pupils. The fees are low, but in many cases recourse is necessarily had to different charities, to support these scholars. The boarding pupils receive some industrial training, being taught housework, plain sewing, and dressmaking. They manifest a very docile and tractable disposition, causing their teachers no trouble whatever in matters of discipline. Connected with the institution is a day school, which is open to both boys and girls. The attendance is large, the fees varying from fifty cents to a dollar a month. Such scholars as I have known express a decidedly enthusiastic interest in the school, and a strong attachment to the teachers. One or two of the native teachers in the town have been pupils here.

I attended the exercises one day when some lads were rehearsing for a celebration of the virtues and deeds of George Washington. Each boy carried a United States flag. They were learning to love the flag. 'The scene was intensely pathetic and suggestive.' Many things had before this day overcome in my mind that sense of strangeness which had at first caused the colored people of the South to seem to me like aliens. The sight of these dark-skinned boys with their flags quite effaced all such impression. I had already learned that the sentiment of patriotism is strong in the black southerner, that he feels himself to be an American, that he believes that all his hopes and chances are bound up in those of the nation. I looked on these young men, and felt that the nation had no members upon whom it could place more reliance than upon them, if it did not wilfully thrust them from their rightful place as constituent factors in its body, and alienate their spirit from its purposes. They are a part of the American people, as truly as are the whites, North and South; and the question is serious whether it is wise to

sacrifice the idea of national unity to that of race antagonism, or whether it is possible that both ideas shall exist in equal force side by side, and great masses of the people be kept separate in all the issues of life save the less noble ones of material interest. Thus questioning, I am reminded of the great joy felt in the South over its late impetus towards worldly prosperity; and words spoken in Massachusetts, many years ago, come back to my memory, and I wonder whether in the ideas they expressed may not still be found some solvent power, fit even for the crucible in which southern civilization awaits precipitation. Wendell Phillips said:

"I must confess, those pictures of the mere industrial value of the Union made me profoundly sad. I look . . . and ask at last, Is this all? Where are the nobler elements of national purpose and life? . . . The zeal of the Puritan, the faith of the Quaker, a century of Colonial health,

and then this large civilization; does it result only in a workshop, — lops melted in baths and perfumes, and men grim with toil? Raze out, then, the eagle from our banner, and paint instead Niagara used for a cotton mill. Oh, no, not such the picture my glad heart sees when I look forward. . . . It is for us to found Caapit ol whose corner stone is Justice and whose top-stone is Liberty; within the sacred precincts of whose Holy of Holies dwelleth One who is no respecter of persons, but hath made of one blood all nations of the earth to serve Him. Crowding to the shelter of its stately arches, I see old and young, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, native and foreign, Pagan, Christian, and Jew, black and white, in one glad, harmonious, triumphant procession!"

And what is this dream, conceived in a northern brain, but a civic vision of possibilities, whose substance inheres in the principles of the Golden Rule, and whose verity is vouched for by One whom Americans still claim to be their teacher in the conduct of the life individual, whence knows the life of institutions and nations?

A STORY OF OLD CHARLESTOWN.

By John Codman, 2d.



IT was growing dark on a bleak afternoon in December, 1755. A strong easterly wind caused the leafless trees to creak and groan, and the colorless shrubs and grasses to bend and shiver as if in dread of the approaching winter.

Two young men, one a white, the other a negro, were employed in shifting bales of gunny cloth and boxes of indigo from a wharf to a warehouse hard by, the latter sheltered, to some extent, by rising ground. Half a mile distant, to the west, and, hidden by the seaward slope of a long low hill, of which the elevation behind the warehouse formed a spur, was the hamlet of Charlestown, Province of Massachusetts Bay.¹

By working rapidly the men finished their task before the fast-gathering gloom shut from view the houses near Copp's Hill burial-ground in Boston, across the channel of the Charles, tossing in sullen white caps under the high wind, and adding to the cheerlessness of the landscape. Having closed and barred the heavy doors of the warehouse, the two began their walk homeward over the spur of the hill and towards a large mansion which rose slowly into view as they continued their ascent. It was the homestead of Captain John Russell, the owner of the wharf and warehouse, and the master of these two men, — the white bound in apprenticeship, the negro, in slavery.

Thrift and skill in the trade of a saddler had gained Russell capital, which, judiciously ventured in the West India

¹ For the facts on which this story of old Charlestown is founded, see *Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1883, 11. For the newspaper quotations the files of the *Boston Gazette*, 1755. For the account of prison life, Mac-

Master, Vol. I., *History of People of the United States*, and his references. For the correctness of that part of the story which calls in the Battle of Bunker Hill, Frothingham's "Old Charlestown," and Winsor's "Critical History of America."

trade, had at length raised him to proprietorship and high standing in the business.

The negro followed the young man at a respectful distance, but now and then quickened his steps and drew nearer, only to fall back again, betraying by the irresolute action a desire to address his companion, ungratified, probably, from distrust or fear. But as they reached the crest of the hill, and approached a low cabin, thatched in a fashion evidently copied from the English peasant ancestors of the owner, but inhabited by his half dozen slaves, the moving lips of the negro parted in speech.

"Massa Robin, Mark hab something dat he am mighty cur'us to tell ye."

Mark could not see the scowl of impatience on the face of the apprentice, drawing together his heavy eyebrows, and giving an ugly, animal look to the mouth; and, feeling that he must arouse the curiosity of his hearer by a plunge to the depth of his story, he continued in a tone conveying both importance and mystery:

"Massa Robin, eber see der devil? Mark see him himself, sure nuf, last night after candle light."

The negro caught sight of the youth's profile; the scowl had given place to an expression of indifferent interest, and Mark hastened to relate the story of a demon that had sprung about the cellar of the warehouse they had closed, where he slept, with such sinister and manifest designs on his body and soul, that the fellow's credulous mind had retained a most vivid impression of his nightmare, and he more than half believed it real. Indeed, so thoroughly frightened was he that it had seemed prudent to discuss the apparition with no one, lest his dreaded majesty's displeasure should be further provoked. But the hope that Robin, whose knowledge of the Evil One, as well as of evil ways, the black people round about never doubted, might dissipate his fears had driven him to speak. He had not finished before the apprentice struck off from the beaten path and stopped at the foot of the King's Oak. The tree merited the name because of its towering height and its isolation. It had also a legal title, for the arms of

England were emblazoned on its trunk, in accordance with a royal prerogative of appropriating, by this sign, trees promising in mature growth good timber for King George the Second's ships of war. By a crooked freak this oak had disappointed the ship carpenters and secured for itself a venerated old age, until it should be cut down by the scythe of Time, an event which, judging from the unsteady sway of its dead limbs in the wintry wind, and the increasing numbers of woodpeckers that frequented it in summer, was not far distant.

The black finished his tale by relating how he had leaped from his mattress and fled out into the night, and now looked anxiously into the face of Robin for an interpretation of his dream. Leaning against the trunk of the tree, the apprentice was idly snapping in pieces a rotten branch and, with a jerk, flinging the bits far from him. Nevertheless, he had followed the story with close attention. His countenance now feigned an expression of horror and alarm, and with vividness and cleverly counterfeited credence he gave an ingenious story of a like appearance of the Evil One to Pete, one of Dr. Rand's negroes, in consequence of which Pete had died in convulsions; and, having harrowed his hearer's imagination, already so well fertilized with the vision of the previous night, he continued by voice, gesture, question and show of sympathy to heighten his excitement and strengthen his belief. Cold sweat started on Mark's face, and his twitching throat choked his utterance. Nervously pulling at the waist rope which bound his tattered sailcloth overalls, and striving to button his blue cotton shirt at the neck, where the button was wanting, he stared open-mouthed, a picture of ignorance and credulity. At length he mastered himself sufficiently to ask pitiously, what he ought to do.

"Mind ye don't anger the powerful one, if he calls ye again. Tarry and do his bidding, or ye'll die like Pete, with spasms. God have mercy on your poor black soul!"

Hastily brushing the clinging scraps of bark from the loose sleeves of his homespun shirt, and tightening the buckles

which held his blue knit stockings to buckskin half-clothes, the apprentice turned his back on the slave, and made rapidly towards the mansion house.

Perhaps the slaves in the northern colonies, being very few in number, felt the ignominy and hopelessness of servitude the keener and rebelled against their fate more earnestly. The numerous trials on record for thefts, arson, and murder attest that they were debased and vicious beyond their southern brethren. Indeed the selfish motive doubtless reinforced the ethical, when, soon after the Revolution, the northern states began to free their slaves.

As a whole, Captain Russell's slaves were exceptionally hard to handle. They lived so near Boston that, longing for its delights, they were constantly discontented. This only served to aggravate the acknowledged severity of their master. Mark was a comparatively recent purchase, an importation from the West Indies, but he had already learned to hate his master bitterly, though too good-hearted and easy-going to join in the plots his fellow servants were constantly hatching to bring about the master's discomfort and ruin. They had once set fire to his warehouses, hoping so to embarrass him that he must sell them to some slave-owner in the town. However, Mark's ignorance and extreme superstition made him a ready tool in the hands of the unscrupulous. He had been so often used as a cat's paw that his reputation did his character injustice. Robin knew this well, and when he turned from the path, ostensibly to rest under the King's Oak, it was in response to an inspiration worthy of a Jesuit, and evil enough to be a boast for Satan himself. Robin loved his master's daughter, Molly. She had promised to marry him, but without her father's knowledge, much less his consent. If the master was dead, Robin might obtain the daughter's portion and her hand at the same time. Could he, by working on Mark's superstition, bring him to put the old man out of the way?

The mansion house was a large, rambling, two-story structure, with unpainted weather-board sides, built about the log-cabin of the owner's father. The

heavy hip roof, moss-grown, shingle-twisted, and awry at the corners, was pierced by three dormer windows in the front, and topped by two stone chimneys so massive that the structure seemed rather built for the chimneys than the chimneys for the structure.

Six feet or more above the gutter ran a railed platform, painted white, which, reached by a scuttle, served as a main top for the old captain, who was wont to be the first to sight his own vessels.

Robin passed through a deep garden, grown up with English elms and shrubs, and entered the porch covered with woodbine, and bounded on either side by now leafless rose-bushes, which reached quite to the sill of the lower windows. He hung his fur cap on a wooden peg in one of the axe-hewn beams which supported the floor above the hall, and entered the large room on the left. An assumed expression of deference and respect sat ill upon him, but it was maintained in spite of the greeting he received:

"Late, late, always late . . . Get ye aft to yer victuals with the niggers. I'll have none of ye!"

The old master, who spoke, sat in a stiff-backed arm-chair, propped with pillows, suffering from acute rheumatism. He was scarcely able to raise himself, with his daughter Molly's help, to sip the water gruel on the long kitchen table before him.

"Hold yer peace, give me no more of yer smooth-tongued lies," he continued, as the young man ventured to frame an excuse. "I see ye from the deck above, with me glass, taking ease in the shadow, while Mark did two men's work,—and 'twas an hour by the sundial."

Unseen by the old man, the apprentice made a quick sign to the young girl who stood behind her father's chair. Her eyelids closed and then were raised again from beautiful brown eyes, trustful and true, full of sympathy and faith, in token of assent. The youth turned and went out as he had come, followed by the angry sneers of the invalid, who, querulous with age and suffering, continued to berate him.

"Proud, like his father, Molly, but with none of the good stuff in him. Mind ye have little to do with the lad. I see him looking with greedy eyes at ye. Sixteen's a child's age; don't let him cheat ye to think ye be a woman and old enough to choose." And the captain caressed his child and swore she looked well in her white furbelows, while the young girl gathered his straggling gray locks with light and tender touch and drew the silk skull-cap closer, keeping behind him the while, that he might not mark the blush mantling her fair face.

"Surely, father, Robin's not to blame for his parents dying; and he's been poor always, and—"

Her father cut her short with a growl of dissent and impatience. Rising from his chair, and steadying himself with a hand on the table, he waited till Phœbe, one of the negro women, moved his chair to a corner of the cavernous fireplace. Then, aided by his daughter, he tottered to it, and was soon dozing on the pillows she had re-arranged for him.

Molly, waited upon in her turn by Phœbe, ate her supper quietly and soon finished. Phœbe cleared the table and left the room. Alone with her father, Molly stood watching him for a moment. He was fast asleep. Stepping to the fire-box, she drew out several sticks of hickory and placed them across the half-burned logs on the great iron fire-dogs, taking care not to arouse the sleeper. Little tongues of flame curled from beneath them, and a shower of ashes fell from the crumbling underlogs. Shadows flickered on the well-scrubbed floor and rafters ceiling, then suddenly ceased, and the room was dark again, save in the circle where the old man lay sleeping,—the hard, pain-racked face more sunken and fleshless than ever, for the shadows pointed every angle of bone and deepened each line of wrinkles.

There came a light rap at the window, hardly more distinct than if it had been a raindrop, but well understood by the girl, who was anxiously waiting. It was impossible to distinguish objects in the darkness without, but twice a hand was

pressed noiselessly against one of the small panes of glass.

"At ten o'clock — how long," murmured the girl, counting the signal; and, on tip-toe, she slipped to a form opposite her father and began her knitting.

But it is necessary to follow Mark. After parting with the apprentice he entered the outhouse to take his supper. As he was unusually silent and cast down, Quaco, a fellow servant, began to twit him with his unrequited affection for Phœbe, and with such success that Mark seemed to forget his misery in a violent dispute with the fellow, as to whose addresses were the more acceptable to the women — a wrangle aggravated by Phyllis, another servant, either from natural hatefulness or jealousy. Perhaps it was his tenacity in this argument which drew the dispute to great length; or more probably he dreaded a return to his night quarters. Be that as it may, it was after nine o'clock before Mark was stretched on his mattress, in the warehouse cellar, ready for sleep. But the weariness of a hard day's work prevailed over his timidity; the hour was late for one forced to rise and retire with the sun, and he was soon snoring.

Recent thefts from the warehouse had suggested a watch, and Mark's occupation of the premises dated back less than a week. Had he dwelt there longer he might have discovered, at the end of the cellar, a disused trap leading to a sub-cellar, — nothing more than a large, dark hole. The tide washed in and out at the foot of a rickety ladder. The captain had now and then boasted to his family of some pretty smuggling it had helped him to — no sin in the early days of the colonies, when colonial restrictions were made in the old country to protect the British carrying trade, and the revenue laws of Spain were those most frequently evaded.

The darkness dispelled, Robin could have been seen crouching on the upper steps of the ladder, — for the trap was thrown open. His body and limbs were swathed in bands of black cloth, skin-tight, and every uncovered interspace blackened with charcoal. Indigo, well rubbed in, gave the face a ghastly hue,

heightened by vermillion at the mouth and eyes. Cows' horns cunningly attached to the head, which bristled with long hair, completed the rough disguise. Its author counted on the darkness, a sudden awakening, and the ready imagination of his victim, to hide its defects. If it failed, it was no harm—he could pass the whole thing off as a joke.

A few rough blocks of sulphur were placed before and behind him, while encircling the aperture were two parallel trains of moistened gunpowder, about a foot apart. He ignited a slow match with a flint and steel, blew it till it glowed, and, holding it ready, listened, lest the sharp click of the steel might have aroused the sleeper. The regular breathing of the slave sounded singularly loud in the silent place. A piercing cry—followed by another, and another still more hellish and blood-curdling! The negro sprang to his feet and rushed towards the door, but the peculiar hissing sound of powder, as it bursts into flame, made him turn his head in time for his sleep-dimmed eyes to see, for a single instant, an unearthly figure, in the midst of spouting flames. Overcome with terror, he fell prone upon the floor. There he lay, fainting, while a sickening, sulphurous stench filled his nostrils. Out of the deeper darkness a voice, low but distinct, repeated these words:

"Mark, thy master's soul is evil—so is thine. Thine, or his, is mine. Only kill him, by the Great Book, and thou art safe. Kill him—he is mine!"

The negro gazed into the darkness only to sink down again and grovel, shrieking, for his eyes were half blinded once more by streams of fire, and had seen the devil of his nightmare disappear in smoke. He lost consciousness, but on regaining his senses found strength sufficient to raise himself and flee from the place, for the lingering odor of the sulphur left no doubt of the real presence. Fearful of discovery, he crept silently to a corner of a corn crib, in the rear of the mansion house, and watched, sleepless, till morning.

Meantime, Robin tore off his disguise, threw it into the water, and then sprang in himself. Diving through an opening

in the foundation wall, for it was full tide, he swam out under the wharf, and thence ashore. He washed the paint from his face and limbs, hurriedly dressed himself in clothes ready at hand, and while he walked up the hill, gathered his long hair and tied it at the nape of the neck with ribbon. At ten he should be at the King's Oak, and he was already late. A white figure, dimly seen, moving away from the tree urged his steps to a run, and immediately the figure stopped and returned quickly to the shadow of the great trunk.

"Forgive me, darling," panted Robin, as his hands touched those of Molly extended to him; "there was unfinished work at the wharf." He drew her close to him and interrupted the forgiveness she was granting him with a kiss.

The moon, in the midst of flying clouds, seemed with difficulty, like a ship riding out a gale, to hold her anchorage in the heavens. At this moment she had tossed aside a bank of fleecy cloud-like spray, and sent a stream of light upon the old tree, touching its rough bark with silver and paling the earnest faces of the lovers. Her arms had found their way about his neck, and he bent to kiss again the sweet, uplifted face.

"What a strange dark shadow, Robin, dearest," cried the girl, as she touched a dark line on her lover's cheek. Why, it isn't shadow. What is it, Rob?" she added, trying to brush away the trace.

"Indigo, likely enough; we've been handling it all day down there," answered Robin crossly, and he withdrew her arms from about his neck and, taking her hand, started up the hillside. He told her it was only to hear her promise again that she would marry him, and to have a kiss for good-night, that he had asked a meeting. They reached the house; he kissed her hand, whispered good-night and turned away.

It was hardly two weeks after the events narrated, that the following paragraph appeared in the *Boston Gazette*:

"On Monday evening last died suddenly, at Charlestown, Capt. John Russell of that place. Upon suspicion of his being poisoned, his body was opened, and therein was found a quantity of poison, undissolved; since which, a negro man

(well known for his roguery) who belonged to the deceased, was taken up and examined, who said that two negro women belonging to the family had committed the horrid act: but 'tis thought they are innocent, as a quantity of the same stuff has since been found under his possession. The fellow, whose name is Mark, is now in jail, and it is hoped he will soon meet with justice adequate to this villanous scheme."

The public prints at this time were so full of the French war and the interest of the crown and of colonial trade, that this bare mention of facts is the only notice to be found in the files of the *Gazette*; but the Court Record of the county of Middlesex, 1755, gives in full the examination and testimony of Mark, Phœbe, Phyllis, Quaco and Robin, and some further data connected with this extraordinary history. The cross examination of Phœbe, who turned State's evidence, is given verbatim, also that of Robin.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

The examination of Phœbe, a negro servant of John Russell, late of Charlestown, deceased, taken by Edmund Trowbridge and Thaddeus Mason, Esquires, at Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex, the 26th day of January, Anno Domini 1755, and ye 2nd February following:

Question.—Do you know of what sickness your master died?

Answer.—I suppose he was poisoned.

Q.—Do you know he was poisoned?

A.—I do know he was poisoned.

Q.—What was he poisoned with?

A.—It was with water which was poured out of a vial.

Q.—How do you know that that water was poisoned?

A.—There was a white powder in the vial, which sunk to the bottom of it.

Q.—Do you know who put the powder into the vial?

A.—Mark put the powder in.

Q.—How was it given to your master?

A.—It was poured into his barley drink, and into his infusion, and into his chocolate, and into his water gruel.

Q.—Did you see him eat that chocolate or barley drink that the poisoned water was poured into?

A.—Yes, I did, he eat it in the kitchen, on the long table.

Q.—Do you know where Mark got that powder?

A.—He had it of Robin, the apprentice.

Q.—How do you know that Mark had that powder of Robin?

A.—The Thursday night before my master died, Mark told me that he was going over to Boston, with Robin, to get some powder to kill three pigs. And Mark went over to Boston and returned again, about nine o'clock, and I asked

Mark if he got it, and he told me no, he had not, but Robin was to bring it over the next night; and between eight and nine o'clock the next night a white man came to me, in our yard, and asked me for Mark, and I asked him his name, but he would not tell me, and I said to him, "Countryman, if you'll tell me your name, I'll call Mark, for I know where he is," but he would not. I then ask't him if it was not Robin—(for I mistrusted it was he, with a wig), and upon that he laughed and said it was not Robin—but he came out of the country and wanted to see Mark about his child; and he then went away down to the Ferry. That same Friday, in the afternoon, Mark told me if any white fellow should come and say that he came out of the country, to call him. I asked Mark what man he expected would come; he told me it was Robin, and that he was to say that he came out of the country to speak with Mark about his child, and bid me to tell nobody about it.

Q.—How long have you known Robin?

A.—I have known him for years.

Q.—How then happened it you could not certainly tell whether the man aforesaid was Robin or not?

A.—Because it was dark, so dark I could not see his face so certainly as to know him.

Q.—Do you know what the powder was that Mark put into the vial?

A.—Mark told me it was Ratsbane, but I believe Mark lied, and that it was only burnt alum, for I knew that on taking Ratsbane, master would swell, and he did not swell.

Q.—How many times was any of that water put into your master's victuals?

A.—The next Monday after Phyllis gave me the first powder, then it was put into his chocolate by Phyllis. The next was also put into his chocolate by Phyllis on the next Wednesday morning, and then she put in more than she should, and I told her her hand was heavy, and there was no more powder put in that I know of till the next Friday, when Phyllis put some into his chocolate, and my master eat the chocolate all the three times aforesaid, in the kitchen. I was there and saw him. The next was the Saturday following, when I put some into his water-gruel, but I felt ugly and threw it away and made some fresh. The next was in the afternoon, I made him some more water gruel, and poured some of the water out of the vial into it, and it turned yellow, and Miss Molly asked me what was the matter with the water gruel, and I gave her no answer, but that was thrown away and more fresh made, and Miss Molly was going to put the same plums in again, and Phyllis told her not to do it, but she had better put in some fresh plums, and she did; and no poison was put into that. It was by Mark's advice I put it into the first that afternoon, and master had no more that I know of till the next Monday night, when Mark put some Potter Lead into master's sago.

Q.—How do you know that Mark put any of the Potter's Lead into the sago?

A.—When I went out of the kitchen I left the sago in the little iron skillet, on the fire, and nobody was in the kitchen then; but when I returned, Mark was sitting on a form in the cor-

ner, in his blue livery, and I afterwards found some of that lead in the skillet, and neither Phyllis nor I had any such lead.

Q.—What was the poison that was in the vial—did Mark tell you?

A.—Yes, he said it was arsenic, and he remembered it well for it had the devil's name for a last name.

Q.—Who was it that first contrived the poisoning of your master, Russell?

A.—It was Mark. He told Phyllis and me that he had read the Bible through, and that it was no sin to kill him if we did not lay violent hands on him, so as to shed blood by striking, stabbing, or cutting his throat.

Q.—When was it that Mark first proposed this?

A.—Last month, he proposed it to Phyllis and me, but at first we would not agree to it, and told him no such thing would be done in the house.

Q.—What reason did Mark give you for poisoning his master?

A.—He said he was uneasy and wanted to have another master, and he was concerned for me too, and that he had seen the devil in a dream who had told him he must do it.

Q.—What reason did you have?

A.—Mark told me if I loved him I would help to do it—he said he knew Phyllis would.

Q.—What reason did Phyllis have?

A.—I think Mark told her the same as he told me—she pretended to me that she did not wish to do it, but only to satisfy Mark.

Q.—Why did you, when Phyllis poured water out of the vial into the chocolate, tell her "her hand was heavy?"

A.—I thought she poured in too much, more than she should, and felt angry, and I wasn't willing she should pour in so much and that he should be killed so quick. Mark's orders were to give it in two doses, as that was the directions Robin gave to Mark for to kill the three pigs, as Mark told me, and Mark said Robin told him there was no more taste in it than in cold water.

Q.—How do you know that Phyllis knew that it was arsenic she gave your master out of the vial?

A.—No other reason than that the day before master died, Phyllis came into the shop to dress Mark's eye, which master had struck with his stick, and got to dancing and mocking master and shaking herself and acting as master did in the bed—and Mark said he did not care, he hoped he would never get up again for his eyes' sake, and Phyllis said that she had given him enough, and that it would stick to him close as his shirt to his back.

EXAMINATION OF ROBIN.

Q.—Do you know what occasioned your master Russell's death?

A.—I have heard it was poison, but I do not know it.

Q.—Did you give Mark any powder to kill three pigs?

A.—No, I did not; Mark told me that Quaco wanted some poison to kill three of his pigs—and I told Mark to go to Dr. Clark's Cato, at the North End of Boston, and he would get what he wanted.

Q.—Was this all the talk you ever had with Mark about any poison?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Where were you between eight and nine on Friday night, before your master died?

A.—I was into Mrs. Sherman's and drank a mug of toddy with Elijah Phipps and Timo Rand, and from there they went with me into the lane leading from the Market Place and left me at Mr. Weile's Pot House.

Q.—Did you talk with Phoebe that night, and say you came from the country to see Mark about his child?

A.—No, I did not.

Q.—Did you tell Mark that the poison would have no taste more than water?

A.—No, I did not.

Q.—Did Mark ever tell you that Satan had told him to kill any one?

A.—No, he did not, but he once had a dispute with Quaco when I was by—if it was in the Bible that it was no sin to kill a man if you did not shed his blood—and Mark claimed it was not, and Quaco asked me, and I said I did not know, but I believed there was something of the sort said in it.

Q.—Do you know anything more of your master's being poisoned than you have related?

A.—No, I do not.

EXAMINATION OF CATO, SERVANT OF DR. CLARK, OF BOSTON.

Q.—Did you sell, at any time, poison to Mark, servant of Capt. John Russell, of Charlestown?

A.—I do not know that I did.

Q.—Did you sell lately any arsenic to any servant from Charlestown?

A.—Friday night last a man came to me for some from that place.

Q.—Do you know that man?

A.—It was dark and I could not see his face—but he had on a bluish coat, lined with straw-color lining, and the cuffs open and lined also with yellow lining, and he had a black wig on—and doctor asked me if it was Captain Russell's servant, Mark, and I told him that I thought it was—but I never knew Mark well—and this man was not so black colored.

After reciting the words of the Indictment, the Record proceeds as follows:

Upon this Indictment the said Phyllis and Mark were arraigned and put themselves upon God and the County, and Mr. John Miller Freeman of the Jury, and fellows, who had fully heard the evidence, went out to consider thereof, and returned with their verdict and upon oath said: that the said Mark and Phyllis are guilty. Upon which the prisoners were remanded, and being brought and set to the Bar, the King's attorney moved the Court that judgment of death might be given by them, whereupon they were asked by the Chief Justice if they had aught to say why Judgment of Death should not be given them, and having nothing material to offer, that was not rather by reason of its witchery and idle talk of Satan, a contempt of the Court, judgment of death was pronounced on them by the Chief Justice, in the

form following: that is to say, that the said Phyllis go from hence to the place where she came from, and from thence to the place of execution, and there be burnt to death, and that the said Mark go from hence to the place where he came from, and from thence to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until he be dead. And God Almighty have mercy upon their souls. Ordered, that their sentences be put into execution upon Thursday, the 8th day of September next, between the hours of one and five of the clock, in the afternoon.

Death warrant issued September 6th, 1755.

The day after the examination, the prisoners, Mark, Phyllis, Robin, and others, clogged and chained, were transported by stage to the jail at Worcester — for, owing to the war and the turbulence of the times, those nearer Boston were overcrowded. This den, one of the worst in the country, was in an old worked-out granite quarry. Robin, as the only white man of the gang, first descended the ladder, the length of the shaft, which led to the caverns underground, where criminals of all grades were indiscriminately mingled: poor debtors, forgers, from the pillory or the whipping post, counterfeiters, with the letter C stamped on their foreheads, or with ears cropped, women who wore the scarlet letter, many whose arms were fresh from the branding iron, murderers, and the perpetrators of the most heinous crimes. By the feeble light which penetrated the shaft, Robin saw a crowd of repulsive, scarcely human faces waiting for him at the foot of the ladder, while their cries and ribald laughter and the blows of the keepers urged his descent. Manacled and powerless, he fell from the ladder into the midst of the creatures who awaited him. They sprang upon him like bloodhounds, tore his clothes from his body, struck him, spat upon him. This only ceased when Robin, half senseless, was thrown into a blanket and tossed, again and again, from the muddy floor, to the stone roof, striking each time with such force that but for the exhaustion of his tormentors they would have killed him. With money stolen from his clothes they bought rum from their keepers, and a fiendish revel began, in the course of which their insensible victim was forgotten.

In this place, Robin and his fellow prisoners passed many months, each night

confined in a little pen of wood, their feet fastened to iron bars, and necks chained to rings in beams above them. Water oozed from the roof and trickled down upon them; masses of earth were constantly falling off. In the dampness and filth, what remnants of clothing were vouchsafed them grew mouldy, and their limbs became stiff with rheumatism. Vermin swarmed upon them, and not a ray of light reached their cells; they were without a window, a chimney or even a hole in the wall.

Mark, in his torment, had divulged to his keepers and fellow prisoners all he knew of his vision — for fear of Hell was not worse than the reality; but his muttering insistence and the improbability of his tale pointed, they thought, to witchcraft or madness. For the ravings of a madman the keepers knew of but one cure — and they triced him up by the thumbs and flogged him till he was speechless and painless.

The trial dragged along through the winter, and then the decision of the jury was purposely delayed. For, although there could be no doubt of the guilt of Mark and Phyllis, others were suspected to be implicated. The evidence against Robin Arkwright was slight indeed, but there were many who insisted that his guilt would yet be established.

It is, therefore, not till Sept. 19, 1755, that, turning again to the columns of the Boston *Gazette*, we read, in the midst of lamentations over the defeat of General Braddock, and following a long list of the killed, scalped and wounded provincials, the following brief communication;

“Yesterday, were executed on Cambridge Common, pursuant to their sentence, Mark and Phyllis, negro servants of Capt. John Russell of Charlestown, for poisoning their said master. They were both drawn to the place of execution, attended by the greatest number of spectators ever known on such an occasion, where the former was hanged by the neck till he was dead, and the latter was burned at the stake.”

It is appalling to consider that this execution occurred so late in the eighteenth century, when Benjamin Franklin was a man of middle age, and George

Washington had attained his majority. Our great grandfathers so far relented that the executioner fastened a cord about the neck of the woman, pulled it tightly the moment the torch was applied, and continued the strain till life was extinct—"so that she did not suffer much from the intensity of the flames."

Mark's body was hung on a gibbet in Charlestown after the execution, and swung many a year, in wind and weather, till the place became a landmark for the traveller. Twenty years later, Paul Revere passed the place on his way to Cambridge, and in his account of that famous ride notes "the place where Mark's body was hung in chains."

Robin Arkwright, shortly after being set at liberty, signed papers for a voyage to the Indies, and for many long years all trace of him was lost. The master had not died intestate, but had left his estate by will to his children, and stipulated with care that should his daughter Molly marry Robin, she should go to him penniless. And a few years later, Molly, in whose heart suspicion, firmly planted, had worked a cure for her affection for Robin, married one of her townsmen.

Now must the kind and obliging reader take a comfortable Rip Van Winkle nap of twenty years. Meantime, George the Second dies, and the Seven Years War ends in Europe with the great battles of Minden and Turgau, and in America with the fall of Quebec, in 1759. Then the victorious but impoverished Britons turn to their colonies, which are to be bullied, willy-nilly, into paying an exorbitant price for their protection. In 1765, the Stamp Act; in April, 1775, the victory of Lexington; and on the morning of June the Seventeenth, 1775, the reader awakes to the thunder of the guns. King George the Third's sloops of war, *Falcon* and *Lively*, firing fiercely and ineffectually—for the sun has not yet risen and daylight but streaks the east—from the river basin of the Charles, at a redoubt and flag on the crest of Breed's Hill, to the northeast of this same hamlet of Charlestown, become in the course of time and American miracles an overgrown town of three or four thousand inhabitants.

Searching for the mansion house of

Captain John Russell, the reader finds it at last, no longer distant from the town and surrounded only by its own fields and pastures, but hemmed in by other dwellings and just within the outskirts of the more thickly settled part of the town. On the old captain's roof-deck are standing husband and wife, and, despite the matronly figure of the latter, he recognizes the sweet face of Molly Russell, or more correctly, Madam Mary Asbury. These two were watching the progress of the war ships allowed to drift with the rising tide nearer and nearer the Charlestown shore; now their panic-stricken townspeople loading their household goods upon hay-racks, shays and every vehicle at command, and hurrying away, the greater number along the road to Cambridge, some on the road which swings around the northern end of the peninsula by Moulton's Point and leads along the Mystic River to Medford; and now hardly a quarter of a mile away and less than four hundred feet above them, across orchards and rye fields and newly mown meadows, a ring of fresh earth in Breed's pasture, towards which the guns of the vessels were directed.

In the intervals of the cannonade, martial music could be faintly heard from the streets of Boston across the channel; and as the rising sun appeared on the horizon, the first rays that reached the city unmasked a park of artillery on Copp's Hill, and revealed a guard of red-coated soldiers at the ferry landing, in friendly warning to the rash provincials still laboring with intrenching tools behind their breastwork.

But after a short half hour the firing ceased. By nine o'clock, the sun, in regal splendor, announced a magnificent spring day; and to the spectators who blackened the roofs of the houses at the north end of Boston, the scene would have seemed but a pageant, except for the faces and voices of one another. Boats, many from the ships, were seen to approach the Boston shore, which was soon lined with soldiery standing under arms; dragoons and officers, carrying or giving orders, galloped to and fro.

Slowly the boats, filled with soldiers, moved away towards the Charlestown

shore; and from the *Lively*, the *Falcon*, the *Somerset*, and floating batteries crashed broadside after broadside; while the Copp's Hill battery aided in covering the landing. Molly Asbury, from the roof of the mansion house, could see the balls strike a tree, here and there, or kick up the earth of the breastwork. After a time, as if worried into action, the redoubt sullenly responded, and the first shot cast up the spray from the waters of the river, and the last scattered the spectators from the roofs of several houses close to the Copp's Hill battery.

But the landing was effected without further hindrance at Moulton's Point, and the British troops formed as they disembarked, and marched steadily to the cover of a slight elevation, and a circular bit of stone wall. To see them quietly dining here at high noon, arms stacked, and kettles boiling, their brilliant uniforms adding to the picture of cloudless azure sky fading to a soft mist on the horizon, by reason of the heat of the day, the tranquil waters hardly less blue with reflected color, and only ruffled by a gentle southwest wind, the pale green tints of the swaying rye fields and darker shades of marsh lands and orchards, who could think that long before the sunset of that day more than a tenth of their number would be stretched, dead or wounded, on the hillside above them?

The noise of a galloping horse coming down the road toward the mansion house, and the shout of the rider as he reined in the animal opposite the garden gate, called the notice of the watchers on the house top to their more immediate surroundings. Sam Asbury recognized in the horseman his neighbor and the Captain of his Minute company, Major Brooks, and with his wife following, hurried down to meet him.

"Come, come, man," cried the major; "this won't do! Give that old Queen's arm you keep over your hearth to madam for a protector, fix the bayonet in that fine piece you have in hand, and with every mother's son you can raise, post yourselves behind those trees in yonder orchard. David Larkin, Jo Whittemore, and Ned Sprague, up above here, are driving loop-holes in their houses; do

you the same. Prescott says, since they won't send him the regiments they promised from Cambridge, the Sons of Liberty of Charlestown must be his right wing and save the day and their town at the same time." And without answering the eager questions put to him, the Major rode rapidly away.

Molly Asbury parted, weeping, from her husband, solaced with a warm embrace and the assurance that he would not be far from sight, and if the fight became very hot return to her. She ascended again to the roof, with no companion now except the old Queen's arm her husband had loaded for her. Here, kneeling, with her arms on the wooden railing and the musket at her side, she waited, unmindful, in the absorbing excitement of the hours, of their speed, and that the unfaithful and terror-stricken servants had left the house and outbuildings deserted.

The scene about her had not greatly changed. Boats, which had returned to Boston for more troops, were seen landing them on the Charlestown shore. The large ships in the river had ceased firing. But a distant cannonade could be heard in the direction of Roxbury, and nearer and louder the same sounds from Charlestown Neck, and dull smoke could be seen floating aloft, and, lower, clouds of dust rising from the roads in that region.

It was after three o'clock before the British Grenadiers and Light Infantry began to form in two columns for the attack. With measured step and music playing, they took up their march toward the Mystic River, but not proceeding far, deployed to the left,—the Grenadiers leaving a gap between their ranks and those of the Light Infantry for the field pieces of the Artillery, which then advanced in unison with the long lines of scarlet uniforms and glistening bayonets, fifteen hundred strong. The soldiers carried blankets and knapsacks, and their officers were in full uniform. It might have been a parade or sham fight. Only they were throwing down stone walls, and tramping heedlessly through fields of rye and corn, and advancing up a steep incline under cover of a furious bombardment from all the

navy in the river and the Copp's Hill battery.

Not a sign or sound from the redoubt on the crest of the hill! Yes, one, two and sometimes several figures at once are outlined against the sky as they mount the breastwork and, undaunted by their peril, walk quietly up and down its line. The sun, past its meridian, sends a glare of heat over land and sea, and flashes for a single instant on the white steel of a rapier in the hand of the tallest figure, as he points towards the enemy already advanced within two hundred yards of the position. He springs within the breastwork. Another hundred yards are not covered before, here and there, from the earth and sods spring white wreaths of smoke, and the sharp report of rifle shots ring out. The scarlet lines pause and a resounding volley echoes in reply,—the dense smoke blows slowly away towards the town. Again they advance; and of a sudden the earthen hillock bursts into a wall of fire. Before the first smoke clears, again and again, through its clouds, flash broad sheets of flame. The smoke rises, and under its dark canopy are huddled in confusion and wavering uncertainty the shattered remnants of the gallant grenadiers, struck motionless in the very jaws of death. Once more the breastwork springs aflame, and the pitiless, deadly storm of lead mows down the quivering ranks. Through the smoke they stagger back, giving way along the whole line, and many running, heedless of all order, down the hill. The defenders of the rampart leap upon and over it, swinging their hats and muskets, their wild shouts of derision and victory mingling with the cries, groans, and curses of the stricken redcoats.

But another body of troops, as strong as that defeated, comes sweeping at a double-quick across the slope of the hill and rapidly advances in the direction of the town. The broken regiments rally in the rear. Officers with drawn swords drive back stragglers and reform the ranks. Although the target is a distant one, the citizens and minute men in the orchards and loop-holed houses open fire; and here and there along the flank of the regulars an officer throws up his

arms and falls backward, or a color sergeant drops his standard and sinks in the long grass.

The British have profited by their chastisement and will not again sacrifice themselves on the altar of pride. Knapsacks and every burdensome accoutrement are cast aside; and in four columns, presenting the narrowest possible front, with fixed bayonets they prepare for a second assault.

The firing from Charlestown, though intermittent, does not slacken. An aid who has ridden to the shore waves to and fro a small blue flag. The ships and the Copp's Hill battery signal back, and almost at once a new and still more terrible sound vibrates in the air, for the first shells of the bombardment are hurled at the doomed village of Charlestown. Several hundred sailors and marines from the *Somerset* drop from her side into the boats, and a few rapid strokes bring them ashore.

Molly Asbury can see them clamber up the bank near the warehouses; but her thought is for her husband now. She even forgets him presently as the solid red columns on the hillside move forward with a cheer. And when she again glances below her in anxious search for his coming, she starts to find two men in uniform, a private with a corporal of marines, the former bending over a heap of hay with which he is about to fire a straw-thatched outhouse, so old and dilapidated that it seems admirable tinder for a general conflagration. But the old Queen's arm is already levelled, and rests steady on the railing of the balcony. The back of the kneeling man is a near and broad mark. The old weapon hangs fire for an instant,—but before either man moves, its ringing report sounds a death knell, and the soldier falls forward in the burning hay which he has kindled. His companion springs away around the corner of the building, only to fall forward on the bayonet of Sam Asbury, returning to his wife's assistance. Asbury has scarce shaken his bayonet from the body when he perceives his wife leaning over the man she has shot and endeavoring to drag him away from the flames. The fellow, in his death agony, turns sud-

denly and twists about ; his glazing eyes stare blankly into hers ; and in the distorted face she recognizes her old lover and her father's murderer, Robin Arkwright.

Letting the body fall back, she sinks dazed and fainting in her husband's arms, and he, supporting her, runs through the streets of the burning town. Flames leap from house to house and lick up the

dust behind them. Sun and sky are obscured by dense clouds of black smoke, lurid with flames and bursting shells, which shriek like tortured furies, and send whole buildings crashing to the ground. The battle ships in the river still roll out their broadsides, and from the hill resounds volley after volley, and the yells, shots, and curses of a second British repulse, more complete than the first.

THE FAMILY FEUD.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.



HE feud began in antebellum days. After the war of 1812, Colonel Promfret retired from the army and entered politics. He was the successful candidate in several local election

campaigns, and for many years he represented his district in the Kentucky legislature with great credit. His war record commanded for him the respect of his enemies, and made him the popular candidate of his own party. But sectional jealousy created a number of bitter enemies for him, and their machinations finally resulted in the downfall of the colonel's ambition. The *Waldo Eagle*, the weekly county paper, became the organ of the opposition party, and it took special pains to publish chapters from the early history of our country, in which the character of the colonel and his ancestors were roughly handled. The old veteran was very sensitive on these points, and after suffering all the torments of disappointment, mortification, and suppressed rage, he finally decided to start out on the war-path.

One bright June morning he donned his best suit of clothes, sprinkled cologne over his outer vestment, pulled on a pair of highly-polished riding boots, and then sallied forth to take his morning ride. He was a fine rider, and he

attracted no little attention as he rode gracefully through the principal avenue of Waldo. He stopped at the office of the *Eagle*, and sent up a request to see Dr. Whenton, the editor of the paper.

"Doctor, you've lied about me in your paper," he said calmly. "There is no redress for me, unless I seek it myself. That is my object here this morning. I'm going to give you a sound thrashing."

The editor jumped back, and tried to escape from the room ; but the colonel was a strong man, and held him until he had thrashed him to his satisfaction, while the doctor howled, threatened, and swore.

"Now, sir, I'm through with you," he said finally. "Tell the truth hereafter, and don't lie. Good-day, sir."

Of course the matter did not end there. No one expected it would. Every one looked forward eagerly to the next issue of the paper : but before it came out, a terrible tragedy startled the people of the quiet town of Waldo. While walking home late one afternoon, Colonel Promfret was shot in the back by Dr. Whenton, who was concealed in the shadow of a doorway as the colonel passed. Before night the veteran was dead, and the editor of the *Eagle* an exile. There was a division of opinion as to this sad tragedy. The friends of the dead man, however, were numerous enough to make it unsafe for the murderer to return to Waldo, and so his two

sons took charge of the paper. The doctor finally died in exile, and the feud slumbered for a few years. Young George Promfret became a prominent lawyer in Waldo, and soon won honors as a debater, orator, and politician. The *Eagle* opposed him in everything, and tried to prevent his election to office. But he was a great favorite, and one of his political speeches created more enthusiasm than a dozen issues of the county paper. The Whentons were mortified and exasperated at the success of their enemy. One night, in the heat of a political debate, a solitary pistol shot suddenly startled the audience. George Promfret stopped in the middle of his sentence, pressed his side, reeled backward, and fell into the arms of a friend.

There was no doubt about the would-be assassin. But justice was slow in those days, and nothing was done about the matter by the town authorities. One day, however, George Promfret rose from his bed of sickness, and started out in search of his enemy. He met James Whenton on the street, and getting the drop on him, he shot him dead. The news quickly reached the office of the *Eagle*, and Henry Whenton, armed with a pistol, hurried to the scene of the tragedy. George Promfret, white and pale as death, was waiting for him, surrounded by a circle of friends and enemies. The crowd fell back, and gave the two duellists plenty of room. There was a sudden flash of bright steel; then the reports of two pistol shots fell almost simultaneously on the ears of the crowd, and the two men dropped in their tracks.

This triple tragedy put Waldo in mourning, for the three young men were generally liked. Their children were too young to appreciate the significance of the tragedy, and another long lull in the feud followed.

The war of the Rebellion shortly afterward broke out, and all minor quarrels were forgotten in the great struggle. Kentucky became the scene of many hot guerrilla struggles, and families were broken up, homes desecrated, property destroyed, and life held in constant jeopardy. The guerrillas were little better than organized robbers and mur-

derers, and they performed services for both sides whenever there was a good chance for plunder. Villages were blotted out of existence, and respectable citizens escaped to the woods or mountains to avoid death and robbery. In a few short years the entire character of the country was changed.

The war closed, leaving the people poor and miserable. Many brave old planters returned to the scenes of their former homes, and began life anew. New families peopled the old villages, and old names were forgotten, or blotted out. The change was so great that in many of the rural districts everything prior to the war seemed to be forgotten. The new calendar was simple. All events transpired so many years after the war—the one great event in the lives of the peaceful inhabitants. This method of fixing the date of events is in vogue to-day in many southern rural counties, and it will continue so until the war generation has passed away.

Ten years after the war the once thriving town of Waldo was nothing but a small collection of shambling farmhouses. Most of these were inhabited by negroes, who lived a life of ease and penury. The few white families were poor specimens of the old-time planters of that section, whose mode of living resembled that of the feudal barons. The virgin forests had sprung up around the ruined houses, converting once populous streets into dense jungles. Tall grass covered everything, and had even encroached upon the poorly tilled fields of the poor farmer-hunters. The few scattering houses were nearly concealed by woods and groves, while the blackened stumps of trees guarded the dismal place. In June the wild flowers wreathed everything with their blossoms, and their perfume cast an enchantment over the deserted village. The spring came and went, mutely pleading with the slumbering inhabitants to awaken; but the spell of the enchantment remained unbroken. Even the country roads leading to the nearest city and railroad station became nearly obliterated through disuse. The iron heel of war had stamped the death knell upon Waldo.

One spring morning, a horseman rode through the deserted forest near Waldo. He tramped around the old groves, through great seas of tall grass, across open glades, and finally stopped to gaze about him at his puzzling surroundings. An old white settler, seated on a log near by, watched the actions of the stranger, but made no movement until his presence was discovered.

"My good friend," the horseman then said eagerly, "are you acquainted with this section of the country?"

"I reckon so. Lived here all my life, an' 'spect to die here."

"Can you then direct me to Waldo?"

"Waal, I guess you are about as near to Waldo as you'll ever git."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean jes' what I say. You won't git any nearer to Waldo than you are now, fur you're there already."

The stranger once more inspected his surroundings. His eyes rested upon the few straggling, weatherbeaten huts peeping out here and there from small groves of trees at the bosom of the winding river, and at several old landmarks that seemed strangely familiar.

"This is Main Street that you're standin' on now," the settler began again; "leastwise it used ter be. An' that one runnin' crosswise is Jay Street, where the *Eagle* used ter be published. That was afore the war, when there was some life down here. We did a big business here then; thet river used to be full of floatin' crafts, an' the landin' was piled up high with boxes an' bales of cotton. Then came the war. The d—d northerners came down, an' the boys dropped every business to go an' fight 'em. We fought 'em hard, but they licked us; yes, they licked us fair an' square, an' we had to knuckle down. But then Waldo was all gone. There wasn't nothin' left of it, an' it never'll mount to much agin. Me an' my gal lives here, an' manages to git a livin', an' that's about all."

There was mutual attraction between the clean-shaven, stylish horseman, and the rough backwoodsman. The fate of Waldo affected each of them more than the other knew.

"It is a great change," the stranger

remarked slowly, "great, indeed. I knew the place when it was a prosperous county seat, too. I was young then, but I remember it."

"You do, eh? Perhaps you'll give me your name."

"That doesn't matter, now; you wouldn't know me. Can I get something to eat here?"

The two walked up to one of the low-browed huts. A lazy negro walked away from the open door, as the two approached, and stared wonderingly at the stranger.

"Here, Julie, git this stranger somethin' to eat; he's been ridin' all day, an' is hungry. Git out, you black nigger."

Picking up a piece of pine wood, he hurled it at the lazy negro, who had stumbled in his way. The wood passed within a few inches of the head of the boy, who dodged it, and turned to shake his fist. Julie came out of the darkness of the kitchen, with flushed face and red hands. She was wonderfully beautiful, with her soft southern complexion, hazel eyes, and long hair—a free, untamed rustic beauty. When she saw the young, neatly dressed stranger, she apologized with a bow, and then retreated into the semi-darkness of the room again.

"She's my gal, and she's all I've got. Mandy died while I was away to the war, an' left me kinder lonesome. Julie was only a tot then, but she's grown some since." The man made this explanation with a wave of his hand, and considered it a sufficient introduction for the stranger into his home.

After the poor evening meal was over, the two men seated themselves on rough stools in front of the house. It was a clear, warm, moonlight evening, and all nature seemed at peace with mankind. The men lighted their pipes, and smoked the silent hours away, conversing on all sorts of subjects. The history of Waldo was repeated to listening ears, and even Julie became interested in her father's reminiscences of the place. She knew nothing of Waldo's greatness, except from hearsay. She knew where every store and business house had stood, and the names of the streets, but it was all an imaginary town to her. Since the

war, she had played among the ruined houses, and built castles in the air on the ruins of Waldo's famous southern homes. She had heard of the feud that had existed for so many years between her father's family, and the Promfret's. In her childish way she had taken up the cause, and was ready to maintain the rights and dignity of the Whentons. This night she listened intently to her father's words, as he expatiated on the feud.

"You say the war broke it up," the stranger interrupted once.

"Yes," continued the Kentuckian warmly, "thet broke up everything. There was two Promfret children — Fred an' Will — an' me an' brother James, thet was left. We used to hate each other like pizen, an' I reckon somethin' would have happened agin if the war hadn't broken out. All of the rest of the fellers took their guns an' went to the war. I was cortin' 'Mandy then, an' I hung back fur a time. But one day we got married, an' then I began to think of goin' too. Everybody was talkin' 'bout the war, an' I felt mean to stay at home. So I packed up one night, an' left 'Mandy sleepin' in the house. Thet was the only way I could get away from her. I had to steal away at night. Waal, when I cum back — when I cum back — 'Mandy was dead."

The man's voice faltered, but he cleared his throat and continued:

"They had buried her over there back of the meetin' house. It nigh broke my heart; but she left me Julie, who was then a little thing. I took the little girl to my heart, an' said I'd al'us love her."

He stopped to stroke the silken hair of his girl, who had nestled her head on his lap, while a tear dropped on his rough beard.

"And how about your brother, and the two Promfret boys? Did they return after the war?" asked the stranger, looking askance at the two.

"No, brother James was killed, an' I heerd that the Promfret boys was killed, too. If they ain't they must be roamin' roun' somewhere without a home. I wouldn't know either one of 'em if I saw 'em to-day. 'Tain't likely I ever will see 'em agin."

"Wouldn't you give them a good reception?" again queried the visitor.

"I dunno, stranger; I might, an' I might not. It's accordin' to how they conducted themselves. I ain't got no wish to take up the old quarrel, seein' Julie an' me's all that's left; but I ain't goin' to take any lip from them Promfrets. If they leave me alone, I'll leave 'em alone."

The stranger's visit to Waldo was prolonged from a day or two to several weeks. His object in coming to the place was not stated, and George Whenton did not ask him. There was fine hunting in the woods, and the stranger paid well for all the trouble and expense that he caused. The two men frequently spent whole days on the river, or in the forest. One day they were farther away from home than usual, when a heavy thunderstorm came up. The heavens became black and threatening, and the rain descended in torrents. Small streams assumed gigantic size, and the rivers became whirlpools and cataracts.

"We've got caught this time," said George Whenton, as the two struggled along in the blinding storm, "an' we've got to take it until we get home. It'll be a long pull."

"Won't the storm clear off soon? If so we had better wait for a few hours."

"No, 'twon't clear off to-night," said the old hunter, taking a sweeping glance at the clouds. "We may's well peg ahead."

They trudged along shoulder to shoulder, breasting the storm the best they could. Once or twice they stopped to take a rest, and then they resumed their journey.

"Thar she is," suddenly exclaimed George Whenton, pointing ahead with his fingers. Between the gusts of wind and rain glimpses of the river could be caught. It was now a swollen, sweeping torrent, rushing headlong over its narrow bed.

"We've got to hurry, or the water will be above the bridge," said Whenton, looking anxiously towards the wooden structure. "Come, git across quick."

The two stepped upon the frail bridge. It swayed and trembled under their weight, but it seemed strong enough to hold them yet.

"There's Julie waitin' fur us."

The two looked ahead of them, and saw a frail figure, with a shawl and long tresses of hair flowing wildly in the wind, standing on the edge of the bridge. She was beckoning for them to hurry.

"What is it?" they both cried in a breath.

Just then an enormous log that had been floating down stream struck one of the bridge supports with a terrible thud. The structure trembled, creaked, and then gave way with a terrific crash. A girl's scream sounded above the howling of the storm, and then the two strong men were hurled into the seething waters.

"Hold on to me," shouted Whenton, as they went down together.

The stranger obeyed, and together they seized a branch of a tree that extended far into the water.

"Here you are; cling to this!"

George Whenton pulled himself up on the bank, with the assistance of his daughter, and his companion was doing the same when his frail support gave way. The tide immediately pulled him into the middle again, and death seemed inevitable. But Julie Whenton was ready for such an emergency. She ran along the bank, and hurried down the stream. Running out upon the end of a point she beckoned to the helpless man to swim towards the shore. He saw her plan, and striking out for the left bank he swam with all of his strength. He managed to get within a few feet of the end of the point, when the river swept him by it. But the girl was quick to throw a rope within his reach, and he grasped it desperately. His strength was nearly exhausted when he reached the bank, but Julie and her father half led and half carried him to the house. The rescue was done in such a hurry that no one had time to think of the magnitude of the girl's effort. When the half-drowned man was safe in the hut, he for the first time realized the peril he had been in, and the heroism of his young friend. He did not thank her—he did not even say a word. He was too much exhausted for many words, and he felt the emptiness of any thanks that he could express.

The storm raged all that night. Before morning the clouds showed signs of breaking away; but before daylight appeared, a great amount of damage had been committed by wind and rain. Fields had been laid waste, houses blown down, trees torn up by the roots, and vast pasture lands flooded with the waters.

For two or three days, strangely, nothing was said of the accident on the river. The stranger did not introduce it, and Julie and her father avoided the subject. The stranger had been slightly injured in his fall, and he remained at the house as an invalid. He walked outside on the third day, and seated himself under a spreading oak. Julie could see him as she busied herself about her work. She was singing snatches of songs about her dear Southland, as she rattled the dishes and performed her daily housework. Her father had gone to the woods.

"Julie, will you come here?"

The girl dropped her work, and hurried to the invalid.

"Where did you learn to sing, Julie?" he asked, when she reached his side. "Do you know you have a sweet voice? With a little training you could make a successful singer. Did you know it?"

"No, I didn't think I had anything more than ordinary," the girl replied, flushing slightly before his searching look.

"Well, you have," he continued after a pause, "and you should have it cultivated. You could make money up North. You could make yourself and your father independently rich."

"Oh!" breathed the girl, and her eyes grew large.

"Julie, I can give you the chance to cultivate your voice. I must do something for you for saving my life. Will you let me?"

"I don't know," she replied, with downcast eyes. "I'll have to speak to papa."

"You speak to him, and I will do the same."

George Whenton loved his old tumble-down home, as many another man does who has been brought up in such places. He loved the woods, the air, and everything that flavored of his southern home. It was no wonder then that he received his

visitor's proposition with many misgivings. He shook his head.

"You're all I've got, Julie, an' if you go up North we'll never see each other again," he said ruefully. "I'd die down here alone."

"Then I won't go, papa," she said warmly. That settled the question. Julie would not hear of leaving her father.

"Then take him along," said the friend, when they were alone. "He can live with you while you study."

"No, no, I've decided not to," she replied, shaking her head. The answer seemed to annoy the stranger, and he bit his lip and mustache fiercely, while his eyes wandered across the field.

"Julie," he said, "would you have saved any one—your enemy—as you did me the other night?"

"Yes," the girl stammered, "I suppose so."

"You're a noble girl, then. You did save an old enemy of your family. I came here to your home without telling my name. You have not seemed curious, and I thought of leaving without telling my true name. But this accident changed everything. I thought I would do something for you in return for your heroism; but you will not accept it. If you knew who it was that talked to you, you would no longer be my friend." He stopped and watched the girl, whose face had not changed color at his words.

"Julie," he continued, "you know of the feud that has so long existed between your family and the Promfrets?"

"Yes," she replied simply.

"Well,"—the words came with a sigh—"I am the only living member of the Promfret family. I am Fred Promfret, of whom your father has spoken to you."

"I know it," the girl replied, looking up affectionately into his astonished face.

"Know it? You know it? When—how did you find it out?"

"Papa saw your name on your gun."

He gave a slight exclamation of annoyance.

"Did you know it the night of the accident?"

"Yes."

"And your father,—did he know it?"

"Yes."

"And both of you were willing to save my life? You have no resentment against me for what our fathers did?"

The girl shook her head; the man bent his head. He switched a fleck of dust from his trousers with his whip, and then cut off the head of a small flower with a vicious stroke.

"Julie," he said, "after the war closed, I went North and finished my education. I went into business afterward, made money, and got into northern ways of thinking. The old idea of the feud between our families appeared to me then in a new light. It seemed absurd that two families should be at war for generations, because somewhere in the past one man insulted another. I finally decided that I would come down to Waldo, seek out your family, explain matters, and, if necessary, settle the difficulty by legitimate means. I would be the good Samaritan, the missionary to the semi-civilized people of Waldo. I flattered myself that I was engaged in a Christian act of great importance. It was a queer mission, and an honorable one for me, I kept telling myself, for up North the feud between our families would never bother me. But everything has been so different since I came down here. And now you have capped the climax. You have made me ashamed of myself. You and your father have closed the old feud; you have healed up the old wound, while I have simply made a fool of myself. I have done nothing but accept your kindness. Instead of taking the initial step, I have seen you and your father do more towards adjusting the difficulty than I could do in a lifetime. Julie, the feud between our families ended the day you discovered my name, and treated me as a friend; but to-day we will formally bury it *forever*."

"That's it—bury it forever," broke in a voice; and George Whenton stood before the two, hat in hand. There was a mutual exchange of glances, a general hand-shaking all around, and the old Kentucky feud was at an end.

They celebrated the occasion by a good dinner, which Julie prepared in the best of style. Everything was simple and inexpensive at that banquet; but the

three banqueters were in good spirits. Fred Promfret watched his fair hostess narrowly as she did the honors of the occasion. When the dinner was over, she sang a few of her favorite songs. Her voice was never better, and she sang like a song-thrush trilling to its mate. The songs were all southern, all about scenes dear to a southerner's heart; but the words mattered little.

In all of his wanderings in the North, the young southerner had never felt himself so warmly drawn towards another as he felt himself drawn towards his young hostess. He tried to speak a few words in private with her before the evening ended; but he failed. He passed a restless night. In the morning he woke unrefreshed, and he sought the open air. He met Julie in the yard, plucking some flowers for the breakfast table.

"Always thinking of others!" he said. "Those flowers are for the table, I know."

"Yes, but I love them, too. I don't suppose I should gather them, if I didn't."

"Probably not," he answered absently. Then he broke out abruptly: "Julie, you will not go North to cultivate your voice, but will you go for something else—will you go to make me happy? Will you not go to be my wife?"

The tell-tale flush made his heart beat with hope, and he stepped closer to her side. But she quickly recovered herself, and said:

"I must give you the same answer as before. I cannot go. I must stay with father."

"But take him with you," he pleaded. "No, he wouldn't be happy anywhere but here."

Promfret's face clouded, and he looked questioningly at her.

"But do you love me, Julie?—can you love me?"

She hesitated for a moment, then she answered: "I cannot go."

He stood irresolute for a moment, and then said as he took one of her hands in his: "I will go back—North; but some day I will return for you. You will go with me then?"

She made no reply, and he was forced to take this poor consolation as his hope. Two days later he went away. Julie watched his receding form until it was lost to view in the pine woods, her heart fluttering and trembling. Would she ever see him again? Would he ever return? Did she love him? Turning to the kitchen, she took up her daily duty again, working for the present, and not thinking of the future.

IMPOSSIBLE.

By H. P. Kimball.

IF I could lay my head upon your knee
And let the world go by! Love, could it be?—
Could we shut out the poor world's muffled tread;
The cry at birth; the wailing for the dead;
All things that tell us of mortality
And love's short life?—Nay, love, how could it be?



THE EDITORS' TABLE.

IN a recent number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE the question was asked, "What shall we do with the millionaires?" The answer was: We propose to depend upon the rich men for all the great extra expenses of society; we propose to establish such a public opinion as to the responsibilities of wealth as will secure this. For instance, there is needed a city hall, a park, a library. We will say to a rich citizen: Here is an opportunity for an honorable public service; we will allow you the privilege of giving the city this thing. "We propose to assume the truth"—this was Mr. Dole's last word on the point—"that rich men owe grand services to society, and that they would naturally choose to do generous things; we propose to educate our children to this idea; we propose to make the opinion gradually irresistible that expects a rich man to hold his money as a trustee for the benefit of society, and is shocked at a man's refusal so to hold and use it." It was remarked that we already see encouraging things in this direction, and the wise gifts of Mr. Rindge in Cambridge, Mr. Baxter in Portland, and Mr. Pratt in Baltimore were cited as among the signs which show that our rich men are not without conscientious public spirit and generous ambition.

The present number of our magazine furnishes, in its leading features, an important contribution to this subject. The work which has been done by the Fairbanks family for St. Johnsbury and the work which has been done by Mr. Rindge for Cambridge are not only striking manifestations of generosity and a sense of the rich man's public duty; they give proof, in the directions which the generosity has taken, of wisdom and a right appreciation of what those things are which a community most needs for its elevation and real welfare. These gifts do not minister to indulgence, nor serve for mitigation or palliation of any of the sundry sorts, which is true of some certainly noble generosity. They all minister to education and edification, to what builds up instead of to what doctors. They deal with the fountains of the social life,—and this is the most important thing. The Fairbanks of every New England village, the Rindge of every great town, can turn his eyes for teaching, in the benefactions to which he feels commanded, to no places that can teach him better than St. Johnsbury and Cambridge.

THE picture of St. Johnsbury to which we are here treated not only helps to answer the question, "What shall we do with the millionaires?" It is a contribution as valuable to the subject of the future of our country towns, which has had much attention in these pages during these last months. This Vermont village, as here described for us, most certainly merits the title of "a model village," which has been given it; not as being a perfect place, not as "having attained"—the model village in that sense is far in the future, or always a pure ideal,—

but as being full of those things which every village of such rank needs for its best life, and which every one should aim to have. But what makes it thus a model village? Not surely because these things were *given* it—though that is great credit to the givers—but because it *has* them. Had a dozen families been as generous, and as wisely generous, as this one, then just so much nearer would the village be to the ideal village. Were these noble works the result of the generous public spirit of all citizens alike, each acting according to his power in a common high impulse, then nearer still were the ideal village. Here should be vista and incitement for every town. If the depressing loneliness and restlessness of which we hear, and which are the sources of much of such "decay" as there really is in our country towns,—if these are to be driven out, then a better intellectual life must be brought in. We cannot think that a good man in St. Johnsbury, with opportunity for honest work for honest wages, is likely to be more lonely than such a man in Boston; we cannot especially think of the young men and young women as crazy to get out of the town. Let this other town also exert itself to have its library; the fine building is not the main thing, though it is certainly a great and helpful thing and ought to come—the book is the main thing. Let the town have its pictures—if not paintings, then prints and photographs; let it make collections illustrating its own natural history,—and whatever other natural history it can get at; let it elevate its schools, organize its musical society, arrange its course of lectures, restore the old lyceum, shake itself altogether out of intellectual sloth,—and it, too, will find the visions of "decay" fading, it will find that its young people are nourished where they were starved, and that it, too, is on the way to becoming a model village.

THE recent survey in our pages of the work of Charles Bulfinch, in Boston, in the closing years of the last century and the early years of the present century, prompted remarks from us upon the great artistic advantage of the construction of the streets of our cities upon some principle of unity. The beauty of old Franklin Place, which Bulfinch built, lay in the fact that its houses were all built at once and with relation to each other, the street line having symmetry, proper ends and proper middle. So of the street lines of Paris, however vicious the particular architectural style which Hausmann had at his command. But the common street line in our cities is an offence to the artistic eye, a fantastic conglomerate of uglinesses and of beauties without a chance. The only redemption from this state of things lies, we urged, in proper public architectural control. One of our architects, Mr. J. Pickering Putnam, has just now published a little book, "*Architecture under Nationalism*," which we are glad to welcome to our table, pursuing this subject in detail and with singular intelligence and force.

Men will think this way and that way about "nationalism,"—why will not people who mean socialism say socialism?—but the wholesome truth presented in this little book should be read of all men, to rouse all to the ugliness and wastefulness of our present architectural system, or lack of system. The wastefulness of it, as carefully computed by Mr. Putnam,—he finds that the amount of energy that goes for nothing must be at least ninety per cent,—is as appalling as the ugliness, which is apparent to everybody. His discussions of matters of simple utility and practicalness, with reference not only to our public and commercial buildings but to our homes, are of remarkable suggestiveness and value; but we confess to being chiefly affected by the visions of beauty opened up in the possible results of such intelligent supervision and control of the architecture of our cities as that for which Mr. Putnam pleads. Nothing that has any real excellence or charm under the present regime of personal whim need suffer, it seems to us, save for those who cherish the "picturesqueness" of squalor; every pure and good individual taste should only have greater scope and invitation; while unity and really beautiful effects could be secured.

We need to bring a nobler and more pervasive public spirit into the realm of our architecture, as we need to bring it into the realm of every art. Our painters and sculptors suffer much more than our architects do from the lack of the stimulus which the old artists of Athens and of Florence felt in their constant and complete relations to the criticising and admiring public. It is not with our painters as it is with our poets. The book is public, it belongs to everybody, it remains forever the poet's own child, inmate of his home as of other homes. The painting is an orphan, a prisoner in the rich man's parlor, the painter childless, the people unblessed. When we become civilized and educated, shall we not see that we have no more right to lock up Millet than to lock up Browning, and that the man who could take pleasure in buying Mr. Howells's last story, to keep in manuscript for the entertainment of his little circle, and keep out of print, is much closer to the gorilla in the chain than to Christ? Shall we not see, too, that no man has a right to rear a pile of ugliness at the street corner?

* * *

WITH reference to the article, "A General of the Revolution," published in our December number, the writer of the article, Mr. William A. Crafts, writes us as follows:—

"The closing sentence of the article on General Heath, in the December number, was as follows: 'It is hardly creditable to his native town or his posterity, that not even a headstone marks his burial-place.' Since the publication of the article I have received information on which I desire to correct the above statement, in justice to one of General Heath's descendants. The late Mrs. Gardner Brewer made provision for a noble

monument to his memory. A block or column of rough granite has already been erected in the lot at Forest Hills, where the remains of the general now rest. In this stone is to be inserted a bronze tablet, now in preparation by an artist in Paris, which is to bear a likeness of the general in relief, with a suitable inscription, and the whole when completed will be a worthy memorial of the revolutionary patriot, and a notable addition to the monuments in the cemetery."

* * *

THE old New England clergyman was a preacher of politics to a greater extent than has ever been seen in the world, perhaps, since the days of the Jewish prophets, all of whom were chiefly strong national reformers. The man of power and life in the pulpit to-day is coming back to the way of the Puritan minister. John Henry Barrows of Chicago is one of these true modern Puritans, a representative of the best New England spirit in the great West. Unlike the rector of the most historic church in New York City, who has recently declared his opinion that the Church has not, properly, to deal directly with "moral culture," or the "purifying of politics," or the things that have to do with the "masses," he clearly feels, with Moses and the Mathers, that religious institutions are here primarily for these very things. Religion and politics go hand in hand with him, and it is always a pleasure to see one of his new religious-political addresses upon the table. The last is upon the subject of Municipal Patriotism. It is a stirring call to Chicago to utilize the present interest and public spirit, aroused by the coming of the great Exposition, to push through municipal reforms and do in three years the ordinary work of ten. "We need a revival here," he says, "of the old Greek spirit which made men in some measure the servants of the State; we need to change our individual into a municipal pride. We need a generation of men who are not willing to live and die like beasts, but are determined to leave some noble monuments behind them." The sermon—for sermon it is—is mainly a plea for a loftier and sturdier social morality; but it is a plea, too, for civic pride and ambition. He points to the things which have made the man of Venice, and Florence, and Edinburgh, and Oxford proud; and calls upon the rich men of Chicago for generosity and public thought. "O, young millionaire of to-day, living amid such splendid opportunities, with God's riches intrusted to you, set your face against a selfish life, against the ostentatious vulgarities which recent books have opened to our view in the American metropolis, the social contentions where *chef* vies with *chef*, and butler strives with butler, and where Worth and Redfern are the Achilles and Hector of the battlefield?" This is the call which is being sounded in some way in every American city. It is assuring to know that in so many places it is being listened to.

THE OMNIBUS.

THE yearly examinations for admission to Harvard College call together men of every degree of intelligence and stupidity. One of the candidates last year wished to take his examination in French, together with his other subjects. As the authorities offer an alternative in this study, of taking either a written or oral examination, the candidate was asked as to his proficiency.

"Are you acquainted with the language?" inquired the professor.

"Yes," was the reply, "I know it by sight, but I am not yet on speaking terms with it."

* *

WHEN General Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed fighting against his former commander in Germany, was in Boston, he received much attention. It happened to be at the time of the commencement exercises at Harvard, and he was invited to attend. The musical society of the college sang an ode, the chorus of which was "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Imperfectly acquainted with our language, Moreau bowed gracefully to the gallery, supposing that they were singing in honor of him, repeating his name in the song. The mistake caused much merriment in the audience.

* *

A PROFESSOR was exceedingly amazed by the fact that many of the students left the recitation room during the course of his lecture. He appealed to them in different ways, but in vain; some few still persisted in going out before the close of the lecture. Finally, he announced, at the beginning of the hour, that in place of his ordinary lecture he proposed to preach a short sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." Then he added, "Gentlemen, you will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

* *

HONESTY has not been so rare a virtue among our New England countrymen as some traducers of the Yankee like to imply. Some years ago, two aged men, living in the backwoods of New Hampshire, swapped horses, on this condition,—that in a week's time, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, as luck would have it, they met half way between their homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house."

* *

A MEMBER of the legislature, who indulged in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the lumber act came on. His friend forgot to do so, but accidentally gave him a jog as the House was discussing a bill to prevent fraud. The sleeper started up suddenly, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, a word or two upon that bill, for more than half my constituents get their living in no other way."

New Minister (wishing to know what impression he had made):—What objection did the people have to the old minister?

Parishioner (who does not recognize him):—Oh! they say he is not sound.

New Minister:—What do they say of the new minister?

Parishioner:—Oh! they say he's *all* sound!"

"I ENJOY listening to Dr. P. so much. He is so full in his analysis, that he thoroughly exhausts his subject."

"Yes, but is it not also true that he frequently exhausts his hearers?"

CONGRESS had been in session all day, and, as a member was met passing out from the hall, he was asked:

"What has passed in Congress?"

"Ten hours," was the caustic reply.

"If everybody were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish philosopher.

"Just drop a penny in the slot,"

The little sign should say,

"And for this very modest sum,

You'll always have your *weigh*."

A MAN who suddenly came into possession of wealth, wished to fit out a library. He addressed a letter to a bookseller, which ran as follows: "In the first place, I want for the vacant shelves six feet of theology, the same quantity of school metaphysics, and about a yard of old civic law in folio."

* *

MIT DER SHEEPS.

NOT long ago there lived in the western part of New York, an old miller, who sometimes had crazy fits, in which he always imagined himself to be the Lord, judging the world. On these occasions he would put on a paper crown, ascend a pile of meal bags with great dignity, and call his neighbors in succession. The same ones were always judged, and they were the millers in his vicinity. The first one summoned was Hans Schmidt. "Hans Schmidt, stand oop. Hans, vat is been your pishness in dat oder world?" "I vas a miller, O Lort!" "Vas you a joost man?" "Vell, ven der vater vash low, and der pishness is pad, O Lort, I sometimes dakes a leetle exdra doles." "Vell, Hans, you shall go ofer mid de goats, already yet." And so in succession all were tried and immediately sentenced to go over to the goats. Last of all, the miller invariably tried himself, in the following style: "Jacob Miller, stand oop. Jacob, vat vas your pishness in dot oder world?" "I vas a miller, O Lort." "Vas you always a joost man, Jacob?" "Vell, O Lort, ven de vater vas a leetle low, and de pishness vas pad, I sometimes dakes some leetle exdra doles; but, O Lort, I all de vile gives dose exdra doles to de poor." After a long pause—"Vell, Jacob Miller, you can go ofer mit der sheeps—but it vas too tight squeeze!"

